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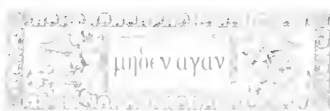
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THE TAJ MAHAL
Painted by Colin Campbell Cooper

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EDITORIALS

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

WE wish to call the attention of our readers to an article on page 21: "Should the Cathedral of St. John the Divine Have One or Two Spires?" by Mr. Huss.

This is a portentous question. There has been already considerable controversy over the matter and it should be settled as soon as possible before proceeding any further with the plans made by Messrs. Cram & Ferguson. In these they suggest for the central feature two spires instead of one (see page 22).

To solve the problem quickly: would it not be a wise thing for the trustees of the cathedral to order made in carton or plaster cheap models of various schemes for different designs of a large central spire and others involving two spires and then have them exposed somewhere for a time sufficient to allow citizens—professionals and laymen—to study this question and express their views? At a given time the consensus of opinion for one or the other may be polled and the matter settled to the satisfaction of the majority.

This is not a technical question. It is a matter of the emotions wherein a layman of culture is often a better judge than an architect, because many artists are rendered unfit to judge not only the works of others, but even their own, through an ingrained habit of looking at works of art too much from a technical standpoint.

This prospective, noble monument is not a field for a display of "individualism" on the part of any one or two artists. Or for the exploitation of

any æsthetic theory. There should be only one aim before us all—to make it, if possible, the most sublime and universally appealing of all the World-Cathedrals.

Mr. Huss makes one strong argument: St. Patrick's on Fifth Avenue having two spires, would it not be an advantage to both cathedrals if St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights had only one massive spire? to accentuate in that way the individuality of both edifices and make any competition between them as to composition or design impossible, just to prevent "odious comparisons"! This has appeared for a long time to many a powerful argument in favor of the central tower or one-spire plan—above all, if the top or truncated part of the spire is made wider at the base and higher and as beautiful as possible.

This is not a small matter and should not, in the hurly-burly of the war, be forgotten for a moment. For this war will stop sometime and we are sure that then when citizens learn that the cathedral—no matter who pays for it—will belong to everybody, no matter how humble they may be, their affection for it will increase and especially when they feel that this structure so commanding in its site is truly the acme of beauty and composition in architecture. He owns a work of art most who understands it best and loves it the most. As fast as this sense of ownership steals over the indifference of citizens, they will rejoice in realizing that the grandest results have been obtained by the combined efforts of our inspired artists.

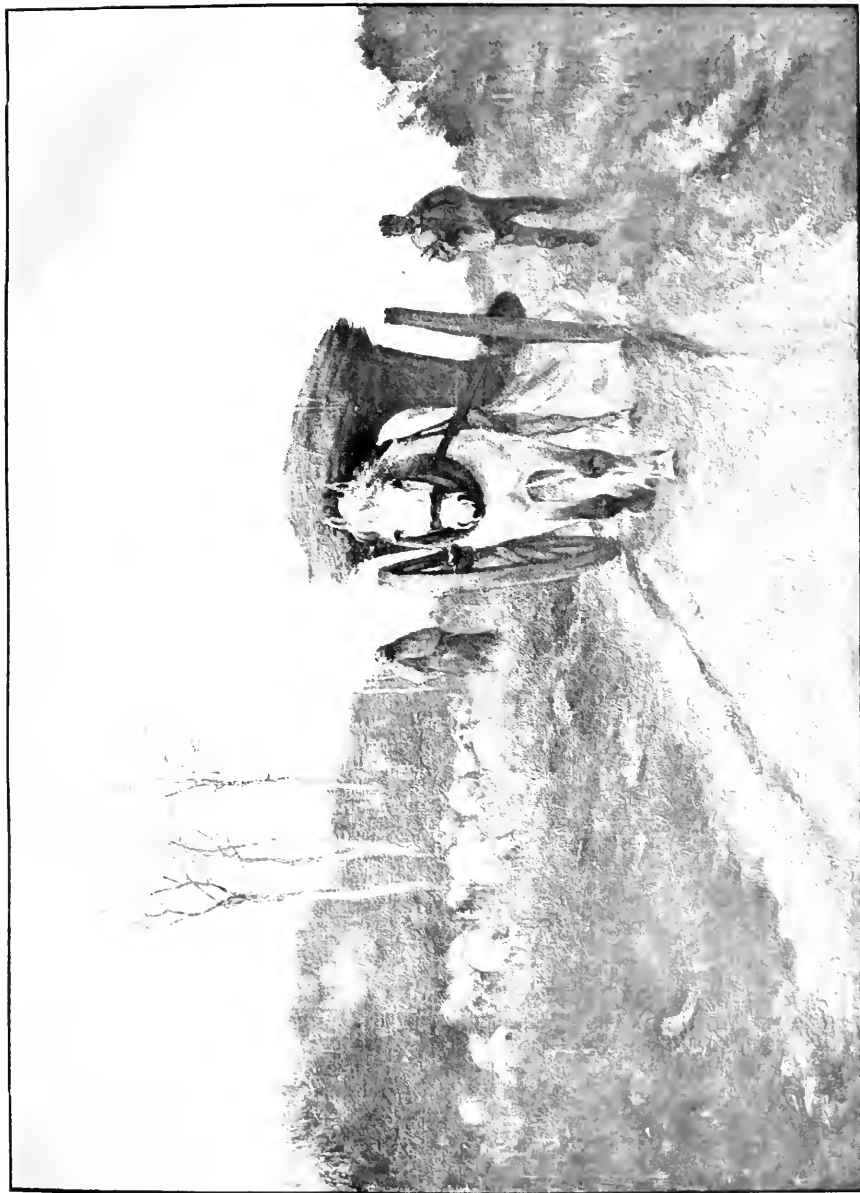
"THE TAJ MAHAL" BY COOPER

(See Frontispiece)

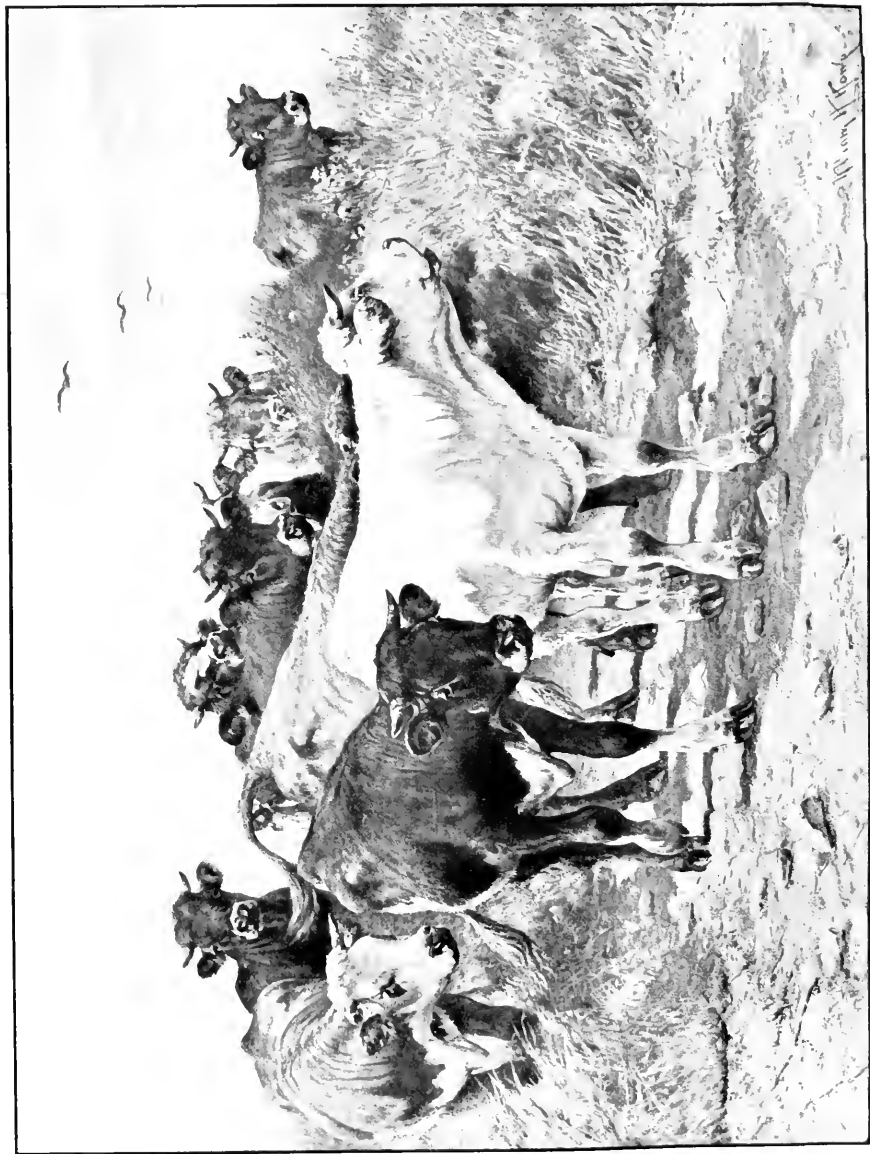
AKBAR, emperor of the conquering Moguls who ruled northern India during the latter part of the sixteenth century, is considered the greatest monarch that Hindustan ever knew—for we can not take account of the sovereigns who are enshrined in the ancient literature of legend and myth. He was a reformer who tried to stop the marriage of children and permitted the remarriage of widows while forbidding the burning of them on the pyres of their deceased husbands. Liberal and wise as he was, another Mogul emperor who lived a century later is far better known to the world because he had a soul attuned to art and caused to be erected near Agra a building which has been the pride of India from his day. This Shah Jehan, a contemporary of Oliver Cromwell, was a ruthless rebel and fratricide, against whom his sons rebelled in turn; they defeated and imprisoned him. If the earlier Akbar had built two such beautiful structures as are the Taj Mahal and the Pearl

Mosque at Agra, he would be remembered, and along with this memory of him would have followed the recollection of his good policy and deeds. The imperial villain who succeeded him lives through the art of his architects.

As every one knows, the Taj is a mausoleum of white and colored marbles which Shah Jehan erected for himself and his favorite wife Nurmahal to honor a promise made to her dying prayer. Over twenty years were spent on it. Shah Jehan superintended personally the whole structure from the vaults in which he came to be laid beside his spouse to the airy turrets that flank the main building and even to the gold tip of the central dome. This glittering shaft represents in very conventionalized form the golden umbrella that was the symbol of their overshadowing power among remote Assyrian sovereigns as well as among conquerors of later date. Like the old vanished palaces of the Tigris and Euphrates the tomb springs from a terrace



"GOING HOME?"
PAINTED BY WILLIAM HENSELY HOWE



"THE TRUANTS"

PAINTED BY WILLIAM HENRY HOWE

(See opposite page)

and shows its fair proportions boldly from whatever may be the road of approach, while its domes, towers, turrets and loggias are reflected in formal lotus pools and tanks to double the pleasure of the beholder. It is this world-famous yet never hackneyed work of art that forms our frontispiece; it is not a colored photograph or color photogravure from nature, but the reproduction in colors of a painting by Colin Campbell Cooper.

It has been said that an Italian architect planned this mausoleum but the claim is not sustained by a close examination of the facts concerning the rise of the Taj. Credit has also been given to a French architect, one Austin of Bordeaux, who was known in India as the Marvel of the Age; but that seems to be another traveler's tale. In style it is directly sprung from the Persian and Syrian architecture of the Moslems, not only as to mass and outlines and the distribution of its parts but in its details and mosaics that simulate flowers and leaves but never an animal—and of course not a human being—while the inner and outer walls are profusely diapered with color-inlays of marble repeating verses from the Koran—the whole of the Koran it is said.

The Taj was begun in 1631 and finished in 1653. Twenty thousand workmen are said to have labored on it pretty constantly during all these years. What has fascinated the minds of successive generations is not merely the beauty of the Taj but the unexpected romance of its origin—a bloodthirsty Mogul

so attached to his wife that he promises on her death-bed to erect the most beautiful mausoleum in the world and then, *mirabile dictu!* actually does it! One always harks back to Artemisia and her tomb to honor Mausolos. Which tomb was the more beautiful? We do not know. But the first mausoleum could not possibly have been so airy and soaring, so uplifted, so fairylike and as if built of crystallized cloud-forms, especially when seen through the warm shadows of the Indian night.

Mr. Cooper has given his own conception of the Taj—for it need hardly be said that each artist has his own way of seeing and reporting a mountain or a mausoleum—and thus adds a new note to the many by which he is known at home. Cooper is a member of the National Academy of Design, an old pupil in the Julien School at Paris, recipient of medals here and there about the world, and otherwise distinguished; he will be recalled most readily perhaps by his townscapes, which are bold and brilliant enough for most modern requirements without a forcing of the color note to the limit of discord. Like Joseph Pennell he is a Philadelphian and like him a great magician when it comes to dealing with architecture in pictures. In New York the Lotos Club owns his view of the Rialto, in Boston the Art Club has his "Basilika, Quebec" and the Art Club of his native city has his "Procession at Bruges." This excursus to the banks of the Jumna is among the most successful of his works.

WILLIAM HENRY HOWE A CHIEF OF CATTLE-PAINTERS

A Cow is a very good Animal in a Field.—Sam Johnson.

(See page 3 and opposite page)

THE late Mr. Dolph used to take a practical view of the picture market so far as his particular line of painting was concerned: "well," he'd say, rubbing his hands, "dogs are booming this season! Last year cats were up; but toward the close they slumped. Now it's dogs—stick to dogs and you're all right!"

Dolph was a humorist, but certainly there does exist a tide in the demand for special kinds of pictures that often leaves high and dry a practitioner who runs too closely to the rut. There are two other domestic animals, however, which seem to enjoy an unflinching support from those who buy pictures—cattle and sheep. None can deny the picture quality inherent in cows and herds of sheep, the way they fit into the landscape, not merely by reason of their coloring but their shapes. Yet one often wonders whether the buyers of cattle and sheep in pictures are not moved by other impulses quite beyond their consciousness—hereditary, traditional impulses, obscure but compelling, which belong to the eons of pastoral life when the existence of the tribe hung upon its herd and the cow and the ewe were raised to the position of superhuman deities by the gratitude of roving clans. Each of these patient servitors and victims of carnivorous man had its elliges and temples on the Nile and both have found a star-spelled immortality among the constellations.

There can be no question that man has been profoundly influenced by domestic animals, notwithstanding his superior brain; while forcing them to be his companions, his meat and drink, his clothing, even his house and his canoe, they have had an influence on him. The great restfulness of the lowing herd, its trustful pathos and its obstinacy are reflected on mankind. One might go farther and say that the cattle-painter is also apt to gain from the humble herd, likely to be an equable, restful and even cheery soul; perhaps one might call to witness such painters as Paulus Potter and Troyon, just to select two conspicuous masters of the painting craft from the past three centuries, each of whom has made a name through persistence in one line of work. Potter, who died young and before Rembrandt, had plenty of humor also, as one sees from his pictures of the wild animals judging and solemnly executing a hunter and his dogs. Troyon, who began as a decorator of china, rid himself early of the hard tight method that goes with that kind of work and became the greatest of French cattle-painters. The mantle of geniality that wrapped these two masters has descended to some Americans, among whom a conspicuous place is held by the veteran William Henry Howe, two of whose cattle-pieces are reproduced in this month's issue.

Mr. Howe, it will be noticed, has a good sense of composition, the group of yearlings having been distributed with skill, and while each one remains individual yet the herd forms a single mass; there is variety of action and even a touch of personality in its several component parts. He has caught the rapid gait and semi-wild movement of young bulls and cows at the age when they have lost that confidence in men the calf shows and have not yet attained to the sedateness and fearless gait of the adult.

Mr. Howe is indeed an Ohio man who has traveled far and won prizes for his pictures in many lands. "My Day at Home" is in the National Gallery, Washington and there are few public galleries without one of his pictures. The National

Academy of Design made him Associate in 1894 and Academician in 1897, after he had taken medals at New Orleans, Philadelphia, Boston, and London; also at Chicago and Atlanta. A medal of third-class was decreed him in the Salon of 1888, and the silver medal at the exposition, Paris in 1889. France made him Officier d'Académie in 1896 and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1899. So, abroad as well as at home, this genial and able painter has received medals of gold, silver and bronze and all the honors, pretty much, that can be showered on an artist. One of his chief haunts is Old Lyme, Connecticut where he finds about him the majestic trees and beautiful pasture lands that appear so often in his paintings.

A LOSS TO OUR PAINTERS

THE passing away of William Macbeth in New York means a definite loss to American painters and sculptors of figurines, for it means that the man is gone who did more than any other to bring the work of large groups of artists before the public. William Macbeth has been an introducer of our artists to buyers for many decades—and that is as much as to say, he passed the better part of his life playing a very difficult rôle—considering the touchiness of many artists and the unreasonable character of many buyers. He had to persuade the buyer, out for a bargain, that it is absolutely necessary to give money enough to cover the cost of frame, canvas and paints, leaving the time of the painter entirely out; and it was necessary for him to convince the latter, that, whatever may be the prices paid for Homers, Martins, Innesses and others, he, the painter, is not in their class and can not hope to be—unless he should be willing to die or retire to a sanatorium! It was between these two camps of producers and consumers that William Macbeth plied as Mercury with never-failing candor, cleverness and good-will.

New York was his field of endeavor.

At first with Frederick Keppel in the shop near Union Square where Keppel sold etchings and engravings and kept live ravens as a hobby on the

side, and later in his own galleries near the Public Library, Macbeth had occasion to meet all kinds of people beside the local painters and figurine makers, and to all he offered the same alert, cheerful, canny Scottish visage he brought with him as a boy from his home in the north of Ireland, for he belonged to the stock that did so much to people the colonies before the Revolution and settle that conflict when it came.

Mr. Macbeth did a useful work in making the younger painters known by the exhibitions held in his galleries and the comments printed in the little Art Notes he published from time to time. He was very open to argument and took the risk of accepting, showing and praising pictures whose standing is far from assured. The new thing is not of necessity the good thing and the work of art that makes a sensation is not always the one heard from later; but a dealer in art-works ought to be liberal and ready to give newcomers their chance, no matter if his steady customers do not follow his lead, nay, even decry his efforts to convince them that such geese are swans.

The artists have lost an appreciator and furtherer and New York an excellent citizen; many acquaintances and friends will carry about with them regret for William Macbeth, a man of winning personality and sterling character.

POETS SUPPLY PEGASUSES, OF COURSE

NOT to be behindhand in good works that mitigate a little the ferociousness of war by land and sea, the writers of verse whether fettered by rhyme and rhythm or freed of all control have come to the aid of Italy. It is for Italy, the land of Vergil and Dante, Tasso and d'Annunzio that the versifiers have harnessed Pegasus to the ambulance and poured the "juice" not of the grape into merci-

ful motors. Mr. R. U. Johnson, secretary of the movement, announces that the fund of the poets has reached the point where twenty motor-ambulances are going forward to Italy under the sign of Apollo. Any one who wishes to provide an ambulance (\$2000) or any part of ambulance for the Italian armies should communicate with Mr. Johnson at No. 70 Fifth Avenue, Manhattan.



MR. BARNARD'S "LINCOLN" ONCE MORE SOME PUBLIC COMMENTS

WHEN Mr. Barnard's "Lincoln" was condemned in our June number we were not aware that a committee of the Sulgrave Institution aimed to present a replica of that statue to the people of England to be erected in London. Having discovered this we made a protest in the August number. Since then it is rumored that this committee has also decided to present a replica to the French people to be erected in Paris. Moreover it seems to be the intention of this committee to make these presents as gifts from, and in the name of, the American people.

If so, this is false. Because they can never be given in the name of the American people until either Congress approves of them in their name or through a committee of Congress, or through the National Commission of Fine Arts at Washington appointed by Government to supervise all national art. Until this is done we consider it the duty of every American citizen to protest against the erection of replicas of this hideous statue for the reasons expressed in the June and August numbers of *THE ART WORLD*.

It was after the issue of the August number that we learned of the distress of the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, surviving son of the president, at the prospect of this statue going up, even in Cincinnati. Having written to him the following letter was received in reply:

HILDEN
MANCHESTER, VERMONT

September 16, 1917.

F. WELLINGTON RUCKSTUHL, ESQ.,

Editor, *The Art World*, New York, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Ruckstuhl:

In reply to your suggestion that I should send you for publication a letter of protest against the erection in London and in Paris of the Barnard statue of my father, I find myself in difficulty, owing to the vigor and fullness of your own articles in the June and August issues of *THE ART WORLD*. I have already expressed to you my deep sense of gratification that you have so earnestly dealt with this miserable affair, from both artistic and public points of view, and I can think of nothing to add to those regards. But, as you did not know my own personal feeling and opinion when you kindly sent me your published articles, and thinking that there are others who might care to know them, I am sending you a copy of a letter written by me to President Taft as soon as I heard of the London and Paris projects; I send also copies of letters giving the views of three gentlemen peculiarly able to express a personal opinion for reasons I indicate in notes appended to the copies. These you are at liberty to use as you may think proper.

Renewing my thanks to you for the helpful part you are taking in my efforts,

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

The copies of letters Mr. Lincoln referred to are as follows:

No. 1

1775 S STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

March 22nd, 1917.

My dear Mr. President:

I am writing to ask your consideration of a matter which is giving me great concern and to bespeak such assistance as you feel able to give me.

When I first learned through the newspapers that your brother, Mr. Charles P. Taft, had caused to be made a large statue of my father for presentation to the city of Cincinnati, I very naturally most gratefully appreciated the sentiment which moved him to do this; when, however, the statue was exhibited early in this winter I was deeply grieved by the result of the commission which Mr. Taft had given to Mr. Barnard. I could not understand and still do not understand any rational basis for such a work as he has produced. I have seen some of the newspaper publications inspired by him, one of which, printed in the *North American* of Philadelphia in November and another in the *Literary Digest* for January 6th last, attempt to make explanations which are anything but satisfactory, to me at least. He indicates, if I can understand him, that he scorned the use of the many existing photographs of President Lincoln and took as a model for his figure a man chosen by him for the curious artistic reasons that he was six feet four and one-half inches in height; was born on a farm fifteen miles from where Lincoln was born; was about forty years of age and had been splitting rails all his life.

The result is a monstrous figure which is grotesque as a likeness of President Lincoln and defamatory as an effigy.

I understand that the completed statue has gone to Cincinnati to be placed; as to that I have nothing more to say, but I am horrified to learn just now that arrangements are being made for a statue of President Lincoln by the same artist, and I assume of a similar character, to be presented for location, one in London and one in Paris; I understand also that these statues are to be gifts by Mr. Taft. I do not think I have ever had the pleasure of meeting him and I am therefore venturing to beg you on my account to intercede with him and if possible to induce him to abandon this purpose if it is true that he has it in mind. I should of course have filial pride in having a good statue of my father in London and in Paris, of a character like the two great statues of him made by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and that which I have good reason to expect in the Lincoln Memorial, now being modeled by Daniel Chester French. That my father should be represented in those two great cities by such a work as that of which I am writing to you would be a cause of sorrow to me personally, the greatness of which I will not attempt to describe.

Believe me, my dear Mr. President,

Always sincerely yours,

(Signed) ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

THE HON. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT.

Note that this protest was written March 22nd, two months before we condemned the statue in our June issue.

No. 2

8 East Sixty-third Street,

7 May, 1917.

Dear Mr. Lincoln:

I have not at all forgotten my promise to write you the needed letter. I have been more taken up since my return from Washington with an effort to stop the sending of a triplicate of the horrible statue to Russia, the last place where your father ought to be represented by such an effigy. I enclose a copy of a conversation between Mr. Flint and the gentleman who seems to represent the Friends of Russia at No. 70 Fifth Avenue, which I thought looked rather hopeful in the way of stopping it.

You shall hear from me again in a few days, but just this week I am taken up every minute with the proposed visit of the French and British Commissions, as, unfortunately, I am acting as Chairman of the Mayor's Committee.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) JOSEPH H. CHUTE.

HONORABLE ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

Mr. Choate's death occurred just one week later, May 14th.

Mr. Choate was one of the audience who heard Mr. Lincoln in New York make his Cooper Institute speech on February 27th, 1860, and was then personally introduced to him. This is within the period assumed by Mr. Barnard for his representation.

No. 3

Springfield, Ill.
April the 23rd, 1917.

HON. ROBERT T. LINCOLN,
1775 N Street, Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. Lincoln:

I have recently examined with much care a photograph of a statue of Abraham Lincoln by George Gray Barnard presented to the City of Cincinnati.

I was well acquainted with Mr. Lincoln and have very vivid recollections of his personal appearance and manner before the Presidential Election in 1860. This statue as shown by the photograph, is not in accord with my recollection of Mr. Lincoln and in my opinion is not a fitting representation of him. The impression made by the photograph upon those here who have seen it and knew Mr. Lincoln is distinctly disagreeable.

Mr. John W. Bunn of this city, than whom no one is better qualified to judge, has read the foregoing, and has also examined the photograph. He fully agrees with what I have said. He specially requests me to say to you that the statue, as shown by the photograph, does not give a correct idea of Mr. Lincoln as he appeared before the Presidential Election in 1860; that it is not pleasing to him, and in his opinion is not worthy of the subject.

Yours sincerely
(Signed) CLINTON L. CONKLING.

Note.—Mr. Clinton L. Conkling is a lifelong friend of mine in Springfield, Ill., and of nearly exactly my own age; he is a graduate of Yale of 1861, and is a leading lawyer of Springfield and a gentleman of the highest character and standing.

Mr. John W. Bunn is some years older than Mr. Conkling and myself. He has been all his life one of the most noted bankers and business men of Springfield and is still conducting the business of the bank in which was my father's account before he became President and until his death. Mr. Bunn was one of my father's close friends and intimately acquainted with his personality and appearance.

R. T. L.

An expression of opinion was also asked from Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and although extremely occupied he sent the following reply:

UNITED STATES SENATE

September 15, 1917.

Personal.

My dear Mr. Rockstuhl:

I have received your letter of the 14th and shall be only too glad if any protest of mine may be of assistance in preventing them from sending that horrible statue abroad. I do not know that I need say anything further than what I said in my letter to Mr. Stewart, a copy of which I enclose, and which you are at perfect liberty to print in THE ART WORLD or elsewhere.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) H. C. LOMAX.

H. WELLINGTON ROCKSTUHL, Esq.,
2 West 15th St., New York.

The letter from Mr. Lodge to Mr. John A. Stewart, Chairman of the Committee of the Sulgrave Institution having this matter in charge, is as follows:

UNITED STATES SENATE

September 7, 1917.

My dear Mr. Stewart:

I have received your letter of September 6th. I must

decline to serve on the Committee of Presentation if the statue to be presented is that by Mr. Barnard. I have seen pictures of the statue and it seems to me marvellous and very bad, almost grotesque. Mr. Robert Lincoln is beyond measure distressed to think that such a statue of his father should be sent to England and France. Holding these views in regard to the statue I can not do anything to help in its presentation.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) H. C. LOMAX.

JOHN A. STEWART, Esq.,
Woolworth Building, New York, N. Y.

There are many more letters received from men prominent in all walks of life protesting against the erection of this "Lincoln"; but since, when asking them for an expression of opinion, we did not add a request for publication, they can not be given until permission is obtained; this will be done in the near future if it is necessary to render further aid to those who deplore the erection of these replicas in Europe.

But some further correspondence may be given:

THE HEMLOCKS
22 EDGECLIFF TERRACE
PARK HILL
YONKERS, N. Y.

OFFICE OF
CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

September 6th, 1917.

EDITOR ART WORLD
2 West 15th Street, New York City.

Dear Sir:

The enclosed correspondence may be of interest to you and possibly to your readers. I have made the most effectual protest possible to me.

Why not inaugurate a movement to present Ward's and Saint-Gaudens' work to England? I'll subscribe if you do.

Yours truly,
(Signed) CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

Yonkers, N. Y., September 6th, 1917.

MR. JOHN F. STEWART
AMERICAN PEACE CENTENARY COMMITTEE
Woolworth Building, New York City.

My dear Sir:

In answer to your letter of the 30th instant, I must regretfully decline the appointment to serve on the Committee of Presentation. My reason for this refusal, to which you are certainly entitled, is my unwillingness to be connected in any way with the perpetuation of such a gross caricature of our greatest President as George Gray Barnard's statue.

And when I think of the permanence of the blunder, to put it mildly, and the wrong idea which will be given England and the world by that absurd and disgraceful production, I wish I could do more than merely decline and protest.

Ward's Washington, rather than Houdon's; and Saint-Gaudens's Lincoln instead of Barnard's are the statues that obviously belong in England.

With thanks for your courtesy, I am

Yours respectfully
(Signed) CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

[FROM COL. HENRY WATKINSON]
THE COURIER-JOURNAL

September 19, 1917.

My dear Sir:

I heartily agree with you as to the Lincoln statue and have on occasions said as much in the *Courier-Journal*. The matter you speak of as having sent me has not as yet arrived. Do me the favor to repeat it to me personally addressed Jeffersontown, Jefferson County, Ky.

Sincerely,
(Signed) HENRY WATKINSON.

L. W. ROCKSTUHL, Esq.

Mr. Barnard is a very competent craftsman and sculptor, and, among some things that many can not understand, he has done others which any one may applaud. No doubt he worked desperately to make a grand statue of Lincoln, but he went astray in his philosophy of life and art, and he could not see that one can not express in one figure the great Lincoln, who dominated his age, and also any sort of democracy. He has lost himself in an æsthetic jungle like Rodin, his precursor, who is also a first-class craftsman and also went astray in his philosophy and æsthetics. Rodin, because he made the mistake to imagine that one can treat a nude figure and a portrait statue in the same way and make a figure more "significant" and "expressive" by a "deformation of the form," deformed his statue of Balzac into such a monster that an indignant public howled it down in the Paris Salon; though he had worked long and hard, it had not occurred to him that—as his friend Henri Rochefort is said to have written him—"One can not express Balzac and the whole *Comédie Humaine* in one portrait statue."

Mr. Barnard also made a mistake by attempting the impossible. And if he is wise he will hasten to change his point of view and rectify his mistake at once. Thus he will save himself and our country from the enduring ridicule that awaits his statue—such as the world has visited upon the "Hercules and Cacus" of Bandinelli—which was lampooned by Michelangelo as well as by the citizens of Florence and the artists of his day. Had Mr. Barnard called in his friends, even a few of his rivals, while he still had the figure in the clay, one or two at least would have warned him in time. But he was so sure of himself that he put his mistake into bronze.

However, no matter how disgraceful it may be to refuse to rectify a mistake, it is no crime to make one. For in Genesis vi, 6 we find the following:

"And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth and it grieved him at his heart."

As a final contribution to the effort being made to destroy the absurd notion that Lincoln was a slouch or a hobo, we present the reproduction of a painting, said to have been made from life by the painter W. F. Travers (see page 10). This portrait shows Lincoln without beard, in evening dress, in the fashion of the day. It shows that he had nothing peculiar about himself, had hands and feet of normal proportions to his size and as much elegance and grace as the ordinary tall man. It shows a vivacious face and above all a pleasant, serene and confident air as befits one who was accustomed to dominate the intellectual giants about him. Here is no lugubriousness, no slouchiness, no deformity, such as we find in Mr. Barnard's "Lincoln." It is the property of Mr. George Prince, formerly an official photographer at Washington and now of New York. It seems to us quite a good likeness of Lincoln and worthy of preservation. Moreover, it has received the following favorable opinions:

UNITED STATES SENATE
COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

March 6, 1912.

GEORGE PRINCE, ESQ.,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Sir:

I have just visited your office and looked again at the portrait painted by W. F. Travers, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, of Mr. Lincoln, painted during his life. I regard it as a very excellent likeness, and worthy to be preserved by somebody who will take care of it as long as it will last. It now seems to be in good preservation.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) S. M. CULLOM (Senator of Illinois).

I was acquainted with Mr. Lincoln. Have examined the portrait and concur in Statement of Senator Cullom.

(Signed) J. G. CASSON (Ex-Speaker).

I concur.

(Signed) JOHN C. BRACK (General during Rebellion).

I heartily endorse this portrait.

(Signed) JAMES TANNER (of Rebellion fame).

[LETTER FROM JAMES CREELMAN]

New York City, February 8th, 1908.

My dear Mr. Prince:

I have seen the portrait of Mr. Lincoln in your establishment and consider it a dignified work of art, and quite unique among the portraits of the greatest of Americans. There is great beauty in the painting of the head and face, a beauty that depends upon the quality of paint, as well as the admirable draughtsmanship. Much of my life has been spent in the study of pictures and my feeling is that it would be unfortunate to allow such a rare and interesting canvas to pass into private hands.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) JAMES CREELMAN.

67 West 91th Street.

A. J. DITTENHOFFER
ATTORNEY AND COUNSEL
32 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

January 12, 1917.

MR. G. PRINCE,

251 West 86th St., New York.

My dear Mr. Prince:

The view I had of the portrait of the Emancipator President in your studio yesterday filled me with intense interest and pleasure. Remembering as I do Mr. Lincoln from my intimate acquaintance with him, my opinion is that the portrait is more lifelike and accurate than any I have yet seen; it is in fact a reproduction of Mr. Lincoln as I knew him in life. So accurate is it that I think it ought to be placed in some public institution for all future time.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) A. J. DITTENHOFFER.

This gentleman is the only living elector of the Republican Party of New York State in 1860-64.

[LETTER FROM WARD H. LAMON]

Washington, February 20th, 1888.

GEORGE PRINCE, ESQ.,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I have been frequently asked to express my opinion of what is known as the Travers painting of Abraham Lincoln, what I can lay no claim to special skill and accuracy in the matter of art criticism, yet in my judgment of the Travers portrait, it is the most lifelike picture that I have ever seen on canvas. I have examined many paintings of Mr. Lincoln, and in most every instance I have found that the artist has sacrificed accuracy for ornamentation. The Travers portrait presents a real likeness of the man, with his rugged features and irregularities of personal appearance, true to life. The fact in this portrait is remarkably lifelike and I venture to say that if the face be correct and hidden from view, there is not a man who knew him intimately that would not recognize instantly the trunk and limbs on the canvas as being those of Abraham Lincoln. I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant

(Signed) WARD H. LAMON.



The standing portrait of Lincoln, showing him in full evening dress and painted from life in 1861, by W. R. Travers, is reproduced here to show that, when Lincoln deliberately set for his likeness either to a photographer or a painter, he insisted upon being dressed in the fashion of his day. We trust that this portrait, added to the photographic evidence we give in our June issue, will be regarded as proof positive that Lincoln really loved elegance of dress, and that he was not in the least a downy old leveling and hobo-worshipping slouch.

Read carefully the letter of Wood H. Union on page 9.



Copied by G. G. Barnard

MR. BARNARD'S "LINCOLN"

Note the stooped shoulders; the abnormally long neck; the shirt collar sticking up like a rabbit's ear; the distorted clothing; the enormously exaggerated hands held over his stomach as if he had the colic; the impossible trousers; the gigantic and clodhopper feet, all expressive of slouchiness and of an absolute contempt for the most rudimentary taste in dress. The whole making Lincoln look like a weak and worrying, woeful Willie instead of a great man who dominated his time.

Men may be divided into two classes, up-raisers and down-pullers, hero-worshippers and hobo-worshippers.

Because there are some photographs extant showing General Sherman in hot South Carolina in his shirt sleeves, looking like one of the "bummers" who took over his name, some think Saint-Gaudens should have represented him thus in his great equestrian statue on the Plaza in New York. Because it was stated at the time that Jefferson Davis was found by his captors in woman's clothing, which is doubtful, should he be thus shown in bronze? Thirty years ago one could have seen a number of old hobos around certain saloons in St. Louis who would say: "Knowed Gen'ral Grant? Wal, ah guess ah did! In them days he used ter come in tu town wid his ole mule team, in a flannel shirt, wid his pants in his ole boots and wearin' only one gallus, an' booze-up wid us chaps for fair!" Why did not Simmons represent him thus in his marble statue in the Hall of Fame at Washington, instead of in the full-dress uniform of a Lieutenant-General that he had won the right to wear? And because Lincoln, while a pioneer helping to lay the foundations for a great state, was, like a man of sense, indifferent to the clothes he wore—as everybody else around him was—is that a reason for representing him in clothing suitable scarcely for a Sunday suit for a peddler in the Bowery?

It is said: "No one is a hero to his valet." True—if the valet has the soul of a flunky. But history proves that many valets have worshipped their heroes and laid down their lives for them.

No common-sense man wishes to see Lincoln stupidly idealized and represented as a demigod, as Canova modeled Napoleon in Milan, but we object, just because he was not a "dude," to have him shown as a woeful, wallowing Willie, mourning for mother and complaining of a colic—this under the plea of symbolizing a "meek and lowly" downward-leveling, hence disgusting and disheartening, because disintegrating, species of Democracy.

The Wise know this: if Democracy is to be symbolized by our people in three Capitals of the world by putting up a bronze statue representing Lincoln as a dejected "child of the abyss" in jayhawk clothing and enormous brogan shoes with bunions on his feet and lamenting that it has a pain in the stomach—Democracy will not long endure!

We invite all our readers who feel that our country will be humiliated by the erection in London and Paris of replicas of the bronze deformity illustrated on this page, to follow the lead of Mr. Robert Lincoln, Senator Lodge and Mr. Brady and send us brief but strong letters of protest for publication in our columns—if necessary to stop this movement.



SPECIAL ARTICLES

WHISTLER AND HIS INFLUENCE

BY GEORGE B. ROSE

"Art should be independent of all clap-trap, should stand alone and appeal to the artistic eye or ear without confounding it with emotions entirely foreign to it, as devotion, pity, love, patriotism and the like." *J. M. Whistler.*

IT would be foolish to deny that Whistler was an artist of great distinction. All experts are agreed that he is one of the master-etchers. He has left us many pictures of exquisite refinement and aristocratic elegance. To him we are indebted for one masterpiece which the world will never cease to cherish—the portrait of his mother. All this is true, yet his limitations are such that he does not deserve the extravagant laudation that is now so common. His skill with the brush was marvelous; yet it was not so used as to produce the greatest or the most enduring effect. To him harmony of tone was the supreme merit. His pictures are generally arrangements in some color, white or yellow or green or blue. They are keyed to the tint selected as a musician keys his tone poem. To this no one can object. These delicately colored pictures, gliding from shade to shade of the same hue, are a joy to the eye. They are immensely restful after the numerous works where one sees all the colors of the palette thrown onto the canvas without regard to harmony. To turn from those garish productions to a Whistler is like turning from a cacophony by Schoenberg to a Chopin nocturne.

Unhappily, as we are told, to insure this harmony of tone Whistler made it a rule never to touch his canvas without going over the whole surface at each sitting. This produced two unfortunate results. Of course, so summary a method of painting precluded details, so that his pictures remain essentially sketches in paint; often brilliant and often exquisite sketches, but sketches still. There is about these sketches nothing cheap or coarse or impressionistic. They are elegant, refined, distinguished, the work of an aristocrat to his finger tips.

Every artist has a right to work in his own way. Whistler preferred the brilliant sketch, sacrificing details to unity of tone and general effect. No one can blame him for this. Unhappily he has led many a commonplace artist who might have done good, conscientious work in the old way to imitate his style, with pitiful results. This is no fault of his. Michelangelo said sadly "My science will make many fools," and, sure enough, the incomparable works of the mighty Florentine were the ruin of art in central Italy for several generations. Such baneful results are inseparable from manifestations of unusual power or skill.

Pictures so broadly painted and so sketchy as most of Whistler's have one serious defect—they omit many details that would be seen in nature.

They are therefore unconvincing. We may not stop to analyze our sensations, but we know that the thing is not true. We do not see what we would see if the living person or the actual landscape were before us. It is all right to emphasize certain features. That is the privilege of the artist. Thus does he show us the essence of the man or the scene. This emphasis laid upon the matters of greatest importance is what distinguishes the inspired creator from the dull realist. But the artist should also reveal those things that every eye would see and the want of which is felt, though perhaps not understood.

Take, for example, Titian, Velasquez and Rembrandt. As they grew old failing eyesight, which the imperfect spectacles of the day could not wholly overcome, and perhaps trembling nerves, compelled them to paint in a broader and more impressionistic manner, so that to enjoy their later works we must stand at a greater distance. But no essential detail is sacrificed. When we place ourselves at the true point of sight, we see everything that we should see if the sitter were there before us—the texture of his garments, the ornaments upon it, the chair in which he sits. And because we see all that we should see if the man were there before us in the flesh, the picture is real and convincing. The skill of the artist draws our eyes irresistibly to the face; but when they wander away, as wander they will, all is true to nature, and enhances the general effect. Whistler and his followers, in slighting the remainder to concentrate attention on the countenance defeat their purpose. If we could rivet our eyes upon the face alone, all would be well. But we can not. The glance will wander over the surface of the canvas, and in so doing it perceives that the picture does not offer what would be seen were the man before us in fact; and so the sense of truth and reality is lost.

Only one artist has ever known how to produce a maximum of effect with a minimum of labor, and that was Rubens. The primitives and many later masters insert numerous details that can not be seen when we stand far enough away to take in the picture as a whole. This is a pleasing fault. These details do not distract our attention when we are at the proper distance, because they are unseen. Yet still they are there, and we can approach and study them at our leisure. For this reason we never grow tired of the primitives. Every time we approach them we find something

new; and so we return again and again, spying out little bits that had escaped our notice. On the other hand unless a sketchy picture is of very commanding power or of a very alluring fascination, it soon wearies us. At the first glance we see all that there is in it; and every time that we look at it our interest declines. Rubens alone knew exactly the amount of detail that must be inserted to produce the fullest effect. When at the proper distance to see the picture as a whole, we see everything that could be seen if the people painted were actually there before our eyes and at that distance. The sense of actuality is therefore perfect. But there is no wasted labor. If we think that by approaching we shall discover something additional, we are speedily undeceived. The supreme master has known exactly how much of detail he had to give to make his picture true to life. This he gives with amazing virtuosity, and not one iota more. Not a brush-stroke is thrown away; yet not one that is essential to the effect is omitted.

Of course, this does not apply to his innumerable sketches in paint. These he did not regard as pictures. Sometimes they are the beginnings of pictures that were never finished; oftener they are studies for pictures that he is to make. They are precious as showing how the great man worked; but he would have been the last to consider them pictures; and our modern artists who use them as models for compositions which they deem finished fail to comprehend the spirit in which the mighty Fleming worked.

One result of Whistler's practice of going all over his pictures at each sitting is going to prove disastrous to his fame. In order to accomplish this feat of celerity it was necessary to have his medium very fluid. He therefore mixed the paint with an excess of oil. The result is that the majority of his pictures are growing muddy and opaque, even cracking. The famous nocturnes, where the darkness was once suffused with so refined a light, are now mostly mere expanses of slaty blackness, with here and there a yellow spot that once was the flame of a lamp suffusing an exquisite glow. The people who rave over these nocturnes are merely repeating the exclamations of a past generation that saw them when they were in their pristine state. And it is not alone the nocturnes that are darkening and cracking. Nearly all his pictures have lost their lustre and have become leaden in hue; thus losing that exquisite harmony of tone which constituted their principal charm.

There is no excuse for this deterioration of Whistler's pictures. The chemical action of pigments and solvents on one another is thoroughly understood. A knowledge of such things is part of the equipment of every conscientious painter. It is true that Turner produced a pigment nearer the golden glory of the sunset than anything that was ever seen, and that this has now turned to a dirty brown. But this was an experiment—a secret which he fortunately never revealed to any one. The vast majority of his colors have held, and are true to-day. Whistler made no experiments of the kind. His colors were those in common use. Any chemist could have told him the danger of their disintegration if not properly used. Any of his colleagues could have enlightened him.

More than four hundred years ago in the "St. John the Baptist" Leonardo da Vinci showed us how luminous shadows could be made that time could never darken. Nearly three hundred years ago Rembrandt painted innumerable pictures whose mysterious darkness is still suffused with a light that will never perish; yet Whistler's nocturnes within a quarter of a century are mostly opaque and dull. His admirers say that many of the pictures of Leonardo have gone to pieces. This is true; but Leonardo was the great innovator. He found art primitive; he left it modern. Each picture was an effort to solve a new problem. Sometimes, as in the "St. John the Baptist," which opened the way that Correggio and Rembrandt were to follow to such triumphant conclusions, he was brilliantly successful. Sometimes, as when he painted the "Last Supper" on the plaster wall in tempera (not in oil, as Vasari asserts) the result was disastrous. With him almost everything was still to be discovered. Only the methods of painting in tempera and in fresco had been mastered. He was therefore justified in trying every new path.

With Whistler it was different. He was the heir of many ages of achievement. The effects upon one another of the various pigments and solvents that he employed were well known. It was as much his business as a painter to master these chemical relations as to learn to use the brush. Either he did not inform himself of facts which every painter should know, or he was indifferent to consequences. For neither could there be any excuse. He was a man of keen intelligence who could have mastered the chemistry of his craft without difficulty. It was his duty as an honest man to do so. The painter who sells to a patron a picture which in a few years will darken or fade is practically guilty of a fraud. He is like the merchant who sells shoddy goods that look well when sold and go to pieces in the use. This is what Whistler did in a great number of cases. He sold at enormous prices pictures which are now only ghosts of themselves—pictures that have lost the luminosity and the harmony of tone that constituted their principal merit. Men still rave over these pictures and pretend to see in them the charm which were once there; but in point of fact it has vanished; and people admire these dull, opaque works because they are told that they must do so, or be accounted behind the times. It is impossible now to explain this indifference of Whistler to the permanence of his creation. Apparently his enormous vanity would have led him to seek immortality above all things. But his equally amazing flippancy perhaps rendered him indifferent to all save contemporary applause, with the worldly success that it brings. His character was so enigmatic, so full of contradictions, that his motives are beyond our ken.

A grievous fault with Whistler is his aloofness. He seems to take no more interest in his sitters than if they were insects. He presents their outward semblance with an aristocratic indifference. To him the great heart of humanity that loves and suffers and is glad is a thing of no moment. People are of interest merely as they can be used in an

arrangement of lines and colors. His admirers justify this aloof attitude by the example of Velasquez. But Velasquez held aloof from his sitters because they were usually degenerates of the Spanish Court for whom he could feel only contempt. The less he penetrated into their souls, the less he revealed of their inner selves, the better. With scarce concealed scorn he presents their outward semblance, and stops there. But when he has a real gentleman like the sculptor Montañés or the Marquis of Spinola, there can be no more sympathetic brush. He paints them with a reverence and affection that are deserving of all praise. In such portraits he is worthy to stand beside Rembrandt, the greatest portrait painter of all time, who sympathizes with every sitter, who reads his inmost soul and presents it to us in forms that will never die. It is almost impossible not to love the men and women whom Rembrandt paints. He shows us their very hearts, and there is something lovable in every human heart if it is properly revealed. But it is impossible to love the people whom Whistler portrays. There is nothing lovable in his presentation. We must admire his dexterity; but beyond that we can not go.

Of course, there is one splendid exception in the portrait of his mother. Before the noble woman who had made so many sacrifices for him his flippancy and persiflage are forgotten; and his deep and genuine affection find an expression that will never die. Nothing nobler or sweeter can be conceived. Here there is no aloofness, no mere surface work. It is the supreme revelation of the sweet Christian woman who realizes that her task is nearly done and who looks forward with unquestioning faith to a blessed resurrection. The more we admire this splendid work the more we blame Whistler for his wasted talents. The man who painted this masterpiece should have given us many others animated by the same spirit. Instead, he allowed his flippancy and his contempt for humanity to lead him to treat his sitters only as parts of a pattern, as beings to whose hopes and fears, to whose joys and sorrows he is indifferent.

If Whistler had been content merely to do his work as an artist, we should feel for him only gratitude. We should regret that a false technique should have caused so many of his pictures to deteriorate and to lose their charm; but we should have delighted in those that remain. They are refined and aristocratic, with no trace of the coarseness and vulgarity now so common in art. Nothing that he has left us is degrading; much is worthy of praise; and the portrait of his mother suffices alone to ensure his immortality. As long as men reverence the ideal of Christian womanhood declining sweetly into the vale of years, that will be cherished. Unfortunately Whistler was not content to etch and to paint. He had his theory of art, and this he undertook to force upon the world. He was not content to say "This is my way of painting, and I think it is a good one." He proclaimed that his method was the only true one and that everything else was wrong. And unhappily he was a man of such amazing self-assurance and of so pungent a wit that he has been able to lead the majority of the American school to accept his dictum as the solemn gospel of art.

It is not necessary to review all his artistic

theories. Many of them are correct and have justly met with general acceptance. But unhappily he was the most flippant of men. A little flippancy does no harm. It lends a zest to conversation as a little tobacco sauce lends a zest to food. But if persisted in, nothing is so fatal to spiritual greatness. We all enjoy Bernard Shaw girding at Shakespeare. But if any man takes him seriously, God have mercy on his soul! for it is lost.

Nature is so irresistible in her power, so sublime in some of her aspects, so beautiful in others, that the only attitude of a reasonable man toward her is one of reverence. If he is an artist he will not copy her slavishly, as Ruskin enjoins. He will accentuate, he will eliminate, so as to present most forcibly that aspect of her which he is seeking to emphasize. But always he will respect her essential truth, and only endeavor to make us realize some part of it the more intensely.

Of all Nature's manifestations the sunset is the most glorious. Each day the miracle is repeated, and each day it is different. Even the magic brush of Turner can not reproduce its glory of color or its delicacy of tints. The normal man feels that in the presence of such splendor he should stand with bare head, as in the immediate presence of God. But after looking at a sunset where all the sky was aflame with crimson and gold, Whistler turned away with the sneering remark "What a perfectly silly sunset!" There is nothing sublime in such impudence as this, as there is in Henley's famous lines. It simply bespeaks an aridity of soul that is pitiable. It is far worse than his reply to the foolish admirer who said "There are only two great painters, you and Velasquez." . . . "Why drag in Velasquez?"

It is true that this attitude of Whistler was largely a pose. He was an incorrigible poseur. But unhappily we can not maintain any pose for a considerable length of time without becoming in some measure at least the thing that we pretend to be. If Whistler had been an ordinary poseur he might be ignored, but he was a man of a brilliant and cutting wit. Men delighted in his conversation, malignant and uncharitable though it often was. They still delight in his writings. And so he has forced his views upon the artistic world, particularly in America. He dominates American painting to-day; and his chief gospel, that art must never be "literary"; that it must never tell a story; that its appeal must be only to the eye, not to the heart and soul; that a picture should be only a pleasing arrangement of lines and colors in harmonious tones, has been generally accepted by our painters.

If you went to the Spring Academy you saw many beautiful pictures, lovely in color, perfect in drawing; but not one of them dealt with the great problems of life, not one stirred the mind or touched the heart. Our painters have made the great refusal. They have divorced art from life and in so doing they have sinned against humanity and the Holy Ghost. Nothing can be more contrary to the experience of mankind than the dictum, now generally accepted by our painters, that a picture must not tell a story. Half the great

pictures of the world tell the story of the Bible and of the lives of saints. Another large portion tell the stories of the Greek mythology.

This much is true: All stories are not fit to be told in paint. It should be a story that can be easily taken in by the eye, and it had best be one that is familiar to the beholder. But the mere fact that we have to glance at the title of a picture to understand it fully is no objection, provided that it is then comprehensible. The painters of the Whistler cult all take Velasquez as their god. Yet Velasquez's most popular picture, the "Lancers" or "Surrender of Breda," tells a story; and the central figures tell it surpassingly well. We see that one noble gentleman who has defended a city to the utmost is surrendering its key to another noble gentleman who receives it with a gracious courtesy that takes the sting from defeat. The story tells itself; yet we must look to the title to see that the city is Breda and the men Justin of Nassau and the Marquis of Spinola. If Whistler's doctrines are correct, this picture is a blot on Velasquez's fame. Yet the world loves it best of all his works, just because it tells a story, and a story that appeals to our love of noble manhood and chivalrous courtesy. The picture is marred by the fact that nobody in it is taking any interest in the great event transpiring, but all of them look out, indifferent to what is going on, merely posing for their portraits. Despite this defect, however, the picture will remain forever popular as no other work by the great Spaniard, because it alone among his finer works tells a story.

How the story should have been told is best shown by Rembrandt's "Lesson in Anatomy." With what intense interest each one of the attending physicians is watching the demonstration of Dr. Tulp; and the one whose attention has been momentarily diverted only lends to the scene the needed variety.

It is true that nothing can be more wearisome than the majority of the old historical pictures. In our own day Abbey has revived them, and even his impeccable draughtsmanship, his splendid color and his skill in composition can barely make them acceptable. But there is a wide distance between these cumbersome historical machines and the meaningless "arrangements" of the Whistler school; and in this space there is room for an infinitude of works dealing with the great emotions that stir the heart or arouse the mind of humanity.

Our American painters complain that they are not appreciated by their countrymen; that their works remain unsold. The reason is that they do not offer the American people what they crave. We are a great people. Our hearts are sound, our minds are vigorous. We are not a lot of dilettante mandarins. What we demand is works of art that deal with the emotions, the thoughts of humanity. Vapid arrangements of lines and colors in harmonious tones do not alone satisfy us. We want the artist to think and to feel, and to put his thoughts and emotions on the canvas. The men who do this, Mr. Vedder, Mr. Blashfield, Mr. Cox and the like, are not neglected. If you will give us an art that pulsates with human feeling, that expresses human thought, there will be no want of patrons.

The nude is the life of art. Raphael drew his holiest Madonnas from the nude model. The human body is the most beautiful and the most expressive of God's creations. Whistler eschewed the nude, partly because his sketchy treatment could not reproduce the satiny sheen of living flesh, partly because he had nothing to express; and it is rather in obedience to his example than to the supposed Puritanism of America that our painters so neglect the nude. The great masters who have sought most persistently to reach the heights have generally been lovers of the nude. It was through the nude that Michelangelo strove to utter the loftiest messages of the Christian faith. It was through the nude that Giorgione, Titian and Tintoretto tried to bring men back to a sense of the imperishable beauty of humanity, which is the same now as in the days of Greece, if we have but eyes to see. It was through the nude that Rubens gave us his supreme revelation of the beauty of flesh as flesh, and uttered his splendid appeals for peace and justice among men. In their neglect of the nude our artists greatly sin.

Of course, nothing can be more offensive to good taste or to sound morals than commonplace nakedness, such as we see in so many "studies" in foreign exhibitions. For these there is no excuse. The human body should be presented with the reverence due to a thing of beauty. The model chosen should be the most perfect that can be obtained, and even this should be idealized if necessary, omitting any defects and supplying any deficiencies. When this is done we have art in its purest and most expressive form. In America we seem to have no adequate school of the nude. In the Spring Academy there was only one that was acceptable—the "Idyl" by Mr. Valliant, reproduced in the April issue of this magazine. Even that left much to be desired. Drawing and composition were perfect; but the color was cold and dead, with none of the glory of Giorgione, none of the splendor of Rubens, none of the satiny sheen and lustrous tones of Mr. Fry's little masterpiece reproduced in the March number of THE ART WORLD. At the "Independent Exhibition" in the Grand Central Palace there were many nudes; but there usual characteristic was a crass ineptitude. The crying need of painting in America to-day is a proper study of the nude. When our artists have mastered that, they will have mastered the instrument to express their loftiest emotions, their profoundest thoughts. One of the most pernicious influences of Whistler has been this discouragement of the study of the nude.

Our artists, who complain so bitterly of popular neglect, should take a lesson from the Italian Renaissance. In that blessed day no worthy artist was without employment, so far as history records. Why? Because they gave the people what they wanted, not lifeless arrangements in pink and white, in brown and yellow, but pictures that portrayed the emotions of the age, that gripped the heart and aroused the mind. They were not afraid to tell a story in paint. Giotto was the greatest story-teller that ever wielded a brush, save only Raphael, the Prince of Painters. Telling stories and telling them well, so that they touched the emotions and awoke the intellect, was their daily business. And these story-telling pictures,

painted in flagrant contravention of all Whistler's rules, are among our most precious possessions to-day. They pleased the men of their time and they have pleased the men of all succeeding ages; while the "symphonies" and "arrangements" of Whistler and his successors appeal only to a small coterie of mandarins.

The world is now passing through its most frightful crisis since Darius and Xerxes undertook to blot out the liberties of Greece. After forty years of preparation autocracy started out to enslave mankind. In Belgium its cruelties have made Philip II and Alva appear angels of mercy. Its crimes on the high seas have made the Barbary pirates seem gentlemen. It has sought to intimidate the world by a frightfulness without example. It foresaw everything save the unconquerable soul of man, which throughout all the nations has risen in revolt against the cruelty of Germany as it once rose against the cruelty of Spain. The conspiracy has failed; but in the effort autocracy has caused the shedding of more blood and tears, it has caused more anguish of soul and body than were ever before inflicted on humanity in the same period. In this hour of the world's supreme tragedy, when

Jesus of Nazareth is being crucified again in a thousand places every day, are our painters to do nothing but to make "arrangements" in blue and gold, in pink and silver? When the great heart of humanity is bleeding as it never bled before, when the soul of man is rising against tyranny with a nobility worthy of the days of Marathon, are our artists to be blind and deaf to all around them, and to paint for a handful of dilettantes? If so, they more than deserve the neglect of which they complain.

I do not mean that they should paint war pictures, like Horace Vernet or Detaille or de Neuville. That is the most unattractive form of art. But they should forget Whistler's foolish dictum that art should never be literary, that it should appeal only to the eye, not to the heart and soul. Art should be as broad as literature, as broad as life. It should give voice to our loftiest aspirations, to our deepest grief. No thought should be too profound for it to grapple with. It should go hand in hand with literature and music, voicing in every tone the cry of the human heart. The Academy Exhibition shows that the cunning hand is not waiting; but the brain and the soul are sleeping; and until they awake we shall not have an art worthy of our country.

George B. Rose

SUMMER'S END

What can I give as the guerdon of friendship?

The words of a song.

That fly like a bird to the nest, where my friend is
When evenings are long.

And the wind which is crying the keen of the winter
Blows boisterous and strong.

Winter is dead; but the seed sown in summer

Must blossom in spring.

When the gorse in the land where I left her grows
yellow.

The bird's on the wing;

And the thought that the day when I see her draws
nearer.

New pleasure will bring.

Far away, I will turn where the ocean is breaking

In peace on the shore;

And find me a ship for the land where I linger

In thought evermore:

The County of Cork, the town, and the Castle

I lived in before.

One morning, I'll ride from the gate, and will
travel

The road by the hill.

Past a village that lies in the heart of a hollow,

A half-hidden rill—

Till I come to a cottage scarce seen from the
roadside,

White, ancient and still.

Here at last is an end to my journey, and where

I was longing to be;

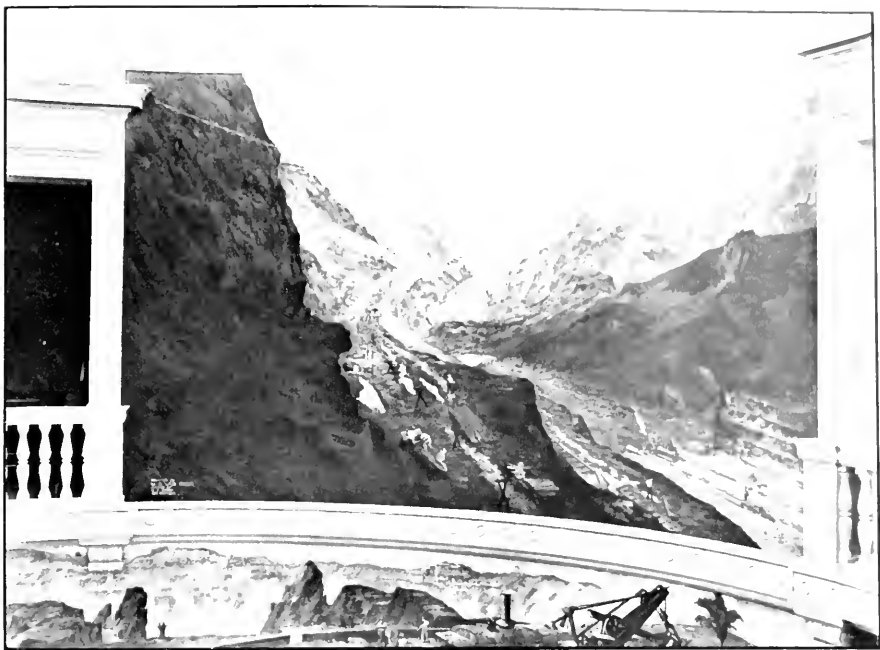
While I dwelt in the toil and the noise of a city

Far over the sea.

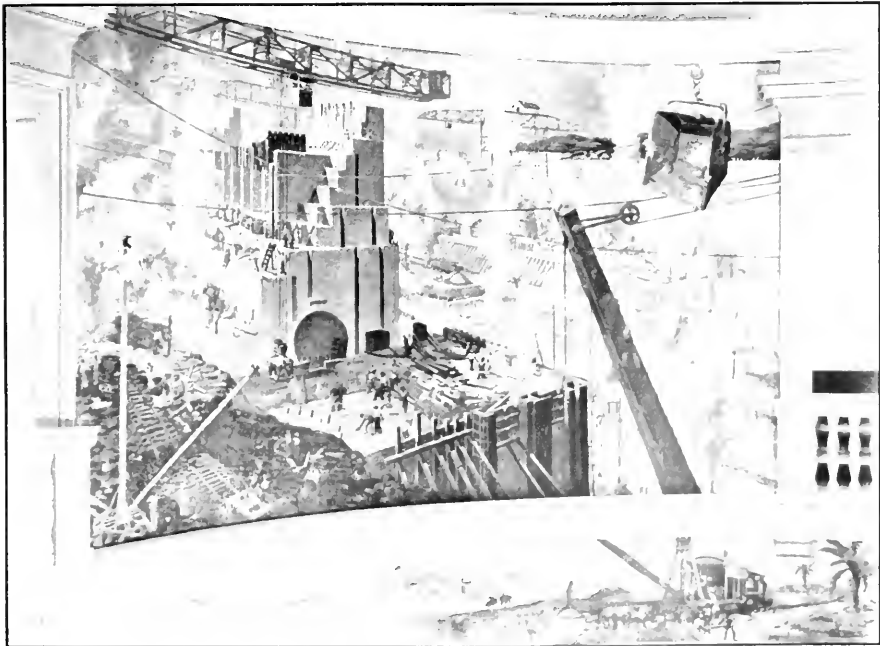
This song, then, my gift, and a pledge of the
friendship

That binds you to me.

Norrey's Jephson O'Connor



CACARACHA SLIDE AND CULEBRA CUT DURING CONSTRUCTION DAYS

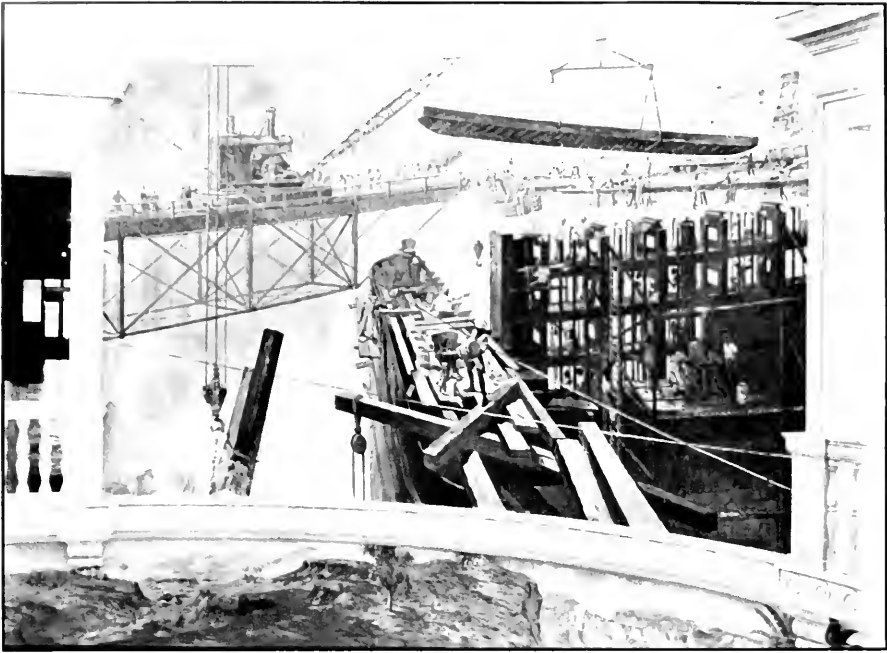


MIRAFLORES LOCK UNDER CONSTRUCTION

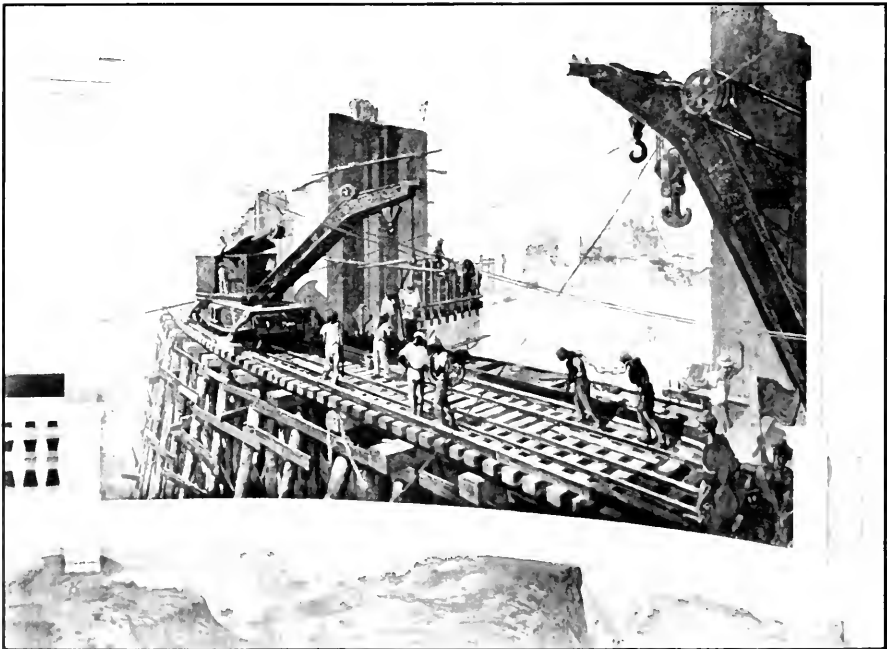
DECORATIONS IN ROTUNDA OF ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, BALBOA, C. Z.

BY WILLIAM R. VAN INGEN

(See page 194)



LOCK GATES UNDER ERECTION



THE GATES SPILLWAY UNDER CONSTRUCTION

DECORATIONS IN ROTUNDA OF ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, BALBOA, C. Z.

BY WILLIAM B. VAN NINGEN

(See opposite page)

THE MAKING OF A SERIES OF MURALS AT PANAMA

BY WILLIAM B. VAN INGEN

(See pages 17 and 18)

THE Panama Canal appeared to contradict logic: in that its parts were larger than the whole. From the narrow bridge spanning the Great Cut it was evident to me that the whole canal, from ocean to ocean, could be put into that part of it which was being excavated there.

This illusion was not entirely a revelation. I recalled looking into the empty hold of the steamship *Gaelic*, years ago, in the harbor of Honolulu, and, were my eyes to be trusted, the entire vessel could have been readily transported in her own hold. Explanations of such phenomena naturally suggest themselves, but their main value for us, here, is to emphasize the fact that the artist is not a slave of truth: it is to the illusion of the truth he owes allegiance. The academician may live and move and have his being under the government of logic, but the artist lives on no such food. "Give those bones to the dog" as the Spaniards say.

Nevertheless, if the artist's duty be to tell us of the illusion of truth he is also vitally concerned with the truths of the illusion. To be governed by imagination in painting the canal would be like being under the dominion of a gargoyle in making the picture of a cathedral. If the gigantic engines employed in digging the canal were as fantastic as hobgoblins of the mind, they were also machineries that must work according to well-known laws of physics. Readily as they might serve as windmills for the charge of a Don Quixote of art encased in his armor of Art for Art's sake, they were nevertheless utilitarian objects, except, perhaps, to the eye of one whose preoccupation with art for art's sake had had its natural result in mental blindness.

Some such thoughts as here suggested were ever in my mind as I tried to solve the problems of putting on canvas the making of the great waterway.

The canal has been happily characterized as the Wonder of Work; it might also be addressed as His Majesty Magnitude. Think of man's making a lake of 164 square miles in area! Think of building a bridge of water 85 feet above the sea on which may be carried safely, from ocean to ocean, the largest ships afloat! Think of man in a hand to hand battle with the mosquito one day and the next day moving a mountain!

The orders I received were simply to show, as far as possible, the making of the canal; but how to express magnitude was in reality the problem imposed on me by the conditions; my constant occupation a study of the expedients of composition by which length and width, height and depth might be displayed. The four spaces were placed at my disposal on the walls of the Administration Building in the Canal Zone, each about eighteen feet by eleven; and a frieze two feet seven inches high and ninety feet long. In two of the four I tried to display the magnitude of the scenes that presented themselves to the eye; in the remaining two, the magnitude of the details of such scenes. In the frieze I sought to show the processes of making a cut nine miles long through the mountains. And

never did an artist have more sympathetic help than had I from every one, high and low, that I met on the canal. I forgot I was an artist, and had genuine regret at not being entitled to a number and a brass check, while any success the paintings may have had came, I believe, from an endeavor to see with the eyes of the man in the ditch. I was a translator, not an originator.

Some explanation of what is meant by the expedients of composition in expressing magnitude may be offered in referring to the panel showing the construction of Miraflores Locks. By leaving out of the completed painting the section of lock wall shown in the right hand lower corner of the original sketch, opportunity was gained for showing the depth to the bottom of the lock. Then, the placing of the enormous boom close to the eye helped to convey the feeling of a person standing, as it were, upon the actual lock wall—though as a matter of fact this section of lock wall was removed from the picture. Then the selection of the point of view from which might be seen the great six-foot steps that formed the side walls of the locks seemed to bring to mind thoughts of the Egyptian pyramids, which we so generally associate in our minds with magnitude. And the peopling of those steps with workmen (this I did not do in the original sketch) gave a standard of measurement which reinforced the suggestion of the pyramids, because there exist similar steps in the Egyptian Wonder of Work. On the canal the illusion of being in Egypt was very strong. I remember the first day I saw the locks at Gatun. On the center wall stood a range-light tower, with architectural details of the Roman period; the instant I saw it the thought flashed over my mind; why was not the form of the obelisk used?

In making the picture of the lock gates the expedient used was an appeal to memories of the giant steel-cage construction of our sky-scrapers, and by making use again of the device of the boom I sought to carry the mind to the boom's base of support, so many feet below the bottom line of the picture.

No attempt was made to give what might be called instantaneous views. I tried to compose into one picture the views to be seen from different standpoints but united in the mind. This was perhaps the most important of the expedients of composition used, and it enabled me to combine different periods of time in the construction work. Never have I felt so strongly as on the Canal Zone that time and space are illusions of reality created by man for his convenience!

Yes, magnitude and motion were the stars by which I was guided.

When the pictures had been placed I took a trip, one fine morning, through the Great Cut. Returning to the Administration Building I hurried to the rotunda to test the effect of the paintings, and received the impression that as miniatures they were not bad!

William B. van Ingen

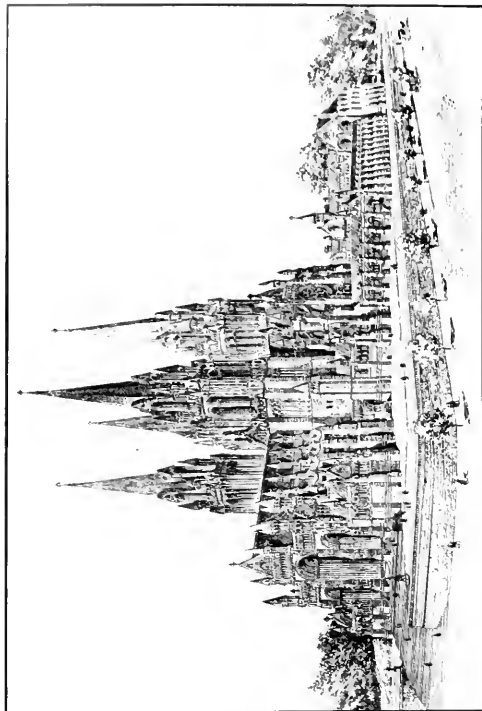


FIG. 3. DESIGN BY MESSRS. POTTER & ROBINSON SHOWING FOUR CENTRAL SPIRES

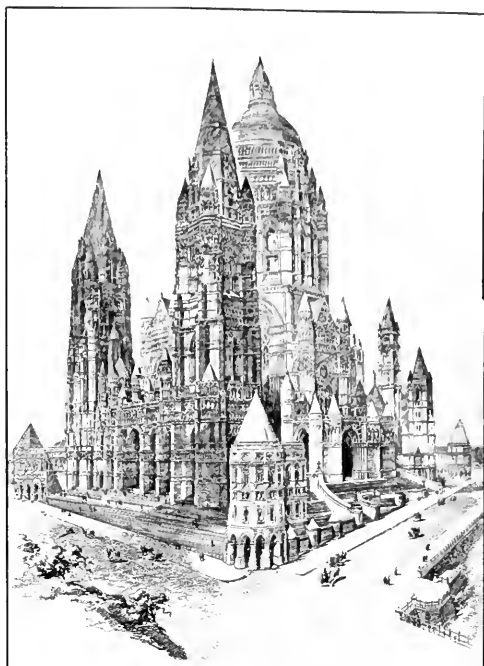


FIG. 1. DESIGN BY MR. WILLIAM HALSEY WOOD

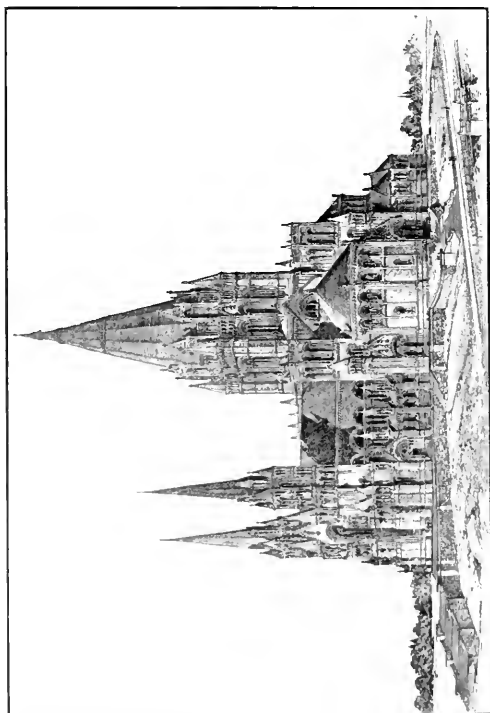


FIG. 4. THE ACCEPTED CATHEDRAL DESIGN BY MESSRS. HENS & BECK SHOWING TWO SMALL SPIRES ON FACADE AND ONE GREAT CENTRAL SPIRE

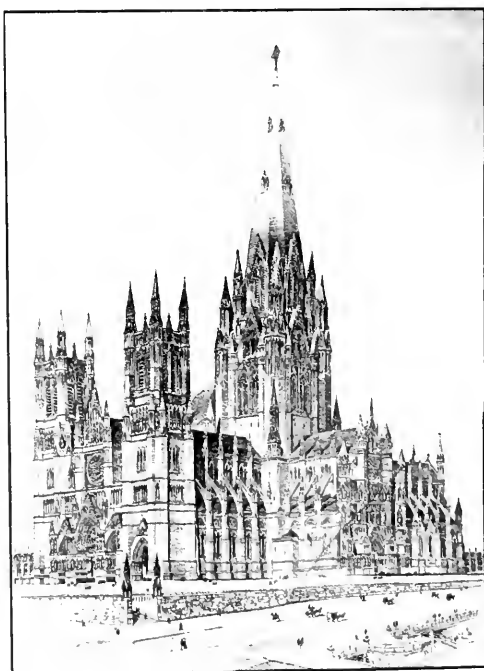


FIG. 2. DESIGN BY MESSRS. HENS & BECK SHOWING ONE CENTRAL SPIRE

SHOULD ST. JOHN THE DIVINE HAVE ONE OR TWO SPIRES?

BY GEORGE MARTIN HUSS

(See opposite page and pages 21 to 25)



FIG. 5. VIEW INTO THE CHOIR OF THE CATHEDRAL

IT was about 1890 that an agitation was started looking toward the erection on Morningside Heights, Manhattan, of a great cathedral for the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church. A compound competition was called for about the same time—that is to say, a certain number of architects were invited while others, upon their own request, were permitted to submit preliminary sketch designs.

Six months later about sixty sketch-designs were submitted.

Within two months four by the following were selected, viz.: Messrs. William Halsey Wood of Newark, N. J., Potter and Robertson of New York, who were among those originally invited; and Messrs. Heins and La Farge, and Huss and Buck of New York. The selections were made by the Trustees and their advisers. In 1891 the four designs, now fully elaborated, were shown and exhibited at the See House for the selection of the definite design. The four designs are reproduced upon page 20. Of these four, the design of Heins and La Farge was finally chosen (see Fig. 1).

After Messrs. Heins and La Farge were appointed as the cathedral architects George Heins called upon the writer and showed a letter from the Trustees addressed to Heins and La Farge, requesting them to modify their original design—this showed one large central tower and spire with two smaller towers with spires on the westerly façade as shown in Fig. 1 so as to correspond with one of the four premiated designs shown at the See House, for this also had a great central spire and two westerly towers, but these *without* spires (see Fig. 2). As a result of this request from the Trustees, Messrs. Heins and La Farge removed the two spires from their westerly towers and thickened the towers themselves. The total result of these changes is apparent in their final design as shown in Fig. 7.

Now *query?* Why did the Trustees and their advisers request this most important change to be made—going even to the length of making use of the logic and imagination of one of the competitors and authors of one of the four premiated designs (see Fig. 2)? Evidently for only one purpose, viz.: to increase the sublime and monumental effect of the total structure—by emphasizing the central spire and its pyramidal mass. For every competent artist knows that the sublimity of any work of art is increased by emphasizing its pyramidal form. This is true not only of architecture but of

sculpture, painting and even the drama. And that the sublimity of the mass in that design by Messrs. Heins and La Farge actually was increased by these changes, which they actually made, is proved when you compare their original design Fig. 1 with their final design Fig. 7.

That this final change with the resulting majesty was universally approved not only by the great public but by the architectural profession is proved since it has never been questioned. Because it is well known that the majesty of Saint Peter's at Rome, of Santa Sophia at Constantinople, of the Invalides and Sacré Cœur in Paris—not to speak of the Taj Mahal in India, is obtained by not only a dome that is high but by one that is broad. Applying this principle to a Gothic structure, that is to say, making a central spire the overshadowing feature, by turning it practically into a single spire, above all one not only high but much broader than usual, thus Messrs. Heins and La Farge and Huss and Buck between them obtained a mass more monumental and sublime than is to be found in any other Romanesque or Gothic cathedral in the world—while at the same time not departing from the Gothic and Romanesque styles.

Now then, upon what line of reasoning do Messrs. Cram and Ferguson recommend a departure from this majestic and monumental effect, produced by one single overshadowing spire, and recommend the adoption of two spires (see Fig. 6) which would eternally compete with each other, and therefore lessen the sublimity of the mass by lessening the pyramidalization of the composition—this being contrary to the laws of sublime art which have obtained since Cheops built the Great Pyramid—which laws have been followed by the architects of every great work of art and above all in architecture, since Iktinos designed the immortal Parthenon on the Acropolis?

Not only do they substitute two spires for one, thus weakening the total effect, but they suggest building a sort of decapitated tower over the foundation in place of the single spire suggested both by Messrs. Heins and La Farge and Messrs. Huss and Buck. Thus they "cut up" a dominant, single mass into a conglomerate of smaller masses, reducing as it were a mountain to a forest. That this is a serious mistake is proved by the fact that it is positively questioned, not only by some of the strongest men in the profession of architecture both here and abroad, but also by intelligent laymen and members of the other artistic professions. Many believe that if this matter were submitted to a large jury composed of leading architects, sculptors, painters and critics of Europe and America, they would reject the suggestion of Messrs. Cram and Ferguson (Fig. 6) and return at once to the original plan as shown on the final and accepted design of Messrs. Heins and La Farge (Fig. 7) because they feel that the carrying out of the original design of the latter would result in a more sublime cathedral. Therefore those who

ordered the departure from that plan have assumed a responsibility for which they will no doubt be severely criticised by posterity unless a return to the original design is made.

The error of departing from this Romanesque design and switching over to a Gothic is emphasized by the fact that New York already has a Gothic cathedral in St. Patrick's and that also has two spires which will compete with St. John the Divine; but if the latter were built in the Romanesque style with only one tremendous spire the result would be individuality to both cathedrals and

clergy insisted on two spires being raised as at Chartres, Rouen, Amiens, etc.

Further, in the design of Messrs. Cram and Ferguson (Fig. 6) the great central square tower is reduced to a sort of box, above the ridges of the nave, transepts and choir-roofs—and this is flanked by two towers with spires—evidently an adaptation from Messrs. Potter and Robertson's design—one of the four designs that were premiated (Fig. 3) which has four towers with spires.

The trouble with this scheme of Messrs. Cram and Ferguson (Fig. 6) is that, while it shows a



FIG. 6. DESIGN OF MESSRS. CRAM AND FERGUSON SUGGESTING TWO SMALL SPIRES INSTEAD OF ONE LARGE ONE

variety to the architecture of New York. For the building of another cathedral with two west spires would establish a perpetual comparison between the two edifices and lessen the individuality of both. I say this now, even though my own design was of pure Thirteenth Century Gothic (see Fig. 2) but at least sufficiently different from the modern Gothic of the St. Patrick's to have resulted in a strong differentiation. Moreover, cathedrals with double and therefore competing spires were already so numerous in Europe four hundred years ago that for the sake of variety architects often varied the character of the two spires, whenever the

pyramidal effect from one point of view, it loses this from nearly every other aspect, and also the strongly dominating effect of one great central tower is lost! The feeling that a large preaching space exists and planned for within should be expressed on the outside; and it would be by one single tower and the one spire which would cover just this space; and so it was planned by Messrs. Heins and La Farge (see Figs. 1 and 7). But Messrs. Cram and Ferguson minimize the expression of this feature and make the matter worse by adding two smaller and competing spires in front of this space—spires that apparently perform

the function merely of applied ornaments, or of bell-towers (Fig. 6) thus violating the fundamental law of all good architecture that the function of any member of a building should be in harmony with the importance of the function performed; that is to say: the weight which rests upon a column should be neither too light nor too heavy for the apparent supporting power of the column, and the duty to be performed by a spire should be as great as the size and importance of the spire.

In this case the largest practicable dimensions

the central spire, or tower, of nearly English cathedrals are worthy and fine dominating features than is the slender *flèche* that alone marks the intersection of the ridge of nave and transept in a French cathedral. In at least one instance, the octagon of Ely, an intelligent attempt was made by the English builders to give value to and express the internal center.

In Saint John the Divine the interior plan of the preaching space or "crossing" is settled; in fact it is built. Here then is an opportunity to express exteriorly this pre-eminent feature of the

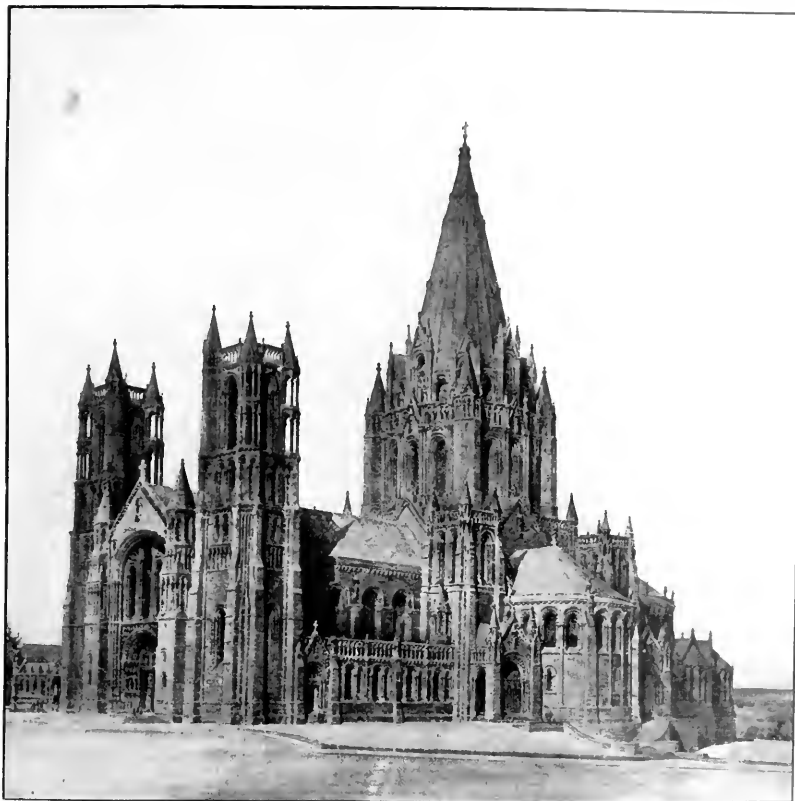


FIG. 7. DESIGN OF MESSRS. HEINS AND LA FARGE WITH ONLY ONE TOWER AND SPIRE

have been provided for the "crossing" or preaching space; and this large, unobstructed area, extending as nearly as may be to the limits of the carrying power of the human voice, should in its exterior expression cooperate with the architectural requirements of the development of the central space. Not only should this be an interior but also an exterior feature. Architects of the English Gothic, who in every other respect were from a generation to a century behind the Gothic architects of the continent, were in this respect clearly in advance of them. Even where no attempt was made at the interior development of the "crossing"

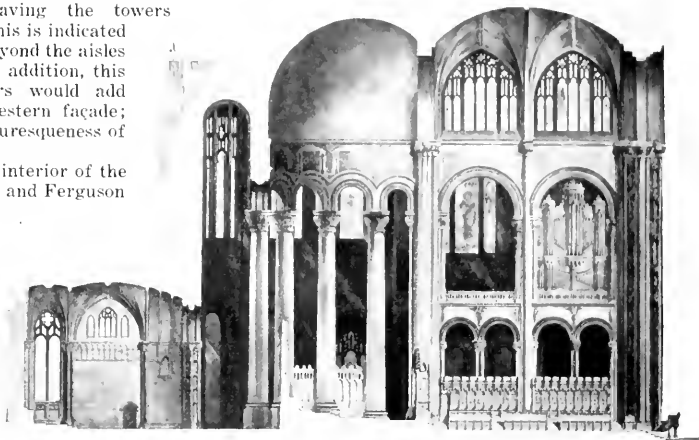
modern Protestant cathedral, the preaching space in one noble dominating spire, which will form a *point d'appui* and crown the Morningside Heights with something more sublime than the one now projected. Further; from the new design of the Western front suggested by Messrs. Cram and Ferguson, and from examination of their plan (Fig. 16) it will be seen that the two frontal towers are in line with the *center line* of the North and South aisles respectively, as in York (Fig. 11) and St. Patrick's, New York (Fig. 12). The contracting optical effect of two towers immediately flanking the nave which will surely result, as at Westmin-

ster, York, Litchfield, etc., should by all means be avoided. It is necessary to place the towers *outside* the sides of the aisles, as in the plans shown in Figs. 14 and 15. The reason for this is, because the accentuation of the nave, highly desirable, is obtained by having the towers separated from the aisles, and this is indicated by the extension of the towers beyond the aisles as in Fig. 14, also Fig. 15. In addition, this manner of placing the towers would add breadth and majesty to the Western façade; also it increases the general picturesqueness of the North and South aspect.

Over the modifications of the interior of the nave suggested by Messrs. Cram and Ferguson (see Fig. 10) we will not quarrel nor over the modifications of a secondary nature which they have introduced, although they are open to the serious accusation of making more or less of a hodge-podge of a structure that was harmoniously designed, largely carried out and therefore should have been finished in the Romanesque style—a style which is so near to the Gothic in lifting and exalting spiritual power that the difference is hardly worth while quarreling over, above all when the Romanesque design in question is a majestic one handled by two architects of unquestioned skill and taste who must have before them as guides all the successful cathedrals, both Gothic and Romanesque, of the past. As to adaptability for a specific purpose, the design of Messrs. Heins and La Farge seems to answer very well. In a Protestant cathedral the "crossing" or preaching space which gives the utmost possible opportunity for the audience to see and hear the preacher is a matter of special importance and this idea seems to have been kept in view by them.

While on this subject: it is a fact that in their design Messrs. Heins and La Farge departed from the original type of English chancel with *square ends*. Examine their plan Fig. 13 and then the plans of York and Lincoln cathedrals (Figs. 11 and 15). A high authority has said: "It must be remembered, however, that this cathedral is not a building for the Roman Catholic ritual but for the services of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. There are, therefore, many adjuncts of a medieval cathedral which would be utterly out of place. It would be a grave error to imitate the antique basilicas or the Roman traditions of a choir finished with an apse and its surrounding chapels, which are utterly inconsistent with the ritual of the Protestant Episcopal Church."

"The original type of English chancel with square end (see plans of York and Lincoln cathedral plans, Figs. 11 and 15) notwithstanding all the influence of Rome and the continent, still maintains its ground, as a triumphant proof of the deep hold taken by the original planting of Christianity in Britain and of its vital and unbroken continuity. This peculiarity of English churches is so decisive,



Courtesy, Chas. Scribner's Sons

FIG. 8. LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF CHOIR AND LADY-CHAPEL AS DESIGNED BY MESSRS. HEINS AND LA FARGE

so marked, so characteristic: it is no wonder that the English ecclesiologists have insisted on it as the proper rule, and have opposed the use of apses at all in the Anglican churches, or any of its branches."

In the case of the present cathedral of Saint John the Divine we note that the advice contained in the above quotation has not been heeded and the choir end is irretrievably committed to the apsidal termination with its attendant chapels.

That part is now settled.

In conclusion, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine having been started in the Romanesque style by Messrs. Heins and La Farge, they having been allowed to carry it as far as they did, to the extent of practically completing the choir and placing in the apse the enormous Romanesque columns (see Fig. 9) each one of which is moreover a memorial column—then to force them out as architects and depart from their plans in the Romanesque style and adopt those which are purely Gothic plans with two spires, etc., thus making out of the whole edifice an architectural macaroni—amounts to a profound æsthetic error,

But we will not quarrel about this. Matters have gone too far for an effective protest. Our main quarrel is over the substitution of two spires for one.

What now remains to be done? Evidently to go back to first principles and to follow as nearly as possible the original and majestic design by Heins and La Farge calling for the one great central spire enthusiastically approved by Bishop Potter, Dr. Morgan Dix and the Trustees of that time, not even to speak of the approval of the competing architects and the cultured public of then and now. The highest æsthetic laws dictate that the suggestion

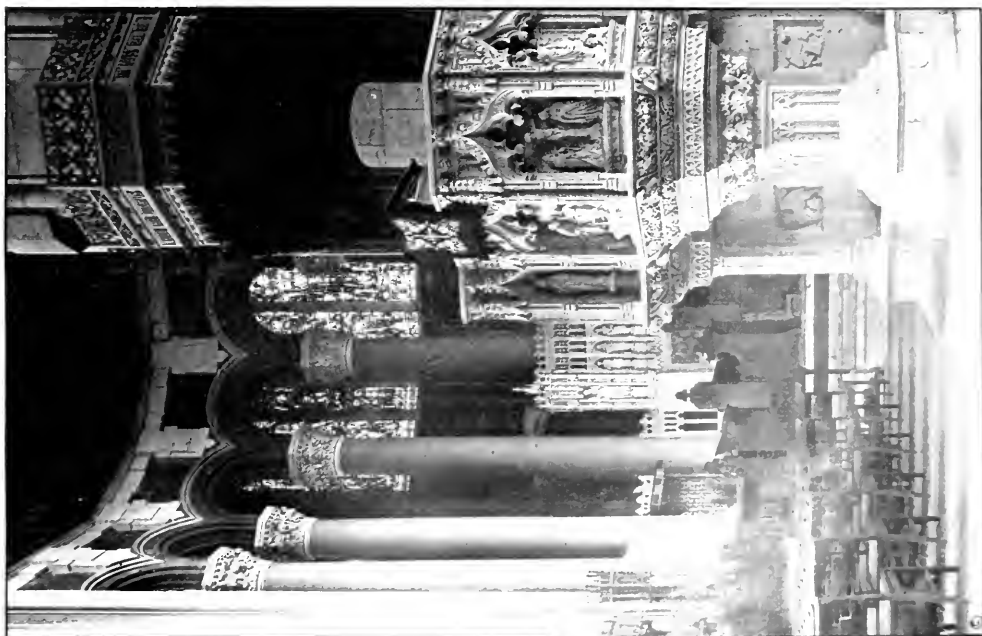


FIG. 10. SECTION OF THE BASILICA OF SAINT GEORGE, PALERMO.
 (After the drawing by the author.)

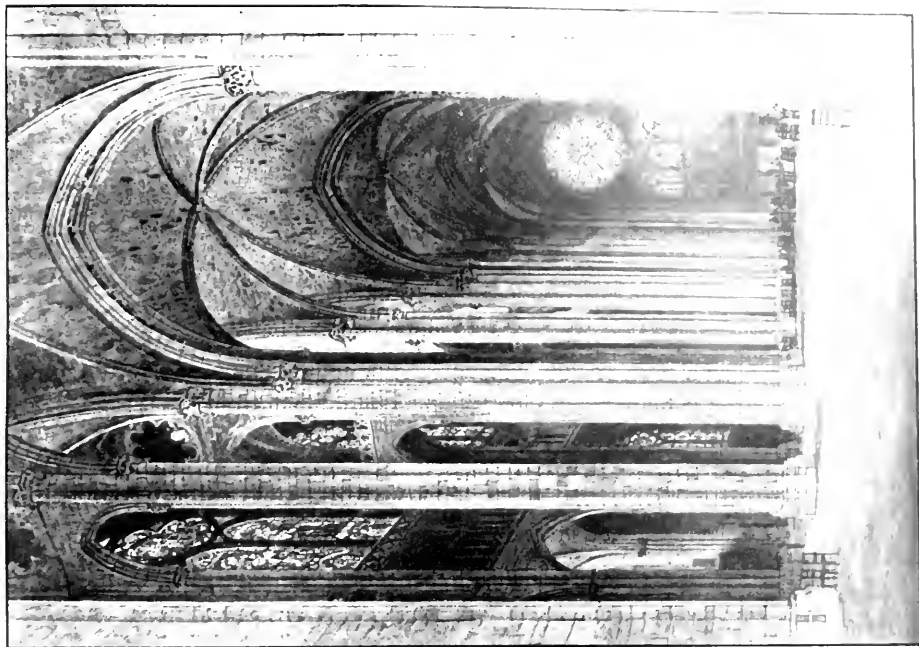


FIG. 11. SECTION OF THE BASILICA OF SAINT GEORGE, PALERMO.
 (After the drawing by the author.)

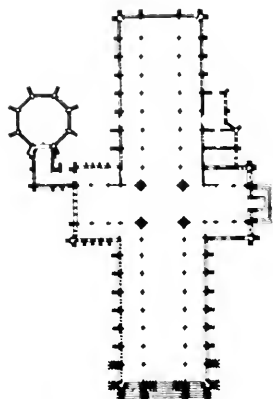


FIG. 11. PLAN OF YORK CATHEDRAL, ENGLAND

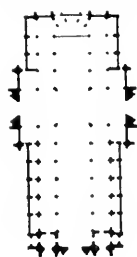


FIG. 12.
PLAN OF
ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL,
NEW YORK

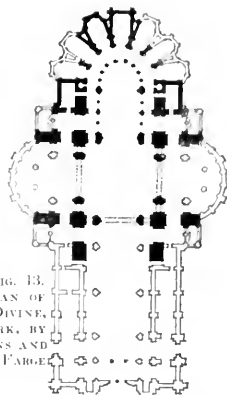


FIG. 13.
PLAN OF
ST. JOHN THE DIVINE,
NEW YORK, BY
MESSRS. HEINS AND
LA FARGE

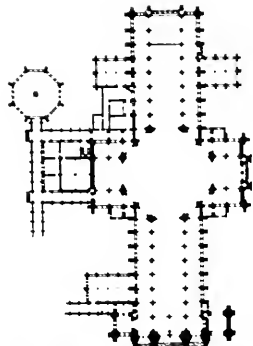


FIG. 14. PLAN FOR ST. JOHN
THE DIVINE AS DESIGNED BY
MESSRS. HUXS & BUCK

of Messrs. Cram and Ferguson—of two central spires instead of one (Fig. 6) should be positively rejected and the central spire suggested by Messrs. Heins and La Farge (Fig. 7 and Fig. 17) be retained, even if it is built in a purely Gothic style, as there can be no question that the effect will be more solemn, sublime and exalting when the total mass is finished.

It is not too late to do this.

The foundation for such an immense spire was laid by Messrs. Heins and La Farge before they were forced for mysterious reasons from their position as architects of the cathedral.

George Martin Huss

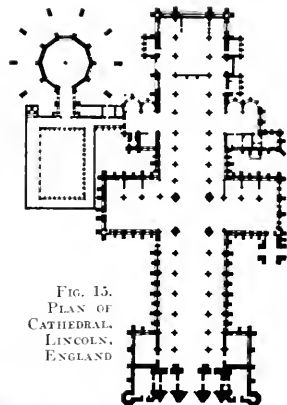


FIG. 15.
PLAN OF
CATHEDRAL,
LINCOLN,
ENGLAND

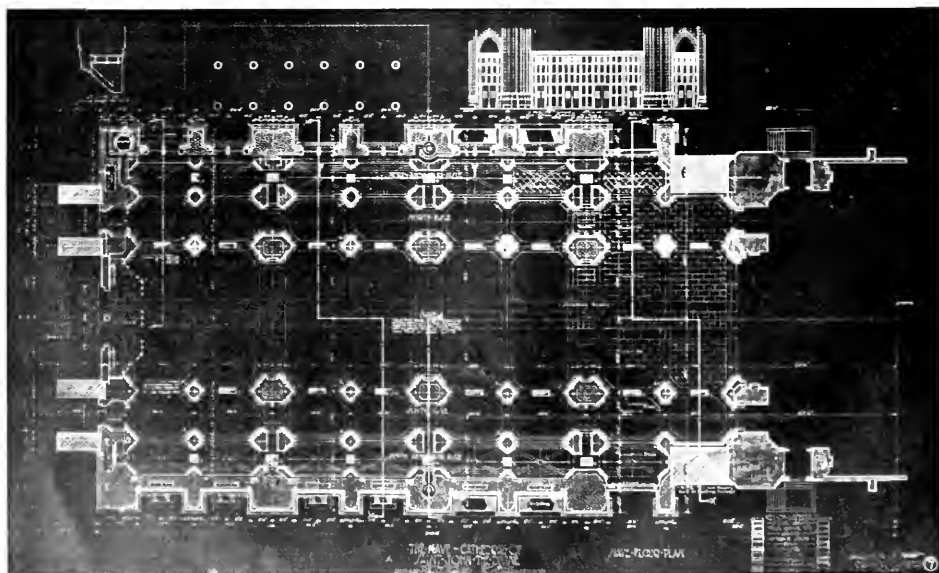


FIG. 16. PLAN OF THE NAVE FOR ST. JOHN THE DIVINE NOW BEING CARRIED OUT BY
MESSRS. CRAM AND FERGUSON



Courtesy Century Co.

FIG. 17. VIEW OF EAST END OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE FROM MORNINGSIDE PARK AS IT WOULD LOOK IF THE DESIGN OF MESSRS. HEINS AND LA FARGE WERE CARRIED OUT.

ART AND CITIZENSHIP

BY IAN B. STOUGHTON HOLBORN, M.A.; F. R. G. S., MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD UNIVERSITY

I. WHAT IS CITIZENSHIP?

IN the middle of the most devastating war in history it may seem to some that this is not the time to talk about art; and yet perhaps a fuller understanding of world-conditions may show that at this very moment there is absolutely nothing more important for mankind than that art and beauty should come again into their own. The deliberate destruction of Louvain and Rheims are not mere unrelated incidents that can be considered apart from the general trend of the war or of the modern spirit. They are simply examples of what a few years ago made London destroy Crosby Hall in time of peace—the most beautiful remaining specimen of medieval domestic work that she possessed! And for what? In order that she might build a money shop, a bank. The money-changers are always ready to turn the temples of beauty or holiness into dens of thieves; and it is even a question whether, in this particular case, it is not the caring more for the money-changers' tables than for these higher things that has brought the war about.

We realize something of the immensity of this war and we say that it is a fight for civilization. But what is the use of fighting for civilization, if we do not know what civilization is? It therefore behooves us, who are not at the front, and who can not go to the front, to make sure that we do know what civilization is and to make sure that there is a civilization to defend and preserve for our fighters on their return. There is a tendency to think that because we are at war, we can let all the finer and higher side of ourselves be neglected. We turn to economy in our education, our lectures, our serious books, our pictures, while we still continue to waste money on dress and idle frivolous amusement. When the war broke out, even Germany did not allow her artists to go to the front, and we must never forget that the greatest architecture, sculpture and drama of the world, the flower of our civilization, was produced during the death struggle of the Athenian empire. In a small way it is pleasing to think of Scarborough, a few hours after it had been bombarded and when it had received a telegram to say that the Germans were returning, holding its university-extension lecture as usual.

So long as we are not actually helping in the war, we are placed under a double obligation to make the highest use of every moment; and though war with victory is our first thought let us not lose our souls, or victory will not be worth having when it comes. Nay, it would be better to be defeated like Athens, and leave an imperishable heritage to the world than win a mere physical victory and, like the Harmosts of Sparta, be execrated for all time. We may be traitors to our country and civilization without aiding the fighting hosts of the enemy. Civilization is our trust, to hand on to the next generation, not merely as we received it, put away, as it were, and hidden in a napkin, but doubled, trebled, quadrupled in value.

What then is civilization? citizenship? What is the citizen, the state, the *civis*, the *civitas*? The words are Latin but the root notion, as we might say of almost all things most modern and most fundamentally valuable, is Greek.

It was the Greek who first conceived of the difference between the civilized and the barbaric, and who probably had the fullest, most all round conception of civilization that the world has yet seen; indeed it is doubtful whether it is possible to get much beyond his fundamental conception. Aristotle's familiar definition of a city may well be recalled—a *place where men live a common life for a noble end*. Is not that a fine definition? is not that a magnificent concept to lie behind citizenship? A place where men lived a common life. Not a place of strife, not a place where every man is endeavoring to get what he can for himself regardless of his neighbor, not a place where selfishness is the order of the day, not a place where the weak go to the wall and the downtrodden poor are consumed by hate and jealousy and malice and spite and all uncharitableness toward the rich; but a place where men realize that they are fellows one of another and that they live in a community. It is a common, it is a community.

As Aristotle himself says in speaking of an ill developed state: "Those who have too much of the goods of fortune, strength, wealth, friends and the like, are neither willing nor able to submit to authority. The evil begins at home: for when they are boys, by reason of the luxury in which they are brought up, they never learn, even at school, the habit of obedience. On the other hand, the very poor, who are in the opposite extreme, are too degraded. So that the one class can not obey, and can only rule despotically; the other knows not how to command and can only be ruled like slaves. Thus arises a city, not of freemen but of masters and slaves, the one despising, the other envying; and nothing can be more fatal to friendship and good fellowship in states than this."

A common life for a NOBLE end. This brings out the heroic element of Greek civilization and particularly of Athens, the city of Athené the goddess of wisdom and enlightenment. It is indeed the higher that is the more human part of man, distinct from that which he shares with the lower animals. It is Athené and the intellect that triumphs over Poseidon and mere nature; it is the men, the Lapiths, who triumph over the material and half animal in us. This is the spirit of Athené and her citizens and is essentially opposed to the merely bodily and material. It is hardly necessary to quote again the testimony of the Corinthians, the bitterest enemies that Athens ever had, who had to acknowledge that extraordinary Athenian development of the mind rather than of the more ignoble elements; moreover, as they pointed out, a mind developed for the common good. Yes, a common and a noble life.

This desire for nobility is surely one of the

essentials of the true life. Plato and the great teachers of Greece knew well where the weakness of the Demos lay. True aristocracy, as distinct from the aristocracy of birth, is a stern creed; the Demos hankers after a good time. *Noblesse oblige* is no easy motto to put into practice, but the despised medieval aristocrat realized one of the most glorious truths in the world when he thought of it. The Greek saw further than the coiner of the pregnant phrase himself and in the light of Greek civilization the motto comes to have a fuller meaning still. The low man may be content with the lower things, the lower pleasures, the lower aims; but nobility, if we are to have it at all, does compel, strenuously compel, a higher standard, a sterner self discipline, a loftier ambition. The lower may be all right in its place, but it is not lofty enough for the heroic in man's being. It is not much of a civilization that lacks the spirit of nobility.

There is perhaps no reason why democracy should not be noble, but the deplorable thing is that it so frequently does not care. Many of us are content to be ignoble, we do not want to be noble. There is surely no more pitiful sign of the spirit of the times than the introduction of such a word as "highbrow," a word deliberately used to cast contempt upon that which is higher and better than that to which we ourselves aspire. The amazing thing is not that men can not attain to the heights of art, philosophy, science and all that we understand by true culture, but that they prefer to be uncultivated, that they prefer to remain on the lower plane. They have to be coaxed to be educated; and immense is the amount of sugar that has to be given with the pill. It is better to have a poor notion of nobility and strive for it, than to sneer at what is higher than oneself and never have enough aspiration to strive at all.

A common life for a noble END:—and here, perhaps more or less unconsciously Aristotle strikes the most important note of all. For Aristotle the end is the good man who is the good citizen; but for our day the significance of Aristotle's dictum lies rather in the conception that there is an end, a goal, a something toward which we go, as well as a something from which we come, rather than in his particular conception of the nature or quality of the end. The civilized life is essentially something with an aim, an end. It is definite, *de-finite*, designed, not incoherent, not left to chance, not impulsive, chaotic, disjointed, disorganized, disordered; and it is in this quality of design, of relationship of part to part, of coherence, of organic nature, of clearly ordered aim, that we have the most distinct characteristic of the *civitas*, the state, of civilization. Plato well expresses the fundamental Greek notion in his "Republic," that it is the right ordering of the different parts in the united whole that makes the true state. He brings out well the necessity for each to play its own part and make the best of itself according to its nature and yet always in reference to the common end. The barbarian may even in his way strive to follow some conception of a higher; but he has no clear conception of an end, an aim, a design. The barbaric is essentially that which is opposed to this, and is marked by profusion, by lack of the sense of interrelation and order; it is chaotic and rather

the product of impulse and prejudice than of scheme and system.

The civilized life, then, is consciously designed, it is arranged, it is intended, it moves towards something, a goal, a concept, an end. It is quite conceivable that the savage may live a freer, more spontaneous and even happier life; but it is just here that we are apt to make our mistake; civilization does not consist in happiness. Man as man is distinguished rather by his sorrow than by his happiness from the lower creatures. Taking thought for the morrow does not conduce to happiness, but it raises us in the scale of being. Aspiration is the very antithesis of happy content. It is important to realize this; because the difference between the civilized man and the barbarian is bound up in this idea that he is shaping his own end. It is the glory of man that he is not content to be the sport of destiny or environment, that he is not a mere product of evolution, but an agent in a conscious process of "advolution," if I may coin the term. It is the heroic and reasoning fight against blind destiny that makes man what he is. Man refuses to sit down tamely before the forces of nature or circumstances; nay, rather, he is determined to subdue them to his design or scheme of things. He must study these forces, he must know their laws, that is to say, he has need of science; but it is that he may use them for his purposes, that he may build up his own design; and this is art, this is the end for which the other exists and is the means. The true man is both man of science and artist, gaining his science that his art may have the wherewithal to achieve the design of his own conception, the design of his own fate and destiny.

It is only the savage or the decadent who consents to be swept with the tide; and the progress of a true civilization is sustained by the continual uprising of countless individuals who refuse to accept any conditions, any environment as final; and by their zeal, enthusiasm and courage, yea even by their pains and martyrdom, sweep the timid and lethargic multitude along.

The word "end" may be a little vague, but the real notion of civilization as conceived by the Greek is this notion of the thing that has order, of the thing that is put together in a related scheme or end. Both in their philosophy and their life they approached a condition, where the aim is clear that each man has his own distinct part to play, and also where all these distinct parts yet make up a common whole. However, let what the Greeks did be what it may; it is a poor civilization where every man develops himself by himself for himself, and thinks not of his fellows! And on the other hand, it is an equally poor civilization which works together perfectly as a machine, yet in which the individual is not an individual with his own distinct character, his own individuality, but is merely a cog and nothing more.

The root notion of civilization, then, is that of a *kosmos*, a world—literally an "arrangement." It depends upon a full development of the individual, so that he is no mere sheep, no mere follower of fashions and conventions, one of a crowd; but one who has a character and interest of his own, a value for his own sake. In one word he needs

autarkeia. But at the same time the *kosmos* is a whole, and his individuality must perform its part in the common aim, enriching it by its very individuality. He must develop in relation to all the rest of the citizens. In one word, the *kosmos* needs *harmonia*.

At a first glance these elements may seem to be contradictory and it is quite true that they might become so; but there is a proper observance of both, a grasping of the relationship of one to the other, an understanding of the sphere of each in the *kosmos* and a cunning drawing of the line with precise and exact balance, swerving neither to the right nor the left, an avoidance of excess on the part of either. This may perhaps be called SOPHROSUNE.

Civilization, then, even in all earnestness, may fail in two ways. It may stress the individual at the expense of the whole or the state, or it may stress the social whole or state at the expense of the individual. Whenever the one is overdone at the expense of the other we have disaster, and there is an endeavor to emphasize that which is lacking; but the failure has almost always been due to the belief that, the more of the missing element that was supplied, the better; whereas the whole point is not the emphasis upon one or the other, but the obtaining of the right relation between them. The fundamental principles that underlie the crude, vague and illogical conceptions of the man in the street with regard to socialism and individualism are really *harmonia* and *autarkeia*. Civilization does not consist in socialism or in individualism; these are just the two extremes that it must avoid to be civilized at all; civilization consists in the proper balancing of the two principles logically implied by the two words.

The present war is to a large extent a conflict between these two extremes; although the Allies may fairly claim that they do come a little nearer to the real thing that lies behind them both. Germany would seek to make the world one vast *harmonia* of German opinion. It is the dream of efficiency, of the smooth working machine, nor can any one deny that Germany has something to teach the world in the way of subordinating the individual interests and opinions of the individual for the good of the common whole. The Allies on the other hand stand for what Matthew Arnold scathingly called the "glorious privilege of doing what one likes"; and doubtless there is an individuality of initiative and character from which Germany might learn something. It might perhaps be noted in passing that the privilege of doing as one likes has a secondary disadvantage, namely that, when one does as one likes, one not only does not learn from external control but one is apt not to learn self-control either, and consequently there is a tendency to follow the lower rather than the higher. We may sneer at German culture, but does "doing as one likes" produce a burning desire for culture at all?

Examples of something nearer the civilized *kosmos* may be found. The United States of America furnishes an excellent example politically of the individual state in a harmonious whole and it may be compared with the "doing as they like" arrangement of the colonies of the British Empire.

Educationally a good example is seen in the case of Oxford University with its twenty-three individual colleges, each complete in itself and yet working in a common whole. Neither of these instances is by any means perfect, but it serves to illustrate the principle. When the whole English-speaking world forms itself into a *harmonia* while still developing the *autarkeia* of the several parts, that will be a distinct advance in Civilization; and when that *kosmos* becomes in its turn an individual in a larger *kosmos* still, that will be a still further advance.

Such then is civilization,—a schematized whole of individualities valuable in themselves.

What is Art?

The term art has undoubtedly been used to cover more than one activity, and activities not always logically related to each other, and this is not the place to discuss their right to be included or excluded from the connotation or meaning of the term; but, whether it be agreed or not that art is the creation of the beautiful, it will hardly be denied that the creation of the beautiful is art. If then we call art the creation of the beautiful, it will not be so far wrong as to lead us very widely astray. And again, when we ask the nature of the beautiful, we may say that nothing is beautiful and nothing is a work of art that does not consciously or unconsciously exhibit design or structure. Art is preeminently design. It is constructive as opposed to the unrelated. It is the building up into an organic whole. It eschews excrescence and deficiency. That which makes the difference between the beautiful and the ugly is the difference between the coherent and the incoherent, the organic and the chaotic, the formed and the deformed. If we examine any work of art, a picture, a decorative pattern, a piece of furniture, a great cathedral, a piece of music, we shall find in each case that that which makes it beautiful is the individualizing of every part, so that it has its own characteristic, its own distinctiveness, its own value; and, after that, each of these parts, with all its distinctive individuality, is related to a common whole. Yet, although it is a whole, the wholeness does not obliterate the individuality of the parts.

What is the most beautiful thing that we know? The human body. Why is it so beautiful? Because it exhibits parts that are more highly differentiated than in any other creature and yet in spite of that they make a far more perfect harmony. These two things that seem to be incompatible are yet unified. Compare, say, the *Amoeba* at one end of the scale and the human form at the other. Every part of the *amoeba* is alike. It has no organs. But every part of the human body is different; they all have their own individuality, their *autarkeia*, and yet they work together within a harmony, a *harmonia* that far surpasses that of the *amoeba*. The monkey is on a much higher plane than the *amoeba*, but he does not compare with man; the brain is not so highly specialized, the fore limbs are not so highly differentiated from the hind limbs, nor the foot from the hand. Or again, take the hand and compare it with that of man, there is not that individualization of fingers that we find between man's thumb and the rest of

his fingers. Neither the monkey nor any other animal can "oppose" the thumb. And yet, for all this, man exhibits a higher harmony and can bring all his parts to bear upon a single purpose of attainment in a manner quite beyond the monkey.

The beauty of a curve and to a less degree a straight line, compared with an irregular line, is the presence of the unifying constant relation to the ordinates through all the individual variations of direction. We may perhaps call the kind of beauty, that we have been considering with regard to the human figure, as its functional beauty; but intimately related to it is the beauty of line. Now the beauty of line in the human figure depends upon these curves, and, theoretically, they can all be mathematically expressed. Indeed, it is most interesting to see how far they can actually be reduced to mathematical equations. These again have their individualities marvelously harmonized in the wider whole. The same is true of the range of individualities that make the color scheme of the undraped human form, including such ranges as blue eyes, red lips and the darkest hair—and at the same time forming one of the most valuable and subtle *harmonias* of color.

Art then consists in bringing design out of chaos,

(To be continued.)

organism out of the undifferentiated mass, coherence out of incoherence, the higher out of the lower. It takes things as they are and either actually, as in most of the decorative arts, or by a process of suggestion, as in the case of the imaginative arts, builds up, conceives or imagines things as they might rather be. Art is eternally opposed to things as they are; and the first sign of artistic decadence is the decay of the creative or imaginative spirit in what we call realism; which means the copying of things as they are, because we no longer have the power to conceive them better. This has been the death story of practically every art in the history of the world. When art no longer struggles against the tide and is content merely to reproduce the actual in nature, or to repeat in stereotyped form and phrase its own creations in the environment that it has made for itself, then it is no longer alive but dead.

Art then is a schematized whole of individualities valuable in themselves.

But is this not exactly what we found civilization to be? And therefore, whether we expected it or not, art and citizenship turn out to be exactly the same thing.

Citizenship is the art of life.

Ian B. Stoughton Holborn

A THEOSOPHIST PRAISES "THE ART WORLD"

SOME of the pleasantest impressions come from kind words told behind one's back and some of the approval that does not mention names and thus rouse dispute is apt to linger longest in one's memory. This occurs to mind on reading a page of the September number of *The Theosophical Path* published at Point Loma, in California, in which a certain magazine of art is considered. "A New Trend in Art Criticism" does not mention THE ART WORLD outright—but shall we indulge in false modesty and ignore the compliment? If it were only to get ahead of any other magazine of art, we hasten to put the cap on our own head and thank "L. L." for such courteous and discriminate speech. If THE ART WORLD is *not* meant, why then . . . well, well, let's say no more, but let that spectre lie. . . .

A NEW TREND IN ART CRITICISM

To those who have observed the field of Art during the last decade and noted the more recent trend of art criticism it must be evident that radical changes in view-point and appreciation are taking place. No doubt these have existed as a growing undercurrent of opinion for long; but it is noteworthy that this has now gained strength enough to find expression through the current commentary of the magazines, partly in protest against the decadence and extravagances of the ultra modern "cults" and "tendencies" which are the natural offspring and fulfilment of materialistic and personal notions.

A popular magazine has now come forward as champion of ethical principles which recognize in Art a moral import and significance that has always been denied it by the purely æsthetic standards of criticism. Judged by these principles, which seem to reflect the influence of a saner and more comprehensive philosophy of life than one is accustomed to find in this connection, many notable works of art, ancient and contemporary, have been passed in review in the monthly issues of the magazine each being appraised independently of its established prestige or reputation, and assigned its place according to this new standard of valuation. And incidentally many old art *shibboleths*, still in vogue, with their corresponding ideals or impulses, are

mercilessly exposed. The old cry of "Art for Art's sake," which vibrated in every local art atmosphere of a generation ago, is boldly challenged and its weakness exposed. The doctrine that a work of Art becomes such by virtue of the power, beauty, or dexterity of its execution or treatment alone, whatever be its subject and whatever influence, moral or otherwise, it may exert, is sternly condemned; while, last, but not least, the egotism of the cherished creed which would make of Art a mere medium for personal expression, and foster the plea that the artist's aim should be to present his personal view-point or impressions of life in a vivid and striking way—this also is shown in its true proportions and its pettiness placed in contrast with nobler standards which would value Art by the breadth and universality of its appeal,—the range and quality of its outlook and inspiration.

The principles thus declared are by no means new, but their appearance in the arena of popular magazine criticism is certainly an innovation, and a welcome voice amidst the chorus of discussions of *dilettantism*, of bohemian license, and of mere æsthetic and rhetorical appreciations of art. They are a practical recognition that true Creative Art can only grow and blossom in health and beauty when in harmony with the Laws of Life; that the greatest of Arts is the Art of Living, and that the caprices and exploits of ambitious egotism, clever though some of them may be, are but noxious weeds, destined to wither in the fuller light of beauty and truth.

Only the student of Theosophy, knowing this power to shed light on all the problems of life, can truly appreciate the many evidences, in all fields of human activity, of its leavening influence in the world today. It presents no dogmas (and Art like Religion is a field in which dogmas and academic formulas may grow and mature rapidly), but it does shed light. And with the advent of Light comes an awakening and clear vision. With a more enlightened understanding of man's nature and the true source of his power and inspiration, which the teachings of Theosophy alone can give, will come a recognition of the divine mission of Art; and the chaos of conflicting tendencies, the disorders of a civilization animated by motives of selfishness and personal ambition, by which the art and creative power of to-day is so overclouded, will be resolved into a harmony which will permit the Ancient Mysteries to again "rule the world of thought and beauty" and restore to man his divine heritage of Art.

L. L.

TO A PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON

So . . . stand you there, George Gordon, where the sunlight
 Of the young day shall strike across your face,
 That I may quaff, as from a golden fountain,
 Each morning of its splendor and its grace.

You're dead how many years? a hundred nearly—
 And stilled is all the laughter, all the wrong
 Life and your own unreined bright spirit wrought you;
 The world to-day finds other ways of song.

And that's my puzzle—those new modes of singing—
 The Art without a canon and a law,
 The tyro strutting in the poet's vesture,
 The nightingale supplanted by the daw.

The apotheosis of the Unlasting
 With Color as a watchword on its lip—
 The chanting of the trivial and the common
 In khakied words that stumble, squawk and slip.

The fancy drunk with such experimenting
 Must from delirium into stupor grow—
 No man that lives may juggle with God's lightning
 And deem therefrom with unscathed soul to go.

You knew that—yes—and forged your hard-won knowledge
 Into great cantoed rhyming poems, where yet,
 With all its wars, its mockeries and splendors
 The living Europe of your day is set.

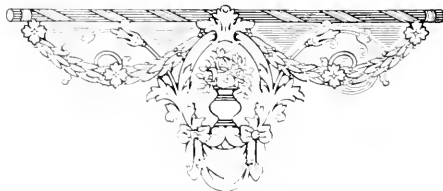
Too personal perhaps . . . that wild abandon
 That left unveiled no pang of soul or heart—
 Not even your best lover may uphold them
 As flawless models of a classic art.

But—all that pinioned rush of thoughts demanding
 Words—and Death waiting there to clip your years . . .
 What marvel if at times the Titan structure
 From all set rules of architecture veers.

And at the end remains this thing forever—
 This bastioned fortress reaching to the stars—
 Still from its turrets your sword-song outleaping
 To smite and shatter Freedom's prison-bars!

The great Idea to the great Word welded,
 The Thought torrential clothed in living rhyme:
 These were yours, Byron . . . would that Heaven send us
 Like poet-gifts to grace our land and time!

Eleanor Rogers Cox



THE DEVELOPMENT OF ARCHITECTURE IN CALIFORNIA

FROM A PAINTER'S POINT OF VIEW

BY J. CARROLL BECKWITH



Photo by P. I. Brown
GARDENS OF GILLESPIE
RESIDENCE: TERMINAL
FIGURE

THE only State of our Union which has legitimately inherited a style of architecture is California. On the Eastern seaboard the Colonial adaptations are expressions of American taste and originality, grafted upon the Georgian period, an epochal transition that has to do with our revolutionary thought and as such is a part of the history of our development as a nation. But the "Mission" style, as it is called on the Western slope, is a distinct transplantation from Mexico, where it had already gone through various local adaptations and is exactly as the Mexican builders had it from the Hispano-Mauresque examples which came over some time after Cortez. We are familiar today from pictures with this dignified architectural type. Its preservation and continuance in California is imperative, not alone because of its beauty and its appropriateness to the *topography* of the land and to the tree formations, but through respect for its significance in history.

Heaven has been more than bountiful to that much-blessed strip of land lying between the moun-

tains and the Pacific Ocean along the western border of the vast State of California. It is a question whether an overgenerous Providence develops what is best in men. Were not the hardships which encompassed our ancestors of the seventeenth century good for the race? What we see in the earliest settlers who wandered up the western coast from Mexico is the spirit of the Fathers of the Church, who brought religious and Christian civilization to the Indians. It was a spirit of sacrifice and of unselfish pursuance of duty—of an ideal. No dominating desire for wealth, for control of land. The monuments they have left are examples to the lesser moral invasion which followed, a lasting reproach to our own people from the East. Today the pleasure-seeking tourist from the window of his ugly hostelry, his rattling tin sleeping-car or his shingled bungalow, looks with deference and awe at the dignity, at the taste which guided the graceful lines of the old Mission architecture and at the skill which invested the planning of their reservoirs and aqueducts.

Architecturally California is today like most of our country, a land of experiment. The best training and talent have been at the command of the recently acquired millions which are disporting themselves in this rich pasture-land. But the wilfulness of the newly created Mæcenæ only wants the freedom of expression of his personality and will not easily brook guidance. Authority he casts aside and precedent he does not respect. Intelligence and skill of the highest character have been shown in

Gillespie
Residence



Santa
Barbara,
California



GILLESPIE RESIDENCE: TERRACE

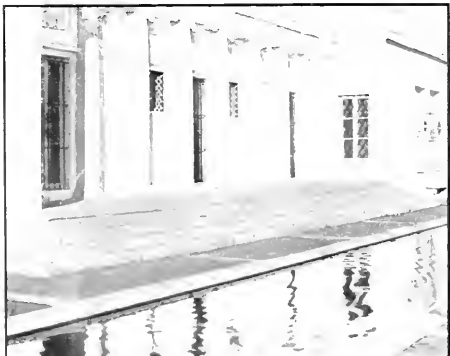


GILLESPIE RESIDENCE: ASCENDING THE DRIVE

the San Diego Exposition, but—save in the display of agricultural machinery or the exploiting of the farming resources of California or Western Canada—has the example been profitable to the natives of this region? Are we to any degree susceptible to the absorption of beauty? Does it enter our minds as a cultural element whose results may be shown in our product later? No exposition has ever been held where a more concrete and perfect reproduction of a period or a style has been so ably set forth as in this one at San Diego, and it is profoundly regrettable that it should disintegrate and finally have to be removed. Its record in photograph and picture will, however, be treasured by all who would see the graceful lines continue both in public building and private residence along the verge of the Pacific.

Probably Santa Barbara thus far is the place

where are gathered the greatest number of dwellings representative of taste and refinement—not because there is greater wealth than at Pasadena or a number of other places, but because there is more scholarly culture, more pride in creating what is



GILLESPIE RESIDENCE: FACADE AND POOL



P. J. French
COUNTRY CLUB AT SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA



FOUNTAIN ON TERRACE OF ISHAM RESIDENCE;
A REPRODUCTION IN BRONZE OF VERROCCHIO'S "CUPID WITH PSYCHÉ"



THE *Cortile*, REMINISCENT OF POMPEII IN
ISHAM RESIDENCE

harmonious with nature, as examples have shown to the *understanding* people who have traveled. Pre-eminent among them is the picturesque Gillespie residence, where a tasteful combination of motifs from the southern border of the Mediterranean with those of Spain, both in the structure and in the adjacent gardens and fountains, renders the place a happy hunting-ground abounding in effects and

impressions that awaken joy and give compensation to the mind of the tourist who is beset with the banalities and commercialism of our vast continent.

Placed at the top of a low-lying hill, this is a place where one feels the joy the owner has had in creating it. Memories of Tangiers, of the Alhambra, of Greece are awakened as one ascends from the graceful lines of the wrought-iron gate. Here water and



RESIDENCE OF
MR. RALPH
ISHAM,
SANTA
BARBARA,
CALIFORNIA,
RECENTLY
COMPLETED

PURELY
ITALIAN IN
CHARACTER
A GRACEFUL
CAMPAÑILE
CONCEALS
THE
WATER
TOWER



Photo by A. R. Edmonson

RESIDENCE OF MR. REGINALD RIVES, MONTECITO, CALIFORNIA

fountains and rivulets have been placed and adapted for both sound and reflection, mirroring the white walls and classic details of the architecture. Thanks to the generous thought of the owner, the public is permitted to wander freely through the grounds and no signs suggest that one is an intruder.

Numbers of other homes are detected among the beautiful forms of the eucalyptus trees and the live oak. Those in white or tinted plaster with red-tiled roofs add immeasurably to the perfection of the civilized landscape. The home of Mr. Ralph Isham, where happily the unsightly railroad water tanks, against which this progressive Art Magazine has made such noble warfare, are concealed within a graceful campanilé. This residence is one of the typical instances of the educated taste of the owner. It is purely Italian in character and when the patina of time has cast its tonal influence over the graceful lines, it will add to the beauties of Santa Barbara's most attractive suburb at Montecito. I introduce three photographs of this lovely place, the second showing the *cortilé*, reminiscent of Pompeii, where the sunlight plays upon the central fountain. In time, no doubt, running curtains will span the roof of this *patio*, although—and here is one of the problems of this California country—the heat is rarely strong enough to justify a *tendido*, or even an umbrella. In the third photograph we have the fountain on the terrace, which is the bronze reproduction of Verrocchio's "Cupid with Fish."

Also the Roman Campagna form of the new residence of Mr. Reginald Rives at Montecito. In the background are seen the mountains, which begin but a mile or two back from the beach and rise sometimes to four thousand feet, the limestone rock showing gray and white against the dark green. In the foreground are the pepper trees, of which the

delicate light leaves are made more tender by the dark cadmium of the peppers. Here we have a house with its vines as yet ungrown over the pergola; but, with its red-tile roof and pearl-gray cement walls set off by the French green of the window and door casings, the whole relieved against the rich background of mountains, it makes indeed a lovely picture.

Numberless gardens and arrangements of plant life are visible in this prodigiously responsive land, where the roses clamber up to the third and fourth story of a façade.

California I found in no way a tropical country and the sunlight is rather to be courted than avoided; hence the deep overhang of the roof of timber is inappropriate.

Mrs. Frederic Gould, whose well-placed dwelling has an outlook from a height over the sandy beach and broad bosom of the Pacific, with its line of protecting kelp, is surrounded with a garden of a personal character; her friends call it a "Garden of Smells." These delightful odors fill the land and are not dependent upon flowers. The spicy woods, the leaves of the *Eucalyptus citrodorus*, the *Pettisporam* and a myriad other trees and bushes bathe the land with odors which the traveler bears away in his memory.

The open-air theatre at the Bothin Place is one of the most perfect in the world and the people of Santa Barbara have good reason to be proud of it. It is one of the most convincing evidences of what may be accomplished out of their wonderful soil in tree-growth when intelligence is behind the hand of the gardener. There are several in Italy and in England. I regret very much not having a photograph of it to introduce.

J. Carroll Beckwith

KOTO LIES DEAD

THE TEMPLE BELLS

Out across the sunset light
 Ring! ring!
 Soft melodious silver bells,
 Huge harmonious bronzen bells
 At the shrine where Spirit dwells,
 Swing and sway and sing!
 Let your tongues sonorous call
 Koto's playmates all!

Ring! For now a valiant soul
 Wins to a starry goal:
 Few his inches, small his size,
 Scant his years; his virtues rise
 A sweet incense to the skies:
 All his comrades call!
 Let your voices music-shaken
 Every least sweet echo waken!
 Sound along the cool twilight
 Earth's loss, Heaven's delight—
 Koto's festival!

THE YOUNG PRIESTS

Set the feast, pour the wine,
 Make the Temple fair and fine;
 Koto, quiet and benign,
 Holdeth sacred festival.

On a cloudless summer day
 In betwixt a play and play
 Death in his imperious way
 Maketh quiet interval.

Life is grave for want of him,
 All of earth is waxen dim,
 All of Heaven is bright with him:
 Jizo, be Thou merciful!

THE CHILDREN

Blossoms red, blossoms white,
 Fragrant be this holy night!
 Lovely be for his delight
 Koto lying dead!
Do you remember how at games Koto always led?

Scatter red ones at his feet
 Stilly now, once so fleet.
 Make a chaplet pure and sweet
 For his quiet head.
Why should we be breathing still and Koto should lie dead?

Kiss him quick, nor make him late
 On his way to Heaven-Gate. . . .
Wait a moment, Koto, wait
Ere you shut the door!
Here's a ball that you may have to roll on Heaven's floor!

THE OLD PRIEST

Jizo, gentlest of gods,
 About whose neck I hang
 The little shifts, still warm,
 Of a babe grown meekly cold,
 Stilled of limb,
 Close-lidded,
 Safe eternally from harm
 Thou of the tender heart,
 On whose knees
 I pile the piteous toys
 Treasured once and cuddled,
 Now dropped by hands that they were wont to
 please—
 Thou need'st no crown upon Thy head,
 Jizo, so garmented!

THE MOTHER

Hark! How the cricket shrills in the bamboo!
 Thus my poor heart cries, never at rest.

Fuji San rises pure on the blue sky.
 Had I such calmness! Had I such strength!

Dragon-fly flutters over the wheatfields;
 Fireflies are glowing, stars in the grass:

No more forever flutters my darling;
 No more forever glows his red cheek.

See how the cold dew lies on the pine-boughs;
 So on the soul of me lie the cold tears.

Into the ocean drops the sun slowly:
 All my heart drops into one little grave.

Over the meadows creeps night the dark-footed;
 Ah, unto Meido speedeth my child!

Buddha the Calm One, Kwannon the Merciful,
 Jizo, child-lover, cherish my son!

THE DEAD CHILD

So still I lie
 Looking always upward
 Into the dim temple-roof
 Vast and high!
 I see floating there
 Incense, music, prayer;
 And with these
 A soft sobbing interweaves
 And then withdraws, holding itself aloof.
Who would sob when Koto has become a Great One?

I had thought to grow to be a man:
 Lord Buddha had a better plan.
 They have need of me in Heaven,
 And I but seven!
 Hark! How the high roof-space is creaken

With song! . . . with one sob interwoven.
How the music swells, triumphant, loud!
Mother, Mother, art thou not proud
That thy Koto has become, at only seven, a Great
One?

THE TENDEREST GOD

Out of a laughing, leaping, tumbling crowd
Of playmates Spirit is calling thee,
Koto, little one!
Bind the swift sandals about thy feet;
Thou must be fleet, fleet!
Long in the road to Meido, aye, and dark;

But see'st thou not, for thy sake, a spark
Leap in the Temple-garden here and there
Till every lantern glows, ruddy and fair?
Hearest thou not, for thee, now soft, now loud,
The Temple-bells sonorous swinging
From a faint sighing to a full harmony?
Hearest thou not the triumph of their ringing?
See, O young wrestler with the Ancient Foe,
I hold thy garments, leave thee free for flight,
And tenderly, tenderly,
I guard upon my knees thy ball and kite!
They shall be thine again on the New Day.

Art ready, little warrior? . . .
Speed away!

Helen Coale Crew

"DARK PLACES"

A STORY

BY DUFFIELD OSBORNE

THE big lateen sail flapped aimlessly. There was no breath of air; only the long swell of the Ægean rolled the felucca gently to and fro. About five miles to the southeast, but seemingly much nearer in the clear air, rose the rocky shore of an island running up to a ridge of considerable height that ended in two promontories and cut off whatever might lie beyond. That this was the greater part could be guessed from the three columns that stood, like sentinels, on the farther promontory, the remains, evidently, of a temple of considerable size; one that augured in ancient times a population far too numerous for the short slope visible from shore to ridge. No house showed there save one low, rambling building of stone covered with stucco.

All these things Knowles saw as he lay in his hammock under the miniature awning. Hardly ten feet of his little craft was decked over. The rest was open—and there sprawled old Demetrios, captain, mate, A.B., steward and cook of the *Panagia*. Near him, with hands clasping his knees, sat his nephew Alkibiades—deck-hand, waiter, cabin boy, etc., and as handsome, surely, as was the brilliant, erratic Athenian whose name he bore, though its pronunciation: Alkevia-thes, might have sounded barbaric to the ancient ear. It was three in the afternoon, and the sun still beat down hard. No wind to sail by. Nothing to do but rest and keep as comfortable as one could.

Knowles broke the silence. "What's the island, Demetrios?"

The old man sat up and, shielding his eyes with his hand, gazed long at the shore, as if he had just become conscious of its presence.

"Sparring for time?" smiled Knowles. "Don't you know?"

"No, Master, I do not know."

The excuse proffered was snapped up so quickly that Knowles at once guessed it a lie. An American, interested in archaeology in a desultory way, he had made Greece his abiding place, if not his home, for

the past three years, and the native character was not unknown to him. Why, though, should the master of the *Panagia* lie to him about so simple a matter as the name of an island? To charge him with it was, of course, useless, so he asked carelessly:

"Who lives in the house there?"

"A foolish Englishman," answered the old sailor, thrown off his guard. "I do not know his name."

Knowles laughed out. "Gave yourself away, Demetrios," he cried. "You know who lives there and don't know the name of the place. Too thin. Come now, what is it?"

The old man had risen to his feet: "It is bad luck to name it," he said sulkily—then, with a quick smile—"O! but the master is clever. He caught old Demetrios nicely."

Knowles was thinking. Rather bored with things in general—too much money and not sufficiently definite interests—the combination of a foolish Englishman living in the only house at one end of an island with an unlucky name struck him as interesting.

"We'll row up there when the sun gets lower," he said. "Perhaps your friend, the Englishman, will put us up for the night. Better than the bunk? Yes?"

Demetrios's smile faded. "I will not sleep there" he said sulkily.

Knowles eyed him curiously. "Very well" he said. "You needn't. You can put me ashore before dark and then anchor where you please. Your Englishman may be a fool, but it strikes me the word needs an adjective to fit you."

The Greek shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. It seemed hard for him to find words, but at last they broke out, like a torrent when the dam has suddenly given way.

"In the name of all the saints, Master, do not sleep there! God knows. I may wait for you off the shore and you will not come. What then is there for old Demetrios? He must sail away and leave his

employer behind. That is disgraceful. See! we shall all anchor very nicely off the shore. That will be safe, and in the morning the Holy Mary will send us a breeze. Shall it not be so?"

With every word Knowles's curiosity and interest had risen higher.

"It won't do, old boy," he said pleasantly. "It's the shore for mine! Between ourselves, though, just what is wrong with the place? Of course, if the thing is really fatal" he went on craftily "I might give in; but it hasn't killed your Englishman, has it?"

"I do not know" said Demetrios shortly.

"Don't know what?" queried Knowles.

But, as if regretting his outburst and fearing its repetition, the Greek was again sulkily silent, and when the sun had nearly gone down and he and Alkibiades, on order, took to the sweeps, the gloom lay deep upon his swarthy, wrinkled face. Set on shore, Knowles watched them row off again with an energy that had been quite lacking to the approach. Then he turned and walked toward the house.

As he drew nearer its "deadness" struck him. A furlong back from the water, it lay under the sharply rising ridge cleft with deep and gloomy ravines. Painted and apparently in excellent repair, a chilly aloofness seemed to hang over the place. It was not until he was within a few feet of the door that he saw signs of life. Then it opened and a girl stood in its shadow. Knowles stopped short and raised his hat. He had begun to wonder whether the thing Demetrios feared had not got the foolish Englishman after all, and to speculate how he could signal the felucca to take him off again. Now he saw a trim figure with a pretty face and a crown of golden hair that quite changed his viewpoint. Then, suddenly, instead of waiting his approach, as so conventional appearing person should, she ran toward him.

"Who are you? How did you get here?" she asked quickly. "Have you seen my father?"

Knowles, while a fairly self-possessed young man, was dazed.

"No," he said, answering her last question first, and then: "You see I'm cruising round in a felucca I hired at Athens and I knew there were English people living here and thought I'd drop ashore and pay my respects. I'm an American: John Knowles."

She was nodding her head as he spoke. "I wonder your sailors dared come near enough to land you" she said bitterly, and then: "O! I wish father were home! He promised to be back long before sunset. He is not even on the path and it gets dark so quickly!"

She looked long and searchingly along the face of the ridge, then back at Knowles, and her shoulders seemed to droop. Evidently there was much here that needed explanation, and yet he did not wish to ask questions blunderingly. "If I can help you" he said at last "pray command me."

It sounded coldly formal but she snapped him up eagerly. "Are you superstitious?" she demanded.

Knowles laughed. "Not that I know of" he said.

She nodded her head at him slowly. "I'd have put it stronger than that, a year ago. Now—I don't know—O! yes I do! What's the use of lying to oneself? I know I'm afraid and I don't know what I'm afraid of. Can you help any one who feels that way?"

He was groping for words, time enough, now, dragged out of him, with a glance and launched on what seemed adventure or something very near it. Then suddenly, a possible explanation of it all crossed his mind—a hermit Englishman, with an insane daughter! That and its possible manifestations might easily give rise to almost any kind of local yarns. But he looked again at the girl more closely, and the thought vanished. She was waiting for his answer and her eyes, big, blue ones and troubled, were yet clear and sane beyond any peradventure.

"I fear" he began "that you give me credit for knowing more than I do. If you'll tell me what the trouble is and I can do anything, you can be sure I will."

He was not speaking formally now. There was something in his voice that meant eagerness. Knowles was a little over thirty and a little over average height: brown and wiry, with clean-cut, strong features. There was something reassuring about him, something that might inspire confidence of several kinds. Her face grew less strained and troubled.

"I thought you knew. I thought every one knew" she said. "I did not think there was a Greek sailor who would put you ashore here. We have no servants. I take all care of the house. If you don't know, there's no time for me to tell you now, even if I could. I'm worried about father. He *must* be home before dark and I don't see how he can."

"Where is he?"

"On the ridge; at the temple. He is excavating there. Workmen from the villages beyond will come as far as that, but not one of them would come here for a year's wages. My father wished to excavate, but he did not know. The villa was empty and we got it for nothing—just for putting it in order. O! why did not he get quarters beyond the ridge! That is safe, and—and—" She stopped short.

"And what?" asked Knowles, still groping.

"Different" she cried.

"But why are you worried about your father?" he said, shifting to what seemed something definite. "It's full moonlight. He'll have no trouble finding his way home."

"It's not that. Will you go with me, up the path—to meet him? You are not afraid?"

"Of course I'll go" he said, but almost before the words were out she had turned and was hurrying away.

"Come then" she called back and he followed. He had not answered her absurd question about his being afraid, and suddenly, as the path grew more abrupt and the dark shadows deepened, he became conscious that the question did not seem altogether absurd to him now. There could be nothing to fear—and yet—well, was it strange if Demetrios and the girl together had not got on his nerves a bit?

He found it hard to keep up with her. The path grew steeper and steeper, but she bounded along it like a mountain goat. Suddenly she stopped short and seemed to listen.

"Did you hear anything?" he whispered, drawing back to him as he asked. He shook his head. Then, clearly and distinctly, a low growl came from the ravine to the left.

He turned quickly and peered over into the darkness below. She was close beside him, also peering and listening. Unmistakably the groan sounded again and, in a moment, he was plunging down. Ten feet of descent, and he stopped by the body of a man lying across the rocks.

"It is my father!" said the voice still at his ear. O! how can we get him home? We must go quickly, or—we can carry him, can't we? Hurry! let us hurry!"

Knowles was examining the man. His head was cut slightly—perhaps there was a concussion or even a fractured skull, though no depression could be felt. Certainly it was necessary to get him down to the house, and fortunately he did not seem to be very large or stout.

"Can you help me get him on my back?" said Knowles. "I think I can carry him that way. His arms seem all right."

She nodded. Her face showed very white.

Up to the path and then down it to the house under such a burden was no easy task for one not accustomed to first-aid methods. Knowles never quite knew how he accomplished it. The girl flitted along beside him, and when the injured man groaned her hand went out as if to steady him. At last they reached the house. Then the undressing and getting the patient into bed and patched up were easier, but it was nine o'clock before the American had time to realize that he was utterly exhausted and desperately hungry. How must *she* feel, with the anxiety added! Suddenly conscious of his needs, she turned to him as he sat beside the bed:

"Dinner is on the table in there" she said motioning toward the next room. "It's not good now. Perhaps I can get you something else."

"You must not bother about me" he said hurriedly. "It will be all right; but you must come and eat, too. He will be perfectly safe and we can talk over what's best to do."

She shook her head. "I can't leave him; not for a moment. He may say something that will tell me," and then with a hopeless intonation "there's nothing we can do. It had to happen!"

Despite his sympathy Knowles began to grow impatient toward this attitude. Were she not in such trouble, and—well, quite so pretty—he would have insisted on plain talk, something that would really help him to understand, instead of vague suggestions of unnamed dangers. He got up and went into what he took to be the dining-room.

Cold meat, potatoes once hot but now equally cold, bread, fruit and wine were on the table. He took a full glass of the last—a rough *resinata* with at least plenty of strength. Then he filled the other glass and, putting some slices of bread and a few figs on a plate, he took them in to his companion.

"You must eat and drink these" he said authoritatively, and as she seemed about to protest "and you must do it before I'll eat a mouthful."

With a glance at him she took the plate and the glass, and, going again, he filled others for himself and brought them back. Sitting side by side, they ate and drank in silence.

Knowles was thinking hard. If no one would come here; then, unless the patient was much better by morning, he must get them both on the felucca and make sail for the nearest surgeon. Meanwhile—

suddenly the man in the bed sat up, his hands thrust out before him, his face turned away. His voice rose almost to a shriek.

"Don't you hear it hiss? O! the horror!" He sank back shuddering on the pillow.

The girl bowed her head beside him, sobbing. Knowles put his hand on her shoulder. Startled as he was, his mind worked clearly.

"He's not so badly hurt or he couldn't have done that!" he said. "I'm not up on such things, but I'll warrant it's only a cut and perhaps a slight concussion: maybe some shock or fright."

"Yes, fright" she said, raising her head. "That was it. He's frightened still, and he pretended he was not, all the time, just to make me comfortable."

"What did he mean by 'the hiss'?" asked Knowles. "O! don't ask me. I don't know."

Again she buried her face in the pillow, but the American was shaping a theory. A snake hisses and a snake was generally considered horrible. Probably the man had been startled by a serpent and fallen off the path. Nothing vaguely appalling about that. The girl's hand lay on the counterpane; a small, slender hand on one finger of which was a disproportionately large silver ring, clumsily made and with a dull, white stone that seemed set in a swivel. Anything to distract her was worth while.

"It's all right" he said, "I'm sure you need not worry. May I see that ring you wear? It interests me."

She sat up and, drawing the ring from her finger, gave it to him. "We found the stone in a grave just beyond where father fell to-night. I had it set by a Greek in the town at the other end of the island. It's ugly, but it all goes together well, doesn't it?"

At last she seemed alive and natural, and Knowles, as he took the stone over to the light, wondered at the sudden change. Then his interest in the object itself absorbed him for the moment.

It was apparently a soft stone, probably steatite, considerably worn, cut in crude scaraboid shape and bored through the longer axis. On the flat side was a rude intaglio, quite spirited, nevertheless, in execution: a winged demon, half man, half fish holding a serpent in each hand. Knowles knew enough of such things to recognize it as what is known as an "island stone" belonging to the seventh century B. C. or thereabouts.

The girl was watching him with the nearest to a smile he had yet seen on her face. "Do you like it?" she said. "If you do I wish you'd keep it. You've been awfully good to us."

Put that way, Knowles felt embarrassed, but he hesitated to dissent in a small matter now, and—well, he could give it back on some pretext when he went away!

"Why, thank you very much" he said. "I'll wear it if you like, while I'm here. Perhaps it will bring good luck."

Her face clouded suddenly. "We need good luck badly" she said. Then she laughed. "It's all right though, if father gets well and we can make him leave this place. Perhaps he will now."

Altogether her mood seemed brighter, and Knowles agreed to lie down for a few hours, she to waken him at two o'clock to take his turn at watching the injured man.

If he only could sleep! but why should such a thought come into his head? He always slept when

he pleased. Now, the idea that he might not be able to seemed itself a bar. He drowsed occasionally, lashing about on the couch and fighting weird nightmares until complete wakefulness seemed the greatest of blessings. He did not need to be called at two. It was he who summoned the girl to fulfil her compact and lie down.

She at least was cheerful if he was not. "You're sure you're rested a little?" she asked. "After such a reception as you've had here you can't expect much, you know."

"Fresh as a lark" said Knowles; but the effort it took to say it jarred him, and the girl shot a sharp glance, as if, to her ears, the words sounded forced.

Still she said nothing as she went out, and Knowles took his place by the couch.

The man on it was breathing more regularly and easily now. The American had sat by for perhaps a couple of hours, renewing the warm water compresses, from time to time. It was well toward daylight when he became conscious that the patient's eyes were open, looking at him with a puzzled expression. The lips moved and mumbled words came to his ears.

"Fools! twenty-five hundred years old. Not much of a hero. Wish I'd given him some wine and a few cakes, all the same. Where did you get that ring?"

The voice rose sharply. The eyes were fixed on Knowles's hand.

"O!" said he "I admired it and your daughter let me wear it a while."

"Don't!"; and the man closed his eyes again and became silent.

As the grayness came slowly out of the dark, Knowles found himself gravely piecing together impossible things. The tomb of a "hero"—not necessarily what we mean by the word today, but what the ancient Greeks meant—a progenitor who had been regarded as semi-divine after death—his tomb a place to make offerings, sometimes to win aid or favor, but more often to avert evil, for most of these personages had died from violence or treachery, and the spirit ever sought revenge. The serpent? That was of the Underworld: the form the malignant spirit was supposed to take before men. Good Lord! . . . he sprang up and paced the room as if to make the less sluggishly moving blood sweep away the depression that was on him. It was the gray hour, the hour when men most often die, that filled his mind with such thoughts. As he paced nervously back and forth he saw that the eyes on the couch were again open and following his movements. They caught his:

"Perhaps it isn't as foolish as we think" said the man. "We don't know everything, and they were great men."

Knowles hardly realized how his thoughts had been divined. All he felt was that if he discussed them then he would scream like a frightened girl. With an effort he brought himself in hand:

"How do you feel?" he asked. "Better I'm sure."

"O! I'm all right. What happened to me? I'm a bit bruised and stiff, and my head feels queer."

"You walked off the path in the dark" said Knowles, and then he went on to explain who he was and how he came to be on the scene, ending laughingly: "and I don't even know your name. Both your daughter and I were too troubled and busy to think of the formalities."

"Hendon" said the man. "I'm Edmund Hendon" and Knowles recalled the name, well known in the archaeological world of a decade back but somehow forgotten later. He had rather fancied Hendon was dead. Now here he was, perhaps saved from death, perhaps from something else, and fast coming around from the shock of his fall.

"I'll get you some coffee. I can find it."

Hendon nodded. "It would be good" he said "but don't wake Amy. I'd rather wait."

Knowles found things without much difficulty: coffee and a can of condensed milk. There was not much to look among, and, just as he was bringing it to the invalid, Miss Hendon appeared.

Her looks were a revelation. He had thought her attractive, even when he doubted her sanity. Now she was radiant—almost gay, and he—he found himself altogether depressed and "all in." The "rebound" of women had always surprised him; but never had he known so striking a case as this. Hendon, too, seemed brighter and more cheerful every minute.

"Miss Hendon, my daughter" he said gravely, as she kissed him. "May I present Mr. Knowles, an American. Seems to me a little upset like this of mine ought not to make even young people forget all the prophecies."

Amy laughed, glad in his evident improvement. "I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Knowles" she said, courtesying deeply. "Now if you don't mind I'll go and get you some breakfast."

He bowed. Somehow all the spirit had gone out of him. Attractive as she was in her new mood, even Miss Hendon failed to interest him, while, as for breakfast, what was the use? Still, when she called him, he joined her and went through the pretense of eating. Several times she tried to draw him out, now with light badinage, again with more serious talk. At last, resting her chin in her hands, her elbows on the table, she said:

"I really believe it's got *you*; and so quickly! I was here several weeks quite free from it, and then never a minute without its horrors. Somehow it's all slipped off with your coming. It almost seems as if I'd passed it on to you. Father has been different. With him it comes and goes."

While she spoke, all the impressions and nightmares that had oppressed him seemed slowly to take shape in his mind: not a reasonable shape, but one at first as vague and shadowy as the things that made it. In part it was a sense of peril that came to him, in part revolt against it, ending in an overpowering impulse to act. Why he wished to do a certain thing he could not tell; neither what he would do next; but the first step showed clear.

"Will you take me at noon to the tomb where you found this stone?" he asked. "You need not go yourself. Take me near and show me where it is. Do not tell your father I am going!"

For a moment her face showed surprise, and he flushed, surprised too, at what he had heard himself say. Then she went pale.

"Yes, I'll take you" she said. "I'll take you all the way. I'm not afraid now."

"I am, but I'm going. I don't know why. I only know I *must* go."

"Yes" she nodded. "I understand. I've felt it several times but not strong enough to make me go. I too was afraid, then, and my fear won out."

The morning dragged along heavily, only relieved by the rapid improvement in Hendon, who was now able to sit up. Toward noon the excuse to leave him came of itself. He had been worrying about the workmen at the temple, with no one to direct them and ignorant of their employer's wishes. Therefore it was easy for Miss Hendon to go. She was not to say her father had been hurt, but merely that he was otherwise busy and that they were to have a holiday of a week. When Knowles offered to accompany her, there was both relief and satisfaction in Hendon's face.

Up the path, but now in full daylight, they hurried together, though the American was conscious that, despite the mid-day sun, there was yet chill and dampness in the air. They seemed to rise, almost like vapors, from the many ravines that scarred the slope. To find oneself shivering in Greece at that hour and season, even when climbing a hill, was an odd experience.

Once on the summit, warmth enveloped him, and the chillness seemed left behind. As they approached the three columns a dozen peasants, who had been lounging around, ran to meet them. Knowles thought he saw anxiety in their faces and doubt when Miss Hendon spoke, easily, of the holiday because of other work of her father's. He almost found himself wondering whether, perhaps, some of these rough looking fellows might not know something of the "accident." As the two turned toward the shore, the workmen stood gazing after them with varying expressions: doubt, anxiety—these seemed best defined. Soon their figures were lost behind the inequalities of the ridge.

"Now you shall see the tomb" whispered Miss Hendon.

Knowles nodded. Neither spoke again. Half way down the path his guide halted.

On one side was the sharp declivity where Hendon had fallen. On the other what seemed to be a narrow, winding gorge that branched off.

"It is there" she said "only a few steps."

For a moment he fancied she wished him to go on alone, but when he started he found her only a step behind. If the impulse had been there, she had overcome it quickly. An exclamation and a hand clutching his shoulder brought him to a sudden halt:

"Look!" she whispered. "My God! look at that!" Knowles gazed, spellbound.

A few yards ahead the gorge ended in a *cul-de-sac*. Rocky walls rose on three sides, and in the one straight before him he saw a narrow, longitudinal cleft, natural, perhaps, in its origin but certainly worked over by men's hands. Above it rose a sort of

stele, with a figure of some sort and a deeply incised inscription, all too much worn by tens of centuries to be distinguishable; and before it in a small circular space—also apparently shaped to some extent—was the foundation of an altar, several feet square. It was not these things, though, that had brought the girl's exclamation and his sudden halt.

Rising from the cleft in the rock before him was a great, black head, fearsome and menacing, and several feet of a serpent's body, thick as a man's lower leg. The species he did not know, but from what he saw he augured a length of ten or fifteen feet, at the least. This head swayed slowly from side to side, and the eyes seemed to pierce straight into his own. The girl's hand, still on his shoulder, was trembling violently.

Then suddenly there came to him an impulse—whence or how he could never tell—but overwhelming in its power.

"Stay here" he said. Then, drawing the ring she had given him from his finger, he stepped forward and laid it on the middle of the ruined altar.

The terrible head still swayed from side to side out of the grave. He drew back to Miss Hendon and waited.

Moments seemed like hours . . . slowly the great, black body writhed out—endlessly, and toward them.

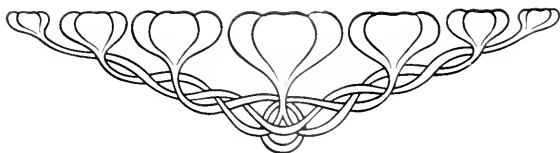
He had taken her by the hand, but now it did not tremble, and somehow all fear and depression had gone from him together with the ring. The head rose above the altar foundation and still some of the serpent's length remained hidden in the rock. . . . He knew what was going to happen: he did not wonder. In later years he might think of it as a hideous dream, but now it all seemed natural—the only thing that *could* happen. Slowly the head curved down and took the ring in its mouth. Then the body writhed back and disappeared in the cleft rock. . . .

A gust of fresh air came from behind them, seeming almost to blow the sunlight into the gorge and to dissipate the heavy vapors.

"Come" he said and, still holding her hand, he drew her back down the path.

Nothing was said as they walked. There seemed no need—nothing to explain: only a great exultation possessed him, and he could feel her blood leaping through her veins. Not to shout or to dance was an effort! Off the shore he could see his felucca lying at anchor, with Demetrios and Alkibiades wondering doubtless what had become of him. He had forgotten all about them. Her hand still in his, they went in to where Hendon sat waiting.

Duffield Osborne





"THEN, DRAWING THE RING SHE HAD GIVEN HIM FROM HIS
FINGER, HE STEPPED FORWARD AND LAID IT ON THE
MIDDLE OF THE RUINED ALTAR"

ETCHING BY EUGENE HIGGINS

(See page 42)

A GREAT CIVIC DECORATION IN THE MARRIAGE HALL OF THE
THIRTEENTH ARRONDISSEMENT, PARIS



"MARRIAGE"

BY BOUJANGER

(See opposite page)

ANALYSIS OF WORKS OF ART

By *Petronius Arbitr*

OUR STANDARD

The logical Standard of Art Measurement for a sure evaluation of works of art is based: on rare examples of the highest manifestations of the Six Elements of Art Power.

That is to say: The greatest work of art in the world is that one in which we see manifested;

First: A Subject which is Socially the most beneficent, of interest to the greatest number of people, and the noblest in Conception.

Second: In which the Expression: on the faces of the figures, in the details, and in the work as a whole—expresses profoundly that which the work is supposed to express.

Third: In which the Composition is the most sublime.

Fourth: In which the Drawing of all forms is the most true and effective in rendering Life, above all—Ideal Life.

Fifth: In which the Color is the most varied and rich.

Sixth: In which the surface Technique is the most vigorous, appropriate, and unoffensively individual; the whole work of such a Quality, and so coordinated, as to insure a result, in which a Subject is expressed with the greatest Completeness and Harmony: so as to stir the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

We consider a work of art great or trivial in ratio of the degree to which it measures up to this standard.

A GREAT CIVIC DECORATION

"MARRIAGE"

BY BOULANGER

(See opposite page)

FRANCE has given the world many first principles and fecund primary thoughts which have been exploited by others. Hence it is surprising that one of her finest ideas has never been imitated by our American cities. We refer to that worked out in Paris of dividing the city into twenty wards or *arrondissements* as they are called, each having its more or less palatial mayor's office or *mairie*, containing a mayor and various assistants. All of the mayors and aides meet at the principal Mayor's office in the magnificent central Hôtel de Ville, where they make general laws for the entire city.

In these ward halls the mayors with their aides make rules that apply to their wards, which are often subdivided into "Quartiers" or sections. The result is, every ward has a center which stimulates civic life to a higher degree of activity than would otherwise be the case, since there is a generous rivalry between each ward for efficiency in administration.

In the Ward-hall the citizen of each ward transacts his affairs. There he has his birth recorded; there he is married, meets, pays his taxes, votes; there his wife can leave her babies to be cared for while she goes shopping or working in the neighborhood.

Imagine this idea adopted by New York and the city divided into twenty Wards, each having a fine Ward-hall where the citizens could transact all his civic business: where he could get married, and from which he could be buried; where he could have a fine civic library for his use, also a hall for music, lectures and dances; where he could vote, pay taxes and have meetings of all kinds—to protest or approve—each Ward-hall so magnificent as to be an inspiration to the citizen who passes by or crosses its portals! Would these not stimulate the interest of townfolk in their wards to a degree not even thought of now? We have suggested this idea elsewhere before, and we trust that, when this war is over, the idea will be taken up by the city and

worked out in harmony with the life and habits of New York.

These Halls would stimulate art of the highest order in architecture, sculpture and painting to such a degree as would rejoice the heart of every lover of municipal betterment and of the beautiful.

One of the finest of the twenty Paris Ward-halls is the *Mairie du Treizième Arrondissement* or that of the thirteenth ward, facing the Place d'Italie. Like the rest of them, this one has its Marriage Hall, in which the citizens of the thirteenth ward must be married in order to make their marriage legal and binding. In this *mairie* are decorations by Boulanger—the finest civic decorations perhaps to be found in Paris: "The Family," "Labor," "Patriotism" and "Marriage," the latter, the largest of the four, being about thirty feet long by about six feet high. Note the illustrations on pages 44, 46 and 47.

Marriage is estimated in different ways by different peoples in different countries and epochs. Some regard it as a merely civil and material relation entered into principally in the interest of the State. Others believe it to be a divine and religious contract entered into for the highest interests of the race, as the church sees that interest. Some consider it a purely personal affair; others an impeding yoke, still others an advancing force. Some advocate "trial marriages" to be severed at will; others, as in South Carolina, refuse divorces for any cause.

But, however the extreme social experimenters may squabble about it, common-sense says—that not only is marriage with the concomitant family the corner-stone of any durable political organization that will save the race from extinction, but that it should be regarded as the purest, most poetic and holiest relation a man or woman can assume on earth, and that a higher stage of civilization is



"MARRIAGE"

BY BOTTICELLI

(See page 43)



"AN ARRIVAGE"

BY BOUGUEREAU

(See page 13)

unattainable until we place the marriage relation on that lofty level. That the French Government and people regard it thus is proven by the fact that they encourage marriage by every means, make it the most important act a citizen can perform and surround it with great pomp and respect, also with the utmost safeguards possible—under a government of common-sense liberty.

Nearly all the marriage halls in Paris are decorated with symbolic pictures or sculptures having reference to the family, home, labor, patriotism, etc. What singles out the decorations of the marriage hall in the thirteenth ward is the fact that Boulanger's decoration of "Marriage," here illustrated, is not only one of the largest but one of the noblest civic decorations made in recent days. At the time the writer was in Paris good photographs of these decorations could not be obtained in the shops. He was therefore compelled to get a special permission from the government and have it photographed at his own expense, and so far as known the decorations have not been reproduced in this country before.

Here we have supra-Academic art. That is to say: here we have the common-sense mingling of the personal with the impersonal, the individual with the universal; that is, a work showing the personal *craftsmanship* of the artist, capable of interesting the local public of Paris for a decade, and an impersonal *style of composition* and treatment that will interest the public of the world for centuries to come. Here we have an entire absence of any *peculiarity* of drawing or construction or painting, or of any self-parading by any fanciful or egotistic tricks of mannerism. Nothing has been introduced to weaken the supreme purpose—the profound expression of the main idea. No weird, cryptic symbolism bewilders us. All is clear and understandable. Therefore the work operates freely upon our soul and thus quickly stirs our emotions—which is the first essential in all great art.

Properly speaking, this should be called Naturalistic art, because of the *naturalness* of every element in the entire work which lifts it above the merely "Academic." It meets entirely Bacon's definition:

Art is man added to nature.

Also it fills Shakespeare's demands:

To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature.

In other words, as a mirror does not reflect nature exactly in the way it appears to our eyes, as it is impossible to reproduce nature by any means exactly as it appears, here we have that *relative* truth to nature of which we have so often spoken, without being photographic truth. Here we have just enough "departure from the truth of nature and the commonplace" to give to the work as a whole and to every figure a certain modest and fine style, but not enough of a departure to invest it with any extravagance of style. It is in fact one of the finest examples of what the French call the Grand Style. Everything is so natural that one feels that the entire action might be going on in real life as it does in the picture. Yet we feel that

the action is going on in another world, on a higher plane, in an ideal environment.

Here we have an absence of that "highfalutin" art with a big A upon which the ego-maniacal "individualists" set so much store—bespattered all over with catspaw marks of the song-and-dance technical stunting of the artist—the absence of which in such work as this makes them scorn it as "academic"—the meaning of which word they do not understand. In reality we have here the highest kind of art, that is: art which conceals art, and spurns all artifices of "deformation of the form," etc., such as make the cultured layman gape and ask himself: "Am I insane or is the artist crazy?"

Here we have a work that looks as if any very great artist might have created it, because of the entire absence of any factitious peculiarities of brushwork or workmanship of any kind. And yet it does radiate a personal flavor, but one as delicate as a tea-rose and as charming. Because those who know Boulanger's work recognize this as his handiwork. It is that which gives it its universal and enduring character. Being above all technical faddisms it will outlive all fads and because of its unaffected naturalness be applauded a thousand years from now as much as it is to-day. Like Shakespeare's "Hamlet" it is

Not of an age, but for all time.

There is no work in the history of art in which the *conception* of the marriage relation is more lofty or spiritual. It is not a commonplace wedding, but an apotheosis of marriage by the enthronement on a marble throne of a couple clothed in marriage robes of white—the whole central part being white suggests the purity of the relation of marriage.

As a part of the conception notice the choice of a handsome, vigorous type of young Frenchman, the typical, charming French girl, the young girl on the left holding a basket with a distaff as a symbol of home-keeping, the boy on the right with book, hammer and sword to symbolize education, labor and defense of home and country. Note the fine types of the men who are witnesses to the marriage, the attractive women and that fine type of a little girl carrying two lilies, symbol of spirituality.

Observe that the marriage does not take place in a private house but in a public temple, intimating thereby that marriage is not a personal business but an affair of supreme importance to the State—which is the highest view to take of the relation.

As a *composition*, it is on a par with the most beautiful friezes of Veronese. Here we have a savant combination of those three elements of beauty in composition: the *angular* and picturesque lines—which gently jostle and amuse us; the *serpentine* and graceful lines which gently *cradle* and *delight* us; and the *pyramidal* masses which *lift* and *exalt* us. Note the angular lines in the marble throne, the serpentine lines throughout the figures and how skilful, yet not over-obviously. Boulanger has pyramidalized not only the central group but the whole frieze, making out of it an exalting composition in spite of its being a frieze—a masterly intellectual feat.

As to its *drawing*, it is of that superb kind,

so free from all foolish peculiarities that we do not notice the drawing and found only in the finest works of the old masters—firm yet supple, true yet not photographic, full of the expression of that sense of movement in muscle and direction so difficult to obtain. How skilfully is the beautifully composed drapery drawn! How sculpturesque each figure!

The magnificence of the *color scheme* unfortunately we can not reproduce. But even the poor reproductions we give show a variety and a richness of color rivaling that of the greatest art of the past.

And as for *technic* or painting—even the reproductions show that throughout the immense canvas Boulanger maintained his *values*, and so well that the work has atmosphere—that is, one might be able to walk round each figure—so airy does the whole work seem, and this is the most difficult quality for a painter to achieve in a picture where there are many figures and details. Therefore technically it is from every point of view a great masterpiece of workmanship, impeccable in every detail.

Finally let us come to the element of *expression*—the most important in any work of art. Here every face and figure expresses that which it is supposed to express, so that those who are studying the wedded couple self-respectingly submitting to the ordeal, and those who are engaged in their several actions, are simply alive. There is nothing fantastic about the drawing or painting to interfere with the completest expression of the idea by making us wonder why the painter resorted to this or that "personal" or extravagant mannerism. Thus each figure helps to tell the story simply, clearly and completely. But besides this perfect expression of each figure—which we call *primary expression*—there is a *secondary* expression, that is the expression of the work as a whole. As to this, note first the air of dignity and at the same time a certain French restrained gaiety; but above everything else an all-pervading purity and spirituality, which radiates not only from the entire work but especially from the central group and the circular sun-like back of the marble throne. On this we read:

HUSBAND AND WIFE OWE ONE ANOTHER MUTUAL FIDELITY, HELP AND ASSISTANCE.

As the women folk are carrying the good things and musical instruments for the wedding feast to follow after the ceremony, while the parents are signing the necessary legal documents, with what a lofty expression, as if decided to devote themselves to the higher interests of the race—does this heroically beautiful couple face the world as they fondly grasp hands in a pledge that bespeaks a pure and spiritual love, loyalty and high devotion such as can not be found in any other allegory of marriage on earth!

Here we have perhaps the greatest example in the world of a sermon to all mankind which yet does not pretend to be, and is not suspected of being, a sermon—until after our soul has been lifted to the highest ethical point of view possible to a citizen. It is that which makes it all the more powerful as a sermon. Who will say after this that "art has

nothing to do with morals?" Who will hereafter stupidly pretend that one can not suggest and inculcate in art the loftiest lessons in life without being dull?

It is in front of this suggestive and spiritual sermon of exalting beauty that those who are married in this Hall and their friends are forced to sit—long enough to contemplate and absorb the elevated ideal of marriage which this picture symbolizes. And none can do so without resolving highly to mount to that lofty level, without asking for strength enough to reach and remain there.

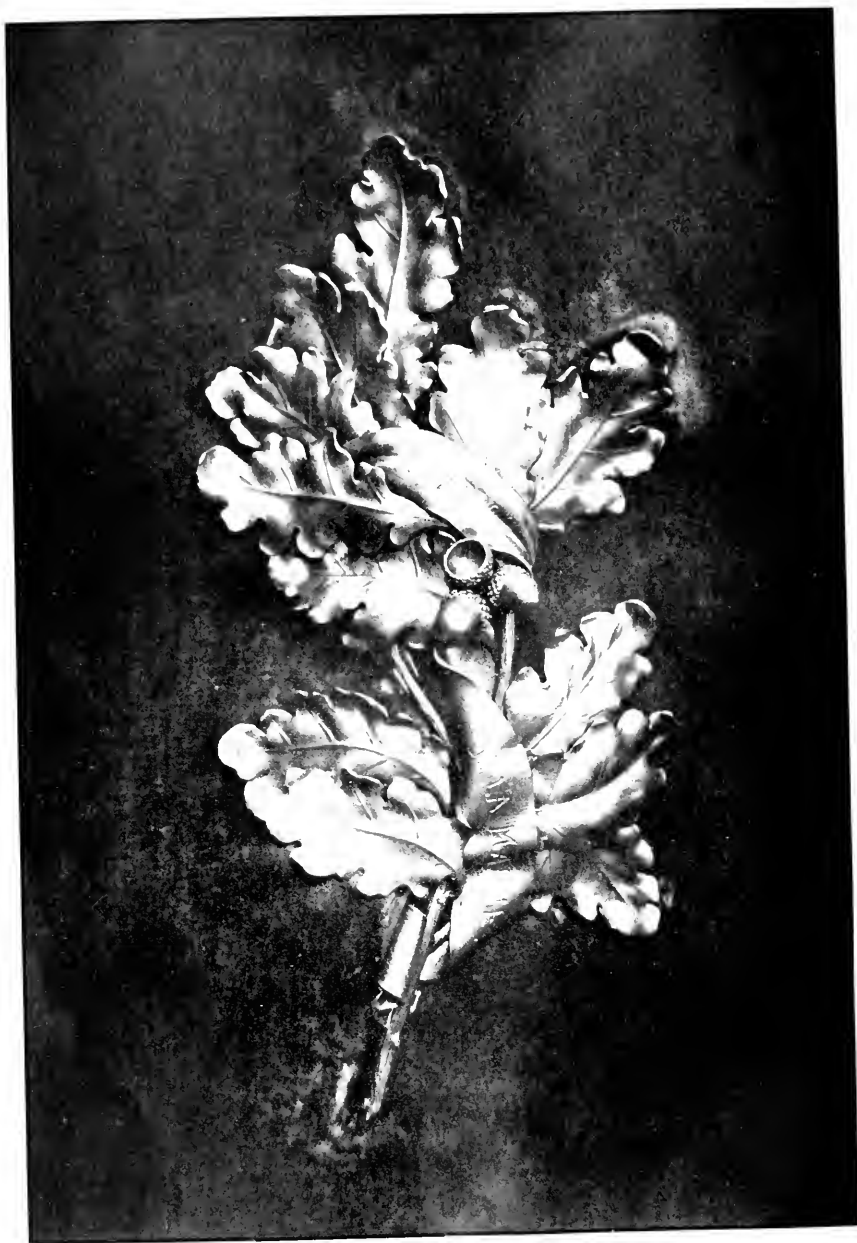
The marriage-hall of this mairie, by reason of this great picture and the artist's other three: "The Family," "Labor" and "Patriotism" has been made a sanctuary, a veritable civic temple and a constant source of good citizenship. It was made so because Boulanger was not only a great artist, but a great citizen.

After sitting, in company with a friend, in long and silent contemplation of this sublime creation, we were more and more lifted into a poetic mood by the exalting atmosphere and exquisite beauty which radiated through the Hall until, when we softly asked our companion: "What do you think of it?" tears came to his eyes and to his lips just one word "Immortal!"

It may interest our readers to know that the faces of the men to the right of the picture are all portraits of famous artists. Among these we recognize the white-bearded Guillaume, great sculptor, holding the book of registration; next to him the painter François; then, in profile, Flandrin, who painted the superb decorations in the church of St. Germain; then, full face, the white-bearded Cabanel looking at Gérôme; to his right Baudry who painted the decorations in the Paris Opera House; then the sculptor Falguière (?); then Garnier with the Indian-like profile, the great architect who built the Paris Opera House and Monte Carlo. The rest are problems except the last man, in profile: that is a good likeness of the artist Boulanger himself.

Dear Boulanger! how his pupils at Julien's, in spite of his severity, loved him! Because of his unflinching sincerity and sense of justice and an evident aim to lift art—that of his pupils as well as his own—to the highest plane. And with joy we bring to him this posthumous tribute and say: "Dear Master, in giving to your country this sublime allegory of Marriage you have ennobled your Fatherland, helped to place France where she belongs—in the forefront of civilization, and assured yourself of an ever-increasing affection in the hearts of mankind."

It is the continued creation by great Frenchmen, with an intellectual power and finesse rarely manifested in the past; it is the steady accumulation in France of such ennobling and immortal masterpieces of art, by the side of and above the by-product of ephemeral things often so clever and charming, which render France so unfailingly interesting to people of culture, and make it the loved second fatherland of every man with eyes capable of seeing, a mind fitted to judge and a soul able to respond to exalting emotions.



THE GOLDEN OAK BRANCH PRESENTED TO MARSHAL JOFFRE BY
AMERICAN CITIZENS

(Two third actual size as shown above)

ENGRAVED BY PAUL GILLOT OF NEW YORK

(See page 56)

TO
Joseph Jacques Césaire Joffre
MARSHAL OF FRANCE

The residents of New York, remembering with great pride and affection your ever memorable visit to our city when you repeated the triumph of La Fayette in winning the hearts of these American people for yourself and your noble nation, and remembering with even deeper appreciation and gratitude the inestimable service that you rendered not only to France and America but to all Civilization by your epochmaking victory on the Marne, request you to accept as a token of this gratitude and affection the cluster of oak leaves herewith transmitted.

The oak, which in all ages has typified power and strength, has been fittingly selected to symbolize the strength and character of your personality and the enduring value of your great achievement. Upon you rested in those fateful days in 1914 the infinite responsibility of defending Civilization against the seemingly invincible power of Prussian tyranny. You accepted the sublime task with full reliance on the valiant strength and endurance of the soldiers of France and Great Britain, then happily fighting for the same ideal.

As Charles Martel, the hammer, destroyed the power of the Saracens, so Joffre, the oak, deep-rooted in the affections of the brave soldiers of France, withstood the mighty tempest of elemental fury, and when the storm had spent its fury, the oak still stood and will stand in the grateful memory of men, who love liberty, "to the last syllable of recorded time".

Vive Joffre...
Vive la France!

John Purroy Mitchell
Theodore Rousseau *Gaston Liebert*
Emmanuel Monell *Louis Nettement*
Paul Gillet *Stanislas d'Hallwyn*
John A. Noble

ADDRESS ON PARCHMENT PRESENTED TO MARSHAL JOFFRE WITH THE
GOLDEN OAK BRANCH

Written by JAMES M. BECK and signed as follows:

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL, GASTON LIEBERT, LOUIS NETTEMET, STANISLAS D'HALLWYN,
JOHN A. NOBLE, PAUL GILLOT

(See opposite page)

TOWN AND COUNTRY EMBELLISHMENT



DRESSING A LAY FIGURE THE TOUCH OF BEAUTY TO THE UGLINESS OF A WATER-TOWER

To the Editor of THE ART WORLD:

Sir:—There are many more things in this world than one usually thinks of, but three of these are beauty, utility and ugliness. These three enter into, most everything that the eye may visualize; one seldom contemplates an object without weighing it in the scales of each. Egypt, as we all know, is a flattish country and its elevations hardly

remind one of Mt. Blanc. Egypt on the South Shore of Massachusetts is also generally flat, with here and there a hump to show that its maker had not entirely forgotten there are such things as hills and mountains.

On one of these slight elevations stands an iron water-tower, which is seventy-five feet high and twenty-five feet in diameter. But though you may

search for it, yet you will not find it—knowing not the ending of our tale! In its primal ugliness it stood out baldly to the weather; a sore and necessary evil. Utility it had beyond question, but its rating as a work of art was about three hundred plus seven hundred, minus. Such is ever the way of its kind.

Some years ago, two men stood resolutely in its shadow and shuddered with the horror of it. They denied its moral right to profane the landscape and damned it politely for what it was.

"We can do nothing with it" said one "it's here and here it will stay. So what's the use of saying more?"

"Yes" said the other "it will stay. Those who built it have seen to that. Nothing but the end of the world will budge it. Still, it's but a lay figure after all; it can be *dressed*."

"Which means?"

"Just this" and he who nourished a hope drew roughly on a bit of paper." There! If you say so, it can be made the prettiest thing on the landscape."

"Fine! go ahead."

"It will cost so much money. . . ."

"Good. That will fix it. So at it, before we forget how!"

So the approved sketch took shape and developed into practical working drawings. And in time the iron water-tower was enclosed by a shell which not only verified the predictions made of it, but also became a new landmark for the mariner off shore. For it was one hundred and forty feet high and thirty-two feet in diameter, and this, on the level stretches of Egypt in America, was as conspicuous as a pyramid of Egypt in Africa.

Of course the town authorities had to be consulted, as both the tower and the ground it stood on were their property. But finally their consent was gained, though they demanded their pound of flesh, to wit: The entire enclosing structure must be independent and not touch or impair the water-tower! and this last should be kept in repair.

Under such conditions the construction was a bit difficult, on account of wind strains; but the late F. E. Kidder the engineer designed a series of interlocking horizontal and vertical trusses, which were of much interest in themselves, besides proving worthy of the task imposed upon them. Not only has it carried the tower safely for a number of years, but in addition has supported the largest *chime of bells* in that part of the country. These bells are played from a little house at the bottom of the structure.

There's a lot of people who may feel as did these two men. But it is oftener easy to say "Out, damned spot" than to effectively erase the same. Yet we are most fortunate that in this case the "damned spot" has been eradicated. For both men had the eyes to see, and one had the ability to do and the other the substance to do it with. Hence the result.

Of the two men who have done so well and prevented the surrounding country from having sore eyes for years to come, one was Thomas W. Lawson and the other H. J. Carlson, architect. Now, in the interest of civic betterment, shall we not salute them?

So then, if you search, you may find. For that which will greet your approving eye is a thing of beauty, enshrouding as a garment the ugliness beneath.

Charles Edward Hooper

FULFILMENT

Somewhere beyond the mete of time,
And the last morrow's ken,
Where morn shall blaze, as in its prime
Ere seen by eyes of men—

Where spirit from the bond of flesh
Shall be forever free,
Our happy feet shall walk the fresh
Sweet ways of mystery.

We twain shall wander, hand in hand,
Where suns and planets cease,
And in that Presence come to stand
Whose perfect name is Peace.

And thou in thy white loveliness,
And I released from strife,
Shall learn how, out of storm and stress,
Is won the gift of life.

And there, upon that utmost height,
Down which strange splendors pour,
Our souls shall mingle in the light—
One, one forevermore.

And I shall fold thee to my side,
And thou at length shalt know
The love I bore thee, O my bride,
In the dim long ago.

Nor shall thy pureness feel offense,
As in those human years
When, through the weary veil of sense,
I breathed the speech of tears.

James B. Kenyon



"THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE EGLANTINE," CALLED "THE BOTANIST"

BY SIR PETER LELY

MISCELLANY

LELY'S "GENTLEMAN WITH THE EGLANTINE"

(See opposite page)

THERE is in New York a portrait by Sir Peter Lely which is so finely wrought that one thinks of greater artists than Lely when one examines it. The subject is unknown and it goes by the title of "The Botanist," which is plainly *faute le mieux*, because the surroundings, the spirit and looks of the man are quite the contrary to those of a naturalist. Not many figures with a flower in one hand are botanists. This portrait is shown on the opposite page.

Sir Peter was the son of a Dutch captain Jan van der Faes and a Dutch mother, but happened to be born in Westphalia at Soest where his father was in garrison. Jan the father was born at The Hague and lived in a house decorated without with lilies, whence perhaps to him a nickname—"Jan Lelys," and whence according to tradition Peter his son derived his name of Peter Lelys. The father, noting in him a talent for drawing, put him with Pieter de Grebber, the Haarlem painter—and thus the boy entered into the traditions of Frans Hals and the rest of the Haarlemers. Peter Lelys came to England in time to paint a portrait of Charles I when he was a prisoner at Hampton Court; and under the Commonwealth he portrayed Oliver Cromwell, wart and all; yet at the Restoration the new king knighted him; and he was all the rage until 1676, when Godfrey Kneller the German came over and began to dispute the monopoly of orders from Court and city folk.

In the private diary of Pepys there is frequent mention of Sir Peter; thus on Oct. 20, 1662, he says:

"And thence gone with Comr. Pett to Mr. Lilly's the great painter who came forth to us; but believing that I come to bespeak a picture, he prevented us by telling us that he should not be at leisure these three weeks; which methinks is a rare thing. And then to see in what pomp his table was laid for himself to go his dinner; and here among other pictures, saw the much-desired-by-me picture of my Lady Castlemaine which is a most blessed picture; and that that I must have a copy of."

And again on July 18, 1666:

"And so full of work Lilly is that he was fain to take his table-book out to see how his time appointed, and appointed six days hence for him (Sir Wm. Pen) to come between six and seven in the morning."

This is early birding with a vengeance! Elsewhere we have been told that Lely began work at nine and painted steadily till four, when he turned his sitter out of doors and sat down to a fine dinner with many invited friends—whom he also entertained with a company of musicians; but apparently Pepys was not among the invited, unless that happened later than the last date in his diary.

Pepys and others went into ecstasies over Lely's portraits of the Queen, Ladies Castlemaine, Carteret,

Hamilton and so forth—the "beauties" ordered by the Duke of York, and now at Hampton Court; but the truth is that he painted men much better than he did women, perhaps because he liked and understood them better. The present instance is further proof. While we do see a suggestion of the elegance of Van Dyck in the hands, there is in other respects a more masculine spirit, or, should one say? a less courtier-like expression of character on the part of the painter. It is certainly one of the best pieces by Lely that has survived.

Observe the elegant Van Dyck attitude of the hand that holds the flower, the index or Jovian finger well parted from the third or Saturnine, and the fifth or Mercurial daintily put away from the fourth or finger of Apollo! So did Lely paint the tender tapering digits of Catherine of Braganza, Nell Gwynn, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Countesses of Northumberland, Falmouth and Ossory, La Belle Hamilton, who became Comtesse de Grammont, and Susan Lady Bellasys. Sometimes this hand pretends to hold draperies, but it is a mannerism inherited from Van Dyck.

But come—who is this handsome and dignified man who, with such an air of calling your special attention to it, carries a spray of wild honeysuckle in his extended right hand? Is it not plain we have here a reference to something most important, such as the lady he adores or the badge of his house? That he is no botanist or other devotee of natural history is plain as a pikestaff. Who at the Court of Charles bore a name that smells of this charming and modest little flower?

Well, in the first place, what did they call that flower in the seventeenth century? In France it might be called *chêrefeuille*, *sainfoin*, *camêrisier*, or in Provence the *pentecôte*. In England it was called wild or "fly" honeysuckle or woodbine or eglantine. John Milton probably means it when he speaks of "twisted eglantine," although eglantine should really stand for the wild rose. But we have Milton as witness that in the seventeenth century it was one of the names, and apparently an accepted name, of the wild honeysuckle of the hedgerows. Now there was a Scottish family of Eglantons, of whom the sixth Earl was at first against the King but later a royalist, while the seventh, who might have sat for Lely, was always royalist and against the Commonwealth. It is possible therefore that the person we see here was this seventh Earl, mentioned by Sam. Pepys under date of May, 1669, but not with any reference to Lely or to portraits. We must also remember that such badges were the fashion and that Lely himself, during his early days, was a painter of historical pictures with a taste for symbols, and only later on became a portraitist pure and simple. He would have relished the idea of symbolizing the house of Eglanton by

placing so pointedly in the hand of the Earl a spray of eglantine.

THE GOLDEN OAK BRANCH FOR JOFFRE

(See page 50)

When General Joffre was in America a number of persons who admired the man and were impressed by the magnitude of his services in stemming the flood of the invader and saving the world from a highly organized and desperate league of dispoilers, formed a Joffre Tribute Committee which includes many prominent men and women. The committee soon raised the funds for a gift which is reproduced on page 50. It is a branch of oak with acorns, modeled in graceful, realistic style from high-carat gold, on the leaves of which is carved the laconic dedication: AU HEROS DE LA MARNE. It was more particularly the bloody contests along the River Marne in September 1914 that gave the world to understand the unflinching, calm and simple nature of Joffre, who often has been compared to Grant for the firmness of his temperament, his nerve, his lack of "swagger." The future may hold still greater deeds in its lap for General Joffre, but the battle of the Marne at present represents his highest achievement; hence the inscription. The tribute has been forwarded to France and presented.

The designer by a quaint combination of events is a Franco-American citizen in business as a jeweler in New York. Mr. Paul Gillot of Gillot & Co., a Fifth Avenue jewelry firm, dropped his work on the outbreak of the war and was wounded in the long defense of the Verdun forts against the furious assaults of the armies under the German Imperial Crown Prince. He was wounded and returned to America to recuperate. The extraordinary fervor of New York when General Joffre came over with Mr. Balfour inspired Mr. Gillot to devise a suitable gift, and the Joffre Tribute Committee organized by him to see that the idea should be realized. The oak has always been a symbol of power and endurance since the oak at Dodona gave oracles from the most powerful of Greek gods and the Druids of Gaul cut the mistletoe with golden sickles from the favored oak.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak
Who stands in his pride alone!
And still flourish he, a hale green tree
When a hundred years are gone!

as Chorley wrote a half century or more ago. We can not hope that "Papa Joffre" will live a hundred years, but is it not a satisfaction to know that in his hale green old age he has received a visible, tangible memorial of the esteem felt for him by who knows how many millions of people?

NEW GROUP IN THE A. M. OF N. H.

The museum that fronts on Central Park West, New York has been adding to its groups of wild beasts and birds posed in lifelike animation amid landscapes which are as nearly as possible exact according to their habitat. A scene at nightfall in the Adirondacks has a background painted by Hobart Nichols, A. N. A. and the foreground and middle distance with imitation grass, leaves and trees carried out by Albert E. Butler. High grass and a clump of alders are seen in a clearing of the forest and among them on the fringe of the wood is a

group of buck, doe and fawn. These are fine specimens of the big Virginia deer taken from the herds of Col. Franklin Brandreth and mounted by Walter Escherich. The combination of work by taxidermist, composer of group and painter of background is very satisfactory. One is inclined to believe that group pictures like these do something more than relieve the observer from the discomfort that assails him when shown a case full of stuffed animals; they interest people in the life of birds and beasts and by so doing assist in the endeavor to make men regard them, not as objects to shoot or trap but to examine and enjoy for the charm of their unspoiled freedom. It is beauty touching science with her wand.

OLD MASTERS STOLEN FROM PETROGRAD

The rioting in Petrograd has given a free hand to looters and many palaces containing works of art are said to have been plundered by combinations of thieves as systematically as the museums and palaces in Belgium and France were gutted by the disciplined Vandals under the German flag. The contents of the palace of the Grand Duke Michael looking on the Neva River have disappeared, including a famous Correggio; and those of the Emperor at Tsarskoe-Selo and Peterhof, as well as that of the Empress Marie in Petrograd have shared the same fate. The worst blow would be the looting of the Hermitage, a palace celebrated for its collections of Rembrandts, Rubenses, Van Dycks and other treasures of Dutch, Flemish and Italian art; this also is reported. As the United States offer the only available fields for the sale of these well-known and carefully tabulated pictures, it is predicted that the looters will try to dispose of them on this side of the Atlantic, especially since a good many of the rioters are crooks who have been in America and "know the ropes." It is to be wished that they should be brought here, for they can then be saved from destruction and restored to Petrograd after the war. Any action should be employed that may prevent the persons in whose hands they appear from vandalizing them from fear of being detected with stolen goods; dealers and collectors of old masters are put on their guard herewith.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

In publishing in our September number the article by Mr. E. H. Blashfield on John W. Alexander, we failed, through inadvertence, to note that the paper was originally prepared and presented at a meeting held in memory of Mr. Alexander in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., on May 18th, 1916, in connection with the Seventh Annual Convention of the American Federation of Arts, our national art society; that it had been printed in the July 1916 issue of *The American Magazine of Art*, the Federation's publication, and that to the courtesy of the American Federation of Arts, by whom it had been copyrighted at that time, we owed the privilege of reprinting.

ANOTHER WHISTLER TALE

Whistler had his fun with the London painter Mennpes but the latter has once or twice got even with him. Now and then a new story about the exuberant James crops up. Some if not most

stories are of Whistler getting the better in a contest of wits; this one shows him overwhelmed. Mortimer Mompes took "the master" to see a cranky old lady of his acquaintance but warned him to be careful: "O," said James the magnificent in his airy, butterfly way, "when she sees the Master she will be silent." Whistler was presented:

"Is *this* the master?" she said, in a voice that made me creep.

"Yes," I somewhat quaveringly replied.

"Oh!" she said, "there's some mistake here; this surely isn't, it simply *can't* be the master—the master of whom I have heard for so many years! *This!* Why, the very idea is preposterous!"

Whistler was furious. "Madam!" he screamed.

"Silence!" thundered the old lady. "Jane, the wind is in the east." Jane stepped forward and lived the arrow in the direction indicated. "And when the wind's in the east, Mr. Whistler, that means *silence*."

"But, madam, this is simply——"

"But he got no farther. Simply with passion, our old hostess screamed out:

"Jane, the wind's northeast!" Again Jane fixed the arrow as requested. "And when the wind's in the northeast it means the interview is at an end."

"This is outrage, madam, an outrage to the master," whimpered the crushed and broken artist.

"Give me your arm, Jane," said the old lady, "and I will go out east by *nor-nor-east*," she added, as, assisted by the maid and the butler, she made her slow progress from the room, carefully facing E.N.N.E., although her doing so involved an extremely uncomfortable crooked and tortuous and crab-like motion and attitude of body.

Whistler, too amazed to speak, and indeed too frightened, whispered to me:

"I suppose we go out east, too."

The sharp-eared old lady overheard him.

"You can please yourself, Mr. Whistler; you can go out north or south or east or west or all four together if you wish. I pray you stand not on the order of your going, so long as you go. Ha-ha!" she cried, in the accents of transpontine melodrama. "Ha-ha!" the master has met with his Waterloo!"

Whistler said one word only as we found ourselves in the windy street, and one only. "Amazing!"

The question naturally comes to one: did Mortimer Mompes, weary of the "ragging" he got from his master, arrange this little scene beforehand with his eccentric "ladifren"? It looks that way—or else it's an anodyne like some of Jimmy's own.

DUTCH vs. ITALIAN PICTURES

Insistence on the humbleness of the Holy Family hardly tallied with the Christianity of the Renaissance or even with the psychology of the poor believer, who loves to dress up his gods as Magnificent Ones, for whom to adore is to adorn. Aristocracy is the note of Italian painting—the Holy Family takes formal precedence, but the Colonnas and the Medicis rank their families no less select. The outflowing of Dutch art was like the change from the airless Latin of the scholars to the blowy idioms with which real European literature began. Italian art expressed dignity, beauty, religion; Dutch art went back to life to find all these in life itself. It was the efflorescence of triumphant democracy of the Dutch Republic, surgent from the waves of Spain and Catholicism as indomitably as she had risen from the North Sea. Hence this sturdy satisfaction with reality. Rembrandt painted with equal hand ribs of beef and ribs of men. The Low Countries invented the fruit and flower-piece and the fish and game-piece. That Low Art hails from the nether lands is not a mere coincidence. Holland was less a country than a

piece of the bed of the sea to which men stuck like limpets. * * * And so, never has earthiness found more joyous expression than in his pictures. What gay content with the colors of clothes and the shafts of sunshine and the ripe forms of women and the hues of meats and fishes! O the joy of skating on the frozen canals! O the jolly revels in village taverns! Hail the ecstasy of the Kermesse! "How good is man's life, the mere living." "It is a pleasant thing to have beheld the sun." These are the notes of Dutch art, which is like a perpetual grace to God for the beauty of common things. * * * Even in the Dutch and Flemish images of doom I have thought to detect a note of earth-laughter, almost an irresponsible gaiety. *Israel Zangwill* in "Italian Fantasies"; *Macmillan*, 1910.

"ART AND CITIZENSHIP"

Ian B. Stoughton Holborn of Merton College, Oxford University, begins in this number a series of articles on "Art and Citizenship" which we think readers will follow with pleasure and profit. Mr. Holborn is the author of "The Need for Art in Life," "Art and Beauty," "Architectures of European Religions," "Children of Fancy," a volume of poems, etc. Besides, he has lectured extensively in England and in this country with success.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS—GREETING:

Most gratifying are the daily letters from subscribers who write to tell us of the coming into their home life of THE ART WORLD. Naturally it is not possible to reply to each and every one, much as we would like to do so. But we send this greeting, assuring them of our entire sympathy and our desire to keep in close touch with them as friend with friend.

We appreciate heartily every letter that comes to us discussing our work in the world, and, whether in kindly criticism or friendly commendation they speak, we want them to know that each letter is a stimulus and uplift.

Write us therefore, most honored subscribers, frankly and intimately, whenever you are pleased to so remember us. Tell us if you think we can make THE ART WORLD more helpful in the home and more inspiring in its text and illustrations; we want your suggestions.

The occasional reader, too, into whose hands THE ART WORLD may now and then fall, might also take the trouble, so we hope, to let us hear from him or her; for we crave advice; this magazine is a human document bearing a message which we trust may bring its own welcome.

THE EDITORS

NEW SNEDECOR GALLERIES

One of the oldest galleries for the sale of paintings in New York is the Snedecor founded by John Snedecor in 1852 at 719 Broadway. Continued by his son Charles Edward who died recently, it has changed its place once more under his successor E. C. Babcock. The Snedecor Galleries now occupy a house arranged for them, No. 19 East 49th Street, where a very attractive exhibition of American and Dutch pictures has been installed. There is a marvelous little "Macbeth and the Witches" by Albert

Ryder, the fine "Burning Brush" by George Inness, formerly in the Harsen Rhodes collection, three examples each of Homer D. Martin, R. A. Blakelock and Francis Murphy, interiors by Blommers and Neuhuys, pictures by George Fuller, Wyant, Winslow Homer and other painters alive or passed away. The Snedecor, or, as it will be called, the Babcock Galleries, have always made American canvases their specialty and will continue to do so in their well-designed and well-lighted quarters near Madison Avenue.

MATTHEW MARIS

One of the most talented members of the little band of Hollandish painters who succeeded immediately to the French school that is loosely characterized as the Barbizon artists has died very recently. There were three brothers Maris of which Jakob perhaps was the ablest; but Matthew, who has just died, was a close second. Least interesting of the trio was William, whose pasture and cattle-pieces fetch excellent prices. It was Matthew, however, who in old age developed eccentricity and finally made it almost impossible to get any of his pictures out of his hands, no matter how tempting the offer.

The late Daniel Cottier was the chief agent in making the landscapes and figure-pieces of the Maris brothers known in America, for he brought their works over when there was as yet no demand for them whatever, and gallantly advocated their merit in the face of the crushing competition of Millets, Duprès, Rousseaus, Diazes, Corots and other French painters in his own galleries. Like his brother Jakob the deceased was classed among the poetic "tonal" painters who took their subjects from land and sea, country and town, ocean and sky without a sign of preference, their object being not the reproduction of picturesque places or living things but the rendering of subtle differences in tone produced by changes of light and variations in atmosphere. While Jakob and William stuck to the Netherlands, Matthew gradually forsook his own land for England and passed the greater part of his life in London. He found that section of Great Britain interesting enough, as Constable, Turner and Whistler did; but, unfortunately for him and the world, some years ago he became a hypochondriac and hermit, finally ceasing to do anything at all while imagining that he was at work on the great *opus* of his life. In this frame of mind he developed crochets, refused to see his friends, hated to hear of offers for his pictures and, so it is said, destroyed great numbers of them because they no longer met his exalted standards. Particularly bitter over the infatuation of buyers for established names, instead of studying pictures and buying according to their power in moving the beholder, irrespective of cost, title and maker, he refused to sign his own pictures and wished to forego the advantage that the name of Maris gave them. A Quixotic attempt, with which, however, many an artist will sympathize.

Matthew Maris's pictures, figures and landscapes, town and seascapes are often very broadly, sketchily painted and at first this quality rebuffed people because they look unfinished, as if the painter had exhausted himself at an early stage. If this were not strictly true, it is a fact that Maris felt, a canvas brought to a certain point was quite enough carried out to be understood by the special art-lovers for whom he painted or whom he was willing to tolerate as an audience. In

this he foreshadowed the latest men who boldly scorn the public which can not understand their post-impressions, cubism and futurism. He painted figure pieces in greater number than Jakob, and for Daniel Cottier at one time designs for stained glass windows and leather screens. He was a cosmopolite, born at The Hague, brought up in France where he served in the army during the siege of Paris and in later life became a Londoner. As Holland has known how to honor such contemporaries as Israels and Jakob Maris, so that country will be certain to give Matthew his due.

SOME ART PLUNDER TRACED

Lovers of art have been wondering what will be the fate of the art-works in cities of Belgium and France despoiled by the Germans; whether they will be shipped to places out of the way of bombardment or delivered over to the vandalism that precedes evacuation of towns occupied in the war. According to *Ueber Land und Meer* some antique objects have been saved from St. Quentin by boxing them up and sending them to Maubeuge. The Lecuyer collection of pictures and figurines, the Fervaques and other collections of books and art-works as well as a portion of the old glass in the apse of the cathedral are now in Maubeuge—if it has not been considered safer to remove them again to Berlin. Certain portraits by La Tour, the famous painter in pastels under the last of the Louis, were carried off. St. Quentin was the birthplace of La Tour who presented the town with four score portraits, including one of Chardin, the painter so greatly praised by Diderot, of Peronneau, of Marc-René Marquis d'Argenson, of Prince Xavier of Saxony and others.

At Maubeuge the old inn "At the Poor Devil's" was commandeered and a Berlin architect named Keller was ordered to enlarge and adapt it to an art museum. To Lieutenant von Hadeln was given the task of selecting from the spoils of St. Quentin, Coucy, Laon, Noyon and Péronne the equipment of the renovated building. What particular treasures were transferred at once to Berlin may appear later; at present the objects shown at Maubeuge include the above-mentioned and a lot of busts, fonts and carvings in relief from churches and cathedrals. A statue of St. Quintinus and two ancient painted likenesses of the same beatified martyr came from the cathedral of that city. Paintings by Joseph Vernet, another prime favorite with Diderot, came from Valenciennes. A marble of Napoleon by Canova, the "Spinner" by Langlet and many tapestries, Old Flemish and Gobelins, are mentioned, which include a series of three showing the life of John the Baptist and another with the "Story of Tobias and Tobit." A baptismal font is part of the loot from the parochial school in Vermand. The article in *Ueber Land und Meer* is so written that the reader is allowed to admire the altruism of the Germans in saving these things from the dangers of bombardment and the devastations of French and British spoliators. Incidentally it is meant to give the German soldiers recreation and mental refreshment between the seasons of toil in the trenches. The real purpose appears to cynical persons a rather elaborate *camouflage* whereby the exhibition of a certain number of stolen art-works modern and antique will divert inquiry as to the whereabouts of objects of the first rank which are not there but elsewhere.

ARTS, CRAFTS AND THE HOME

THE HEARTHSTONE

BY WALTER A. DYER

*Author of "The Lure of the Antique," "Early American Craftsmen,"
"Creators of Decorative Styles," etc.*

Men make them fires on the hearth
Each under his roof-tree.
And the Four Winds that rule the earth
They blow the smoke to me.

— Kipling



WHEN I sit before my open fire, watching the embers fall apart and the red flames leaping up the chimney, I am experiencing a sensation that is universal among mankind. Wherever there are caves, dug-outs, wigwams, tents, shacks, shanties, cabins, huts, bungalows, and palaces, there are fires. So essential is the fire to human existence, so intimate a part of the house is it, that the word hearthstone has often been used as a synonym for home.

These are the thoughts that come to me before my blazing logs. And I know that the pleasure I feel has a good deal of the primitive and savage in it. My ancestors in prehistoric times sat thus and warmed themselves

and mused. For the hearthstone is an older invention than chair or table. Historically, it is the oldest thing we have in our homes, and it were the sheerest folly to allow the steam radiator, ugly, awkward, and cheerless, entirely to supplant it. I for one would never buy or build a house without fireplaces in it, or without the opportunity of installing them therein. A large fireplace in the living-room, one in the dining-room, and smaller ones in the chambers and lesser apartments—that is not too many, according to my way of thinking.

So much of poetry and romance clusters about the hearthstone that I think I am in little danger of doing damage by looking into the more prosaic history of the institution, for an institution it is. In the beginning it was, of course, a mere place for a fire in a sheltered nook or at the entrance of the cave-dweller's place of residence. Then, for many centuries, it was a flat stone in the center of the hut or house, innocent of anything like a chimney, the smoke finding its way as best it might through a hole in the roof. Such a hearthstone is still to be seen among primitive savage peoples, and even in old Irish huts. In fact, the fireplace, as we know it, is a comparatively modern invention.

It was probably the Romans who first made use of the chimney and devised more or less elaborate heating systems. It was a clever Roman who first conceived the idea of at once conserving heat and getting rid of smoke. His name should have been preserved along with those of the other great discoverers of mechanical principles. But the chimney has become so familiar and commonplace an object with us that we have forgotten what a revolutionary event its introduction was.

The Romans naturally found it desirable to introduce their heating arrangements in the northern colonies where they made their homes, and it is probable that the Gauls and Teutons learned of chimneys from them. Whether the Romans introduced the chimney into Britain is not recorded. The credit is usually given to William the Conqueror and the Normans of the eleventh century. The Britains were slow to take up with the new-fangled notion, and the old form of hearthstone without a chimney persisted in England, especially in the rural districts, as late as the sixteenth century. In conservative old Oxford, indeed, some of the great halls were heated in this way after 1800. In Penshurst Place, Kent, the old, chimneyless brick fireplace is still to be seen in the





A JACOBEOAN
LIBRARY IN
WHICH THE
FIREPLACE
HAS A
HARMONIOUS
SETTING

*Courtesy of
H. & J. Sloane,
New York.*

middle of the banqueting hall, with its andirons and billet-bar.

But gradually the Norman idea took hold, and newer fashions in fireplaces came into use in England. The evolution of the chimney there is

interesting. First, the central hole in the roof was followed by apertures under the eaves, which at least had the merit of not letting in so much rain and snow. Later, toward the last half of the

thirteenth century, a smoke vent was provided in the roof directly over the fire and was protected by a covered turret or louver (from the French *l'ouvert*), and for two centuries or more this was an important architectural feature. In the eleventh century a large bell-shaped extinguisher, called a *couvre-feu* or curfew, was frequently used to cover the fire at nightfall.

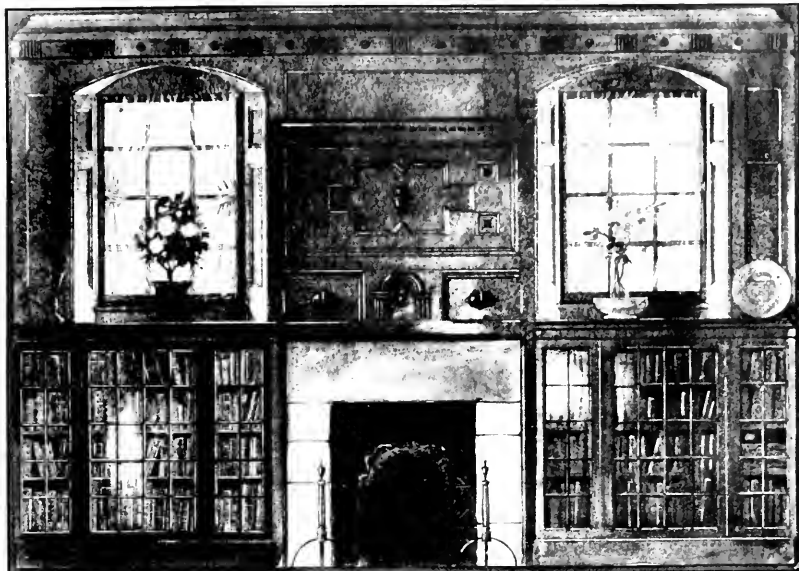
As Tudor followed Norman, the fireplace became the center of decorative as well as of social interest, and its development has an artistic as well as a domestic significance. In the eleventh century the Normans introduced the recessed fireplace at the side of the room, the forerunner of our modern fireplace. In English homes this became fairly common in chambers during the twelfth century, while the central hearth persisted in the great halls as late as the fifteenth.

But it was the Norman house of two or three stories that made the chimney really an imperative need. At first it wasn't much of a chimney. The hearthstone was placed at the side of the room and a sort of flue was made for the smoke in the wall a short distance above. Then began a series of improvements, all designed to carry off the smoke and heat the rooms more effectively. It was found desirable to set the hearthstone in an arched recess, or beneath a sloping hood of stone or



THE MODERN FIREPLACE IS THE CENTER OF DECORATIVE INTEREST

SUGGESTED
ELEVATION
FOR DINING-
ROOM:
SUNLIGHT,
FIRELIGHT,
BOOKS—
WHAT MORE
COULD ONE
DESIRE?



*Courtesy of
W. & J. Sloane,
New York.*

plaster, with masonry jambs at the sides to confine the draft. Finally the outside chimney was added. Turret chimneys were first built during the fourteenth century, but did not become common for two hundred years after that. It was in Tudor times that brick chimneys and clustered chimney-pots became an architectural feature.

Toward the end of the fourteenth century the recess was deepened and the hood was gradually abandoned. During the Gothic period the decorative possibilities of the fireplace were more fully discovered, and the stone arches, frames, and chimney-breasts were carved more or less elaborately.

The recessed fireplace did not find its way into the yeoman's cottage until about the sixteenth century, when huge chimney-corners or inglenooks became common. They also became a feature of the tap-rooms of English inns.

By Queen Elizabeth's time the chimney-piece had become the most important feature of the room, and the fireplace may be said to have entered upon its final stage of development in the Tudor period. At that time the mechanical features were also greatly improved. Some of these fine old Elizabethan chimneypieces are still extant in England and are a source of inspiration for modern architects. During the Jacobean period the decorative possibilities of the overmantel were further developed. Oak paneling became a feature and later, with the coming of Grinling Gibbons, elaborate carving.

In the late eighteenth century the Adam brothers introduced a more simple classic style which was reflected in many of the

homes of the New World. Here we still have fine old chimneypieces in our so-called Colonial houses, which form the basis of some of the finest of modern work. Particularly noteworthy were those



Courtesy of Artur

SUGGESTIVE OF TEA AND COZINESS

designed and built by Samuel McIntire in Salem, which have often been measured and copied by modern architects. Meanwhile, of course, in the farmhouses the more primitive form of large fireplace, with its crane and pots, persisted for many years.

Such, in brief outline, is the history of the fireplace. It is worth knowing about, for we are always harking back to the workmanship of other days for the basis of modern designs. We are

fireplaces are designed in harmony with the furniture.

It is as important to know something of these styles in fireplaces as in exterior architecture and in furniture design, for consistency in decoration is a matter that can not be preached too often. But in the matter of fireplaces particularly it is well worth while to do the thing right.

For, as I have already said, the fireplace, through its historical associations, has assumed a place of

IT IS A
FAR CRY
FROM THE
PRIMITIVE
FIRE, LAID
ON A
FLAT STONE,
TO THE
FIREPLACE
OF TO-DAY



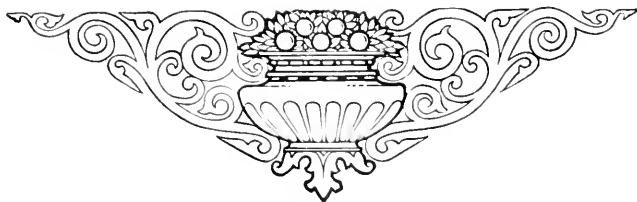
Courtesy of William H. Jackson Company.

ARTISTS
AND ARTISAN
HAVE
COMBINED TO
GIVE THE
HEARTHSTONE
A SETTING
IN KEEPING
WITH ITS
SURROUNDINGS

building better chimneys now than our forefathers did; we know how to make fireplaces that will not smoke. But in the matter of design we have much to learn from them. It is all well enough in the mountain bungalow to install a rustic fireplace of cobble stones, but in the more pretentious home we can not be too careful of our fireplace architecture. We have the examples of the Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Georgian periods to guide us—the beautiful work of Sir Christopher Wren, Robert Adam, and Samuel McIntire. If we are to furnish our rooms in the period styles, we should see to it that the

prime importance in the household. There has always been a religious idea connected with the hearthstone, and it still stands as the family altar. It is the center of family and social life, and it has become a center of decorative interest as well.

The love for the open fire is bred in our blood, and it is an honest and worthy inheritance. If the day should ever come when the hearthstone has been driven out by the gas-log and the steam radiator, I for one shall feel that a spirit has gone out of our American family life that no modern invention can replace.



THE OLD-TIME HOUSE

BY ARTHUR C. BROOKS

THE popular definition of the expression Colonial Architecture designates it as signifying all of our efforts along building lines extending from the first shabby little cottages of the original colonists up to a hundred or so years ago, to the handsome dwellings of the period of foreign affectation, or, technically, the Greek Classic, which made its advent during the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

The student of architecture has divided the three hundred years of our building existence into four main classes or periods, each of these being set off from the others by limits of decided exactness.

We discover that the first period, Colonial, was confined solely to the seventeenth century. Immediately after came the Provincial Period, in the wake of an influx of unprecedented wealth, and terminating in the Revolution. Then came the Federal Period, with houses more elaborate and exquisite than ever before. The houses of this period are unqualifiedly the best examples of our early domestic architecture. The last division closed in 1800 or thereabouts, giving precedence to Classicism, which raged from one end of the country to the other.

It has been found advisable to draw material for pictorial and written illustration from a single town. Salem, in Massachusetts, being one of the first places of settlement sequent to the Pilgrim's landing-place, furnishes material of such delightful historical piquancy and architectural superbness as undoubtedly to qualify it for this important service.

The Colonial Period had at its inception dwellings of which there are now none extant. From the point of view of sentiment this is lamentable, but as an artistic consideration there was nothing in them to deserve preservation, as they were nothing more than rude, clay-chinked cabins with thatched roofs, hastily thrown together from the rough materials then available. The great chimneys leading from enormous fireplaces were their only redeeming feature; one of these sometimes usurping all of one side of the ubiquitous "fire-room."

With the coming of greater prosperity came the

demand for better housing. John Endicott, the first provincial Governor, sent to England for workmen, who initiated the frame house, its size varying in accordance with the means of the owner. All of these were two stories in height, and the better ones possessed one or more peaks. They became very popular throughout the colonies because of their superiority over the first abodes. These houses show a marked similarity to the Dutch type of dwelling, and it is not at all unlikely that they had their instigation in the prolonged stay of the Pilgrims in Holland. Another feature occurs in their having a superabundance of interior space not in accord with the impression one receives from the outside; the number of rooms contained in the average house being almost unbelievable, and of equally incredible size. An addition to the frame house, the lean-to,

was universal around the middle of the century, and was a result of the old English law pronouncing the eldest son heir to the homestead and giving him the right to live under its roof with his family.

In Salem, the Turner house, more familiarly termed the House of the Seven Gables not only accurately represents the genuine Colonial house, but



JOHN WARD HOUSE

has a history of inimitable interest, not the least of which was Hawthorne's use of it as the prototype for his celebrated romance of the same name.

It stands to-day in splendid if somber dignity, its dun-colored clapboards and general appearance of dinginess mute testimonials to many years of existence. The original plan of this house shows that it was built with eight gables. Since then successive owners have added and taken away various wings and gables, but even so it is quite like Hawthorne's written description.

In 1669 the house was built by one John Turner, a Salem merchant. It descended by the aforementioned law to his son and then to the latter's son, both of the same name. The last Turner sold it in 1782 to Captain Samuel Ingersoll, whose wife was cousin to the elder Hawthorne. The next owner was their daughter Susannah, who inherited the estate and a considerable fortune while still a young



PIERCE-NICHOLS HOUSE

this fascinating explanation with the cool assurance that it was simply a fashion at that time, popular in the mother country and therefore accepted here. But, for the imaginative, there is a certain satisfaction to be found in the fact that more than one muzzle-loader has nosed its way through those tiny



SALEM CUSTOM HOUSE

woman. She was fond of society and entertained a great deal, but in the midst of a joyous existence she contracted an unpleasant love entanglement, and, with spirit crushed, retired to the many-gabled home to live the life of a recluse. For the next few years her only companion was a semi-witted servant girl. Then she adopted a young boy of dubious birth, and to the promptings of a heart starved with long years of self-denial lavished every kindness upon him, educating him for the ministry. At her death the foster-son became owner of the house and her entire wealth. He dissipated the last within a short time, and eventually was forced to sell the house, in 1879, at the behest of creditors. From then on it passed through several hands, up to 1908, when it became a settlement house for the younger members of the community.

Another example of the Colonial Period is the John Ward house of 1684, the style of whose quaint, diamond-paned windows was a direct importation from England, and whose superfluity of gables pronounce the builder one of the wealthier colonists. The addition at the left is a survival of the lean-to, and at one time was maintained by a shopkeeper.

This house is shown as an exemplar of the second story "over-hang." At least two reasons for the existence of this peculiar feature have been advanced by authorities on historical architecture. One claims it meant protection for the inhabitants while they cast boiling pitch, molten lead and scalding water down upon the shaved head of red-skinned marauders who encircled the house with sinister intent. With provoking calmness the other squelches

windows, to send leaden death down to the assailants below.

The beginning of the eighteenth century gave entrance to the Provincial Period, which, following the general trend of our architectural progression, brought with it houses more luxurious than ever

before, as accompanists to a steadily increasing prosperity. In the first quarter of the century was introduced the beginning phase of the Georgian influence, as an echo of the Renaissance, in which were copied freely the then prevailing modes of the reigns of Queen Anne and the Georges of England. The Ropes Memorial of 1719 is suggestive of the style just mentioned. With the exception of



HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES

the roof this house is a good specimen of the Queen Anne style.

About 1740 entered the Mansard style, sired by the famous French architect, Charles Mansard, who lived a century before its adoption in America. It embraced the gambrel roof, recently referred to, projecting attic windows and certain external ornaments. While it was then one hundred years old in Europe it has never lost its appeal, being still popular both there and here.

Following the close of the war for independence came the Federal Period, incorporating the third

and last phase of the Georgian style, but with such distinctive native originality of construction and ornamentation as easily to claim the right of an entirely new variety in itself, fittingly called the real period of domestic architecture.

The Assembly House in Federal Street was built



ROPES MEMORIAL

in 1772 by Samuel MacIntyre, the then foremost New England architect. The gentle handling of the enrichment of the capitals surmounting the pilasters set into the walls, and the simplicity of line of the altogether beautiful whole, are representative of the builder at his finest.

Up these broad, stone steps and under the warm glow of this old lantern have passed many of the community's élite, the ladies in delicate, flowered silks, and the gentlemen in rich satins and cocked hats. Notably among them were Lafayette, the young Beau Brummel of the American army, who danced here in the evening of October twenty-ninth, the year of the house's erection, and, five years later, Washington, who opened a ball with the blushing belle of the town; then finding a partner for her—as he did not dance—in Captain Cook, whose house still stands next door.

Analogous to the Assembly House is the Pierce-Nichols house, also in Federal Street. It was built in the same year, 1782, by Jerathemal Pierce, merchant, from plans by the same designer. The superior ornamentation of the roof, windows and corner pilasters of this house prove the universal agreement that unquestionably it is MacIntyre's masterpiece.

During the first twenty-five years of the nineteenth century the foreign motive became firmly established in the history of our architecture,

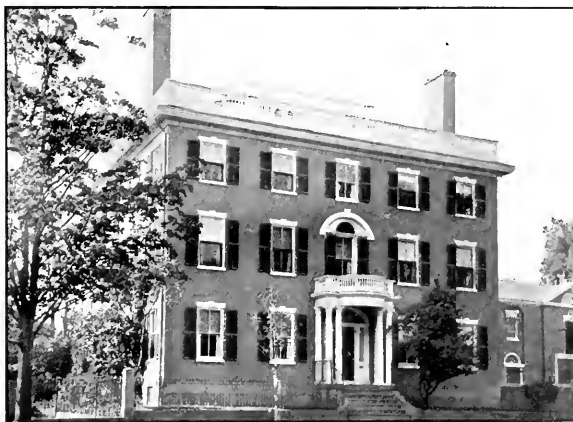


ASSEMBLY HOUSE

effecting some very stately mansions with a wealth of appeal, which are well executed and do nothing but credit to their makers.

The Andrews Mansion is an example of the idealism of the Greek combined with the practicability of the American. It was built in 1818, the most commercially prosperous year since the Revolution, by War Governor John A. Andrews, and was one of three erected on different sides of Salem Common, then a training field for the soldiery. In later years it was the home for a third of a century of William C. Endicott, Justice of the Supreme Court

and a member of President Cleveland's Cabinet. The Andrews house is well deserving of the decision that it is the handsomest structure in the vicinity. Every brick entering its construction was dipped into boiling oil before being put into place, and the supporting pillars, including the magnificent columns glimpsed through the leaves of the tree at the left of the photograph and



ANDREWS MANSION

overlooking a typical old-fashioned garden, were packed with crude rock salt as a preventive of decay from dampness.

The Salem Custom House is one of the closing works of the architect, MacIntyre, and is exhibitiv of that originator's disregard of the conventions of his profession.

From 1846 to 1849 Nathaniel Hawthorne was Surveyor of the Port here, occupying the office on the first floor, of which the window is to the left of the entrance. It is said that the prompting for the "Scarlet Letter" came to him while he was pacing a back room in the building, used for the storage.

MODERN MASTERPIECES OF AMERICAN SILVERSMITHING

By W. FRANK PURDY



THE COMPLETE WORK OF AN ARTIST-ARTISAN GOVERNED BY NO OUTSIDE INFLUENCE

IT is a fact, capable of demonstration, that at every great international exhibition of recent years—both in Paris and London, as well as at the great Columbian Exposition and the late San Francisco Exhibition in this country—the highest possible honors for the creation of masterpieces in silverware have been carried off by some one, two, or three eminent American organizations. Few people realize this, perhaps, or in general the almost remarkable progress which has been made during the past decade or two in the higher art of silversmithing in America. In spite of the fact that it has long been the fashion, in many circles, to refer to the old master gold and silversmiths of Italy and France almost as though the art of metal-working had not only begun in those countries but had ended there as well, the modern American silver displayed

to-day in our shops, exhibition rooms, and private homes, in pure artistic excellence, technical details, and finished workmanship not only rivals but leads the very best of foreign manufacture.

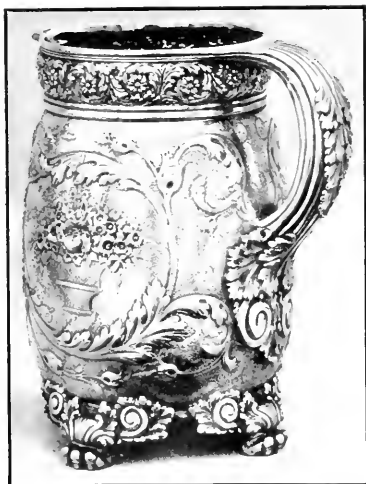
While in the early stages of the development of

this art—for art it is—in this country, we fell into many errors in taste and judgment, through our crass commercialism and a too ready practice of sacrificing beauty to the mere practical purpose of an article and its immediate appeal to a public which had not yet learned to discriminate, there has nevertheless been maintained an idealism which has borne rich and creditable fruit in the higher realms of this art-craft. It is a noteworthy fact that at the exhibitions referred to, we have, in every case, met our competitors on their own ground, carried the war into their own country as it were, and honorably carried away the trophies of the day.

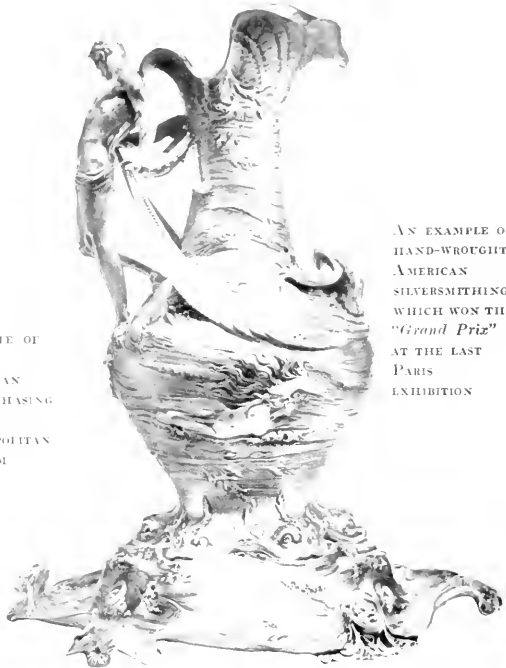
Perhaps the first manifestation of this artistic strength of ours showed itself at the Columbian Exposition. There through a display of American made enamels, both transparent and translucent—and in every exquisite detail the peers of those shown by the Russian exhibitors—a well known American house gained the highest honors. And do we not all know the fame of the Russian artisan in connection with this particular craft?

Again, in Milan, an exhibit was made of creations in silver embodying the purest classic design and execution which easily surpassed the finest showing that the Italian workers were able to make.

During the last exhibition in Paris, there was shown by two prominent American manufacturers silverware which—from its beginning to its end—was hand-wrought with such originality and



EXAMPLE OF EARLY AMERICAN HAND-CHASING FROM METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

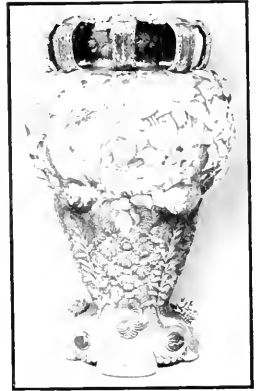


AN EXAMPLE OF HAND-WROUGHT AMERICAN SILVERSMITHING WHICH WON THE "Grand Prix" AT THE LAST PARIS EXHIBITION



PRIZE-WINNING EXAMPLE OF THE ATHENIC SCHOOL OF DESIGN
DEVELOPED BY AN AMERICAN DESIGNER

A SUPERB
EXAMPLE
OF THE
BEAUTY
TO BE
DERIVED
FROM THE USE
OF AMERICAN
FLORA AS AN
INSPIRATION



perfect artistic qualities as to compare most favorably with that of the oldest masters of the craft, such as Celleni and his classic school. By the traditions of the past, and influenced in its

Possibly, however, the most dominant note in connection with this same exhibition is that on remarkably short notice this same organization created and displayed a collection of wares especially designed to compete with the celebrated English "plain" ware, and in this field was again brilliantly successful, winning for the American silversmith every honor in sight.

While all of this is, of course, most praiseworthy and encouraging, and should inspire in the minds of our art-lovers and patrons a desire to uphold such a splendid beginning, there is, on the other hand, one point that should make those who are truly awake to the wonderful possibilities for America of this perfect mingling of the "fine" and "industrial" in art pause and question. And the question that comes is this: Is it right, after all, that all of this success—justly creditable as may be, satisfactory as it doubtless is—all this perfect

craftsmanship, all this pure design should be inspired, as it is, and that almost without exception, by the traditions of the past, and influenced in its

development by the examples and teachings of the foreign school? One must question whether it is not time now that in this field as well as in those other branches of decoration and art, we should not gain our inspiration for our work from our own country. Is it not time we forgot some of the old traditions—beautiful and sound though they may be—and looked about us for inspiration from our own soil, our own people, our own history?

The surface of the rich mines of inspiration suggested by the American Indian, and the inexhaustible store of relics which he has left us, the plants and flowers of our own fields, gardens, and forests, the various struggles and crises through which we, in our development, have passed have only been scratched. May we not hope that founded on our own sources of suggestion there may spring up in this country a school of industrial design—in



COMPLETE HAND-WROUGHT DRESSING-TABLE AND TOILET SERVICE INTO
WHICH NO MECHANICAL PROCESS ENTERED



A BATTLE-SHIP PUNCH-BOWL IN COURSE OF MANUFACTURE



A HAND-CHASER AT WORK

silversmithing as well as in other crafts—that shall be not only fresh, virile, and filled with new interest, but our very own, so that in the ages to come we shall have made our own peculiar and individual impression on the art history of the world? Those whose judgment is worthy of respect are convinced that this can be true, and that it shall be true, and that then only shall the American artist-artisan honestly come into his own, and reap the full benefit of the rich heritage which is rightly his. Our industrial products, as our finer arts, must not only be valued for their pure artistic conception, but for the source of that conception. Then only shall we have fulfilled our artistic destiny, and then only shall we have demonstrated that true art in democracy which shall not only make every utensil beautiful in itself and perfectly fitted for its purpose, but ideally representative of that art which shall picture our own country and tell our story to posterity.

The importance of industrial art in the commercial welfare of the United States has long been preached by a few. Many now realize that we are far behind



PROCESS OF MAKING A SILVER BODY BY MEANS OF THE SNARLING-IRON

time this country is thrown upon its own resources and inventiveness, to its own great good, and therefore, this is America's great art opportunity. Surely nothing can be more in keeping with our national character and with the accomplishments made by us in the past than that this art should manifest itself in industrial art supremacy.

European nations in industrial art education. The number of industrial art schools in this country can be counted on one's hands; whereas in Europe, before the War, such schools were as numerous as the cities that dot the map. So in this country it is our patriotic duty to strengthen the industrial art movement.

There is no reason why the American boy and girl with talent for design and color should not be trained in American schools and present conditions most certainly point to the furthering of industrial art education in this country. People have been thinking that no good thing in art could come out of America, but now the best students of Art History express the firm belief that the greatest art of the world will be American. For the first





Photographs by the Author

DOORWAYS THAT ENHANCE AND DIGNIFY

BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

FRONT doorways afford a most interesting study. Mutely expressive of attributes, variously shaded, ranging from whole-hearted hospitality to cold reserve or dignified aloofness, their influence upon the home, particularly because of the position occupied, is invariably most potent, and hence, in their designing, they especially deserve the maximum of thoughtful consideration.

The doorway, or entrance feature, of a home must naturally correspond with the architectural style employed for the house in general. However, various modifications are always possible, and a proper handling of these modifications will nearly always result in successfully accomplishing the expression of the attribute or quality desired. To so interpret a particular type of doorway as to make it expressive of either warmth or coldness, old-fashioned hospitality or formal aloofness, of variously shaded plebeian informality or refined dignity, and so forth, and to have it at the same time fully conform architecturally with the remainder of the house, therefore, should always comprise the builder's aim.

The matter of floral treatment for the front entrance also deserves more or less careful study.

Many charming possibilities are afforded by it in this respect, and it is very often possible, by the mere use of flowers, vines and other foliage, to change the character of a doorway entirely. The strictly formal entrance, of course, requires but little more than an evenly balanced arrangement of either bay trees or arbor-vitæ in pots or urns, and perhaps one or more pairs of Italian cypress, but for informal schemes the planting may be more profuse and irregular. However, in either case, a proper regard must be shown for the general character of the street vista, the style of the house individually, the particular quality that it is desired the entrance shall radiate, and so forth.

In present-day home-building the broad, sweeping veranda or front porch is by no means so common as it was a few years ago. Instead, the out-door lounging retreat, which it was intended to comprise, is now more often relegated to some place either on one side or in the rear of the house, where greater privacy may be enjoyed. As a result, the type of entrance that represents an entrance feature only is quite the vogue, and hence entrance designing is beginning to constitute a considerable art, for it must now receive undivided attention. In our adaptations from the architectural styles of foreign countries, particularly from Italy, Spain and France, the entrance is especially susceptible to interesting interpretation. The various so-called Colonial styles are also exerting a considerable influence upon modern home architecture, and the Colonial entrance is invariably attractive, if consistently and otherwise properly handled. With it there has naturally been returned to favor the old-fashioned knocker, of charming possibilities, and not infrequently in such types of entrances are likewise found inviting doorway seats, variously designed.

Herewith are reproduced photographs of several doorways and entrances that will be found especially worthy of close study. Not only are they of widely different styles, but they also afford suggestions for floral treatments, the arranging of doorway seats, the planning of possible terraces, and many other auxiliary things.



THE SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE ENTRANCE OF A LARGE CEMENT STUCCO HOUSE—COLUMNS OF DORIC TYPE—BRICK-PAVED TERRACE ACROSS FRONT



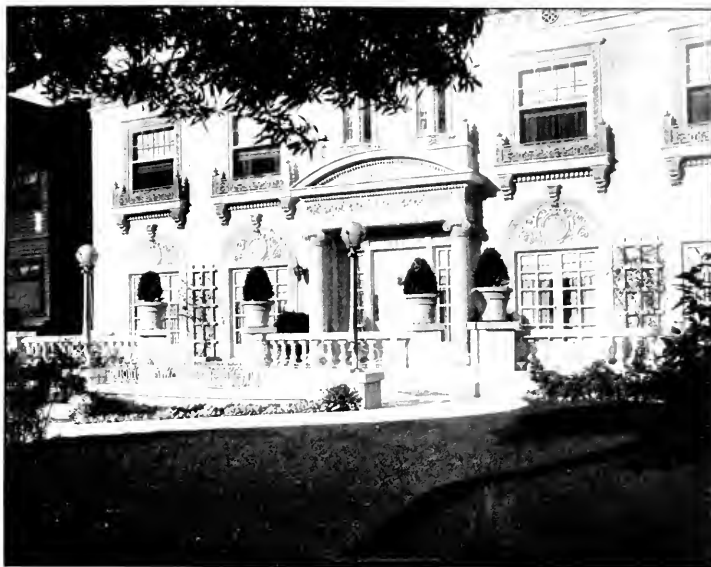
BROADLY SPEAKING, THE ENTRANCE HERE IS OF FRENCH INFLUENCE. THE DESIGN OF THE MARQUESE AND THE IRON GRILLE-WORK ARE ESPECIALLY WORTHY OF NOTE.

A SIMPLY DESIGNED ENTRANCE WITH SEATS AT EACH SIDE. WHILE THE DOOR IS PROVIDED WITH OLD-FASHIONED KNOCKER AND LATCH.



AN ENTRANCE THAT SHOWS AN EFFECTIVE COMBINING OF RED BRICK AND WHITE ARTIFICIAL STONE. A CEMENT TERRACE EXTENDS ACROSS THE FRONT.

THE ENTRANCE SHOWN HERE IS OF AN IMPOSING HOME OF ITALIAN VILLA INTERPRETATION, WORTHY OF STUDY IN EVERY DETAIL.



THE ENTRANCE SHOWN HERE IS ESPECIALLY INTERESTING FOR ITS CHARMING FLORAL TREATMENT.

THE ENTRANCE OF A HOUSE OF MODIFIED FRENCH COLONIAL INTERPRETATION, WITH A HIGH-BACKED SEAT AT EITHER SIDE OF THE DOORWAY.





NATURAL ROCK FORMATION ON THE ATLANTIC COAST AT SEAL HARBOR, MAINE, REPRESENTING
A CLEAN-CUT NATURAL GRANITE BULK OF MASSIVE BOLDNESS

(See page 73)

“ Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings.”

Partial
view of the
rockery of
O. C.
Lippincott
in German-
town, Pa.



A remark-
ably fine
example of
amateur
work done
by the
owner

ROCK GARDENS

BY RICHARD ROTHE

(Photographs by the author)

TO those of us who are in close contact with the nature and flower-loving class of suburban and country home-owners, their present deep and lively interest in rock-gardening is plainly apparent. As one of the many signs of a healthy advance in the beautification of home grounds, I believe we have every reason to aid and encourage particularly the active and self-thinking amateurs who desire to take the initiative in this direction. It seems to me, however, before beginning with the real work, we should be perfectly clear about the purpose and meaning of a rockery. We want some information as to the possibilities in effects, and naturally we are anxious to see and study examples of various dimensions and different character to get a general idea of a true rock garden, and the problems connected with the technical part of building it. For books on the subject, we still depend largely on English publications, but owing to differences in climate they are apt to prove misleading, at least in the selection of plant material. Leaving the Japanese gardens out as in a distinct class by themselves, we soon realize the fact that rockeries, especially of moderate and smaller dimensions representing American conceptions and ideas, are as yet somewhat rare. When trying to obtain photos to illustrate this article, I found myself compelled by prevailing conditions to resort to my own design, or use pictures of work in which I have taken a prominent part. In building the rock construction for "Lindenhurst," near Jenkintown, Pa., I had the pleasure of cooperating with Mr. John H. Dodds, the superintendent of the grounds of Mrs. John Wanamaker.

In my opinion the American rock garden should

represent the result of an honest attempt to combine the beauty of primitive rocks and natural rocky formations with that of a floral vegetation more or less mountainous in character. To build and enjoy a rock garden, however, does not necessarily require a large estate with natural landscape conditions especially adapted for its introduction. So far, the proudest and happiest rockery owners I have met live in suburban districts, where the total area of a building site seldom averages beyond the one acre size. It is usually here that personal ingenuity and a loving interest decides the issue. The purely practical purpose of the rock construction is the same, no matter how large or small it may be. If the ground formation is not appropriate to the growth and display of a host of interesting plant species consisting largely of our most attractive native mountain flora, it is a failure, regardless of how beautiful the designer may have made it.

Returning to the work of construction, we can heighten the total effect of a rock garden immensely by keeping before us the ground formation and proportionately balancing the massive parts, also by giving due regard to the ruggedness and contours of the stone work. The small rockery on the suburban lot running along an embankment as a scene of interest and activity to the plant lover and naturalist offers many problems. As a prominent feature of a home ground, it is an object of beauty when designed and planned as ingeniously as the rockery of Mr. O. C. Lippincott on Lincoln Drive, in Germantown, Philadelphia, shown in our illustration. The semi-shaded woodland section, the rock-garden treatment of the course of a brook



PARTIAL VIEW
OF ROCK GARDEN
AT "LINDENHURST,"
THE COUNTRY
RESIDENCE OF
JOHN WANAMAKER,
NEAR JENKINTOWN,
PENNSYLVANIA

ROCK GARDEN
VIEW AT
"LINDENHURST"
SHOWING POOL

running through a deep ravine-like cut, and again the construction on a mountain slope or hillside with ideal natural conditions, are possibilities we are apt to be confronted with any day. For personal efficiency, the novice in rock-garden building may take the most instructive lessons from nature herself. Considering geological stratigraphy to be of secondary import, I directed my attention first of all to the study of those elements of beauty in rocks applying to my object. The surface formation of ledgy plateaus, the ruggedness of rocky mountainous slopes and the picturesqueness of some of our cliff-bound seashore lines make more clear our power of vision. Our illustration of the clean-cut natural granite bulk facing the Atlantic Ocean near Seal Harbor, Maine, bears evidence of this. In general contour and massive boldness its beauty appeals to us at a glance. Seeing it in reality, we find the variation in colors of the rocks ranging from snow-white to deep salmon and rosy pink, and again to a deep bluish-black. This is one instance showing that the employment of a rock material of vivid coloring in marked variations when building the construction of rockeries does not necessarily mean to work contrary to nature. The picture seems to me like a page out of "Nature's Guide Book." It is delightful to discover some picturesque natural grouping on a hillside. The beautiful growth of our native rhododendrons and kalmias upon the slopes of the Alleghany Mountains as object lessons suggest the rock-garden idea and inspire us in our work.

The best time to build rock gardens is during the fall and winter months. But now, after so much admiring, studying and diligent writing about the beauty of natural rocks of the rough weathered kind, I frankly confess that I have very seldom had this material at my disposal when building rockeries. Long-distance hauling of large weighty rocks is expensive. Therefore, near the large Eastern cities, we often depend on the nearby



quarries and their rough, oddly shaped grade of broken rocks. If lucky, we may be able to obtain some fine weather-beaten blocks in the lot. As a rule, however, surface coloring is the exception. If after some experience we prove capable of building a rockery out of almost any kind and form of stone, it is on account of our study of Nature's prototypes rather than out of our so-called experience. As a matter of fact, I wish to state that out of poor material no first-class rock-garden effects can be obtained. Granite in coloring is very attractive when exposed to the open sun. Brown-stone is also preferable for the open, while the gray sandstone and the light-colored limestone grades are best suited for shade and partial shade. The rockery built out of round field boulders I think most appropriate for level ground. Yellow and brown flint rocks found in the beds of river and creek I consider excellent along natural water-courses traversing the open sunny lawn, and also for the shores of smaller ponds or pools. In regard to situations, we should try to discourage all attempts to build rockeries under the deep overhead shade of trees, especially Norway maples. Desiring rich floral effects means to build for the principal part out in the open sun. The rockery as a special

feature of home-grounds does not call for a fence, hedge or wall to surround and protect it, but it needs the loosely planted ever-verdant setting of the dwarfy evergreen growth characteristic of high altitudes in the mountains. At this instant, I see my friend, the architect, looking at one of my rockeries and turning to me with that indulgent smile of his, he says: "Very well, but a rock garden is not an essential part of a place." My reply: "I quite agree with you, but if the owner of a place wants us to make a rock garden the most conspicuous and attractive feature of his grounds, are we up to the task?" From the opposite direction a few minutes later a lady garden-enthusiast approaching us voices her impression by exclaiming: "You know, rock-gardening is going to be the fad of the near future." In my humble opinion this would be the worst that could happen. As a fad it is going to be a fizzle, surely.

What we expect to see is the rock garden as an innovation in our public parks for the purpose of introducing and effectively displaying the beauty of our native mountain flora. We expect the elaborately built rockery of adequate dimension,

well arranged and well cared for, to be made the most enjoyable spot on our large and refined private estates, wherever the natural conditions favor their introduction. Last but not least, I expect rock-gardening to be taken up by many of the advanced garden amateurs in suburban districts. Personally I don't know of a more interesting and enjoyable task than the building of a rock garden. Rock-gardening means concentration: it means an acquaintance with and the enjoyment of the largest variety of plant species on the possibly smallest space. When once established, it does not require any more than average care, that is, weeding and at drought the necessary watering. During spring-time, when in full glory, the rock garden offers its large brimful measure of cheer to us. The dense sheets of the blossoms of phlox, amœna, divaricata and subulata appear like a greeting from distant hillsides. The sweet fragrance of the different mountain dianthus and the mountain thyme seems a breath from the clear atmosphere of lofty regions. Truly a well-kept and carefully arranged rock garden during flowering season should be seen and enjoyed rather than described.

SIMPLICITY THE KEY-NOTE OF MODERN ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN

BY LIONEL MOSES

IT was not many years ago that the key-note of architectural design was ornateness. Architects vied with one another to see how much ornamentation could be crowded into a given space. This was true not only of the carpenter—architect but, alas, was equally true of the professional whose training might have been expected to show him the error of his way.

We walk along our main thoroughfares in any large city and see the evidences of a disordered taste: we motor through the suburbs and out into the country and here also we see that the past has dealt very unkindly with brick, stone, and wood, has distorted it into strange and ugly shapes and covered it with equally unfortunate decoration.

But even while edifices of the kind described,

were being erected, there was rising a generation of artists destined to bring order out of the chaos. They were what might well be termed pioneers in good architecture. They were of the gentle kind who, with quiet dignity, designed for the equally gentle: those who were modest and retiring, rather than blatant and unrefined. Here and there arose houses different from the rest; dignified, simple, quiet. People saw these houses and liked them and soon they put to shame their neighbors. And now after a generation, city, suburb and country are filled with residences and public buildings which charm the eye and please the best-developed taste. Architecture of this good type has come to stay, to the benefit of communities and to the advantage of the entire country, for art is a civilizing influence



RESIDENCE OF MRS. ERNEST ALLIS, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
Lewis Colt Albro, Architect



RESIDENCE OF JEROME MENDESOLN, ESQ., ALBANY, N. Y.

Lewis Colt Albion, Architect

and while it retains its virility, it improves all conditions with which it comes in contact, and the appreciation of art and its creator places it on sure foundations.

Before the time of photography the architect was dependent upon sketches and memory for his knowledge. The study of the art was confined to comparatively few, some of whose names now stand high in its annals. But these few taught well and gave to the world examples which inspired their beholders not only to design in a like manner but also to study ancient edifices which had been the original inspiration of the architectural pioneer. Photography simplified the study of architecture and placed before the multitude the finest examples. It advertised good design and is doing so to-day to the benefit of the whole world. The best of Europe is transplanted here for observation and study making travel though much to be desired, quite unnecessary, to obtain those charming effects which had their origin in the Old World.

For country houses England and Italy have given us the most varied as well as the most interesting examples and hardly a community exists in which there are not admirable

little houses which recall the English or the Italian type of residence. These communities exist from Maine to California, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, showing the completeness of the range to which good architecture has extended and though the best work is of comparatively recent origin, yet it is destined in time, to take on those effects which natural coloring and growth of surrounding foliage alone can give:—the effects which make a house become part of the landscape.

Mrs. Ernest Allis's house at Louisville, Ky., is an example of an Italian Villa having the same atmosphere as many of those which we come across in their native clime and attracts attention by reason of its simple straightforwardness and evenly balanced composition. When one has said this it would seem as though he were finished but a further analysis reveals other qualities which make the design so eminently satisfactory. We note the large wall surfaces, this being a requisite of good architecture sometimes ignored in order to obtain a maximum of window space. We also note the "long low effect" so much to be desired, and the practically unbroken tile roof, pierced only by two chimneys and



LIVING-ROOM: RESIDENCE, JEROME MENDESOLN, ESQ.



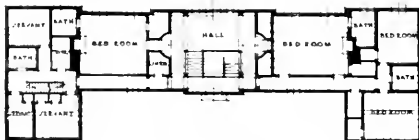
SWIMMING-POOL AND BATHHOUSE PAVILION FOR MR. EVERETT COLBY.
LLEWELLYN PARK, WEST ORANGE, N. J.

Lewis Colt Albro, Architect

two small windows. The feature of the elevation is the entrance door which is well proportioned and quite properly ornamented. Turning to the plan of this house we are struck by its simplicity and yet its completeness for all necessary comforts. A hall, a dining-room, and a living-room with an ample loggia are all that a small house requires on the ground floor as living quarters and these being so placed as to get the advantage of sun and air, no fault may be found providing the question of service is properly taken care of as it is in the present case.

The loggia is really another living-room, tiled and with enough windows to insure breezes from three directions, as well as an abundance of sunlight in winter.

The requirements of the second story were simple



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

RESIDENCE OF MRS. ERNEST ALLIS, FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR PLANS

and the plan is so, a feature being the ample hall from which the principal bedrooms lead. The corridor becomes necessary because of the narrowness of the house. This second story has in all, four master's bedrooms and three baths besides those required for servants.

Quite different is the house built for Mr. Jerome Mendleson by the same architect, Mr. Lewis Colt Albro. It is a suburban type of house and of



SUN-ROOM IN THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. ERNEST ALLIS,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

the same character as many of the more modern English houses such as have been built in growing communities outside of the large cities. It is as charming a small house of this type as has been built abroad and fulfils the requirement of plan and design as completely as could be desired. In perfect accord with the exterior, is the interior, as indicated by the living-room which is distinctly English.



COMPOSITE TILE PICTURE FROM THE CHASE THEATRE IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

AMERICAN POTTERY A RECENT DEVELOPMENT OF FAIENCE IN THE MIDDLE WEST

BY ERNEST BRUCE HASWELL

Photographs by Courtesy of Rookwood Pottery Co.

THE culture of a people may be estimated in ratio to its appreciation of the applied arts.

The attitude of many Americans toward the arts is still in that stage of development where like the negro who first saw the cornet "they would like to blow the thing straight out." By the term American people I include not only that class whose artistic ideals are as photographic as its musical ideals are phonographic, but the so-called cultured class whose recent arts and crafts craze drove the individual faddists to the perpetration of such uncraftermanlike monstrosities.

Again there is a large conservative class and these are they who have always found pleasure in the contemplation of the beautiful rather than crying from the housetops the propaganda or the creed of some new art cult. Because of this we have been gradually developing skilled designers and communities of craft workers. The consequence is that decorative art and more especially that which has to do with interior decoration is, in America, slowly growing away from the claw-footed Morris chair stage. Tapestries, wall-papers, stencils and all the adjuncts of the "House Beautiful" are not the crudities that they once were. The name Rookwood is spoken with reverence by faddist and conservative alike. The steady growth of this pottery from an institution for the

employment of the idle rich to its present enviable position in the world of Ceramics is due to the ideals of its founder, Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer, the similar ideals and skilful management of Mr. William Watts Taylor and later of Mr. Gest. It was Mrs. Storer's father who made the remark that it was for the employment of the idle rich, and I am forced to admit that in the beginning the idea moved forward along lines similar to some of the fads so recently condemned, for it was the custom among the society ladies of the period to do pieces of pottery and take them to Rookwood for their "baptism of fire."

But matters did not rest here, for the difficulties that beset the amateur and the broader vision of the founder carried Rookwood beyond the formative stages when it might have been called a fad. Later developments have proven that Mrs. Storer was certainly not herself a faddist.

On one of Cincinnati's hills overlooking the city, the river and the Kentucky Highlands, the present home of Rookwood stands. The low-rambling buildings are expressive of the beauty that is created within; the creators themselves are craftsmen with an art education, which means craftsmanship plus. The list of Exposition Awards will show more than a dozen grand prizes and gold medals to their credit. And though the ware is to be seen in no



FOUNTAIN IN THE CUT-FLLOWER DEPARTMENT OF THE NEW LORD AND TAYLOR STORE IN NEW YORK

less than a score of museums over the world; decorator and potter continue to work toward greater artistic and technical excellence.

Of late years this institution has turned its attention to the decoration of the interior and exterior walls themselves; panels, figures and fountains are brought safely through the hazard of the furnace. Not since Della Robbia have glazes been applied to such beautifully modeled surfaces. Most certainly such glazes have never before been applied to any surface; mat glazes admitting a slight penetration of light, with no glassy reflections, as plastic as the clay modeled surfaces they cover—graceful, expressive and beautiful.

The art of making opaque glazes has been found and lost and found again. The Egyptians and Assyrians knew the secret, the Saracens in the twelfth century practised it. Della Robbia brought to a high state of perfection the application of colored glazes to his own sculpture; Pallissy tore up his cottage floor, after having burned his furniture to feed his furnace. Since



"BOY AND DOLPHIN"

FOUNTAIN IN THE TEA-ROOM OF THE PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL, NEW YORK

his success the art has remained. Mr. Stanley Burt, with the formulas that are the common property of all potters, has improved and developed new formulas until Rookwood glazes are the envy and despair of all craftsmen. No reds, greens, blues or yellows exceed his in intensity and richness of shade.

Clement J. Barnhorn, whose work, so suggestive of Della Robbia, has added new luster to the name of Rookwood, is a sculptor of international reputation. John Dee Wareham, as head of the decorators, has designed all the large panels and lunettes, while W. P. McDonald has contributed much to the craftsmanship of the Faience. Whatever artistic and mechanical excellence be characteristic of the Faience is due to these men. To study them it is best to turn to their work in rathskeller, foyer and lobby of hotels and theaters in our larger cities or some of the more recent

fountains that have been done to beautify that home of commercialism, the American department store. And this last is a significant fact, for business is



DETAILS OF THE UPPER PART OF A FOUNTAIN, BY THE ROOKWOOD COMPANY TO BE USED IN THE BAER, KAUFMAN STORE IN PITTSBURGH, PA.

ARCHITECTS, STARBETT AND VAN BLECK OF NEW YORK; C. J. BARNHORN, SCULPTOR. THIS GROUP SUGGESTS ALSO A GARDEN SETTING IN WHICH IT WOULD BE APPROPRIATELY PLACED.

business, and no demand is supplied unless it is a real one. The fact that a large class of Americans demand beauty of a high order in the shops where they buy the necessities and not a few of the luxuries of life, is, I say, a significant one and means much in the development of culture without the quotation marks.

The man whose work has supplied the beauty of sculptured form to the Faience is Clement J. Barnhorn. In this phase of his work he is best represented by the Lord and Taylor Fountain in New York and the Kaufman - Baur in Pittsburgh, while the "Dolphin and Boy" in the Prince George Hotel in New York still remains one of the best examples of the exuberance of childhood, decoratively conceived.

The Seelbach Rathskeller in Louisville is the first product of John Dee Wareham's art, a conventional treatment of castles and other medieval motifs, eighteen panels in all. Later came the decorating of the Fort Pitt Hotel in Pittsburgh and the designing not only of the wall panels but the furniture and dishes as well.

While low glaze-covered relief is used in most of

the interiors this is not true of the Chase Theater in Washington where seven large terra cotta murals ranging in subject from Tragedy to Buffoonery are executed on a plain tiled surface with only a raised line to hold the color. Mr. Wareham's use of the glazes is individual. The colors with their fascinating uncertainty have led many into accidental pictorial effects, with a not very unsatisfactory result. But back of the decorator is the chemist and endless experiment. And this brings us to a heresy that found expression in a previous paragraph. It concerns that ideal of all architects, Della Robbia glazes. Della Robbia the sculptor is unquestioned, but as a

maker of glazes he was hardly so successful.

Given the range of color, the mechanical perfection and certainty that is characteristic of Rookwood, it is hardly conceivable to what greater heights in the realm of beauty he might have attained. I say it sounds like heresy, but it is ever so with recently realized truths, and those who know will tell you that such is the gift that America owes to Rookwood.



THE NORSE ROOM: FORT PITT HOTEL, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

KUSTARNY

BY N. TOURNEUR

FEW people outside Russia seem to know about Kustarny. Yet it is one of the wonders of that great conglomeration of races—all of whose languages no one person can speak, for they exceed one hundred different tongues.

The Russian peasants, snowed up as they sometimes are for seven months in the year, far from towns, seek a diversion, and in seeking it they have throughout the centuries built up a wonderful crafts art all their own. It is Kustarny. That is, peasant handicrafts, or, better, arts-and-crafts.

Some five hundred years and more ago, when the history of Russia had yet to be written, Kustarny found a humble beginning among humble folk. It may be said to have come into being through force of circumstances—the necessity of the Russian peasantry to find something to do during their long dreary winter. To-day, they produce some of the most exquisitely beautiful things to be seen in the

two hemispheres. Kustarny is very comprehensive. It ranges from toy making and weaving to furniture and leather work—from artistic studies in castiron to most delicate and surprising work in jewelry and precious stones. And the Kustari, or peasant arts and crafts workers, turn out their wares as often as not in no enviable circumstances.

Picture a small room with one little window, through which the dim daylight of winter struggles with an effort; sometimes in mid-winter there are only four hours of daylight. When the darkness draws on, the room is lighted by means of a small oil lamp, or, if the family is very poor, and most of them are, by a torch of pine wood dipped in oil. Aided by the fitful flicker, the occupants create these artistic masterpieces, which call forth the enthusiastic admiration of buyers and connoisseurs.

Jewelry and bronze, enamel, horn work, and carving, embroidery and lace form some of the



A RUSSIAN VILLAGE

popular branches of the vast home industries of the Russians, which comprehend many others including the weaving of silk, carpets, and cloths.

There are more than 10,000,000 peasants engaged every winter in Russia in making all kinds of most ingenious and beautiful toys. The natural aptitude for carving possessed by the Kustari is shown to the full in the most beautiful workmanship in carvings of figures, animals, birds, etc.

With no other tool than his beloved penknife, the peasant carves the most uncannily minute and graceful objects out of "tchinar," a special kind of wood. One extraordinary effort in such work is a set of doll's tea things, including the inevitable samovar or tea-urn, a teapot, cups, saucers, and plates, so minute that all the pieces of the set pack away into a tiny box which at a pinch can hold only one green pea of average size. Tea sets of thirty-two pieces are not so astonishing, though, as fifty dolls that can be extracted from a midget mother barely two inches in height.

Kustarny jewelry and bric-à-brac are particularly beautiful. About Russian jewelry, both in design and craftsmanship, there is a certain indefinable charm found in no other. It is more like a blend of the best European and the best Eastern artistry combined in subtle harmony. The finest of it is produced by the Kustari, who are remarkably clever jewelers, executing the most intricate work with a beauty and finish so perfect as to be almost



THE KUSTARI AT THEIR CRAFT

beyond comprehension, when the lack of training and the conditions under which the exquisite wares are wrought are taken into consideration.

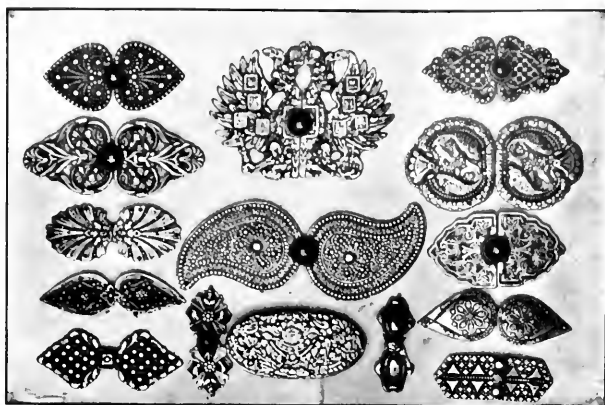
Bronze work is the product of a small section of the peasants, who in addition to being unusually skilful craftsmen have made a special study of the work. Their casts of insects, animals, plant life, human subjects, and others are strikingly handsome. Others of the peasants devote their tedious winter to casting life-size studies, which can stand the test of the best ateliers in France, Britain, or any other country noted for such work.

What is certain to become in time as costly a



NEST OF BOXES CARVED BY THE KUSTARI

JEWELRY
PRODUCED
BY THE
KUSTARI



CHARMING
IN DESIGN
AND
CRAFTSMANSHIP

craze as ever Japanese and Chinese lacquer is the Loukoutin work of the Kustari. This particular art, for art it is, was created some two hundred years ago by a peasant family named Loukoutin. The model is first enameled in various designs and colors, and then baked at a high temperature. A subsequent finishing process produces this lovely enamel work. Pieces of old Loukoutin, which is very rare, now bring more than their weight in gold. The Russian and other connoisseurs are no fools!

The precise form of handicraft selected by the peasantry is influenced to a great degree by the quality of raw material obtainable in the particular locality, the climate, geographical conditions, and the local demand.



WITH NO OTHER TOOL THAN HIS BELOVED PENKNIFE, THE PEASANT CARVES MINUTE AND GRACEFUL OBJECTS OUT OF "TCHINAR"

Thus, in the Caspian Sea District the peasants are mostly engaged during the winter in weaving carpets and silk goods, and turning out silver work. In the Northern District of the Volga, leather is prepared and finished, and furs got ready for market the chief varieties being sable, white and silver-blue fox, ermine, squirrel, and so on. Again, the manufacture of toys, which ranks among the most important Kustarny industries, has its principal seat in Central Russia.

The Kustari sell the most of their wares either locally or at the District fairs. These fairs are visited by agents who buy the products for sale again in the cities, and order the goods required for next season, and often supply the raw material.

In small or remote districts the Government has organized District Kustarny Centres, which supply materials, and not only purchase the goods but push the sale of them in channels which the peasant craftsmen can not hope to reach. These centers also collect the finished work, and distribute the payments for it.

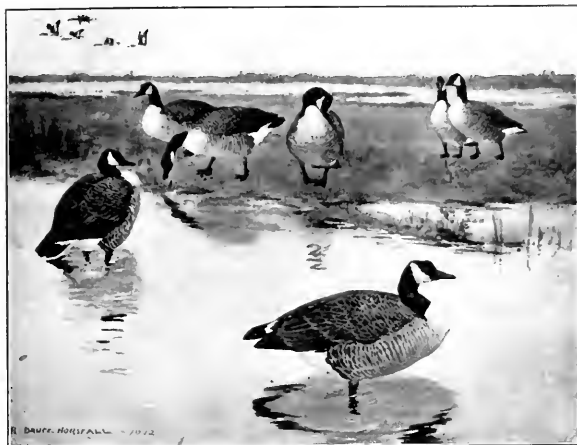
In no other part of the world is there anything like Kustarny. The work of the Kustari is not only uncommonly useful; it is, too, the outcome of an untrained and uneducated person working to express him or herself—not for commerce in the first place, but for the pleasure of doing it.

That is the secret of Kustarny.



DOIL'S TEA THINGS WHICH MAY BE PACKED AWAY INTO A TINY BOX

The most splendid water-fowl game bird of America.



From a painting by R. Bruce Horsfall

CANADA GEESSE

WHEN THE WILDFOWL COME

By T. GILBERT PEARSON

IT is in October that the wildfowl appear in numbers over much of the United States. From Minnesota to northern Central America they will be found until the impulse of migration again comes over them upon the approach of spring. The main summer home of the fifty or more species of Ducks and Geese is in western North America. For at this season they occupy chiefly that territory that lies between the Great Lakes and Hudson Bay on the East and the Pacific Ocean on the West.

Canada is the great nursery of the wildfowl, although hundreds of thousands annually are raised in our northern tier of Western States. I have traveled over areas in North Dakota for hundreds of miles where practically every slough and pond, which are so numerous in the rolling prairies, had its quota of old Ducks leading their long string of Ducklings. Many of these build their nests out on the dry prairie sometimes a mile or more from the water, but as soon as the young are hatched they are taken where they can swim and dabble.

Upon the approach of autumn all over the vast country we call the Northwest, the wildfowl rise in flocks and wing their way south through the quiet autumn nights. There are three special routes of migration. One goes down the Pacific Coast, the second follows in a general way the Mississippi Valley, and the third crosses the states diagonally passing below the Great Lakes and striking the Atlantic Coast in the general neighborhood of Maryland. Here they spread out and down the coast line, teeming in the bays, marshes, and river mouths.

It is then the gunners begin their work, and there are few field sports that are as uncertain, as exhilarating, and altogether as entertaining as wildfowl shooting. As a rule the birds are exceedingly wise and it is very difficult to stalk them. Therefore practically all the methods employed in hunting these wary birds involve the principle of

the gunner lying in wait and luring the birds to a safe shooting distance by means of decoys. It is a common thing for a gunner to sit on a point of marsh well surrounded by carefully arranged brush or marsh grass. With a hundred or more wooden dummies of Ducks he awaits the coming of sunrise, and the appearance of the wildfowl. The birds are gregarious by nature, and when a little bunch of a dozen come flying along and they see what appears to be a hundred of their fellows contentedly bobbing about on the waves they are very much inclined to "draw" to them. It is then that the gunner gets in his work.

Another method of shooting, especially the Canvassack, Red-headed, and other species of diving Ducks, is to shoot from batteries. This is an ingenious, floating receptacle for the gunner and looks much like a coffin with canvas wings floating on either side. In this the gunner lies surrounded by his decoys and thus many of the choicest Ducks are taken.

In hunting wild geese it is well to have staked in the shallow water near by some live geese decoys. These educated rascals begin honking as soon as they see the wild geese appear, and thus bring their untamed neighbors to destruction.

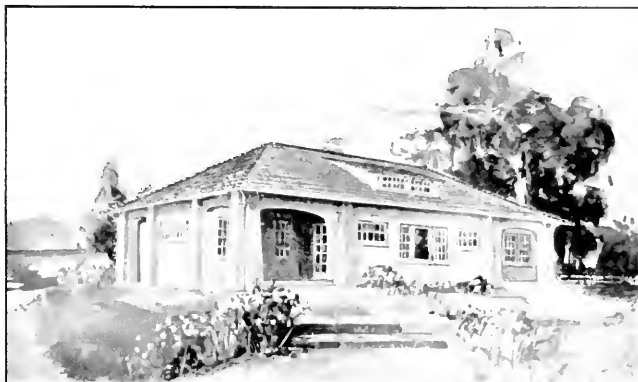
This bird is the *pièce de résistance* of the fowls. Canada Geese, whose great feather-vedges we sometimes see passing overhead in autumn and again in spring, are the most splendid waterfowls in America, and constitute one of the few species of game birds that seem to be holding their own in numbers.

The shooting of wildfowl for sport and for food has been carried on ever since the first settlers reached these shores, and one is led to wonder if any wild Ducks are left in the country. Now however, the birds are having a better chance, as many states have passed laws prohibiting the sale of their bodies during migration.

POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

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CRAFTSMAN
BUNGALOW
No. 90



BUILT OF
CEMENT ON
METAL LATH

THIS one-story bungalow is meant, of course, for a small family, as it has room for only two bedrooms, but the arrangement of the interior is so compact that the maximum of room is afforded within the space enclosed by the outer walls. The walls are of cement on metal lath, with a roof of rough red slate and ridges of tile. The low, broad, sturdy effect is heightened by the use of buttresses, which support the wide-eaved roof and give strength and dignity to the lines of the wall. This house also has ample window space. Two small recessed porches at one end of the house serve respectively as entrance porch and outdoor dining-room. A glass door leads from the entrance porch directly into the living-room.

The whole front of this room is taken up with the central group of windows and the casements set high on either side. A window-seat is built below the middle group, and bookcases occupy the remainder of the wall space to the height of the casements. On either side of the fireplace is an open cabinet for ornaments, curios and the like. The dining-room, as is nearly always the case in a Craftsman house, is really a recess in the living-

room. A sideboard occupies the whole of the outside wall, with three casement windows set high above it.

The arrangement of this cottage is such that the housemistress is practically independent of servants, for it would be an easy matter to take care of the house herself. As the servant problem is getting to be more of a vexed question each year, this is an important thing to be considered in the planning of a house. In fact, every Craftsman house is designed with this in view. The kitchen and pantry are as conveniently and compactly arranged as it is possible to manage, and the remainder of the house as simple and free from cumbersome and unnecessary features as a camp might be.



LIVING-ROOM IN BUNGALOW



FLOOR PLAN

It is really quite easy to secure these camp-like features in a house without at the same time sacrificing the beauty and home comfort which are so much to be desired, and it is of the utmost importance for the sake of every member of the household that this should be done.

CRAFTSMAN
EIGHT-ROOM
HOUSE
No. 139

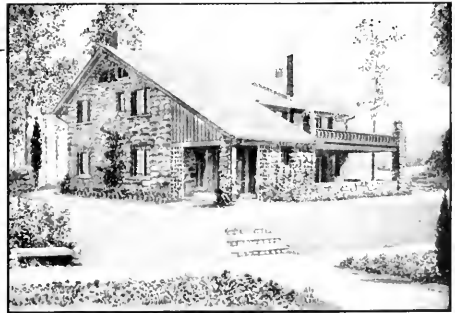


TO BE BUILT
WHERE FIELD
STONE IS
PLENTIFUL.

HOUSE NO. 139 is intended to be built in a locality where field stone is plentiful. The chimneys are rough red brick and the roof may be shingle, slate or flat tile. The balcony as well as the large round columns and pergola roof of the front entrance porch are of wood, and the porch floors are cement. The field stone extends as a parapet around the broad corner porch at the rear, and stone piers capped with flower boxes support the balcony.

This roomy porch is one of the most attractive features of the house, for it can be used in summer as an outdoor living-room, being sheltered by its balcony roof from the heat and open on two sides for refreshing breezes. In winter it may be closed in by a glass door and windows to make a sun-room, and as an open fireplace has been provided there, one can readily imagine what a delightful and friendly spot it would be.

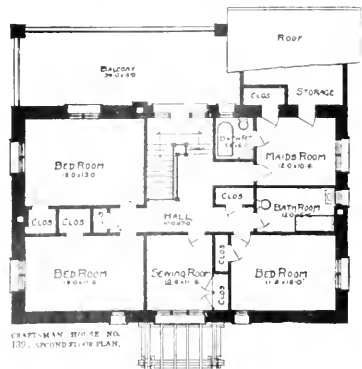
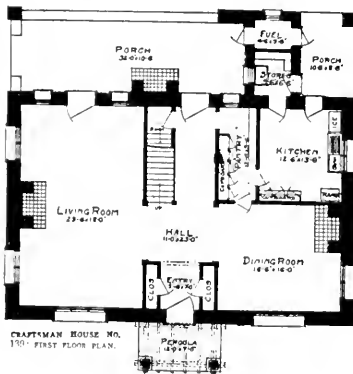
The spirit of hospitality and comfort pervades the whole interior. On the left of the hall is the generous living-room, lighted by many groups of



REAR VIEW SHOWING OUTDOOR LIVING-ROOM WHICH IN WINTER
MAY BE GLASS IN

windows, provided with an open fireplace and opening onto the ample porch. On the opposite side of the house is the dining-room, which also has an inviting fireplace in one corner and windows overlooking the garden at the front and side.

On the second floor ample closets are provided for each bedroom and there is extra storage space beneath the roof above the first floor extension.



FIGURING ON THE COST OF YOUR HOUSE

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

NINE out of ten people who build homes find the cost mounting rapidly above the original estimates of architect and contractor, and by the time the job is finished the owner is lucky if the cost isn't greater than twenty per cent. over what he first planned to pay for it. Architects can not tell in advance the exact cost; neither can the builders. They both make snap estimates, and the latter adds ten or twenty per cent. to leave a good margin of safety for himself.

ESTIMATING

Snap estimates are made by the square foot or cubical contents of the house. The latter is preferable to the former. If the house is 26 by 40 feet, the number of square feet will be 1,040. Now if in your locality builders use the \$3 per square foot as the unit of price, the house will cost \$3,120. That is for a common frame house. If it is built of brick, the contractor would be apt to take \$4 a square foot as the unit of cost, and figure the estimate at \$4,160.

The estimate based on the cubical contents is better, but this involves more figuring. If the same house is 30 feet high from the bottom of the cellar to the peak, you will have a cubage of 31,200. No allowance is made for parts of it being cut off by sloping roofs and extensions only one story high. It is safer to estimate on a cubical box of this size. The rest would be easy if we could find a standard unit of cost per cubic foot; but this may vary from 15 cents for a frame house to 18 and 20 cents for a stucco and frame; to 22 and 26 cents for brick and terra cotta, and 30 cents for a solid stone house.

So you have a very elastic cubical estimate, ranging from \$4,680 to \$9,360. You ask why the cubical estimate on the frame house is so much higher than the estimate on the number of square feet in it. Simply because in the first instance the builder estimated practically on a two-story house, or at least with the third unfinished, but in the cubical estimate a three story, all finished off, was taken as the guide.

But after you have made an estimate by the cubage method, there are many other things to consider. You must learn to accept materials in harmony with the class of house you are building. If you want all hardwood finish, fancy plumbing, the most expensive kind of heating plant, and elegant lighting fixtures, your estimate will be way off the figures you are called upon finally to pay.

PLUMBING

When a small house is planned, it is estimated that in plain, appropriate plumbing each fixture should cost about \$50 to \$75, which means a bathroom with three fixtures, and a kitchen sink and laundry tray, or a total outlay for the five fixtures of \$250 to \$375. In a larger and handsome residence the fixtures will be estimated at \$100 each, and there may be more than the regulation five. You can see how easily the cost may mount up if you have a special fancy for beautiful plumbing and a lot of it.

HEATING PLANTS

Next consider the heating plant. The hot-air furnace is the cheapest. It is usually estimated on the number of registers supplied. Each outlet will run in cost from \$20 to \$30. If there are twenty outlets, your heating plant may cost all the way from \$400 to \$600; but for a small house ten or twelve outlets are usually sufficient to heat all the rooms and halls, making a total of \$200 to \$300. For steam heating on a small house the cost averages about \$30 per radiator, and on a large house \$40; but if you want anything fancy you can easily guess what the extra cost will be. For hot water the cost averages 20 per cent. more than for steam owing to the larger pipes and radiators needed, and if you want the "indirect" system of steam or hot water you will pay 50 per cent. more than for the "direct" system.

LIGHTING

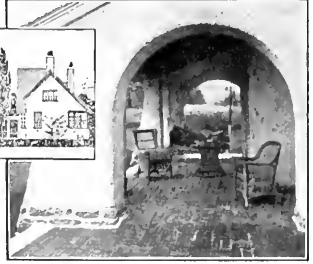
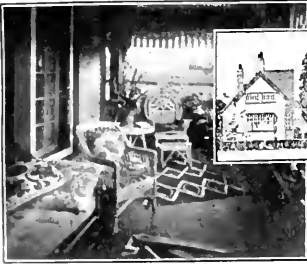
The lighting part of the house is worth considering. For estimating electricity, you must allow about \$2 per outlet, or \$40 for twenty outlets in a small house, and \$1.50 to \$1.75 for gas per outlet. But that does not include chandeliers and lighting fixtures. It simply includes the laying of the pipes or the wiring of the house. You can spend from \$2 to \$20 for each lighting fixture if you choose. The builder never includes chandeliers in his estimates. He allows a lump sum for them, and you may be sure your desires in this respect will outrun the amount he has arbitrarily set down for you.

WINDOWS

Few prospective builders consider doors and windows. "Give me a house with all windows," some one says. "I need all the light and sunshine I can get in the home." Exactly, but you must pay for it. In basing his estimate on the cubage of the house the architect and builder figured on as few windows as they possibly could. All the rest are extras. Now each extra window will cost you from \$5 to \$10, and an extra door slightly more. Then, too, you must consider the screens, storm windows, shades and curtains. The cheapest window screen will be \$1.20 and door \$3, and the best quality of each will run more than two or three times as much. Storm windows cost from \$1.50 to \$3, and window shades from 50 cents to \$1 per window. And curtains—well, nobody but the wife can figure on them, and they are beyond the comprehension of the male mind.

STOCK DOORS AND WINDOWS

Stock doors and windows are the cheapest, but if you want extra large or unusual sizes you must pay two or three times as much for them. Good stock doors and windows come in great variety of sizes, but it is easy in carrying out your wishes to miss every one, and pay double for your ignorance. Get a list of stock sizes, and then make your openings fit some of these. Finally, be sure that you are over rather than under the final cost.



THE HOME WITHOUT AND WITHIN

FIREPLACE ACCESSORIES



Courtesy of Cape Cod Shop
THE CAPE COD
FIRE-LIGHTER

GIVEN a group of happy-hearted young people, before a fire of glowing logs which sends its fitful flurries of light to dance on the wall, and you can easily comprehend how much the open fire adds to the joy of living. So long as there has been a blazing fire on the hearth, just so long has it drawn young and old to its warmth and cheer.

For a few years, when the stove was installed in living-room and kitchen, the spirit of the fireside seemed near becoming a thing of the past but now again the family gathers about the cheerful open fireplace, and as in earlier days, there are apples to roast, corn to pop, marshmallows to toast, stories to tell, all in response to the bidding of the once sacred fire.

Today the well-ordered fireplace has fittings for every emergency and any whim. You may, for instance, have a Cape Cod fire-lighter to save your temper and your time when a quick blaze is wanted. There are long toasters hanging within your reach, and shovels and tongs worth looking at when not in active service.

Artist and artisan have fashioned fireplace fitments, which although they may have a

homely service to perform, are the results of good craftsmanship. The andirons, especially, have called out the imagination of the designer and he has set them out in forms simple, fantastic, humorous or formally elaborate, as may befit their surroundings.

One really can not go far wrong in fireplace furnishings, if they are selected with a view to the actual need which they are supposed to meet. Those in

wrought iron are especially attractive and suitable, for they are good to look at, simple in form, sturdy, and quite capable of holding the great logs which may be flung across them. However they are most attractive finished either in Japanese bronze, old copper or old brass. There are also cast brass handles for every fireplace piece; but these are, of course, far more costly.

The primitive wood-box which it was the duty of "Father and the boys" to keep well-filled, was hardly a thing of beauty, but it certainly meant good cheer. It has now been supplanted by the wood-basket of willow, wrought-iron or brass and is in itself distinctive and ornamental.



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ART IN THE FURNITURE REPRODUCTIONS of TODAY

SELECTIONS BY C. MATLACK PRICE
TEXT BY MARGARET MEADE



NO other chair combines quite the degree of fanciful richness in carving and dignity in its tall, graceful lines as the typical Stuart chair. As the period drew to a close these chairs took on added splendor, but the essential good taste of the designers kept them from becoming gross or overloaded. Cane-work and carving, crested backs and elaborately turned posts and legs are

ALTHOUGH the original of this chair was made about the time of the Commonwealth in England, it shows none of the spirit of the door and straight-faced Cromwell. The turned stretchers, the carved hanks of the back-posts, the round arches of the open back with their sprightly ornamentation, and the little acorn pendants combine in an exceptionally decorative effect. Broadly speaking, it may be called Jacobean since the old chair of which this is a copy was made within the period covered by the reigns of the James's, but chairs of this type are usually known as Yorkshire, after the place of their origin.



BY reason of its decorative distinction and its interest as a characteristic expression of the Oriental genius, this lacquered chest will inevitably become the focus of attention in any room in which it may be placed. The richness of the lacquer, augmented by the gorgeous hues of the East, embody the finest qualities of modern decorative furniture. The highly effective design, which make up the decoration, tell the story of a Chinese myth, and are the work of native artists versed in Oriental traditions.

Although the chest is thoroughly Oriental in character, it is quite suitably supported on a stand of English design, since it was in the reign of Queen Anne that the popularity of lacquer reached its height in England, and English cabinetmakers produced many such stands to receive the much treasured chests and cabinets brought from over seas.



AN interesting detail of this William and Mary table, with octagonal top, is the use of Spanish scroll feet in place of the more ordinary bun-shaped feet of the period. The turnings of the legs are more sharply refined than is common in the ordinary pieces made under Dutch influence, and the whole effect is one of lightness and grace, with which the slender contours of the Spanish scrolled feet are in happy accord.

particular details of the Cavalier or Stuart chair. Besides these distinguishing characteristics, the handsome chair illustrated shows the scrolled feet which were Flemish in origin, and along with other Flemish details, were much used on English furniture at the time.



IN the days of Queen Elizabeth a small table was occasionally made to accommodate the games of backgammon and chess which amused the leisured folk of that day. A little later small tables became immensely popular with the introduction of tea-drinking into fashionable circles. The little octagonal-topped table shows both Elizabethan and Jacobean features, and possesses the sturdy, decorative qualities that characterize the best examples of early English furniture. The round arches spanning the spaces between the legs lend it a singularly graceful effect, heightened by a few simple carved decorations in early English style.

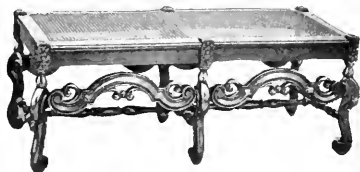


AN interestingly unusual adaptation of Italian Renaissance forms is seen in the table, mirror and chairs for the hall. As befits furniture designed for this somewhat formal environment, the lines are of that pleasant dignity inherent in the furniture styles of the Italian Renaissance, which achieves the much to be desired, happy medium between severity and over-ornamentation. Its architectural

quality, expressed in rounded arches, in-moldings, well-studied proportions and restrained and effective carving, will recommend this furniture for use in an interior of pronounced architectural dignity, in which furniture of more ordinary character would contradict the effect which the architect had striven for.



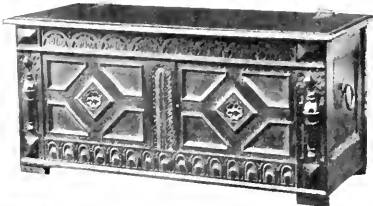
WHILE it preserves all the dignity of the Italian mode, this graceful table is much less ponderous than much of the furniture of the Renaissance. It may be used as a library table or sofa table, for it is only eighteen inches wide and five feet long. The exquisitely grained walnut wood selected especially for the top of the table is almost as decorative in effect as lacquer or inlay, and equals them also in the range and depth of color.



A RICHLY carved chest is a valuable decorative asset, especially in the hall, where a really fine chest with a mirror and two stately chairs in keeping with its character may afford adequate and interesting furnishing. The chest reproduced here shows many Jacobean details, and is of more than ordinary interest, both in its own right, and in its historic suggestion. The custom of sinking most of the carving well into the panels so that there was no projection beyond the surface is to be observed in the treatment of the roses in the center panels, the channelling of the bottom rail, and the conventionalized floral border at the top. Heavy metal rings set in either end



A MOST unusually graceful interpretation of the style of William and Mary has been achieved by the designer of this console and mirror and the two tall backed hall chairs. The "bell" turnings of the legs, and the shape of the stretchers, surmounted at their intersection by the characteristic William and Mary finial, is more than ordinarily pleasing. Something of the delicacy and spirit of the French influence, carried over from the period of Charles II, must have inspired the openwork cresting of the chair backs, repeated



are reminiscent of the long-ago days when chests, which were the most important article of household furniture, also were traveling trunks. Long poles were inserted through the rings, and the chest was slung between two mules, and so carried from one habitation to the next. Like its early English prototypes, the chest is made from solid oak.

WHEN Charles the Second returned from exile and the monarchy was reinstated, a period of gaiety began in England that expressed itself in furniture as well as in manners and the fashions of clothes. The somber, stoutly proportioned furniture of the Commonwealth gave way to productions of singular grace and charm. Carving was in high favor, an abundance of curves replaced unpromising straight lines, and cane-work, which added to the effect of lightness, was generally used. The carved roses and leaves at the joining of the legs on the Carolan benches illustrated are characteristic devices of the period.

in the mirror framing, and the beautifully carved little curls and tassels. The cane-work, too, is more of a piece with Restoration design than with the Dutch solidity of most of the furniture made in England while William of Orange was on the throne. The infinite care which has been taken with the detailing distinguishes these pieces as fine furniture, finely made. One long, deep drawer and two smaller ones at the top make the console of more general use than the usual hall table.



THE chief of ancient furniture lies half, at least, in its power to suggest. And although this massive table—its nine feet long, and narrow in proportion, being less than three feet wide—is the work of modern designers and modern cabinetmakers, it has much of the value of the time-honored furniture of the past. It was just such tables as this, of solid oak wood and substantial proportions and straightforward workmanship made to endure the burdens of centuries, that were produced in England after the day

of the Saxon "trestle" tables. The heavy foot-rails running about all four sides with the brace in the center are characteristic of Jacobean tables, as are the slightly bulbous legs, which are a modification and refinement of the huge "melon" hub table legs of Queen Elizabeth's time. The carving, like the best done in that period, is vigorous without crudity or heaviness and the beautifully decorative frieze just beneath the top slab carries a suggestion of the Gothic in its intricate tracery of tendrils and leaves.

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EDITORIALS

SHALL DEGENERACY BE ENTHRONED OVER LIFE AND ART?

NOW that the "season" has opened in the world of art the public will no doubt be invited once more to see exhibitions of "democratic" art by the advocates of "democracy" in art.

What do we find among those "democrats in art"? All sorts and grades of rebels against common-sense in everything in life and art: hoboes from Boston, Bedlam and "Bohemia," the first vagabonding neurotic "intellectuals" who think crookedly; the second, brutes who are "furninst the guv'nment" and self-restraint in all things; the third, weird moral misfits, unfinished in the making. Among these are anæmic cubistic students who quit school too soon because good drawing takes so much life-force; semi-cultured futuristic savages who would destroy all museums in order to force upon the world a *volte-face* toward some new goal, weirdly new; clever sex-perverts with a smattering of Hegelian, cryptic terminology and "smart" verbiage, with which they bewilder the normal public in their efforts to deride all great and moral art that sane people admire by calling it "Academic"—because it is exalting and not degrading—and whose grotesquely ignorant use of the word as an insulting epithet has made it a badge of honor. All these heterogeneous, unbalanced forces "artists and critics" staggering under a load of hydrocephalic ego-mania, and with mephistophic charlatanism exploiting society instead of serving it—are to-day found in the camp of the "democrats" in the world of art, as are their prototypes in the world at large.

These will now, no doubt, again emerge from the cabarets and dives in the byways of the world of art to drag art down to "democracy," their sinister leaders knowing full well that great art is always aristocratic and that their use of the phrase "democracy in art" is nothing but a *camouflage* by which these bunco men hope to de-orientalize the public mind and is nothing but a cloak behind which they hope to carry on their nefarious business of debasing the public taste and win shekels in the name of "progress" and "experiments" in art.

The public will have a clearer idea of what we mean by "sex-perverts" when it considers the busy, latter-day Saints of Oscar Wilde-ism, one of which is fitly characterized by N. P. D., in a late book review, of the *Evening Globe* of New York. Speaking of a new novel: "A ————," by ————, among other things too "tart" for us to print here, the reviewer says:

We can all, perhaps, talk and understand and even at times enjoy what old Horace Walpole bluntly called "bawdy." But there is an itching, fiddling way of treating a maggoty humanity employed by some of our clever and ultra-modern authors in the disguise of art that is singularly distasteful. . . . There is not a normal character in the story, and the exotic and erotic young woman called Olga is perhaps the most abnormal of all.

The whole story is a clever dalliance with immorality. It is playing the game of "bobbing" for the forbidden fruit without once getting a good bite at it.

Bravo, N. P. D., and more power to you! We will soon have more to say of these degraded "artists in words"—devotees of mere cleverness, carrying on their sinister traffic of sexo-pathic gabble to the weakening of the moral fibre of the race under the cynical plea of "broad-mindedness," "true picture of life" and "Art"—Heaven save the mark!—by which they try to mask their commercial activities, not only against the fundamental good of society but to the defilement of the very temple in the world of art itself—and that to a degree that makes every decent artist ashamed and angry that he is forced to live anywhere near the temple.

This is the reason why we shall continue with "Lutheran frankness" to place the stigma of sex-perversion upon the forehead of those "modernistic" pigs in plush—to "do our bit" in helping to clean out the Augean stables in the world of art and to help prevent our civilization from rotting at the core. And we too, have lived and "studied" in Berlin, Vienna, Monte Carlo, Cairo and Paris! However tempestuous and elemental the private life of an artist may be, the Temple, in the world of art, is the one sacred place where he can and should seek to de-animalize himself, by exposing only such works of art as the race will cherish with joy. To some artists this will be a new gospel. Others have felt this profoundly and know that the artist who fails in this forfeits his right to a place at the table of honor, at the banquet of the world.

These "modernists" ask us to adore Democracy. We do! Every sane person does. But there are various kinds of democracy, from that of the swine wallowing in the mud to the democracy of eagles nesting on the pure mountain tops. We believe in a democracy which will not only keep us from slipping back into the abyss of a destructive Alexandrian hedonism, but lift us more and more toward a creative Periclean spiritualism, minus even the defects which it no doubt had, a democracy made up of the stern inflexible collectivism of Sparta and the flexible individualism of Athens.

Let us define democracy thus: Democracy means a state of society in which each individual will enjoy his share of the utmost liberty and leisure the race as a whole is capable of wresting from nature—in order to have his chance and leisure to express himself and to help create the beautiful—in order to make a paradise of this earth.

Such a democracy requires that the individual shall utilize his chance for self-expression—when it is given him. If he does not or misuses his chance, to the injury of society through cynical selfishness—back to the melting-pot with him, for another possible incarnation! It means that he

must energize and create, above all such things as exalt the race away from a slothful sensualism, whether practised at the top or bottom of the social scale. For he who does or creates anything in life or art that is deformed, ugly and debasing, is not a democrat but an anarchist!

Democracy such as one can adore is the eternal enemy of mobocracy, whether of the Bolsheviks or the I. W. W. with its inevitable sans-culottism, physical filth, intellectual aberration and spiritual degeneracy—one result of that insane clamor: "Let us level things downward"! that has made headway during the last half century. This democracy of ours is opposed to manifestations of any sort of downward leveling, because that is contrary to the biological laws established by Nature, above all when such process is attempted to be enforced by a "class spirit," be it entertained by the "puffed-up and vulgar proud" among the dilettante artists or by the "meek and lowly" class of lugubrious misfits and lubber-land loafers—whether they have been made so by deadening pelagra or flabby will-power and an absence of a desire to energize and rise above the fat slums of the Bowery or of Belgravia; a class contented with the "philosophy of the belly" so pitilessly scored by Victor Hugo, one of the greatest of democrats and protestors against the degenerate, because will-destroying philosophy of "non-resistance" such as that preached by the erratic thinker Tolstoy—a dogma with which he poisoned the Russian peasants until between a surrender to *rodka* on the one hand and to violence and absurd visions on the other, they bid fair to succumb to Prussianism and all it stands for.

When the Russian reformers and martial resisters overthrew the Czar, the maudlin non-resisters were unprepared for freedom; they became drunk and insane from their newly found liberty—at least that portion of them with neurotic tendencies—and are now undergoing the usual reaction that follows an intellectual debauch. Traveling in a circle, they are nearing the point of contact with absolutism. The preaching by Tolstoy of his ruinous philosophy of non-resistance and absolute equality in mentality and property has had its logical effect and added to the huge list of crimes committed in the name of liberty. For the downward leveling anarchistic doctrine preached by Tolstoy, minus violence, is practically the same as that propagated by the I. W. W. plus violence—with this difference also, that Tolstoy's doctrine is more potent in the long run for crime, disorder and injustice than is the more direct propaganda of the I. W. W. The one dominating note in the leveling philosophy is the glorification of the lowly, the poor, the diseased, the outcasts and criminals. And all who, through the agencies of the physical universe, have triumphed as rulers, as artists, as conquerors, as men of superior ability and will-power, are condemned as lost, and the weak-willed failures, the mentally incompetent, are deified as "the chosen of God."

And remark that, logically, according to this doctrine, the men who occupy the seats of the mighty in governing or learning or the arts have only one avenue of salvation open to them—that of reducing themselves to the level of the slaves, the ignorant,

and the failures in life. Note carefully that whether the "democrats in art" know it or not this leveling philosophy, in its last analysis and final effects, involves the casting out and destruction of all the learning, all the material constructive work of the world and art itself. Note also that, since the lowest plane of human ignorance and incompetency is fixed and unalterable, the whole of the human race, no matter what their previous height above this plane may have been, must finally descend to it, in case this philosophy is rigidly applied. For, according to this philosophy, as a first condition of salvation, all distinction of rank, color, race or mental ability must be swept away!

From the meaning of this philosophy it is certain that once this plane is established, it will create a line of demarkation, above which none may rise and consequently establish the principle of a deadening equality totally destructive of human interest in anything called earthly civilization, which spiritual paralysis will inevitably ensue, the more thoroughly the soul of men is fixed on an absolute equality here on earth. Because the deepest element of what is beautiful or interesting is Variety. Variety means life, uniformity means death. But according to this philosophy, not only are all men created equal, but they are to eternally remain so or to be eternally damned.

Of course this teaching appeals strongly to the vast mass of the inefficient and all low-caste humanity. In the early years of the Christian era these were the classes most moved by this teaching, and they might have become dangerous. But the ruling class weakened by their corruption had to bend to the popular movement; seeing this danger they achieved the most remarkable feat of hypnotic chicanery in the history of the world: They kept on preaching the leveling philosophy, but induced the proletariat to believe that the leveling process could not by any means be realized *here on earth*, but would be certain of realization in the *future state*, and thus kept them in slavery.

This state of things might have continued indefinitely had not printing been invented. The persecution of the early printers, from the standpoint of the ruling class of that day, was an extremely wise measure and indicated a deep psychic insight into the hidden possibilities of what they regarded as the "black-art" of printing. After the invention of printing, the religion of equality was for some time kept away from the masses by preaching and writing only in Latin! But as time passed it was impossible to prevent some of the so-called "poison" from filtering down to the common people. Of course the masses did not get equality through the Reformation, but it enormously increased the means of access of the populace to printed books, and that was enough.

The Revolution in France also failed to establish equality; the pendulum swung back and the Empire came. But printing increased; newspapers multiplied and with some checks and halts the propaganda of equality spread over Europe. Socialism arose in Germany. The American Civil War, which was mainly the result of the collision of two economic systems, was also utilized by the fanatics of the leveling doctrine—in an attempt to put in practice the dogma of *race equality*. The negroes, when freed from slavery, became imbued with the idea

of equality with the whites and attempted to put it *into practice*, in South Carolina and elsewhere. But they soon discovered that such a state could not be attained in this life.

False humanitarianism and blindness to biological truth are at present peculiar characteristics of a large section of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin races. It was not always thus; and, in the ruler-races of history the tendency to mix with and admit the equality of inferior races was always a source of degeneracy and brought decadence to the races that permitted it.

Now, if equality meant a leveling upward—to fix a high standard of ability and achievement that would demand for its realization the most gifted of Earth's children, *plus* creative energy, and then a raising of those on a lower plane to a comprehension of such a standard—then the doctrine of equality would become constructive. But the equality that has been *preached* for the last twenty centuries is destructive—because it means exactly the *reverse* of this. Instead of taking the *highest* plane of human endeavor it takes the lowest, the impotent, the crippled in mind, soul and body, and makes the very bottom the standard. And everything that, through will-power rises above this bed-rock bottom of impotence and abortion—is to be pulled down to its deepest level. According to this philosophy and carried to its last analysis, this means the final destruction of all volition of the human mind, and a consummation of the Oriental philosophy of the negation of the physical universe and the cessation of all human creation in the manifold fields of human activity.

The doctrine of equality has never been advocated in the domain of science because in science it is possible to prove the truth of any theory by *practical* results. For example, if Edison or any trained engineer invents or discovers a new principle or theory in electricity or mechanics, it is possible in a very short time to test the invention or discovery and establish its exact value. If a chemist discovers a new formula in chemistry, that also can be immediately tested. It is not possible in either of the fields of chemistry or electrical engineering for an untrained and stupid person to make an invention. The man must have a certain measure of talent, and a technical training is indispensable. The common laborer who wields a shovel can not design an electrical plant. The man who washes dishes in a restaurant is incapable of the research necessary to the creation of a chemical formula or analysis. If the laborer and the dishwasher rose up and claimed recognition as engineer and chemist, then their works would be put to the test, and the sure result would be their swift relegation back to ditch-digging and dish-washing. Their claims for mental equality would fall to pieces before the actual demands of utility. Or if some stone-breaker, in the building of the Panama Canal, should claim mental equality with Gen. Goethals, the result would be, if the doctrine of equality was *enforced*, that all persons engaged in work above the mental capacity of the stone-breaker, would have to abandon whatever work they were engaged in and go to breaking stone, with no one of superior mental capacity to *direct* how the stone should be used. This principle is openly proclaimed as the cardinal doctrine of the I. W. W.

Now this downward leveling is exactly what is taking place in a section of the World of Art, and it is to this we have been leading the reader.

In the industrial and scientific work of the world there is a sifting process that is infallible in establishing and valuing the mental ability of the people engaged in such work. Each one can be tested according to the results of their work. The domain of the arts is the only field of human endeavor wherein the claim of mental equality is being *realized*. A man's claim to be an artist can only be tested by those whose culture and knowledge of the arts enable them to discriminate and judge between true and sham art, between great and degenerate art. But there is neglect to teach the true aesthetic principle that art—as regards *form*—while not a mechanical copy of life, should be at least a relatively true reflection of it, industrialism having, for the time being, become so all-absorbing, and the leveling philosophy having made the majority think that *one kind of art is as good as another*. There is consequently no accepted standard whereby a picture or statue may be tested as a work of art.

So the anarchists of the leveling philosophy have seized upon the arts as a potent agency for the exploitation of their doctrine. Consequently, shoals of the poor in mind and body, who find it impossible to triumph in the utilitarian avocations of the world where will-power is needful, have been turned to the arts and art "criticism," which to them presents a free field with no danger of a possibility of proving the falsity of their claims to being artists or critics.

That huge "fair of democratic art" of the "Independent Artists" held last winter in the Grand Central Palace, New York, in which any one—tramp or bung-man, slattern or queen, idiot or genius, could exhibit—was a militant example of the methods of the I. W. W. utilized in the fields of Art—for the enthronement of the degenerate by the organizers and eulogizers of that exhibition—themselves the deluded Brahmins of "modernism" and led astray by their Oriental metaphysics.

In line with this we have had a recent example in the attempt to force upon the American people Barnard's statue of "Lincoln." This is either conscious or unconscious doing in a public national monument what the "Independents" did in private art at the aforesaid show. Not only is the aesthetic ideal destroyed in this statue but, in the name of a "symbol of democracy" our national ideal of a powerful, heroic figure is debased to a "meek and lowly" downward-leveled degenerate. And Americans are asked to accept as a concept of Lincoln a debased and degraded caricature of a Lincoln—forlorn and hopeless, a mournful child of the abyss, so that every tramp, hobo and degenerate can say with a self-complacency: "Look! He was one of us!" This is the leveling process with a vengeance, and if permitted to go on we may yet see Washington presented as a dissolute rake, and Ben Franklin as a rapscallier!

We repeat—Shall degeneracy be enthroned over life and art? Shall we foist upon one of the principal squares of London and Paris a specimen of the debased fruit of the philosophy of a "meek and lowly" false democracy, that which inevitably leads to mobocracy and the triumph of the ugly and



"HYGIEIA"

BRONZE FOUNTAIN FIGURE FOR THE TRASK MONUMENT, S. C. 1892

BY DANIEL CHESTER TRENCH

(See page 93)



"NEW YORK"

SYMBOLIC STATUE IN GRANITE. ONE OF TWO DECORATING THE BROOKLYN APPROACHES OF MANHATTAN BRIDGE, NEW YORK
BY DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH

(See opposite page)

deformed, not only in art but in life? And shall we choose our great Civil War President as the victim of this humbug and thus inflict a second martyrdom on him by exposing him—with an execrable and hypocritical *ecce homo!* to the ridicule of mankind?

Such a project might logically come from the desperadoes of the I. W. W. but the movement is incomprehensible when made by representative Americans, for it means in art what anarchy means in life—a revolt against even that limited authority

which common-sense or the cosmic urge teach even to the bees and ants and all constructive insects. They all live and work according to some collective system calling for social restraints under a rigid authority. Flies, mosquitoes and other destructive insects are the "individualists" and anarchists of insect life.

The anarchy in Russia presents an object lesson to America that should serve as a warning not to tolerate the propaganda of the Bolsheviks either in life or art.

FRENCH'S "DEATH AND THE YOUNG SCULPTOR"

(See frontispiece and pages 91 and 92)

NEARLY a quarter century has passed since Daniel French designed a composition in very high relief for the tomb of Martin Milmore, a young sculptor of great promise whose career was suddenly cut short by death. Since that date it would be difficult to find a piece of modern sculpture in any country that surpasses "Death and the Young Sculptor" in beauty, majesty and tenderness—all qualities, in truth, that we have a right to demand in the monument of a youth of genius.

It is this composition which has been chosen for the frontispiece in the November issue, translated through the woodcut into black and white by Timothy Cole.

Often it has been remarked by genial generalizers that Anglo-Saxons are particularly prone to funereal subjects in their literature and art. They instance the large number of melancholy pictures to be seen in London at the successive Royal Academy shows, widows leaning over tombs beneath the sobbing willow, and the number of lacrimose ballads that Britons of a former generation seem to have preferred to happier efforts at meetings intended to be festive. Be that as it may—for one might instance in France and Italy and Spain something similar if not exactly parallel, viz.: a kind of fury in the demand for pictures of Christian martyrs truly horrible in their realism—in any event, the rule does not apply to America, perhaps because optimism has had a chance to burgeon and bloom on our favored soil unchastened by the waves of ever-recurrent wars.

In this one among the comparatively rare cases where death is the subject, this one so poetically treated by the sculptor French, observe with what dignity and sweetness the ugly theme is treated: how the angel of death advances without anger or vindictiveness or haste, nay, with a maternal kindness to arrest the hand of the young sculptor and how the youth himself is not struck at all with horror, but receives the summons with a kind of childlike surprise. Some of the Etruscan grave reliefs give the opposite note of fierceness and violence in the face and gesture of the summoner—a fiend armed with an axe—whereas we see grave-stones of Greeks in which calmness and composure and an almost smiling acquiescence in fate are the notes.

One may say of the Milmore memorial that it is not Christian in any specific sense, nor is it heathen

in that it might reflect any non-Christian or barbarian religion; if any parallel holds, it would be better to call it in spirit Greek. The sculptor when young was a fellow-townsmen and friend of Emerson, who found a great deal more of his spiritual nutrition among the Greek classical writers than he did in the Bible, and very naturally deserted the pulpit for the lecture platform as soon as he became convinced that the forms under which Christianity existed in his day and locality were unsuited to his genius. There is much of the urbanity and kindly wisdom of Emerson in the view of death presented here—nothing violent or lacrimose or revolutionary, no trace of the natural human revulsion from the idea of losing life, but also no suggestion of the promise of a further existence in a world superior to our own.

Another trait that is Greek is the impersonal quality of the young man. In no sense a portrait, the figure does not represent Martin Milmore but a generic sculptor; it would fit the tomb of any youth devoted to the art who should be prematurely parted from life. There is great advantage to the spiritual side of the work in this freedom from the trammels of portraiture. It is well-known that in the palmy days of Greek sculpture the artists, when they made portraits of successful athletes and generals, were not so anxious to get a literal likeness as a statue that expressed character. As late as Lysippos, to whom Alexander the Great decreed a monopoly of sculptured portraits of himself, the aim was not an exact representation of a person at a stated age but an epitome of the sitter's mind or personality—the inner rather than the outer man.

To show some of French's later work one of the seated figures for the pylons of the Manhattan Bridge across the East River, New York, is seen on page 92. It is the figure representing the Borough of Manhattan wearing a turreted crown, holding in her lap a winged globe to signify Commerce and having by her side the sun's bridal bird, the emblem of Juno, the peacock famed for its sun-wheel, its harsh voice and ugly feet. Does the Puritan in French here rise up and insinuate by symbols that the tribes of Manhattan are sinful in their pride? Or does he take that beautiful bird merely because the slope of its long neck and tail provides an agreeable curve to follow along the lines that run by head, shoulder and left arm from top to bottom of the composition? Those seated figures of

royal mien at the Manhattan end of the bridge recall the four groups by French which guard the approaches to the custom house from the Bowling Green, Manhattan.

To show the sculptor in livelier, more buoyant, gayer view the bronze for the Trask monument at Saratoga is here repeated—the winged nymph of health-giving—Hygieia as winged Messenger and Victory holding the cup of healing in uplifted left and brandishing in her right a branch of aromatic

pine. It is called "The Spirit of Life." Fair of line and charming in its purity this figure represents one field of French's work. Another is that of equestrian war monuments such as the Washington in Paris, the Grant in Philadelphia, the Hooker in Boston, etc. It would take too long to tabulate all the groups, statues, monuments and reliefs produced by French; they are surprising by their many-sidedness, fecundity of imagination and rapidity of execution.

GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM AN EARLY PAINTER OF MISSOURI

(See pages 95 to 98)

THE old American Art Union of New York was an organization that endeavored to popularize the work of American painters long before the photograph and half-tone filled periodicals with reproductions. Some time during the more or less "roaring" forties of the last century the Art Union held its annual competition and the prize was awarded to George Caleb Bingham, very much of a Missourian though born in Virginia. The Art Union acquired the picture and having had it engraved by T. Doney distributed it to its members.

This was the spirited "Jolly Flatboatmen" now in the Mercantile Library of St. Louis, of which a reproduction is given on page 98. A replica was made by the artist after he had been to Düsseldorf and had returned to take an active part in the Civil War on the Union side, and become a politician in Missouri after a fashion rare enough in the annals of American art.

Born in Virginia in 1811, the boy Bingham was taken by his parents to Missouri in 1819 and grew up in a very lively settler community where art was at a discount. Despite his surroundings George Bingham, while he worked as a carpenter, indulged himself in attempts at portraiture and finally resolved to make that his career. He went to Washington, the straggling capital of the nation with its wide, muddy and grass-grown avenues, and set up a tent near the Capitol with a sign out, which informed the world that here was a man who made portraits, was in fact an *artist* ready to draw or paint likenesses. He was an alert, ready-witted fellow, prepared to discuss religion and politics with the next comer and even tackle art, if anybody cared to broach so remote a topic! A very staid old gentleman used to stop at the tent, but not to be portrayed—O, no—just to discuss religion. The young Missourian did not dream of accepting dictation in religious matters from his elderly and precise visitor; discussion would be violent on his part, insistent and dictatorial on that of the old gentleman. Finally he discovered that this was John Quincy Adams! but all the same he got him for a sitter, and after that it was Daniel Webster and Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson; it was Breckenridge and James Buchanan whom he portrayed with a hard but vigorous and truthful *factura*. Doubtless all these heroes enjoyed his fearless and racy talk, some of them perhaps perceiving his homespun qualities as an artist, but all amused by his downright phrase and happy volu-

bility—no mean weapons in the quiver of a portrait painter, for it is sure to wake the sitter up and keep him from nodding, vivify his face and make him smile or scowl.

Bingham had beetling brows, a handsome straight nose, a firm wide mouth and abundant locks; also a high broad forehead. Though short and slender, he was naturally pugnacious and his speech when excited reached a picturesqueness that struck most of his opponents dumb; he was a fighter. What he did to those good, easy-going art-students at Düsseldorf on the Rhine when he got there in 1856 must be left to the imagination. He was just the man to consider it an outrage that those Dutchies had no English, and expected him—from Missouri! to learn their blankety-blank lingo! Pity that we have no record from a contemporary art student of the conduct of this peppery little outlander while sojourning in that sleepy, but delightful home of the arts along the lower Rhine!

While in Europe the Paris firm of Goupil reproduced a number of his pictures, but the plates were destroyed by the Communards when the firm's premises were ruined in 1871. He also obtained a commission to paint the portrait of the celebrated writer and naturalist Alexander von Humboldt. Where is that portrait? The one in New York belonging to the Museum of Natural History was painted by Schröder of Berlin for Mr. H. O. Havemeyer in 1859. Perhaps the order to Bingham came from St. Louis.

Bingham was not only a prolific maker of portraits in his own region, but has left most valuable *genre* pictures of life from Kansas and Missouri before and after the Civil War. He was a politician and a partisan, took to the war as a duck to water, became a Brigadier-General and a professor of art in the State University—not to speak of his experience as Police Commissioner in Kansas City, where he harried the breakers of law with a small but heavy hand. Politics inflamed him. Is it surprising that he attempted such difficult subjects as "Listening to the Wilmot Proviso," "Soliciting a Vote," "Stump Speaking" and "Announcing the Result of the Election"? What is surprising is that he got away with it, and after his own fashion did manage to convey to us a very distinct idea of such events and scenes on the popular side of our government by ballot. But he also evoked from the not so distant past the scene of "Daniel Boone Emigrating from Kentucky," putting into it a

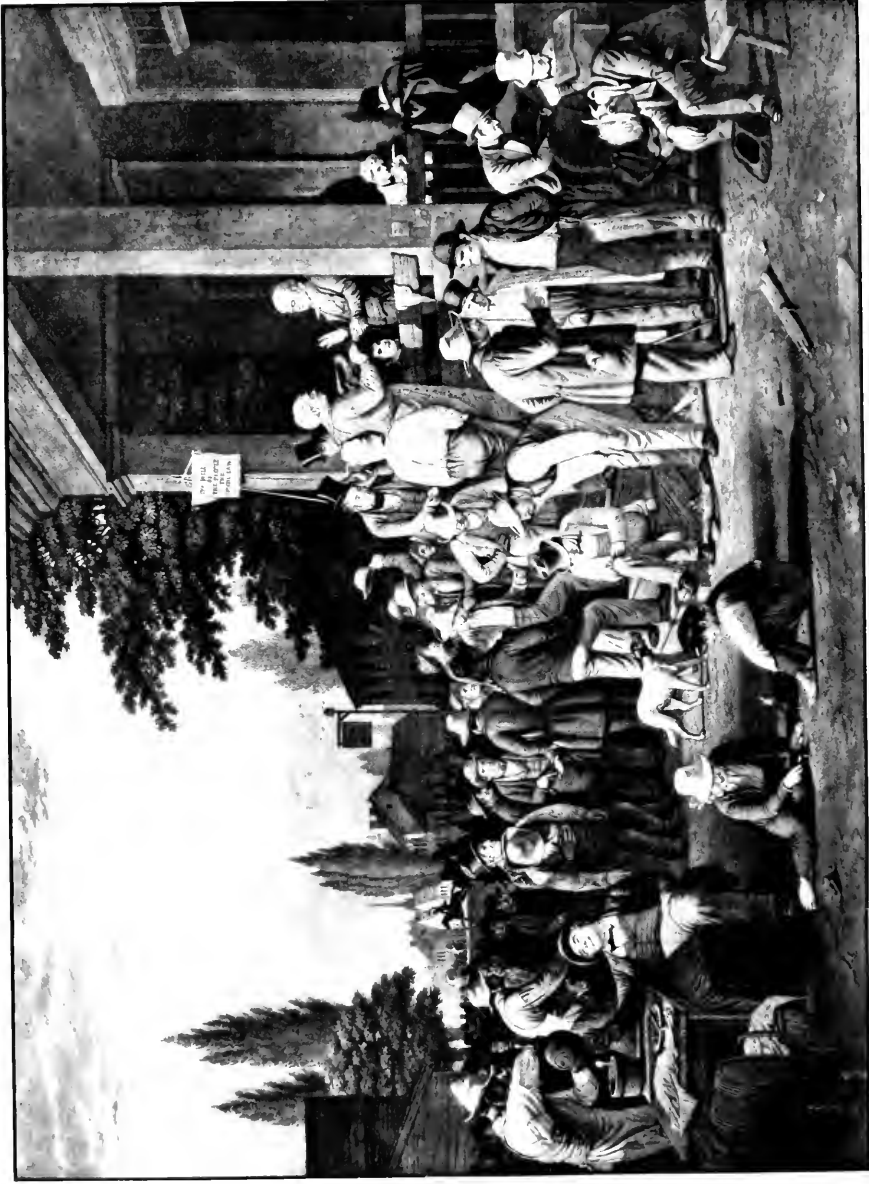


Courtesy of Mercantile Library, St. Louis

"STUMP SPEAKING"

BY GEORGE CATER BINGHAM

(See page 91)



Courtesy of Mercantile Library, St. Louis

"THE COUNTY ELECTION"

BY GEORGE CALVER BINGHAM

(See page 97)



"DANIEL BOONE EMIGRATING FROM KENTUCKY"

BY GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM

(See page 94)

tragic dignity rarely found (see above) and he also reproved the measures of Brigadier-General Thomas Ewing during the war, to clear certain districts of rebel sympathizers, by painting his "Martial Law," or, it was afterwards named, "Order No. 11," though the reproof was directed against measures taken by the Union commanders.

While as a rule General Bingham did not introduce portraits into his political *genres* it is clear enough that his own characteristic face appears in that of the official who is administering the oath to the voter in the picture "The County Election"; certain figures in the crowd in front of the polls look like portraits. He was early a politician and stumped the State for the seat of representative from Saline County. He was elected, but craftier men than he managed to oust him. A second time he entered the lists and again won by the vote; this time he could not be unseated. The political cartoons, if one may call these pictures such, were begun after the second and successful election. In "The County Election" certain portraits have been identified by Miss Mary Simonds in *The Methodist Magazine* for October 1902. (See page 96.) The man who politely raises his top-hat to a rustic voter while he offers him a ballot is Bingham's opponent in the Saline County contest, a man named Sappington. In these pictures, which run back through the British political cartoons of Napoleon's time to William Hogarth and the Hollanders who were Hogarth's prototypes, we have the raciness of the

last named and their fondness for many figures and details, although we miss their strong color scheme and the knowledge they display of perspective and drawing. Bingham always remained a portraitist. In the large pictures it is the heads that are elaborated while the rest is not wrought with the same care.

He secured commissions to paint equestrian portraits of General Andrew Jackson, now in the Senate Chamber at the State Capitol and another of General Lyon, at present in the armory at Jefferson City. So good a horseman as General Wm. Tecumseh Sherman when passing this picture of Jackson could not help bursting out: "Who ever saw a horse take that position?" and within hearing of the irascible artist! Fortunately the party was being shown about by a tactful man who played lightning-rod and carried off Bingham's thunderbolts.

Bingham's pictures recall those of William S. Mount (1807—1868) in their subjects, but are inferior to them in technique. "A Puzzled Witness"—scene the courtroom, "The Horse Thief"—scene suggestive of Bret Harte and O. Henry tales, "Shooting the Boats"—recalling the old pictures of rabbit-trapping, shooting the turkey at the fair, etc. "On the Sand Bar"—a river boat being lightened of cargo to get to deep waters—such are they. And now that fashion in art has set so long against the *man-of-the-people* incident, the life of crowds, how is it coming generations to know what their nation's heroes should like, if the artists



"THE JOLLY FLATBOATMEN"

BY GEORGE CATER BINGHAM

(See page 94)

of the present are discouraged by finding such pictures unsalable? If the answer is: the periodical press, then the reply may well be: with paper so wretched in quality how long are these periodicals good for? We are now turning back to the once-decried, the once-flouted popular steel engraving issued annually by the American Art Union to learn the looks and habits of the people in the earlier half of the last century. On the other hand, we have the "movies" which may be regarded as somewhat permanent records of the passing show—if indeed provision be made to store and catalogue them in libraries of reference. Bingham perhaps may be reckoned one of the followers of William Mount, but he seems not to have lived in New York—his name does not appear connected with the National Academy of Design which as early as 1832 elected W. S. Mount an Academician.

It is not recorded of Bingham, as it is of William Mount, that he constructed for himself a movable studio drawn by a team of horses to carry him whithersoever his fancy directed. This Mount did at his Setauket home—a studio with generous glass panes in which he sat during inclement weather and painted rainstorm and snowscape with equal comfort. Nor did the Missouri artist follow

Mount in the latter's partiality for painting "colored folks"; for the Long Island painter was one of the first to see the very paintable qualities of the African brother, in which path, somewhat later, Winslow Homer and Alfred Kappes and others since the Civil War followed. Notwithstanding these path-breakers, it may be said that the negro of the United States has never been seriously considered as a subject for pictures, for so far no painter has studied the serious side of him as it appeared in his former condition as slave and shows at the present day in his exalted moments when under the influence of religious enthusiasm. This comes from the popular idea that the colored man is interesting only from the jocose side—the colored minstrel side—which is very far from being the case. He is not only physically an excellent subject for painting, but the tragedy of his existence merits the attention of thoughtful artists. In Bingham's work it is only here and there a negro appears and then as part of a crowd. Whatever may have been his defects, if we ever have a Dictionary of American Painters, Bingham deserves a place among the greatest anecdotic artists who set down faithfully enough the manners and customs of Americans of his region and age.

A CALAMITY IN BRONZE!

MR. BARNARD'S "LINCOLN" ONCE MORE

(See page 103)

SEVERAL people of prominence have praised the Lincoln statue of Mr. Barnard, carried away no doubt by the suggestions that here we have the incarnation of the "meek and lowly" spirit of Jesus, "the original democrat" as some one has called Him.

While Jesus suffered for the oppressed, he was above all a six-foot, fighting reformer, so that if we wish to make a statue of him that will exert any psychological power over the majority we must represent him as a noble, powerful fighter—with a suggestion of the divine. So Thorwaldsen did in his magnificent statue of "Christ" in Copenhagen and so Rubens did in his wonderful "Descent from the Cross" at Antwerp, but not as a hectic, anemic, weak-kneed slouch. They forget that Lincoln was primarily a six-foot-four fighting reformer, a noble conqueror and that he should be represented as such.

Yet THE ART WORLD has been accused of "misrepresenting" this statue to the public by those who for reasons of their own are trying to have replicas of this statue erected in London and Paris. Certainly THE ART WORLD is in good company when it joins the protest of Lincoln's own son, our former Ambassador to London, and the protest of Joseph H. Choate, another one of our former Ambassadors to the same Court and many more whom we could mention whose letters we could publish and the almost universal protest of the public.

Now, wishing to be perfectly fair, we published four views of this statue in our June issue taken from different sides and publish one more in this issue. Do not these condemn the statue more than any comments we could make? In the face of these photographs—copyrighted by Mr. Barnard himself and published in numerous magazines—any attempts that we might make to "misrepresent his statue" would be but a silly work of supererogation.

Colonel Roosevelt is reported as having said: "At last we have the Lincoln of the Lincoln-Douglas debates!"

To offset this: Mr. Roosevelt was born in October 1858. The Lincoln-Douglas debates took place in July 1858—three months before he was born. Hence he could not have seen Lincoln at that epoch; and before he was six and one-half years old Lincoln had passed away; any opinion that Mr. Roosevelt might have formed in regard to the appearance, either physical or spiritual, of Lincoln at that epoch moreover is offset by the following letter, printed at the request of its author, who heard two of the seven Lincoln-Douglas debates; it seems to prove that Mr. Roosevelt may possibly be mistaken.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, ESQ.
New Rochelle, N. Y.

MY DEAR MR. THOMAS:

I have been intensely interested in all that has been written *pro* and *con* regarding the Barnard statue of Mr. Lincoln, but especially so in your letter published in the *New York Times* October 2nd.

I knew Mr. Lincoln personally; I enjoyed an acquaintance with him that was unique in a way.

I heard two of the seven Lincoln-Douglas debates. Mr. Roosevelt says, in speaking of this statue: "At last we

have the Lincoln of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, etc., etc." No, Mr. Roosevelt, in this Barnard statue we have something far, very far from the Lincoln at that period in his life or any other period.

One of the two debates I heard was delivered in a circus tent. I sat on one of the benches directly in front of the platform, with no obstruction between me and the speakers—about ten feet away. Even now I have only to close my eyes to see Mr. Lincoln as he appeared on that day, and I can say in all sincerity, that the Barnard statue utterly fails to portray him as he looked at that time in his life.

I have a copy of a photograph of Mr. Lincoln taken in Chicago in 1858 which I regard as a very excellent likeness of him at that time and which bears out all that I have said above.

So much has been said about the position of the hands in the statue as being typical. I have heard him make many pleas in court and political speeches and I never saw him hold his hands in that position. I have, however, seen him many, many times take one hand partly closed in the palm of the other and hold them in front of him, a very different position from that shown in this statue.

It seems to me that what is wanted in a statue of any one who has earned the right to be perpetuated in marble or bronze, is—that it should show the person of *his best*, and at the most important period in his career; and, in the case of Mr. Lincoln, it came near the close of his life; and above all we want a *likeness* as nearly *life-like* as possible.

It would be a blot on the intelligence of the American people if they, by their indifference and silence, permitted this statue to be sent abroad and put in place in London and Paris as representing Mr. Lincoln at any period in his life.

What the American people want in a statue of Mr. Lincoln is that he be depicted as the great Emancipator, the man who had the conviction that slavery was wrong and had the courage to write the Emancipation Proclamation and remove the cancer that was eating away the life of the nation and to give six million people the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We want him shown as the man who could write the second inaugural address and the address delivered at Gettysburg. We want him shown as the man who, with undaunted courage and sublime heroism, carried the burden of the Civil War to a successful termination. We want a statue of the Lincoln whose vision became reality—we want the *real* Lincoln.

No; Mr. Lincoln never could and never did look like that statue. Looking at it brought tears to my eyes and sorrow to my heart. Dynamite should be used to finish it!

Sincerely yours

ALBERT SMITH
Consulting Engineer.

"Eventide,"
Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.
October 10th, 1917.

Miss Ida Tarbell is quoted as having said of the Barnard statue: "His interpretation gets nearer to the man than anything I know."

Well, Miss Tarbell was born in 1857 and before she was seven years old Lincoln no longer lived. She could not have seen him at the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Hence, she *knows* nothing about his appearance at the epoch at which Mr. Barnard's "Lincoln" is supposed to so truly represent him. But to offset all she said we quote from that most interesting book "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln" by Henry B. Rankin (Putnam's Sons, 1916) who is now eighty-one years of age and still living in Springfield, Ill. Mr. Lincoln's old home. He was twenty-seven years old when the Lincoln-Douglas debates were held in 1858. He says:

"I met Abraham Lincoln for the first time in the Menard County Circuit Court at Petersburg, Illinois. By favor of one of our who was then Sheriff

of Menard County, I was allowed for several years to stop school during court term and act as messenger boy in the courtroom during the court's sessions. Thenceforward, for more than a dozen years, I met Lincoln often. During the four years preceding his election to the Presidency, I had close relations with the law-office of Lincoln and Herndon in connection with some of their legal, political, and literary activities. Now, in my seventy-ninth year, I recall those events with no little degree of personal pleasure.

"There are, however, certain important parts of his life and of influences that were strong there in the development of the inner and greater Lincoln, that have never all been told. Some of those told are sadly defective. There are slurs and caricatures, luminous with their distortions, that I wish to see removed as excrescences from many of the so-called "accepted historical accounts" of the personality of Lincoln; and other corrections, even more especially due to the memory of Mrs. Lincoln. . . .

"My recollection of his personal appearance, as I then saw him, forms a picture quite different from that of 1854 and up to 1860, as shown in photographs of the later period. At this earlier date he was in his physical prime. He had the well-developed muscles and the fresh color of one leading an active out-of-door life and overflowing with physical vigor and health. . . . This period was four years after his marriage to Miss Mary Todd, and he was at that time, in personal appearance, the best-looking lawyer attending the Petersburg Circuit Court. . . ."

What Mr. Rankin says further is so important that we publish it in extenso:

I must demur and contradict. Lincoln was neat and in all personal ways free from offensive peculiarities. He was never addicted to crude and unsightly mannerisms.

I shall endeavor here to represent the personality of Lincoln as shown by his appearance when in full mental and emotional activity:

All his photographs are unsatisfactory, or only partially successful as portraits of the real Lincoln, to those who knew him as he appeared in his most earnestly delivered speeches, or in intense, almost inspired moments of private conversation. . . .

Passing to descriptive writings about Lincoln's appearance and peculiarities published since his death, they will be found to give views of him equally *misleading*. Writers of *sensational* biography and *fiction*, in their many pages have done their worst and exhausted the resources of historic *fiction* to write him down to *their level*, and to the level of persons and associates *among whom he lived* but to whom he *never belonged*—never was *one of them* in active sympathy. (Italics are ours.)

No wonder artists who sincerely wish to preserve by life-revealing statuary the strong personality and peculiar pose of this great man find themselves in the midst of peculiar difficulties. Nor is the effort of the portrait painter less difficult and perplexing, to portray his strong individuality on canvas. Inquiry has often come to me from artists who never saw Lincoln regarding the pose of his large body and the expression on his changeable features that would present him most naturally and life-like. I have usually replied by asking for the picture of him that had historically become impressed upon their minds.

The composite reply of many artists could be summarized as an unfortunate committal to the view that Lincoln was a man of shambling gait, a body loosely hung together, uncertain how to place his feet and legs and holding his hands and arms so as to appear at reposeful ease; that he had constantly an apologetic stoop of his shoulders, an ill-fitting neck that seemed embarrassed how to incline so as to best fit on his chest or carry his woe-begone face and head with its crown of bushy hair.

The facial appearance which they seemed to have decided upon for him, as they described it to me, could be represented by some half a dozen photographs all of them, at

best, shadowy outlines, dull, leaden, blank, silent faces—expressionless of this man whose features when in mental activity were, of all things about him, his crowning strength, and the most life-revealing part of him, even more so than the words he spoke. There is a large opportunity for such artists to do some honest and thorough forgetting and sponging out of their artistic imaginations much in their visions of the personal appearance of Abraham Lincoln. They need to get nearer Lincoln and with an open mind to make a broad and loving study of his real life. After all this has been done, still, his peculiar personality will require of the artist the gift of genius, as well as thorough technical skill, to produce truthful results.

There is as distinctive and royal a personality of Lincoln for artists to reveal in their sphere and by their art as there has been revealed by Lincoln himself through his letters, speeches and state papers of his literary personality, through those strong sentences he produced in such vigor of thought and simplicity and clearness of style as to be so intelligible to all. These masterpieces from his pen have been accorded an abiding place among the models of purest English.

There is certainly a great reward awaiting the artist who can so study Lincoln as to reproduce, and permanently preserve for all future time, his commanding presence in the dignity and composure manifested by him on public occasions. The severe and honest study of Lincoln from the many-sided angles his life presented, mental and emotional—as well as of his tall, muscular, well-knit body—all these elements, blending as they did so peculiarly in his personality, are necessary to be kept in view by them to enable them to reproduce, in any statue or portrait, results that would adequately represent him. The artist who does this must have loved him and lived through laborious days in close and sympathetic study of his inner personal life, and of the public affairs that engrossed the attention and absorbed the steadfast purposefulness of Abraham Lincoln throughout his eventful life.

The statue or portrait of Abraham Lincoln that will truly express his unique personality, however, cannot be one showing restfulness or repose. He was not such a man. Every part of Lincoln's body betokened readiness—a man of action, an alert, a living, watchful, sensitive, seeing personality, ready for service. There was in his whole presence, when he arose from within to active mental and emotional occasions, an alertness, a poise of the entire man, as if every part of his being contributed to act harmoniously, and was springing up and forward into the thoughts and purposes of those present moments then and there engaging him. This was his appearance when mentally or emotionally in full activity in all three of his moods.

At such times, if engaged in public speaking, he did not have the forward droop his inclining shoulders seemed to suggest. They were thrown slightly backward. The head rested squarely and erect, supported on the sturdy muscles of his strong, sinewy, well-rounded neck and these became, after speaking a few minutes, tense enough almost to give a trace of defiance and aggression. It was defiance and aggression at these times—exactly this; but his facial lines and their muscles, as he continued speaking, became softened, and the flush of color, and the hard curves on his face, became relieved; and those far-visioned eyes lit up with an animation that, taken all together, freed his countenance from any severity of outline it often had when in repose, and which is, unfortunately, so strongly marked upon in his photographs. . . .

Such was Lincoln's expressive personality when animated by strong emotional or mental stimulus. It was the same, be it in his home, in his office or in the courts, whenever his interest or sympathy was thoroughly aroused.

Now Mr. Rankin, from whose admirable book we quote the above, has wired us:

Springfield, Ill., Oct. 13, 1917.

Editor of THE ART WORLD:

Barnard's melancholy mistake in bronze is a lamentable desecration of Lincoln the first American.

And he closes a letter of the 16th of October with the following:

I thank you, and gladly will aid you and all the lovers of the real Lincoln who have come to your pages against this unfortunate perversion in statuary of our great prophet President.

Most sincerely,
HENRY B. RANKIN.

This is not at all a matter for the artists alone to settle. There are other matters to settle in a statue of a national hero beside the question of "my art" or "my modeling" or "my technique" practised by any sculptor, however clever or weird he may be. There are far more important elements in a work of art than the technical elements such as drawing, color or technique. The most important elements in a public statue are the conception, the composition and the expression of life and the true character of the subject.

However, since some suggestion has been made that the matter be left to the artists to settle, we would be delighted if the A. P. C. Committee would request that this matter be decided by a *signed vote* of the fifty members of the American Academy and of the two hundred and fifty members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, composed of the leading artists of the country in architecture, literature, painting, music and sculpture. But the Committee dare not make the request!

Therefore we append the names we have received of leading artists who signed the following protest:

The undersigned, hearing of the proposed presentation to the cities of London and Paris of replicas of the statue of Lincoln by Mr. George Gray Barnard recently unveiled in Cincinnati, feel it their duty to make public protest against the erection in a foreign country of a representation of the Great Emancipator so false, so inadequate and so unworthy.

The idea of the sculptor would seem to be that the greatness of Lincoln is to be measured by the incongruities suggested between what he accomplished and what this statue represents him to have been. Even if the physical facts about Lincoln were here truthfully given (as the testimony of contemporaries prove that they are not) it is not these facts but Lincoln's greatness of soul upon which permanent attention should be centered—not upon his falsely assumed uncouthness and slovenliness but upon his nobility, his wisdom, his intellectual power, his steadfastness, his brooding love of country and his tender heart. Of these, unfortunately, Mr. Barnard's statue has no hint.

We regard it as a failure to represent one of the most salient and well-known, as well as the greatest of Americans, and we should consider its erection in London or Paris as an international calamity. From the comments we have heard, we believe that we represent not only the best artistic judgment, but the soundest sentiment of the American people.

It is of the first importance for the honor and credit of the country that no gift to another nation of a public statue of a President of the United States, virtually in the name of the American people, should be made without the approval of the National Commission of Fine Arts, which is appointed by the President under authority of Congress and which holds its sittings in Washington.

(Signed)

John Wolcott Adams	John Hemming Fry
Richard Aldrich	Cass Gilbert
Paul W. Bartlett	Childe Hassam
Reginald Birch	Richard B. Hunt
Arnold W. Brummer	Ellwood Hendrick
Clarence Clough Buel	Robert Underwood Johnson
Howard Russell Butler	Charles B. Kay
Timothy Cole	Charles R. Lamb
Kenyon Cox	Henry Cabot Lodge
Walter Dambrosch	William Rutherford Mead
Henry Golden Deather	Professor Walter S. Perry
Frank Vincent DuMont	W. Frank Purdy

Francis Rogers	Thomas H. Story
E. Wellington Root	William Roscoe Thayer
William Sartorius	Augustus Thomas
Robert V. S. Smith	Thule de Thulstrup
Edward Simmons	Henry van Dyke
William T. Smalley	W. B. Van Ingen
Albert Sterner	J. Alden Weir

There is something strange in this whole business of a small self-constituted committee trying to foist upon the defenseless publics of England and France, in the name of the American people, a statue which the majority of normal Americans who have seen it regard as a travesty of Lincoln and this against the almost pathetic appeal of his own son. This is shown by the fact that there have been published in the press, and even exposed in the show-window of a prominent publisher here, life-size photographs of a *new bust* labeled: "Barnard's Lincoln"; it has a less whining and lacrimose expression upon the face than is on the face of the statue. The inference drawn by the public is that this new face is that of the statue itself. Thus the public is deceived, for the two are totally different!

Who is responsible for this either conscious or unconscious fraud?

And who is responsible for the deliberate misstatement in the press that the editor of THE ART WORLD, because of the Teutonic form of his name was born in Germany, when in reality he was born in France on the Alsatian side of the Vosges Mountains in 1853, and brought here in 1855, nearly sixty-three years ago?

And who for the other insinuation that the action of this magazine is inspired by a personal dislike for Mr. Barnard on the part of its editor, when the reverse is the case?

Must the aims of the A. P. C. Committee be accomplished through such deception?

As for the scheme of sending replicas of the Barnard as well as the Saint-Gaudens statue to London, that is childish! We are not seeking to have Lincoln honored in London and Paris—he does not need it. But, along with Lincoln's own son and the lovers of Lincoln, we protest against his being dishonored in the two leading capitals of Europe. If the Barnard statue is a grotesque libel on Lincoln the erection of a replica of the Saint-Gaudens statue will not make the libel less of a disgrace to the American people.

The fact is, this is now an international matter in which the pride of America is involved and should be handled by Congress alone and the expense for placing the statue paid, not by a private man but by the public treasury. As a national committee, with the President at its head, Congress alone should be allowed to make a gift of a statue of Lincoln—for, as this is made now, it seems to be in the name of Americans to the people of England and France, yet is far from being so in actuality.

BARNARD'S "LINCOLN"

Must we believe that such an uncouth shape,

Standing in dense stolidity, like one

Who knows no pain, no dream, no fire divine,

Only a round of duties, dully done,—

That this could represent the dwelling-place

Of such a soul as Lincoln's? This base form,

Grotesque and shambling, his, who stood sublime

Bearing the burden of a tremendous storm
Which rent the life of every countryman,

Look well before you say that this is he

Whose free, strong, untrammelled life not ill

Uphore and upheld the Nation's will

So travestied, that it betrays his nature,

Compelled to stand in mockery and shame?

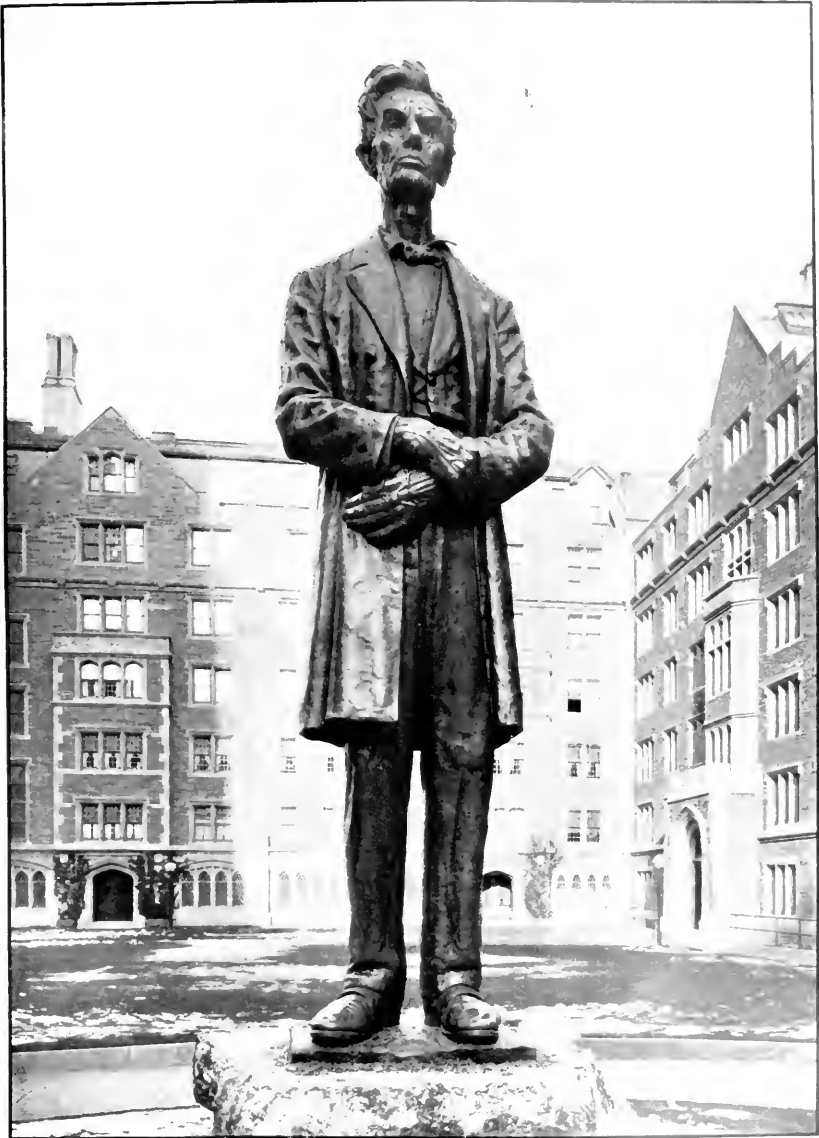
—MRS. J. E. G. Gilmore



Courtesy The Century Co.

SAINT-GAUDENS'S GREAT STATUE OF LINCOLN IN CHICAGO

If a replica of any existing Lincoln statue is sent abroad, as a gift from the American people to the people of England and France, as an adequate characterization of Lincoln, also to symbolize our democracy, our taste in art and our state of culture, it should be a replica of the above statue— unquestionably the noblest statue so far erected of our great President; among the half-dozen greatest portrait statues created in the nineteenth century. Here we have no lacrimose, whipped weakling, but a serene fighter who conquered in nearly everything he ever undertook.



Cos. and George W. Barnard

"LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING THE CAT BROUGHT IN ON A WET NIGHT

MRS. FRANCES J. S.

The above reproduction of the "Lincoln" by Mr. Barnard shows the statue as it appears when viewed close by and from below. And they say we "misrepresent the statue"!!! And they aim to foist this calamity in bronze on the defenses of our country and to inflict upon our great President a second martyrdom in bronze!!!

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do"



BUST OF LINCOLN, MADE FROM LIFE IN CHICAGO IN 1860

BY THOS. VOLK

Lincoln sat for Mr. Volk who, to obtain the most exact likeness possible, made the now priceless plaster cast of his face which was reproduced in our June issue, no doubt the best likeness, both physically and spiritually, of Lincoln in 1860 ever made in sculpture. Let the public study it. It radiates evidence of the physical power yet refinement, mental alertness yet wisdom, boldness yet self-command which contributed to that serenity of soul and intellectual power which enabled him gradually to dominate the strongest men of his time and shape the course of history. No pathetic, whimpering woefulness in the conquering face of this bust, made when Lincoln was in his prime! Why put it in a statue supposed to represent him at the same epoch when this bust was made, at a time when he knew he had defeated Douglas for the Presidency and felt he would be the nominee of the Republican Party and when he saw a victorious life before him? This is the face and head of a conqueror, why not represent him as such?

SPECIAL ARTICLES

A GLANCE INTO EMERSON'S JOURNALS

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

I THINK the readers and lovers of Emerson who take up the new volumes recently published, made up from his Journals, will experience a revival of their interest in our great Yankee Poet-Seer. They will find him in his Journals the same spur and challenge that they found him in his Essays so long ago. He sets one's mental currents going, and whether we go his way or not matters little to him, so that we only go somewhere. He says that only Plato knows that we can do without Plato, and I may add that no one else knows so well as Emerson does that his best service is to make you independent of him. Whitman had imbibed the Emersonian spirit when he said "I teach straying from me" and "I would have you learn under the master how to destroy him." Whitman himself certainly took to heart early in life the Emersonian gospel of self-reliance and calmly followed his own star and not that of his teacher.

Emerson records in his journal, "I have been writing and speaking what were once called novelties for twenty-five or thirty years, and have not now one disciple. Why? Not that what I have said was not true; not that it has not found intelligent receivers; but because it did not go from any wish in me to bring them to me, but to themselves. I delight in driving them from me. What could I do if they came to me? they would interrupt and encumber me. This is my boast, that I have no school follower. I should account it a measure of the impurity of insight if it did not create independence."

It is never easy to stray far from the master in high moral, esthetic and literary matters and be on the safe side; we are only to try to escape his individual bias, to break over his limitations and "brave the landscape's look" with our own eyes. We are to be more on guard against his affinities, his unconscious attractions and repulsions, than against his ethical and intellectual conclusions, if one may make that distinction, which I know is hazardous business. We readily impose our own limitations upon others and see the world as old when we are old. Emerson had strong predilections for certain kinds of poetry, the Herbert and Donne kind, which is the forerunner of the Emersonian kind. He criticised Carlyle because Carlyle was not Emerson, just as Carlyle criticised Emerson because he was not Carlyle. We are all poor beggars in this respect; each of us is the victim of his own demon. Beware of the predilection of the master! When his temperament impels him he is no longer a free man.

We touch Emerson's limitations in his failure to see anything in Hawthorne's work. And again, in

his rather contemptuous disposal of Poe as "the jingle man" and his verdict upon Shelley as "never a poet!" The intellectual content of Shelley's work is not great; but that he was not a poet, in fact that he was anything else but a poet, though not of the highest order, is contrary to the truth, I think. Limitations like this are not infrequent in Emerson.

Philosophers contradict themselves like other mortals. Here and there in his Journals Emerson rails against good nature, and says "tomahawks are better." "Why should they call me good-natured? I, too, like puss, have a tractile claw." And he declares that he likes the sayers of No better than the sayers of Yes, and that he preferred hard clouds, hard expressions and hard manners. In another mood, or from another point of view, he says of a man "Let him go into his closet and pray the Divinity to make him so great as to be good-natured." And again: "How great it is to do a little, as, for instance, to deserve the praise of good nature, or of humility, or of punctuality."

Yet Emerson was a great critic of men and of books. A highly interesting volume showing him in this character could be compiled from the Journals. The ninety or more passages and pages that he devotes to Thoreau—the greatest number devoted to any one man—the seventy-five devoted to Carlyle, the seventy or more occupied with Alcott, the upwards of fifty given to Ellery Channing, the forty-six descriptive and analytical of Webster, the thirty-two concerned with Margaret Fuller, and so on down, taking in the great names in British and American literature, would make a volume that would show Emerson a great critic, and that would be prized by all Emerson lovers.

II

His characterization of himself as always a painter is interesting. People, he said, came to his lectures with expectation that he was to realize the Republic he described, and they ceased to come when they found this reality no nearer: "They mistook me. I am and always was a painter. I paint still with might and main and choose the best subject I can. Many have I seen come and go with false hopes and fears, and dubiously affected by my pictures. But I paint on." "I portray the ideal, not the real," he might have added. He was a poet-seer and not a historian. He was a painter of ideas, as his friend Carlyle was a painter of men and events. Always is there an effort at vivid and artistic expression. If his statement does not kindle the imagination, it falls short of his aim. He visualizes his most subtle and abstract conceptions—sees the idea wedded to its correlative in the actual world. A new figure, a fresh simile gave him a thrill of pleasure. He

went hawking up and down the fields of science, of trade, of agriculture, of nature, seeking them. He thinks in symbols, he paints his visions of the ideal with pigments drawn from the world all about him. To call such men as Emerson and Carlyle painters is only to emphasize their artistic temperaments. Their seriousness, their devotion to high moral and intellectual standards, only lift them, as they do Whitman, out of the world of mere decorative art up to the world of heroic and creative art where art as such does not obtrude itself.

Matthew Arnold refused to see in Emerson a great writer; he was eminent as the "friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit," apparently overlooking the fact that, devoid of the merit of good literature, no man's writings could have high spiritual or religious value. Strip the Bible of its excellence as literature, and you have let out its life blood. Literature is not a varnish or a polish or a wardrobe; it is the result of a vital, imaginative relation of the man to his subject. And Emerson's subject-matter at his best always partakes of the texture of his own mind. It must be admitted that there are times when his writing lacks organization—the vital ties—when his rhetoric is more like a rocking-horse or a merry-go-round than like the real thing. There are few writers who do not mark time now and then, and Emerson is no exception; but at his best his work has the sequence and evolution of all great prose. Emerson thought in images more strictly than any other contemporary writer, and he was often desperately hard-put to make his thought wed his image. He confessed that he did not know how to argue, that he could say only what he saw. We must admit that he had spiritual vision, if we deny him logical penetration. I often think of his essays under the image of an ear of corn—the thoughts separated, detached, but all the fruit of one central, spiritual attitude. The highest values of his books are certainly moral and religious; but these, as I have just said, are absolutely dependent upon their value as good literature.

One of Emerson's faults as a writer arose from his fierce hunger for analogy. It betrays him here and there in his journals, as in this passage: "The water we wash with never speaks of itself, nor does fire or wind or tree. Neither does a noble natural man." If water and fire and wind and tree were in the habit of talking of themselves, this kind of comparison would not seem so spurious.

A false note in rhetoric, like the above, you will find in Emerson oftener than a false note in taste. I note but one such in the journals: "As soon as a man gets his suction-hose down into the great deep, he belongs to no age, but is an eternal man." That I call an ignoble image.

III

Emerson's deep love and admiration for Carlyle come out many times in the journals. No other literary man of his times moved and impressed him so profoundly. Their correspondence, which lasted upwards of forty years, is of great value. Emerson makes a note of the days on which he received a letter from, or wrote one to, his great Scottish friend. Both were important events with him. Emerson's effort to write his best in these letters

is more evident than it is with Carlyle. Carlyle tosses his off with more ease and unconscious mastery. The exchange is always in favor of the Scot. Carlyle was, of course, the more prodigious personality, and had the advantage in the richness and venerableness of the Old World setting. But Emerson did not hesitate to discount him in his letters and in his journals very wisely sometimes, not so wisely at others.

"O! Carlyle, the merit of glass is not to be seen, but to be seen through; but every crystal and lamina of the Carlyle glass is visible." Of course Carlyle might reply that stained glass has other merits than transparency, or he might ask: Why should an author's style be compared to glass anyhow, since it is impossible to dissociate it from the matter of his discourse? It is not merely to reveal truth; it is also to enhance its beauty. There is the charm and witchery of style, as in Emerson's own best pages, as well as the worth of the subject-matter. Is it not true that in the description of any natural object or scene or event we want something more than to see it through a perfectly transparent medium? We want the added charm or illusion of the writer's own way of seeing it, the hue of his own spirit.

I think we may admit all this; doubtless Emerson would admit it, and yet urge that Carlyle's style had many faults of the kind Emerson indicated. It thrusts itself too much upon the reader's attention. His prose is at the best, as in the "Life of Stirling," when it is most transparent and freest from mannerisms. Carlyle's manner at its best is very pleasing; at its worst it becomes a wearisome mannerism. When a writer's style gets into a rut his reader is not happy. Ease, flexibility, transparency, though it be a colored transparency, are among the merits we want.

Emerson himself has a remark about style that is very suggestive. He says that the style of a writer is his intellectual voice, which gives a truer image than the vitreous one above quoted. The voice is a part of the man; it is vital and it reflects his character, his culture, his quality in an eminent degree. A warm sympathetic voice wins us as do these qualities in a man's work; while a thick or harsh or strained voice repels us in the same way. Emerson's speaking voice was singularly rich and musical and the style of his works is its counterpart. Yes, a writer's style is his mind's voice—not so much a medium through which we see his subject-matter, as through glass, as it is an inseparable part of his subject-matter, heightening it and quickening it and linking it to the character of the writer.

The most just and penetrating thing Emerson ever said about Carlyle is recorded in his journal in 1847:

"In Carlyle, as in Byron, one is much more struck with the rhetoric than with the matter. He has manly superiority rather than intellectuality, and so makes good hard hits all the time. There is more character than intellect in every sentence, herein strongly resembling Samuel Johnson." Criticism like this carries the force and conviction of a scientific analysis.

The authors abound in illuminating bits of criticism like that directed to nearly all the more noted authors of English literature, past and present. In

science we do want an absolutely colorless, transparent medium, but in literature the personality of the writer is everything. The born writer gives us facts and ideas steeped in his own quality as a man. Take out of Carlyle's works, or out of Emerson's, or out of Arnold's, the savor of the man's inborn quality—the savor of that which acts over and above his will—and we have done to them what the shower does to the cured hay. Literature is always truth of some sort, plus a man. No one knew this better than Emerson himself. Another remark of Emerson's, made when he was twenty-seven years old, has high literary value:

"There is no beauty in words except in their collocation."

It is not beautiful words that make beautiful poetry, or beautiful prose, but ordinary words beautifully arranged. The writer who hopes by fine language to invoke fine ideas is asking the tailor to turn him out a fineman. First get your great idea, and you will find it is already fitly clothed. The image of the clothes in this connection is, of course, a very inadequate and misleading one, since language is the thought or its vital integument, and not merely its garment. We often praise a writer for his choice of words, and Emerson himself says in the same paragraph from which I quote the above: "No man can write well who thinks there is no choice of words for him." There is always a right word and every other than that is wrong." "There is always the best word, or the best succession of words to give force and vividness to the idea. All painters use the same colors, all musicians use the same notes, all sculptors use the same marble, all architects use the same materials and all writers use essentially the same words, their arrangement and combination alone making the difference in the various products. Nature uses the same elements in her endless variety of living things; their different arrangement and combinations, and some interior necessity which we have to call the animating principle, is the secret of the individuality of each.

Of course we think in words or images, and no man can tell which is first, or if there is any first in such matters—the thought or the word—any more than the biochemist can tell us which is first in the living body, the carbon, oxygen, nitrogen and so on, or the living force that weaves itself a corporeal garment out of these elements.

IV

Emerson and Hawthorne were near neighbors for several years. Emerson liked the man better than his books—said his writings were not good for anything, had no inside to them. Alcott added to Hawthorne, he thought, would make a man. Later Emerson and Hawthorne had a good long walk together; they walked to Harvard village and occupied a couple of days, walking about twenty miles a day. They had much conversation—talked of Scott and Landor and others. They found the bar-rooms at the inns cold and dull places. The Temperance Society had emptied them. Hawthorne tried to smoke a cigar in one of them, but "was soon out on the piazza." Hawthorne, he said, was more inclined to play Jove than Mercury. It is a pleasing picture—these two men, so unlike, but both typical of New England and both men of a high

order of genius, walking in friendly converse along the country roads in the golden September days over seventy years ago. Emerson always regretted that he never succeeded in "conquering a friendship" with Hawthorne, mainly because they had so few traits in common. To the satisfaction of silent intercourse with men Emerson appears to have been a stranger. There must be an interchange of ideas; the feeling of comradeship, the communion of congenial souls was not enough. Hawthorne was a shy, silent, rather gloomy man; but there must have been a charm about his mere presence that more than made up for his want of conversation. His silence was golden. Emerson was a transcendental Yankee and was always bent on driving sharp bargains in the interchange of ideas with the persons he met. He did not propose to swap horses or watches or jack-knives, but he would swap ideas with you day in and day out. If you had no ideas to swap, he lost interest in you.

The wisdom of a great creative artist like Hawthorne does not necessarily harden into bright epigrammatic sayings or rules for the conduct of life, and the available intellectual content of his works to the Emersonian type of mind may be small; but his interior, his emotional and imaginative richness may much more than make it up. The scholar, the sayer of things, must always rank below the creator, or the maker of things.

V

On another page Emerson wonders why it is that man eating, or his table, or his diet, does not attract the imagination or attract the artist: "Why is our diet and table not agreeable to the imagination, whilst all other creatures eat without shame? We paint the bird pecking at fruit, the browsing ox, the lion leaping on his prey; but no painter ever ventured to draw a man eating. The difference seems to consist in the presence or absence of the world at the feast. The diet is base, be it what it may, that is hidden in caves or cellars or houses. . . . Did you ever eat bread on the top of a mountain, or drink water there? Did you ever camp out with lumbermen or travellers on the prairie? Did you ever eat the poorest rye or oat-cake with a beautiful maiden in the wilderness? and did you not find that the mixture of sun and sky with your bread gave it a certain mundane savor and comeliness?"

I do not think Emerson hits on the true explanation of why man feeding is not an attractive subject for the painter. It is not that the diet is base and is hidden in caves and cellars, or that the world is not present at the feast. It is because eating is a purely selfish animal occupation; there is no touch of the noble or the idyllic or the heroic in it. In the act man confesses his animal nature; he is no longer an Emerson, a Dante, a Plato—he is simply a physiological contrivance taking in nutriment. The highest and the lowest are for the same moment on the same level. The lady and her maid, the lord and his lackey are all one. Eating your bread on a mountain top or in the camp of lumbermen or with a beautiful maiden in the wilderness adds a new element. Here the picture has all nature for a background and the imagination is moved. The rye and the oat-cake now become a kind of heavenly manna, or, as Fitzgerald has it, under such conditions "the wilderness is Paradise enow." The

simple act of feeding does not now engross the attention. Associate with the act of eating any worthy or noble idea, and it is at once lifted to a higher level. A mother feeding her child, a cook passing food to the tramp at the door or to other hungry and forlorn wayfarers, or soldiers pausing to eat their rations in the field, or fishermen beside the stream, or the haymakers with their lunch under a tree—in all such incidents there are pictorial elements because the least part of it all to the looker-on is the act of eating.

In Da Vinci's "Last Supper" the mere animal act of taking food plays no part; the mind is occupied with higher and more significant things. A suggestion of wine or of fruit in a painting may be agreeable, but from a suggestion of the kitchen and the cook we turn away. The incident of some of Washington's officers during the Revolution entertaining some British officers (a historical fact) on baked potatoes and salt would appeal to the artistic imagination. All the planting and reaping of the farmers is suggestive of our animal wants, as is so much of our whole industrial activity; but art looks kindly upon much of it, shows us more or less in partnership with primal energies. People surrounding a table after all signs of the dinner have been removed hold the elements of an agreeable picture, because that suggests conversation and social intercourse—a feast of reason and a flow of soul. We are no longer animals; we have moved up many degrees higher in the scale of human values.

VI

Apparently Emerson cared nothing for science for its own sake: It was only its super-scientific value that attracted him. Just as he was not drawn to persons on the purely human side, so he was not drawn to science or to natural history or to other forms of organized knowledge on grounds of their purely human interest: their possible literary or

ethical or transcendental value alone kindled him. It does not appear that he had any personal associations with the birds or the wild flowers; only so far as he could use them for purposes of his literary art did they interest him. He did not care that the shells he brought home from the shore belonged to this or that genus, but only how they stood related to his life. Thoreau, who was a chip off the Emersonian block, learned the craft of lead-pencil making. After having at last made a perfect pencil, according to the best judges, he gave up the work. "Why should I make another pencil? I would not do again what I have done once."

Ellery Channing, who was a weak replica of Thoreau, asked, why Nature should keep on freezing water after she had once learned the trick? Both Channing and Thoreau seemed at times to caricature Emerson's opinion. They pushed his bold idealism so far that it became grotesque, especially did Channing.

Emerson hungered for the quintessence of things, their last concentrated, intensified meanings, for the pith and marrow of men and events, and not for their body and bulk. He wanted the ottar of roses and not a rose garden, the diamond and not a mountain of carbon. This bent gives a peculiar beauty and stimulus to his writings, while at the same time it makes the reader crave a little more body and substance. The succulent leaf and stalk of certain garden vegetables is better to one's liking than the more pungent seed. If Emerson could only have given us the essence of Father Taylor's copious, eloquent, flesh-and-blood discourses, how it would have delighted him! or if he could only have gotten the silver out of Alcott's bewitching moonshine—that would have been worth while!

But why wish Emerson had been some other than he was? He was at least the quintessence of New England Puritanism, its last and deepest meaning and result, lifted into the regions of ethics and aesthetics.

John Burroughs

THE WOMAN SPEAKS

Oh, Death, how kind to bid him rest!
Only his spirit stirs against my breast;
So strong he was that day and brave and gay
Singing and swinging his sword,
Running to action like a child to play—
Peace, be still!
He must not hear my anguished cry,
Only an old sweet song,
A lullaby.

Bertha McE. Knipe

RECENT MUSICIANS AND COMPOSERS IN IRELAND

BY DON J. O'BYRNE

THOMAS DAVIS, father of the Pan-Irish idea and one of the founders and editors of the *Irish Nation*, wrote to an English friend in 1860: "Music is the first faculty of the Irish." Davis knew the Ireland of his day. He lived in close contact and sympathy with the peasantry and was himself a musician of considerable ability.

There is a note of passionate sincerity in the music of Ireland and it is as vibrant today as in the days of old. Time has not lessened its power of appeal to the people nor diminished the grandeur of its eloquence. The war songs of Irish antiquity bear you to the battles in a hundred glens and you charge and you struggle amid the cries of thousands of warriors and your soul sickens and you feel a breath of the grave as you hear the *ululu* of Ulster or the *uirrasthoue* of Munster when the clash is over and the slain are discovered. And in these later days Irishmen have produced music as vividly realistic of the lives of the people as did their forebears of the long ago.

Irish music portrays the people's loves without guile, their hates, their longings, their aspirations and their ideals. And the explanation of this fact is the passion of every Irishman for musical utterance. In every community in the land there resides a sort of unofficial poet or balladist whose province it is to entrust, in a somewhat crude but always virile manner, the confidences of his neighbors to poetry and song. In some of these homely productions we find the croon of the mother as she rocks her first-born to sleep, the sigh of the lover, the hue and cry of the hunter and the hounds and the dashing of the waves on the beach—or again the maledictions of an evicted farmer or the oppressive landlord. These local bards or minstrels—call them what you will—find subjects for their muse in every incident of life from the cradle to the grave, and even beyond. This musical spirit of the people is also evidenced by the fact that there are few hamlets in Ireland which do not possess an amateur instrument-maker who will undertake to repair anything from a tin whistle to a pipe organ.

Modern Irish music owes a great deal to Dr. P. W. Joyce, George Petrie and Eugene O'Curry who were among the most prominent antiquarians of the mid-Victorian era. They devoted themselves assiduously to extracting from the ancient Irish manuscripts the spirit of the Gaelic past. Petrie was a musical composer of some merit but his principal contribution to Irish musical development is his "Ancient Music of Ireland," which is acknowledged as the leading authority on the subject by the scholarly John Pentland Mahaffy, who was for more than fifty years examiner in music in Trinity College, Dublin. In passing, it might be mentioned that Professor Mahaffy found time during his busy professional career to assemble a large collection of Irish music, and the few melodies which he has arranged breathe the true Celtic spirit. Dr. Joyce published in 1878 a volume of "Ancient Irish Music," but it appears that more recent authorities do not think very kindly of his accomplishment in this field. There is a trace of pedantry and absolutism about the work that detracts to a great degree from its splendid diction

and its real worth as a book of reference. Eugene O'Curry was a most prolific writer on Irish musical matters, but his work was of a scattered character and is known thirty years after his death to only the most intensive students of Irish music. Joyce, Petrie and O'Curry were among the founders of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland and Joyce was its first president.

The Irish musician of the present generation has not confined his efforts to the field of Irish music, but we find him striving successfully in the realm of world-music. It is unquestioned that in this broadened sphere of artistry the Irish spirit runs through the work and adds life and feeling to it. Among the leaders in this class was Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan whose fame is world-wide. Sir Arthur's grandfather was a bandmaster in a little Kerry hamlet before he joined the army. Sullivan's father was a regimental bandmaster in the British service and, possibly, there were generations of ancestors who sang the ballads of their neighbors in Kerry's "mountain paths and woodland dells." Young Arthur had splendid opportunities for obtaining a musical education and the fact that he became the most popular composer of his time is proof that he grasped them. His most marked characteristic as a musician was his wonderful facility of expression. He was distinguished alike for a refined and spontaneous melodic gift and a complete mastery of the technical resources of his art. The number of strongly contrasted works which he has left indicate the versatility of his talent and the breadth of his understanding. Some English writers have wasted considerable ink in an effort to prove that Sullivan's music was inspired by his English birth, education and quality of mind. His music disproves their argument because it fairly ripples with the spirit of Irish expression. He produced thirty-one operas and dramatic works beside numerous oratorios, cantatas and other orchestrations. He was also a most prolific composer of music for songs and hymns.

The bleak, rocky coast of County Galway, Ireland, gave birth to one of the world's greatest bandmasters in the person of Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore. Indeed the assertion was made by Dr. Douglas Hyde a few years ago that as a leader Gilmore never had a peer. Gilmore's career was a most romantic one. From the little home town band to Boston and to world-wide fame was a short jump for him. His musical education was very limited, but his supreme grasp of the spirit of intense leadership won him one laurel after another. He essayed the most difficult tasks and never succumbed to the ordinary pitfalls that make the professional musician's life miserable. If his bandmen deserted him, he was ready to train others to fill the vacant places. He composed a few marches, but they have never been looked upon as having any particular merit. His greatest achievement as a leader was in conducting a great musical festival in Philadelphia. There were 20,000 voices in the chorus and 450 instruments were used.

George A. Barker is one of the big men in modern Irish music. Born in or near Belfast of prosperous parents, he devoted himself during his young manhood to the study of the ancient music of the Celts.

Gifted with leisure, he went from town to town, lived among the people and learned to love them sincerely. When Lady Dufferin wrote her "Lament of the Irish Emigrant," one of the most beautifully Irish things in the English language, she picked out Barker as the man to write the music for it. The choice was a good one, as the millions who have heard the song can testify. Beside the Dufferin poem Barker has handed down "Scottish Blue Bells" and "White Squall"—both of them are familiar to music-lovers of this generation. Like many other Irish writers of the Victorian era, Barker left no record of any pretentious compositions; but the things he did were fully done.

Why R. M. O'Shaughnessy should have preferred that his fame should go down to posterity under the name of Levey is not explained by the available records of his time. Levey was born in Dublin and was a diligent composer of Irish music. For many years he directed the Theatre Royal in London and numbered among his friends the two Keans, Alfred Bunn, Tyrone Power, Macready, Cooke, Paganini and Ole Bull. He composed two volumes of Irish airs and they are classed with the best work of their kind. A peculiar strain of sadness permeates all his writings and interferes materially with their popularity. A son and namesake of Levey became a famous violinist and wrote a few compositions of considerable merit. In 1890 he was appearing in London as "Paganini Redivivus" and was receiving the lavish applause of that great city, when he disappeared in the strangest manner, and has never been heard of! Another son of the elder Levey—William Charles—conducted at Drury Lane, Covent Garden and the Princess in London. The father was one of the founders of the Royal Irish Academy of Music, of which the sons were members.

Another strange disappearance of a young Irish musician of promise occurred in Philadelphia in 1890. Paul McSwiney was the young man's name and he had to his credit an opera, "Amergin," which was produced in Cork and Dublin in 1881 and drew great praise from the critics. McSwiney came to New York in 1884 as Musical Director of the "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language." In this same year he produced in Steinway Hall a Gaelic idyl *An Bard agus an Fo* (the bard and the knight). He was labeled a successful composer and his praises resounded in Irish and English periodicals. He dropped from sight of the musical world very suddenly, and his fate remains one of the unfathomed mysteries of the world.

Women have always taken an active interest in the song and the story of Ireland. Among the leading women of musical Ireland is Mrs. Alicia Adelaide Needham who is famous as a composer and pianist. She was born near enough to Dublin to get in touch in her younger days with the leaders in musical matters. For six consecutive years she was the winner of the prize for the best original song set to

music at the Irish Musical Festival. She also received a prize of \$500 for the best original song for the celebration of King Edward the Seventh's coronation. A delicious Irish strain runs through all her work. Mrs. Needham is well known as an antiquarian and was the first and only lady president of the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales in 1906.

"Alice, Where Art Thou?" has written itself into the hearts of the lovers of music throughout the world. Its words and music were by Wellington Guernsey, who also published "Old Songs of Old Ireland with Symphonies and Accompaniments." There is not a great deal of merit in the latter work, but Guernsey's Irish birth and musical sense are in the beautiful song he wrote, and that gives him a safe niche in music's hall of fame.

Herbert Hughes, a founder of the Irish Folk-Song Society, is known as the composer of the "Songs of Uladh." William Henry Grattan Flood wrote a "History of Irish Music" and edited "Moore's Melodies." Charles Magrath, Leslie Crotty, Adelaide Mullen, Harry Plunkett Greene, Gerald O'Daly, Sir Robert Stewart and J. W. Glover are among the other men of Irish birth and blood who have maintained their country's musical prestige.

Victor Herbert, whose work is familiar to all Americans, was born in Dublin and is the grandson of the famous novelist Samuel Lever. While his musical activities have been more particularly as a cellist and a conductor, he has found time to achieve several notable compositions.

A talk about recent Irish music would indeed fall short if no mention were made of Francis O'Neill, the late Chief of the Chicago Police. He was the most persistent student of Irish music in America and possibly was the most finished performer on the Irish bagpipes of later days. He published several adaptations from the ancient Irish music, but made no pretence to extensive original composition. He was a big-hearted man who gave liberally of his time and his means to further every Irish musical movement. His collection of ancient Irish music was the most complete and valuable in the world. And then there's John McCormack, the sweet singer of the songs of the Gael. His interpretation of the music of his native land has helped a great deal to foster a love for it among alien races and among the Irish themselves the world over.

There is nothing spasmodic nor uncertain about Ireland's musical growth. It is steady and progressive and is fostered by the following musical societies situated in Dublin: The Royal Irish Academy of Music, the Hibernian Catch Club, the Charitable Musical Society for "decayed musicians," the Anacreontic Society, the Philharmonic Society, the Amicable Catch Club, the Mecklenburgh Musical Society, the Dublin University Choral Society, the Dublin Madrigal Society, the Royal Choral Institute and the Dublin Glee Club. Similar musical organizations are found in the other cities and towns.

Don J. O'Byrne



HOW TO MAKE AN ART EXHIBITION

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

IF you went about it with any misgivings you would never succeed, for there are as many views on this and that policy, this and that propriety, as there are galleries in which to display the works. Each artist has his convictions, each owner of a picture thinks he knows, and every institution has its rules. . . . A multitude of counsel is not wisdom, but confusion. . . . There is no settled code. . . . Success alone justifies the adventurer.

And yet—I have always contended that there is one fixed axiom: To make an art show that succeeds, one must be a Showman!

And for the equipment of a Showman: taste, tact, knowledge of color and form, orderliness and a business head. He must know how to select the works, and, when chosen and assembled, he must know how to hang them so that they shall please the observer. Thus I assume that the same pervasive management shall watch over selection and watch over installation; in short, that there shall be a managing mind under the activities that lead up to the opening display. I also assume that works shall be chosen by invitation, but I do not thus exclude selection by a jury—indeed, the jury has a very essential place in the scheme!

To begin at the beginning: the purpose of an art exhibition is twofold. Its first duty is, no doubt, to afford the artists an opportunity for making public their achievements. Pictures and sculptures are created to be seen. They do not reach their full accomplishment until their appeal has gone forth to the spectator. The personal sensations of the artist are, indeed, a prime part of his performance; his enjoyment and emotion in his work are essential to the qualities of it. But his own reactions would not alone suffice. His appeal is to those outside his consciousness, and unless this appeal is manifested he has lost at least one element of his aims. Therefore the Art Exhibition is a rather important point in the artist's field. He could possibly find attention from individuals, but he fares better in collective display. The other use for an art exhibition is to give enjoyment. Unless it does give enjoyment, and give it to many people, it has failed.

If you accept these principles, there are then two necessities for making a good show: artists should want to put their best things in it and it should be so formed as to please a great many people. But the leading artists do not ordinarily want to put their best things, or anything, in a public exhibition by the sufferance of a jury! It is very troublesome to induce them to come in at all. They do not heed circulars that set forth prizes or beg handsomely for help, for most of the leading artists very genuinely and rightly hold themselves superior to the decision of a jury of their own craft, rarely of their own choosing. It thus becomes necessary to introduce the course called "Invitation," and to this proceeding most artists will respond.

As a typical instance I remember once inviting Winslow Homer to send his new picture in oil—the West Indian negro on a wrecked boat surrounded by sharks ready to devour him. Winslow Homer was in the South and I had written him but had no reply—a characteristic omission. The show was about

to open and I meant to have that picture, as its presence would enrich the collection and add a necessary name to the list of stars. I telegraphed:

"The greatest American Art Exhibition can not succeed without an example from the Greatest American Artist! Do send the desired work."

It came promptly by express and a letter followed instructing me not to let the "public poke their noses into my picture." Much altered in composition, it now holds a conspicuous place in the Metropolitan Museum in New York as "The Gulfstream."

Invitation implies a special recognition given to an artist who is worthy of the distinction by reason of his standing or of his quality. It means, simply that instead of submitting to the decision of a jury he is invited to have his work hung in the show on its merits—or on his merits.

Here, too, there is a difference. He may be so widely known and so desirable as a contributor that anything he chooses to send by invitation will be welcome. This is not a recommended method of making an exhibition, but it is sometimes a necessary one. Or, he may be worthy of invitation only when work of his is selected by the individual or the committee who does the inviting. This is the real meaning of "invitation" thus applied, and it is, to my thinking, as essential to the success of any art show as is the jury.

Of course the human equation stands large and deterrent at the threshold of nearly every undertaking. Here it gestures with insistent finger against a fallible and half-baked person or group of persons through whom to make the choice of pictures or sculptures. Where there is no intelligence there can be no fruition. You can't have an ideally selected group of invited works with an ignorant, a conceited or a grafting and unprincipled instrument of choice. But when to this nice and useful task of invitation is brought sympathy, tact, taste and the temperament of a showman, there is no chance to fail. The public is eager for entertainment, its mind is open for all currents of opinion and invention, it seeks delightedly for what is new and fresh and adventurous, and when such shades of art are brought to its eye it will respond with admiration or healthy criticism, will throng to see and will be glad to buy—above all when works of art are beautiful.

I know that there are one or two prevailing arguments against invitation. Among artists often it is either opposed because it may discriminate in favor of the popular against the excellent obscure, or because it may become an instrument of injustice to talent in its decline or to rising talent that should have the same chance, and only the one chance, with all the rest. But the answer is that if the invitation is widely inclusive, if it sifts with care, by the most industrious winnowing through the studios and the shows of the country wherever works are available there is hardly a chance that any worthy talent will be ignored. And again, that if the selection power is genuine and able and impartially business-like it will want to miss no talent that can add to the value of the composite collection it is going to present.

But, overtly or designedly, should injustice thus arise, should somebody be slighted or forgotten, there is left the resource of the jury, which is not only an integral and necessary part of the plan I used to follow with success in Philadelphia, and which I followed for the first Biennial Exhibition in Washington, but is also the resource of all who will come in, great or small, unknown or famous, haughty or modest, co-operative or stand-pat. And in passing I may remark that my experience with Juries of Artists—when they were honestly chosen and not packed with partisans of some artist wire-puller or some politician who could paint—was that honor and fairness is a prevailing characteristic amongst the craft. I have never known a worthy effort thus to be cast aside—though I have, I confess, found tenderness and sometimes pity opening the doors to the indifferent or reducing the standard of a carefully chosen exhibition.

The Jury is the safety-valve, the public entrance where democracy in art has its privilege without hindrance. But the conditions that prevail, because of the human estimate of self, as well as because of the natural and justly established degrees of creative power, make it almost impossible to form a complete exhibition of American art by the Jury system alone. The Jury is in essence, in theory, the ideal way to give everybody a fair chance to be seen. But the public to whom appeal is necessarily made know nothing about the wheels of the instrument. They come to see the show as an enjoyment or an education, and if you do not afford them enjoyment and education, if you allow yourself to be limited by too much sensitiveness about the claims of exhibitors, you will have none of the comprehensive qualities the public seek. Thus even the jury-chosen works that are shown will fail of that sort of audience which they desire to attract.

The limitations of the Jury system, when used excessively, have another phase which is often a fatal one. Many institutions of art rely on the entrance-fees of their shows for support. Properly formed for public enlightenment and entertainment, any exhibition may be a profitable source of income. But a really representative display can not be secured by the jury alone. This system always results in the omission of much that the public expect to be shown; it will lack the very example that artists travel far to see. Thus the swift rumor goes out that the exhibition is "bum," and the receipts fall below expenses!

I never could understand why any artist should object to the dual system, viz.: of Invitation per-

fecting by the Jury. There is, to be sure, the pique due to failure to be invited, which may imply or may not a lack of reputation or a real or assumed deficiency; and there is the shame or chagrin of not feeling one's self to be ranged with the elect. But these are such small scratches upon the thin skin of *amour propre* that they can scarcely be used to build a conviction on. Moreover one year's disappointment may be and often is cancelled richly by another year's acceptance, and only the very morbid nature fails to react with buoyancy from a temporary defeat. If there is, as Keats said "no fiercer hell than failure in a great attempt," there is no more thrilling joy than the effort to retrieve failure. In the last analysis, it is the character of the artist that is most deeply affected by his temperamental attitude toward success and failure. If he realizes this, he can not wish to alter or limit the choice of work in the exhibition. If he is desired and highly appraised, he should rejoice, but not too recklessly; if he is set aside and chastened, he will, if he has genuine impulses, gird up his loins and make his work wanted next time.

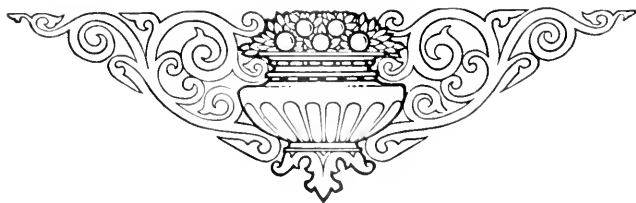
The Jury is always his resource. It is the glad hand stretched out in welcome to the unelect, and if his works are original and genuine enough and secure their place on the walls through the Jury, what cares the Public whether they were ushered in by "invitation" or fetched in by the artist? His appeal lies to the approval of the press and the people. If he is skilled enough, he will soon have Invitation obsequiously tapping at his door.

The Jury is the sifting-screen through which, in reverse of the laws of physics, the pictures big in quality pass and the little in performance fall back. Without the Jury we should lose much that is fresh in impulse, much that is new; and we should exclude talent reaching up to deserved recognition. "Invitation" is the expedient by which the justified self-estimate in art, the "caste," so to speak, that arises from achievement and position, is enabled to contribute to an exhibition without undergoing judgment by a jury of fellow-artists. "Invitation" steps in when the jury has failed to allure, and secures what a collection of art needs to make it representative of the best current production.

Minus either of these forms of management a show can hardly become inclusive of all shades of prevailing art and thus can hardly expect to take a leading place in the field of wide educational and pleasurable usefulness.

But both Jury and "Invitation" may be invoked to their fulness, and still the whole fabric will fall, if honor and truth do not lie at the root of the selection.

Harrison S. Morris



NEW YORK LIGHT AND SHADE

BY ROSALIE M. JONAS

*San Juan Hill down in Cuba, whar us 'Mericans lick' Spain,
Dat er monimint er glory; but dis hyar one jes' a stain!
It a block er no-count te'mints, an' dey calls it San Juan
Hill*

*Cose it crowded full er Niggers, an' dese Niggers fightin'
still!*

*Dey raisin' Nid fu'm sun-up until de sun go down;
Dere's Ba-rooms on each co'ner, an' dere's Dance-Halls all
aroun'.*

*Dere's Daggers, an' dere's Sheenies, an' dere's home-made
white trash, too.*

*Playin' "Sponish" ter dese Niggers—an' dere's Irish in de
brize.*

*So you sees dere's mos' ingregiums fur de Devil's special
game:*

An' whoever win er lose it, it's de Niggers catch de blame.

AS THE Hill has changed its name, improved its character, buried its lurid past in the whitened sepulchres of its model tenements—in short changed so much for the better as to have lost much of its picturesque and dramatic interest, dear alike to the seeker of souls and artistic material: I may venture to head this with these ancient lines, so delicately reminiscent of the Hill in the glory of its shame, so to speak; when the fight was "on" between the Rev. ———, its pioneer evangelist and all the powers of evil; when by a gracious providence I was permitted to happen by, and occasionally "hold the sponge."

(A day later)

Only yesterday I began to tell—with, I am afraid, ill-concealed regret—of the regeneration of the "Hill"; and lo! to-day I have an excited telephone from the Rev. telling me that I shall see in my morning paper the old familiar headline: "Negro Riot on San Juan Hill" and that the lava beneath its peaceful surface was not extinct but burning; so that when an innocent "colored" customer strolled carelessly into the sacred precincts of a corner saloon on its upper crust, it went off with an explosion of mixed-racial fury that was deafening.

"Like old times, isn't it?" I called back in tones of carefully modulated regret.

"Yas'm, it sure is lak ole times, ain't it?" he returned with a subdued chuckle. "Same ole story" he said a little later, as he sat in my studio, the hard "north" light showing forth every sympathetic line in his keen, humorous light-brown face and the unholy twinkle in its eyes—"de Saloon were a leetle mite outen de deestric, I 'lows dat; but de po' white trash dat lives roun' dere aint no Vanderbills nieder, ter t'row out a cullud man jes' 'cause he warn't goin' ter let 'em skin him Sixty Cents fur a plain Lemon an' Soda!" "But" he added tolerantly "I reckon dey wouldn't er kill de wrong man ef it hadn't er been fur dese hyar *Home-Offenders!* Dey so fresh on de job, dey goin' ter clean all de ole folks an' slow-going peace'ble people off de Islan', ef we don't watch out. Yass, Sir!" he emphasized, overlooking my sex, "dem *sparts* goin' ter do mo' damage right hyar, den de *German Bums!*"

"O! let's hope for the best!" I soothed him. "And to think" I added hypocritically "what a nice quiet winter you've had on the Hill!"

"Yas'm" with an equally careful tone of regret; but the joy of battle in his eye: "de 'Hill' been mos'

as slo' an' quiet as de country; but it's *wake up!* Hyar come dis hyar Row, an' only las' week I had to go ter Cort ter bail out two of de Mish'nary Sisters."

"The *Missionary Sisters!*" I exclaimed "for goodness' sake, how did they get into trouble?"

"Well, yer see, it like dis" explained the Reverend, with the twinkle threatening to spread to his mouth, "we has early six o'clock Service in de Chu'ch reg'ler ev'y Sunday mornin', rain or shine, hot or cole. An' reg'ler ev'y Sunday mo'nin' de Mish'nary Sisters is dere. An' ole Aunt Mehaly, she come too, an' she don' erzac'ly baig; but she stan' close ter de do', an' *hole out* her hand', an' knowin' she supportin' her gran'-chillern, an' ain't got *nuthin'*, de Mish'nary Sisters mos' gin'rally always give her some leetle somethin' as dey goes out. Well! Las' Sunday, one er de Mish'nary Sisters say ter annuder Mish'nary Sister: "Look here, I ain't so sho' Aunt Mehaly take all dat money we gives her home ter her gran'-chillun. I kinder 'spicion, she wait till *we-all's* gone, an' den she *light out* fur dat *saloon* opposite, an' blow it all in on *whisky!*"

"Well, Sir! All de Mish'nary Sisters got dat wrought up, dey couldn't hardly *hole* dey-sef; an' dey 'low dat two of 'em going ter lay fur Aunt Mehaly after de res' was gone, an' watch her.

"An', sho' 'nuf, soon's she tink de groun' clar, Ole Aunt Mahaly mak' licketty split, fas' as she kin hobble, fur de *saloon!* An' de two Mish'nary Sisters, what was hidin' in de Chu'ch, dey go after her, quick's dey kin, but she git in firs', an' dey gits ketched in dat dere *turn-stle contrapshun* in de doorway, an' sees her reachin' over de Bar fur a glass er whisky! An' dey hollers out: "*We sees yer, Aunt Mahaly!* Ain't yer *shame* ter blow in de money we gives you fur yer gran'-chilluns on *whisky!*"

"An' Sis Mahaly look roun' an' see de Mish'nary Sisters, an' she so scared she mos' drop de glass, an' she cry out 'Oh! fur Gawd's sake don' gimme 'way, Sisters, don' gimme 'way! I's so ole an' cole I jes' natchelly *bleege* ter have some leetle somethin' ter *res' my stumnick!*"

"An' she light out de front do' while de Mish'nary Sisters still goin' roun' in de side one. An' de Ba'-keep, he got so mad at dem tryin' ter spoil trade he give 'em de *turn out* inter de street an' call a policeman, an' of co'se a big crowd collects up an' de Mish'nary Sisters gits so crazy mad dey hollers out: "If you lays a han' on us we'll make you look lak a *Chinese two-cent piece down on Mulberry street!*" [An' you know yo'sef dat got a *hole* in it!] So, of co'se de Policeman, he 'trested 'em; an' dat why I bleege ter go down ter Co't an' bail out de Mish'nary Sisters."

"But what became of Aunt Mehaly?" I asked with interest.

"O!" said the Reverend with a chuckle, "dey ain't never is ketched up wid *Aunt Mehaly!*"

"Well, well," I said heartily "sounds like old times."

"It sho' do" agreed the Reverend, "but I reckon de war-sperit is near pretty ginerall now-a-days."

"Well, we'll have to fight for peace again" I said cheerily.

"Yas'm, I alwars *hope* de folks is de bes'

fighters, an' ef dey'd er give de ladies de Vote way back in 1915, when you an' Brother Zekiel had dat Suffrage Club hyar in de Chu'ch, we'd er had de 'Hill—an' de whole town—cleaned up by now, so's it'd *stayed* clean!"

The Suffrage Club! Brother Zekiel! What a picture it brought up!

"And how is Brother Zekiel?" I asked the Rev. as we shook hands at parting. "We must start the Club over again for the 1917 campaign."

"Sho!" said the Reverend heartily. "An' Brother Zekiel 'll be right in it agin wide bofe feet. He ain't so s'pry in de flesh as he were; but de sperrit all dere!"

"Good!" said I "I'll telephone the Union for Suffrage Banners and flags to decorate the Church, and we'll start in right away and have meetings there once a week!"

"Dat's all right" agreed the Reverend warmly "but (a little dubiously) I dunno ef de Chu'ch is free fur onct a week, *reg'lar*. Yoo knows we has soshul an' religious meetin's dere ev'y night, till it look lak it were *fil* up ter de *hilt*; but (reflectively) lemme see: Mondays we has 'De Sons er Moses' an' Chusdays we has 'De Twelve Tribes er Israel'—(hopefully) I reckon we might run a leetle Suffrage inter de 'Twelve Tribes er Israel'?"

"Well, if we can do *that*!" I agreed heartily "tell Brother Zekiel I'll be there next Tuesday afternoon to help hang the banners and he must put out the notice of the meeting at the door."

And so on the appointed evening the notice on the outer walls hailed all passers with the legend in large black letters on a white ground: "Suffergette Meeting! Welcome All!" and inside the Church was gorgeous in yellow, white, green and purple; and above the reading-desk and from the gallery hung the banners inscribed in words of wisdom both sacred and profane. Brother Zekiel stood in the center aisle before the crowd had assembled, gazing upon his handiwork and found it good.

"De Cause er Jestice is de Cause er Gawd" he read slowly from the large gold letters before him. "Dat so, an' it place jes' right" he said "squar' 'crost de front. I don't seem ter *place* it in de Bible dough, but it sound to *me* lak religion, an' ef it ain't *religion* it de Lord' truf anyway."

"Male an' Female created He them" he read from another: "Well, Gawd knows dey ain't *nobody* kin 'spute *dat*!" he exclaimed beligerently.

But by now the "Twelve Tribes of Israel" had seated themselves in chairs ranged under the platform facing the audience, which was increasing rapidly.

"What are those badness and scarfs that they have on?" I asked Brother Zekiel, indicating the group before us. They aren't Suffrage colors."

"No'm" said Brother Zekiel deprecatingly "dem's jes de *palerfernal*ia er de 'Twelve Tribes er Israel.'"

By this the crowd has increased to such encouraging proportions that Brother Zekiel ushered me to my seat on the platform and the services began with the reading from the Bible in apparently ceaseless repetition of the names and numbers of the Twelve Tribes. After this a short prayer was offered up, a delicious old-time hymn sung by the entire congregation, and then—when the place was crowded to its

utmost capacity and the Suffragists had evidently grown a little impatient—the meeting was solemnly handed over to them and Brother Zekiel took the chair.

Although naturally I am coy, and insisted upon it that my participation in the club was only indirect, Brother Zekiel had goaded me to the point of "making a few remarks," and he introduced me gracefully by saying:

"Ef de Suffrage done nuthin' but make a *speaker* er Miss, it sure has work a *miracle*!" And when I sat down, he further soothed me be remarking generally. "Now dat was a *reel speech*! You-all knows how I keeps on tellin' her ef she'd *jes remember* ter fergit herse'f she wouldn't be so *self-conscious*."

Then Brother Zekiel brought forward the acting President of the Association, a pretty little mulatto with big flashing eyes and passionate conviction. "As *Chairman* er dis meetin'" he said "but it seem ter me dat rightly it had oughter be *Chair-Lady* [Cries of "No! no! Brother Zekiel you're all right!"]

"Well, anyways," said Brother Zekiel, "right, here an' now I *downs* de *upishness* er man, an' makes way fur de *Lady-President*! [*Great applause, especially from the men in the audience, as the Lady-President showed her white teeth and stood forth to speak.*]

"Ladies an' gentlemen" she said modestly "Lord knows why you-all is elected me President 'cept'n' I'm a reel true-blue, out an' out, down-ter-de groun' Suffergette!" [*Heartly applause.*]

"Yes, Sir! I am *dat*! I ain't got so much against the po'ole stick-in-de-mud Aunties—'course dey ain't got a square foot to stan' on; but dey *learnin'*; an' sooner er later dey boun' to come clean over! An' I ain't got nuthin' ag'inst them as is too *ig'ner*'nt to know nuthin' at all about it; dey jes' too *ig'ner*'nt, dat's all; but de folks I does jes' *nachelly des-pize* is de folks dat says: 'I don't take no intrus' in de Suffage. I don't keer nuthin' at all about it. It don't make no kind er diff'ence to *me*!' What I say to folks lak dat is: ef you so *disinterested* as all dat, for Gawd' sake, shet yo' mou'!" [*Great applause as she sits down, the blood surging to her cream-colored cheeks with righteous indignation.*]

"I believes in givin' eve'ybody fair play" said Brother Zekiel as he introduced the next speaker a little doubtfully "an dis lady say she a *Aunt*; but ef we has more speeches lak our Pres'dent jes' give us, I'm lookin' to see her *topple right over*; an' ef she do (with a humorous glance at the portly figure of the large black woman beside him) we-all Suffergettes 'll be hyar, ter de las' man, to *ketch* her. [*There was an appreciative titter at this, even from the lady herself; but she immediately became serious and emphatic.*]

"I'm agin' it!" she shouted "I don't keer ef it is ole fashion ter be a *Aunt*, er a *Uncle nider*! What I says is dis: women ain't got no right ter vote b'ssen dey kin hist logs, an' 'trow bricks, an' kill folks, same's men! No Sirree! I ain't fur no woman votin' till she got de strength ter knock down a *keardless* gentleman what *accos'es* her in de street an' *split his haid wide open*! You hyar *me*!"

This, curiously, seemed to arouse more enthusiasm

among the women present than the men, but there was a general uproar as she came down at a rush from the platform and sat down again in her place among the "Twelve Tribes" while Brother Zekiel remarked gently as he assisted a pale little quadron on crutches up the steps and brought her forward: "I'm sorry ter see Sister Collins on *crutches*; but she say de *yudder* feller still in *baid*; an' ef we wants a *fighter* ter *fight* er *fighter*" (he chuckled) "I backs *her*." [Applause.]

"Yes, Sir! I kin fight" said Sister Collins in a soft voice, an' I ain't ask nobody ter pertec' *me*, ef de *flat-iron* handy; but 'sposin' dat hard head I hit didn't mend, *who* gwine ter jail *me*? *Men*. Ef dat no-count nigger jes' *mean* enough ter *die*, who gwineter *hang* *me*? *Men!* *Men* makes de laws we *wimmin* ain't give no hand in, but we *bleege* ter *min'*. An' *dat'd* be bad enough (looking witheringly at some of the most noted characters of the "Hill") ef they was *reel* men; but *most* er dese hyar *men* ain't nuthin' but *Imertation* men, no how!"

If she had not already been *hors de combat* she might have fared badly at this at the hands of some of the infuriated males present. But she stuck to her post valiantly until Brother Zekiel had brought calm again, then ended recklessly: "I don't keer ef you-all claps or hisses, you is plumb *scared* to give *us* a chanct ter prove we is fittin' fur the Vote, 'cause Gawd knows you-all is done prove *you* ain't."

"Woman's place at home!" shouted the invariable Anti in every Suffrage audience.

"So is de man place, ef he kin *behave* hissef" responded Sister Collins stoutly. But you cullud men ain't see yit dat you-all an' de wimmin is in de

sam boat. De white man say: 'A woman all right, ef she know her *place*; but *he* want ter *place* *her*.' An' he say: 'A nigger all right c' *he* know his *place*; but *he* want ter *place* *him*, too.'"

At last she had won her audience, and was applauded to the echo as she was assisted off the platform.

The next and last speaker was a dapper, half-educated, very self-satisfied little colored man who was nearly white and had all the white man's insinuerities and pat objections at his finger-end. His opening remark—which proved also to be his closing one—was an illustration: "It's all very well to talk about the 'good' women having the Vote" he remarked in very careful English "but how about the 'bad' women? Do you know (solemnly) there are Fifty thousand of them walking the streets of New York to-night?"

This was too much for Brother Zekiel who was an old politician and a reader of men:

"Mebbe dey is!" he cried, jumping up and brushing the speaker aside in his excitement "Mebbe dey is Fifty thousan' bad women walkin' de streets er New York to-night. But dey ain't walkin' by *dey*' *sef*! What I wants ter know is: *Who* walkin' wid 'em?"

Such a shout went up at this that it quite overwhelmed the smart little Anti, and Brother Zekiel brought the meeting to a triumphant conclusion with these words:

"I don't want ter hurt nobody's feelin's; but it seem ter me dat us colored men in partic'lar is jes' nacheelly *bleege* ter stan' fur *No Segregation, Male nur Female, Black nur White!*"

Rosalie M. Jonas

THE CHAMPIONS OF THE SKY

The sky is our field of tourney,
And a well-aimed bomb, like a glove,
Is a challenge to mortal battle
In the freezing heights above.
I skim on my winged charger,
Mounting with answering roar;
Darting, hovering, looping,
We fence, and fire, and soar.

The mighty wings are riddled,
I am wounded in back and head,
My pulses throb like the engine,
As I fight through the blinding red.
Higher and higher we struggle
Till I wheel aloft like a hawk,
Swooping down as I fire
And his splintered engines balk!

Then the great machine goes plunging
Like a diver through vacant space,
And the loosened body goes whirling,
As they shoot on their earthward race;
And I circle home like a sea-gull
Where the long, dim hangars lie,
There by their ready battle-planes
Wait the champions of the sky.

Phoebe Hoffman

THE LURE OF LITTLE ROADS

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

GREAT highways are like the rumor of gold or the sound of a drum, summoning men to follow them round the shoulder of the world. Their very pavement thrills with memories of the calling of trumpets and murmurs with echoes of the feet of caravans. War, merchandising, adventure made the highroad, and of such spirits it is both creature and creator. But the little path is a child of enchantment playing with spells of gentle magic amid which it was born. Its fluttering fingers of green pretend to lay hold of foot or hand or garment as if to stay us, and yet with every touch it woos us to advance. Through its whisperings we may hear the far winding of elfin horns. It coaxes us step by step, half-hinting at some lovely surprise just about to be disclosed, and yet withal awakes within us the subtle sense of a mystery reaching beyond the stars.

It is indeed the page of Titania—the messenger of Pan; and to their loyal subjects it is ever ready to prove its mission by showing the royal signet. But as the gods and half-gods, seeking intercourse with mortals, take on human shape, so the path where it touches the busier ways of men wears a homely garb of everyday acquaintance. See with what convincing frankness it passes through the gap in the fence, inviting the footfarer merely to a wise economy of travel! Will you take the short-cut? The stepping-stones and the footlogs will serve you as faithfully as they do the fox and the squirrel. Instead of white sunglare on white dust you shall have the cool of tree shadows, the soft turf under foot, and the fragrance of elder and wild rose in your face. You shall save a half-mile distance and gain a half hour of peace and delight. A half-hour? There is no time measure for such sweetness of life as one gains in a field path in early summer!

No scythe has yet shorn the meadow. The grass stands knee-high or hip-high. Upon it or in it float the purple-blue haze of the timothy blossom, the blush of the red-top, the white gleam of daisies, the golden shimmer of buttercups. Stone walls show here and there, like fragments of gray reef in a sea of green overswept by the clambering and waving growth that first harbored in their shelter. Curving in and out along them, as if upon a beach on which the wind ripples of the grass were breaking, runs a feathery white band of meadow-rue and blackberry blossom and tossing white heads of elder.

Everywhere Nature for a season has thrown her unconquerable powers into alliance with the leaf-budding, flower-blossoming forces of the field, and their triumphant hosts pour over each grim or sordid work of ugliness, marking the advance of man or the ravage of the elements. The footlogs spanning the stream seem to blend with the banks, so insensibly does the green turf thin away to the moss that covers the wood, so smoothly does the brown line of the path merge into the weather-tinted grain of the timber—no scars, no harsh edges, no sharp planes. The grasses of the bank dip into the slow-moving current and mingle with pickerel weed and arrowhead growing in the shallows, and these blend again with water-crowfoot

and pondweed streaming in the channel. A chromatic scale runs from mid-creek to mid-meadow.

Our path dips into the binckill whose pools (where they still show like shallow craters in the long meadow) are bottomed by lakes of blue-flag into which frogs and an occasional turtle plunge hastily as we approach. Here too the redwing blackbirds gather, alighting in the reeds with a final quiver of wings and a startling cadence that sounds as if it were drawn with the violin bow over bars of some vibrant compound of glass and metal. Everywhere soaring and skimming swallows; under all a background of chirring insects, a symphony of mingled bird songs; around it all, warm-scented lakes of sunlight in which sleep the island shadows of trees.

Look ahead and see how Nature the all-coverer has carpeted the path. It is as green as the meadow beside it, with a verdure not merely shorter but of different texture. After haying, when the knives of the mower have cut it all to one even nap, the foot-track will show even more distinctly than it does now, and its erratic curves, once made no doubt to avoid obstacles long gone and forgotten, remain the same year after year. Indeed, if the path were unused for many seasons its trace across the fields would yet persist—like a familiar signature almost faded out, not perhaps to be followed in detail, but under certain lighting unmistakable.

Follow on through the river meadow. On one side lush grass of the wet bottoms and a fringe of alders; on the other the ripening hayfield, bee-loud and fragrant, stretching away to the rail fence and the line of elms marking the road. No whirling dust-cloud from speed-mad motorists reaches hither; the very noise of their horns is damped out by sweeter vibrations from the fertile ground.

The grass-finch runs ahead of us in the narrow track, almost underfoot but loath to take wing. A rabbit crouched so still that he escapes notice until we are almost on him meets our startled discovery with an instant glimpse of brilliant eyes, and then flashes into cover. Lesser companions of the road, these, seen indeed occasionally from the highway but in relations utterly different. There everything beyond the hedge is but detail subordinate to some controlling climax—catching a train, passing a rival, making sixty miles an hour. On the field path there is no climax—or a thousand climaxes. The incidental is all engrossing and the trivial all-important. The world for the time being is limited to each tiny hollow. The sky rests upon a rim we can easily see—so close that the feathered outline of the trees or the wonderful contrast of blue expanse against the luminous green of the clear meadow or the flaming orange of the hawkweed thrills by the very intimacy of its touch.

But the fields are narrowing and the path leads through the bars into the rougher ground of the hill pasture. Having brought us partly under its gentle magic, the spirit of the road grows more careless of disguise and hints of a wilder mood appear. Pan gives us fleeting visions of the tossing horn and flying hoof.

Hoofs, indeed, if not those of Pan, made the

wandering path or labyrinth which now leads us on. Weathered shoulders of the country rock jut through the thin soil, rain-washed and weather-scarred, showing as warm gray masses in a sweep of gray-green fern. Great rounded boulders left by a glacier that melted here in the suns of ages ago are half-hidden by tall canes of blackberry, now curving garlands of white blossom. The hovering air swims in a sea of light and of aromatic odors drawn from plants whose very names—sweet gale, sweet-fern, meadow-sweet—suggest that they appealed to man first (as all nature does to the lower animals) through the sense primitively most acute. Higher still climb the wandering cattle paths. We catch a glimpse of a woodchuck raised straight on his haunches, suspicious and alert, and the next instant scurrying fatly to disappear into his burrow. Another, unseen behind the thicket, startles us with a volley of piercing staccato whistles. Again and again comes the searching, plaintive song of the white-throated sparrow, the blither note of the goldfinch, dipping (like his flight) in the middle of each cadence, and the cheery challenge of the towhee.

The ground is covered with low huckleberries, with here and there a spire of willow-herb or a cluster of little poplars, aftermath of some spreading fire of recent years. Below us are the meadows, our late path showing as if a finger had been drawn lightly across the plastic green, leaving a tiny groove behind it. Poplars grow more thickly, and among them appear small birches and maples, skirmish lines thrown out by the forest in its advance to retake ground from which it was long since driven. We are approaching the upper margin of the clearing and the edge of the timber that stretches back into the mountains, mile upon mile of wilderness. And here we may find the beginning of the Long Trail—perhaps even hear its gipsy call to follow the Magic of the Road to the ends of the earth.

But the voice we hear oftenest and most hauntingly is not that of any such far-faring spirit as

this. Do you remember, dear Lady of the Trail, that little road by a northern lake over which beech trees stretch their slender hands shelteringly? Behind their delicate screen the sky is all clear gold and shafts of level light, striking through, pick out a smooth bole here and there is silvery violet. And like the *sanctus* soaring upward among dusk-dimmed columns of a cathedral choir, rises the singing of a hermit thrush . . . another, and another—and one more, so far away, so glorified, it seems the very intangible spirit of absolute melody! A very little road—scarcely a quarter of a mile through shadow woods—and then emerging into a field where vesper sparrows are singing and the sound of the river steals up from the darkening valley; but it is the little road of dreams-come-true, which has no end but leads always onward to truer dreams to come.

Such is the magic of the Little Road. The highway is tied at both ends to materialities, but the trail is as free as fancy itself. To those who take it, all values range themselves on a new scale. Time loses its long perspective and experiences of the moment seem part of things we did in childhood—yes, part of something stirring out of subconscious memories that are not ours alone but the common inheritance of the race; part also of aspirations and expectancies looking far, far ahead, past life and its limits, into the freedom of the spirit roving beyond the stars.

A magic of make-believe? Ah no! The make-believe, the artificial—the thing that is not worth the struggle it provokes because it perishes at the moment of grasping—is panoplied in the bustle and business of the highway. The little road needs no such pretensions, for in it live beauty, peace, inspiration of joy and exaltation of spirit. These are the elements of its magic; and the subtlety of the charm it puts upon us is to lead us, through the pretense of make-believe, into actually living the eternal verities.

Charles Buxton Going

SYMBOLISMS

O Earth, thou hast not any wind that blows
Which is not music; every weed of thine,
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine
And every humble hedgerow flower that grows
And every little brown bird that doth sing
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A living word to every living thing,
Albeit it hold the Message unawares.
All shapes and sounds have something which is not
Of them: a Spirit broods amid the grass;
Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The fringes of the sunsets and the hills.

Richard Ralf 1834-1878

Courtesy of Mary H. Jaman.

A GLIMPSE OF THE ARTS CLUB OF WASHINGTON

BY RUTH K. RICE

(See opposite page)

STATELY homes line both sides of I Street, once one of the fashionable neighborhoods of Washington. Now many of them have been allowed to become shabby. So it is with surprise a passer-by discovers one that is all freshly painted and made over again. The deep red of the brick wall is broken by the blue-green slats of the blinds, a shade that usually is found on the old houses of Cape Cod only. But, following an old colonial custom, the shutters of the windows on the first floor are solid white wood. Former occupants of the house had put blinds with slats here also, and used the original shutters to make a coal-bin in the cellar. With great enthusiasm the new owners discovered them under a coating of soot, and restored them to the front of the house. In a frame of ivory-white woodwork is a blue-green door, on which shines a brass knocker with an inscription that informs those who approach near enough that this is the home of the Arts Club of Washington.

A little over a year ago a committee of the then newly organized club went house-hunting. It took imagination and foresight to see, in this neglected, dirty old building, material out of which anything habitable might be developed. But the artists saw beneath the *débris* and informed the others that it was really just what they were looking for! So a three-years lease was secured and the work began.

The membership included professional artists in all lines as well as lay members and grew rapidly. Soon it became necessary to limit the number of resident members to three hundred men and three hundred women. After the full quota is enrolled, the number may be increased, keeping always the same ratio. A committee on membership considers all names proposed, and admits no one as artist member whose work does not prove him or her worthy of the title. Along the constantly growing list of those admitted are the names of many of the best known architects, painters, sculptors, musicians, craft-workers and literary folk in the country. They are fortunate in having as president no less a person than Mr. Henry K. Bush-Brown the sculptor, examples of whose work, especially his equestrian statues, may be seen in many of our cities and parks. Much of the success of the club is due to his able leadership and enthusiasm. He has insisted that the standard be high ideals rather than elaborate *mœurs*.

From the beginning the motive for organizing the club has been this: to provide a place where artists might gain inspiration from association with others, and by exhibiting of their best for the benefit of others, incidentally win merited recognition. This purpose has not been lost sight of. Simplicity is the key-note of all the affairs. With

so much talent to draw from, the frequent entertainments held in the remodelled old mansion are well worth attending, and the house is admirably suited to the purpose.

On the first floor, at the right of the entrance hall, are two high-ceiled rooms. The first serves as a reception room and office as well as for small exhibitions. The grayish-brown grass-cloth on the walls makes an excellent background for the pictures. A big fireplace filled with logs invites one,

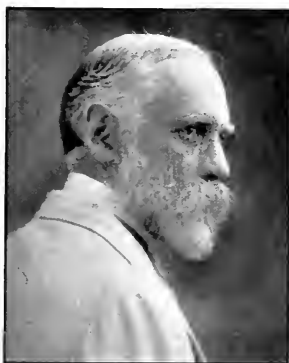
one a cold day, to pause and go no further. The furniture here as elsewhere in the house is appropriately colonial. Much of it has been lent by the members. The proceeds of an auction sale of pictures and statuary donated by the charter members and their friends all over the country were used to supplement the loan collection.

Separated by a wide archway is the dining-room, attractively furnished in mahogany. The chairs have the interesting fan-shaped backs of the old Windsor model. The wide boards of the floor are proof of the age of the house.

Beyond is the cozy little grill, almost filled by one long, substantial dark wood table and two

benches beside which were made by one of the members. Over it hangs a pipe-rack with the long white pipes that are smoked on certain occasions. On either side of the window hangs a breadth of effective gay cretonne, having a black background. Looking between, one sees the garden and wonders if it can possibly be only a year old for lo, it blossoms luxuriously all through the summer with carefully selected and arranged plants. An added touch of color is lent by the chairs and little square wooden tables, painted violet and white. Here are held many delightful informal affairs. A big electric light, familiarly known as the moon, is placed high on the side of the house and furnishes sufficient light after sundown, even for dinners such as took place weekly during the summer. A topic of conversation such as "What will be the effect of War on Art?" or "What is Futurism?" is chosen for each time, and after a few prepared speeches, the diners continue the discussion informally. On an evening devoted to art in connection with any particular country the decorations and menus were appropriately arranged.

It sometimes seems as if this were a club for entertainment only, so many delightful affairs were on the calendar of its first winter. Every Sunday evening the musical committee arranged a program that was well worth hearing. Sometimes a distinguished visitor to the city was invited to sing or play. More often one or more of the members will delight an audience that taxes the capacity of the rooms. On Thursday evenings dinner is served and



H. K. Bush-Brown
President of the Club



ENTRANCE TO CLUB



OLD COLONIAL STAIRCASE



DINING ROOM



A GLIMPSE OF THE ARTS CLUB OF

(See opposite page)

after that there is sure to be something well worth staying for, or coming to, if one has not been among the diners. Occasionally a group of authors read selections from their own writings. Again a play-let or an interpretive dance has been arranged. On election night an elaborate *cabaret* may cause the guests to lose interest in the election.

These affairs as well as receptions in honor of visiting celebrities and the dances also are held in the double parlors on the second floor. One contains the grand piano used only by musical artists. In the other is a smaller instrument for informal occasions. Here also one finds a table full of magazines and comfortable easy chairs where one may pass many enjoyable hours. There is nearly always an exhibition on the walls. The furnishings are appropriately simple and well chosen.

Like many an old Southern house it has some rooms on a little half story at the back, opening off the landing of the stairs between the first and second floors, and others between the second and third floors. Each suite has been converted into a bedroom, sitting-room and bath; the one for men and the other for women. They are used as dressing-rooms or for guests of the club who desire to remain overnight. The walls are covered with dainty paper suggestive of the last century. The wooden furniture is painted gray and decorated with motifs copied from the flowered cretonne used for hangings and cushions. They too, overlook the delightful gardens.

Most of the rooms in the two upper stories are rented for studios, but one has been made into a very popular billiard-room. Entering, one feels as if he had stepped through the cover of *Vanity Fair*. For the vivid green of the billiard-table is repeated in the woodwork and the ceiling and walls are the brightest of Antwerp blue. A few well-chosen posters complete the effect, one that is pleasing to those who have kept abreast of the modern trend of fashion for the gay and startling and the explosive.

Imagine how it would be criticised by some of the earlier occupants of the mansion! The first was Timothy Caldwell who built the original house on the site in 1802. Part of this forms the back wing of the present building. It was used as Executive Mansion by President Monroe for a few months after the British had partially destroyed the White House, as British Embassy from 1820 to 1825, and as a residence by James Monroe when Secretary of State, Gideon Granger when Postmaster General, then by the son of John Quincy Adams, by Professor Abbe and other well-known men. To this list may not future generations add the names of many of the members of the Arts Club of Washington who have given within its walls proof of such talent and genius as will make them eligible for enrollment in the immortal book of fame?

Ruth K. Rice

THE RED VINEYARDS

They are threading the Red Vineyards in the sunny land of France

They are crushing out the ruddy lees—alas, but not the grape

To the booming sound of cannon in a terrible death-dance

Where each figure looms in silhouette—a grim, fantastic shape.

The dancers' feet are stained with blood, their faces ashen gray,

While they move among the trenches with their soft and ceaseless tread,

And they hear the pipes of agony shrill to them night and day

While their comrades bow beside them in the posture of the dead.

They are treading the Red Vineyards and the purple husks of pain,

They are toiling in the bitter press and know nor fear nor ruth,

In their hearts a flame-white courage makes their fighting not in vain,

But Oh the cold insensate ground that drinks the wine of youth!

That wine that warms a mother's heart, that glads a mother's glance

Oh, let not every drop be spilt before the treading cease!

May the Master of the Vineyards heal the wounded heart of France

When He comes back to the toilers with the shining words of Peace.

But better the Red Vineyards and the battle smoke and flame

Than sheltered in a dream-built world to live a life of shame.

Theodore Lynch Fitz-Simons

TOWN AND COUNTRY EMBELLISHMENT

CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

THE question as to the form the tower or towers of the Protestant Cathedral of New York City will take was raised in October ART WORLD by Mr. Huss, one of the original four who competed for the design many years ago. The firm of architects having the work in charge at present regard the question as untimely and academic as will be seen from the following letter:

*The Editor, THE ART WORLD,
New York City.*

SIR:

It is unfortunate that neither you nor Mr. George Martin Huss took the trouble to acquaint yourselves with the facts in the case of our work on the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, before placing yourselves in the unfortunate position you have assumed in *THE ART WORLD* for October, 1917. Mr. Huss, to the extent of many pages, attacks our tentative suggestion of two angle towers instead of one great central tower, and demands that before it is everlastingly too late, this abominable project should be nipped in the bud. You, yourself, endorse all that he says and you urge that since "this is a portentous question" the matter "should be settled as soon as possible before proceeding any further with the plans made by Messrs. Cram & Ferguson."

We take great pleasure in informing you, and through you, Mr. George Martin Huss, that the suggestion of two angle towers, in place of one central tower is, and always has been, tentative; that we have from time to time, and in formal communications, advised the Trustees that we consider this problem too great for immediate determination. We have stated, and continue to state, that the question of our two, or fifty towers must be left for future consideration and decision. We, ourselves, do not anticipate that this problem will become more than academic during our own lifetime. What decision will be reached in after years is as far beyond our present view as it is beyond our ability at the moment to determine even for ourselves.

The working plans for the nave, without towers of any kind, and without the west front, are completed, have been formally accepted, and the foundations are now in place. This nave is being constructed after a fashion that will permit at some future time either the construction of two angle towers or of a central tower. The nave has been designed and will be constructed entirely without prejudice as to the final tower arrangement.

We have nothing further to say in the matter except that in our opinion Mr. Huss' arguments in favor of a single central tower are neither convincing nor founded on unquestioned and unchangeable dogmas. In our opinion also his criticism of the Trustees for deciding to continue the construction of the Cathedral on Gothic rather than Romanesque lines is indefensible. His statement that our tentative scheme of towers is "evidently an adaptation from Messrs. Potter & Robertson's design" is incorrect. The idea was original with us without reference to Messrs. Potter & Robertson or any other contemporary architects, and finds its historical justification in certain Lombard and Rhenish work of the 11th and 12th centuries. In suggesting the widening of the west front, so that the towers may come outside the lines of the aisles, Mr. Huss has hit upon a scheme so obvious that it even had suggested itself to us, and in our modified studies of the future west front, we long ago adopted this idea. In the case of this same west front, what holds in the matter of the towers holds also here, *i. e.*, the front itself is at present merely an academic

question. No steps are being taken by any one toward insuring its construction or fixing its design. Like the towers, it will undoubtedly be the work of a generation or two generations hence. It is not, therefore, a matter which calls either for immediate action or popular criticism.

Very truly yours,

CRAM & FERGUSON.

We are glad to have received the above letter from Messrs. Cram & Ferguson and glad to publish it. It affords a good opportunity to say two things:

First: *THE ART WORLD* from the start adopted the principle never to admit to its pages any article that could be called a "strike" article; that is: an article written to start a sensation for sensation's sake or to advertise *THE ART WORLD*. That would be charlatanism. *THE ART WORLD* was organized for the purpose of fighting two things in the world of art: Charlatanism and Degeneracy in Art.

In the case of the "Lincoln" statue of Mr. Barnard we are sure of our ground—viz.: that the vast majority of sound-thinking Americans approve us for giving aid to the war against that statue and believe that we are doing a public service in attacking it.

Second: We are positive we are doing a public service in starting a discussion over the relative merits of a single spire or two spires for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. There are many people of culture who are strongly opposed to the two-spire suggestion made by Messrs. Cram & Ferguson in their drawing reproduced in the October *ART WORLD*. The voicing of that objection is the crux of Mr. Huss's article. As we fully agree with those who object to two spires and who prefer that, ultimately, the cathedral should have a single majestic spire instead of two weaker ones which would compete with each other, so we consider we are doing a public service in starting a discussion of this most important matter, in order to put on record for the future the preponderance of opinion against a departure from the one tower, one-spire idea in the design of the original architects Messrs. Heins & LaFarge. This opposition we believe exists. Of course we may be mistaken. If so, we will not fail—in order to "save our face"—to confess that we did not properly gauge public feeling.

We are therefore inviting the clergy, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the public and the architects who have read Mr. Huss's article in the October number to express their opinion both in *THE ART WORLD* and the daily press and to say whether they prefer to see on our great cathedral, one over-powering tower and spire or two smaller competing spires with their less majestic effect.



RELIEF MAP OF NEW YORK AND VICINITY

(See opposite page)

PLANNING FOR NEW YORK'S METROPOLITAN DISTRICT

BY CHARLES C. MAY

(See opposite page)

THE date of July 25th, 1916 has been mentioned as of epochal importance in the history of New York City; it is not beyond the bounds of probability that the date of March 10th, 1917 may at some later time be regarded as of equal moment in the history of the greater metropolitan district of which Manhattan is the center. The earlier date marked the adoption by the municipal governing board of the ordinance which permits the city to regulate its property development according to use, according to height and according to area covered. The later date was marked by a small gathering in a small room at the City Club of New York where provision was made for a permanent organization to weld together for co-operative action all the local town-planning commissions of the Metropolitan area. To prove anything of more than ordinary and local interest in such a meeting and such an organization requires some word of explanation.

We have happily arrived at a point where one can reasonably assume a certain amount of familiarity with and acceptance of the city-planning idea on the part of the general public. This is proven in many ways, but in none perhaps more strikingly than by the comparative unanimity with which New York accepted the restrictive act of July 25, 1916. Ten years ago the provisions of that law would have raised a storm of protest; they would have been derided as unjust and confiscatory; as infringements upon the liberty of the individual; as contrary to the spirit of American institutions. It is even probable that the courts would have upheld the protest of the outraged citizen. As it was, during the long period of study and incubation of the 1916 provisions, the adverse criticism and objection, while at first considerable, proved free from bitterness and open to reason; indeed, among the real estate interests, where most active opposition was at first encountered, a complete reversal took place. Real estate having been consulted and made acquainted with the intent of the measure, was at the last lined up solidly in its favor—a circumstance of incomparable value in convincing the public of the good faith of the city-planners!

Intelligent as is public opinion to-day on the subject of city-planning, it is so only by comparison with other days, and its knowledge does not include a thorough understanding of the province of modern planning commissions, nor of their accomplishments here and elsewhere. It does not realize, for example, that for the nearest approach to an ideal system of interrelated urban and suburban rapid-transit we must look to Australia; that for pre-eminence in city-planning law on the Western Hemisphere we must consider Nova Scotia; that for broad attack and centralized authority on city-planning matters Canada is far and away beyond the United States.

Speaking locally again, the public has only the slightest conception of the prodigious tasks that

have been performed in collection, collation and making available for use, data concerning the greater city as regards physical layout, topography, transportation, dock and harbor conditions, as well as regarding congestion, housing and all other phases of its social conditions. Nor is the need for these masses of statistics generally appreciated. It was not so long ago that conclusions as to a city's needs and recommendations for extensive changes were made from purely superficial investigation, the investigators themselves not realizing to the full the importance of complete information upon which to base a diagnosis. Now this is all changed. The city-planner must have all the data at hand before construction work can begin. Herein the city-planners have the advantage over the surgeons—it is perfectly practicable to perform the autopsy as a preliminary to a constructive operation, instead of as a post-mortem, useful only as a lesson for a later case. So the New York City-Planning Commission has been tirelessly pursuing this preliminary work of dissection until now it is in a position to apply the data and draw conclusions with almost the certitude of an exact science.

Thus far the Planning Commission of New York has been too occupied with this mass of preliminary detail to deal with more than a few specific problems of such a pressing nature as was the zoning ordinance. It has not yet been possible therefore to carry far the study of the great constructive work that lies before it, viz.: the formation of a general city plan for Greater New York. Such a layout would aim not only to correct mistakes of past generations of haphazard building, wherever difficulties are not insuperable or cost prohibitive; it would more especially furnish a plan to which new developments in the vast outlying areas of the city must conform.

Manifestly, no city and no town in this day can live unto itself alone. In innumerable ways each must admit its interdependence with the interests of the town next door, with the minor city that lies not far distant but in an adjoining county; more than that, it finds that it can not fail to take account of its relation to the State boundaries. City-planning that attempted to ignore County and State-planning would be no more intelligent than a motorist who started for a tour equipped with nothing but a map of his own city. Just as the motor has multiplied the effective radius of the individual, so the newer conception of city-planning sees its sphere of activity spreading out to limits as yet untouched.

It is in the study of the larger extent of the commission's work that the need of centralized action was made plain. As a first step, the city was led up to and forced to accept a plan for these hundred separate municipalities, the forty-mile radial zone, and to create a new, at present organic, unit of government. In addition, beside the New York City-Planning Commission, the Western District-Planning Commission

the Nassau County Association, which partakes of the nature of a planning-commission for that section of Long Island adjoining the city at the east; there are in New Jersey the commissions of the cities of Newark, and various others to the number of eighteen or more. These are already linked together by an organization for Essex County, New Jersey.

Westchester, N. Y., enjoys the distinction of being the first county to organize for city-planning. It is now the parent of a large group of village and town-planning commissions throughout the county. Left to themselves most of these village committees could scarcely attain a broader field of activity than that of a Village Improvement Society—a form of organization sometimes of the most signal usefulness to the community but often prone to go to pieces upon the rocks of the trivial or sentimental. In combination with county interests, drawing inspiration from the experience and achievements of the best town-planning thought of the country, the proposed organization has potentialities difficult to conceive and impossible to delimit. Obviously, the personnel of the directors is of prime importance. To name the men responsible for the conception of this meeting is to give assurance of a policy conservative, constructive and creative.

The afternoon meeting was called to order by Mr. Nelson P. Lewis, chief engineer for the New York Board of Estimate, whose introductory talk gave the keynote for the session. Mr. Lawson Purdy, president of New York's Department of Taxes and Assessments, spoke of the recent zoning law, restricting New York City buildings for height, use and area. The suggestion for the new organization was put before the meeting by Mr. Geo. B. Ford, city-plan consultant for the New York City Commission, whose recent reports, such as that for Newark, New Jersey, have been more than any others responsible for putting city-planning on a scientific basis. The evening session had for its presiding officer Mr. Frank Bacchus Williams, chairman of the city-plan committee of the City Club of New York, author of the text of the new zoning ordinance and eminent authority on all phases of city-planning law.

The executive action taken by the meeting consisted of the appointment of a Committee on Plan and Scope. They are to consider and report to a later meeting a program for a permanent form of organization. This committee includes Messrs. Nelson P. Lewis, Frank B. Williams of New York City, Mr. Oscar Maddaus, secretary of the Nassau County Association, Mr. Herbert Angell, secretary of the Westchester County Planning-Commission to whom is due a large measure of credit for the idea of the meeting, and Mr. Harry Meixell, Jr., of the New Jersey State Chamber of Commerce. This body expresses in its composition the principle under which it is hoped the permanent organization may work. New York City is to have a slightly more influential voice than any single one of the minor organizations yet not a majority over them; they in turn are to be individually subordinate to the greater city, yet in the aggregate powerful enough to obviate any possible tendency toward

domineering by the central unit. We have said that such a combination would have inherent capacities of far-reaching importance. What, then, are some of the ways and means by which the organization may prove its usefulness and justify its existence?

Most obvious of all, perhaps, is the need of a better coordinated system of main highways, connecting the suburban and rural areas with the urban focus. The inadequacy of the existing facilities has long been recognized. It is partly due to the extremely difficult shape of Manhattan Island as a nucleus for a radial system; yet some of the most flagrant cases of disorganization occur at present in the flat-lying districts of Brooklyn with undeveloped areas in every direction. Here in Brooklyn, for example, the beautiful Shore Drive ends nowhere, leaving the pleasure-seeker no alternative but a return over the same route. It is notoriously difficult to find one's way by motor from Brooklyn out to Nassau County, the only main arteries that seem to promise continuity ending dismally in the built-up sections of Brownsville—a maze of minor streets at once perplexing and disheartening. Incidentally there exist in several parts of the city border-line districts where the vagaries of real-estate history have made certain areas impossible of access from the city proper without passing through an adjoining county. The legal complications inherent in such a situation are worthy subjects for a five-act farce.

Not quite so obvious but of almost equal importance is the need of a well-articulated park system for the Metropolitan District. History has proven too often that American cities refuse to acquire land for park purposes until the need cries out too loudly and too insistently to be ignored. The enforced action then involves acquiring land at greatly enhanced prices or even the demolition, clearing and renovation of areas already developed. New York and her neighbor cities have now set about correcting so patently uneconomic a procedure. Boston has set a remarkable example. Her Metropolitan Park system is a model for the country—it comprises areas in all the surrounding townships, totalling 4½ per cent. of the area of the whole city; against this—or Philadelphia's even greater 6.2 per cent.—New York with its 3.8 per cent. is not even a good third.

Yet New York's metropolitan district has the nucleus of a system which if properly interrelated might rival the finest. The recently opened Bear Mountain reservation, the Palisades Park on the farther and the new Inwood Park on the nearer side of the Hudson are acquisitions of the greatest importance. The Essex County park system of New Jersey needs only further connecting parkways to make it in a real sense a part of New York's system. On Long Island important parkways are being planned to give the motorist direct and pleasant access through Nassau County to the country beyond. In Westchester County work is well under way on the new Bronx River Parkway—a magnificent conception which deserves closer attention and better understanding from the public who will in a year or two be enjoying it. Wonderful as such parks are individually—consider their possibilities if linked together into cooperation as a

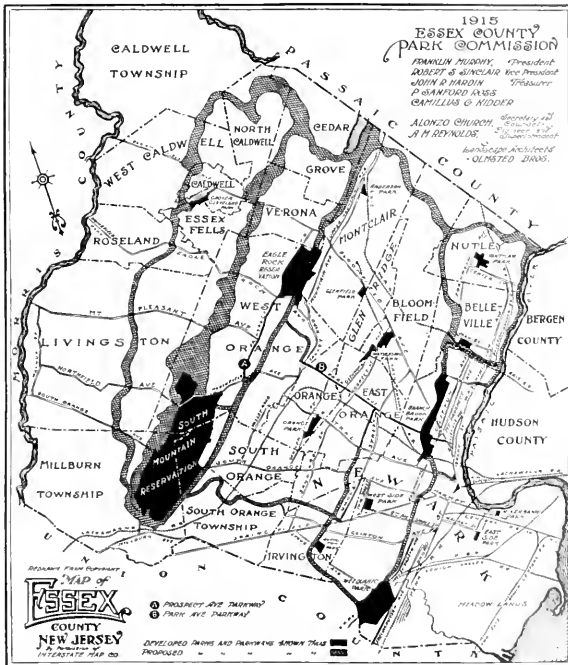
single, vast reservation for the physical well-being and the mental and spiritual recreation of the millions of this Metropolitan District!

After the past strenuous agitation in planning the great dual subway system in New York and in the midst of the present anxiety for its completion, are we not inclined to regard the city's rapid-transit layout as one thing taken care of, one item we shall not have to worry over for a long time to come? Far from being the case, the new subways will no sooner be in operation than new needs will arise and the defects in operation will become increasingly evident.

We have referred to the highly modernized trans-

system that passes for miles through undeveloped territory yet maintains a short-interval service throughout the day. Its usefulness is still, however, very seriously impaired by just this lack of coordination with the rapid-transit system of the city proper.

Such are a few of the far-reaching problems for whose solution the inner city and its surrounding cities, towns and villages are interdependent. Besides these, there are numerous aspects of town-development and town-planning from which the villages may draw inspiration, encouragement and guidance by association with the central body of city-planners. Exactly as happens in Massachu-



MAP OF ESSEX COUNTY, NEW JERSEY. OLMASTED BROTHERS, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS

portation system of Sydney, far off in Australia. We can learn from their achievement in many ways—in the coordination between suburban and urban rapid transit, in the extensive development of transfer facilities for suburban lines, in the adoption of season ticket privileges on subordinate routes, similar to our railway commutation tickets, in hooking up the suburban rapid transit with the subway system of the inner city (as has been done to a certain extent in Boston) in the adoption for suburban traffic of a scientific schedule (as has been done in Liverpool) by which time-tables are rendered superfluous by a service at stated, short headway for local and at somewhat longer intervals for express trains. The nearest approach to this kind of service as yet in operation about New York is that of the Westchester and Boston Railroad, a

setts, where all the village and town-planning boards (commissions are mandatory for cities of 10,000 or more population) are correlated under the state-planning board known as the Homestead Commission, so in Westchester and the rest of the Metropolitan District of New York the first lesson the villages will learn will doubtless be—how little they actually know about themselves! Next will come a realization of the need of the civic survey as a preliminary to intelligent planning of a comprehensive sort. In this preparatory work the central body must be indispensable, its influence predominant. Later on its province may well become more one of cooperation and general helpfulness, in proportion as the individual commissions acquire aggressive and initiative of their own.

Charles C. May



"THE FIRST FUNERAL"

BY J. B. HARRIS

A Great Work of Art

ANALYSIS OF WORKS OF ART

By Petronius Arbiter

A GREAT WORK OF ART "THE FIRST FUNERAL"

BY BARRIAS

(See opposite page)

IN spite of the "Squids" in the world of art, those to whom, in their mistaken tolerance, all art is good, no kind of art better than another, and who find some good in all art however pernicious, the really powerful intellects of the world are constantly judging, selecting and classifying works of art in order to find the greatest work in each kind.

In this labor we must never compare a statue with a bust, nor a group with a bas-relief. Because the elements entering into the creation of a group are far more complex than those entering into the making of a bust portrait. Therefore a bust must be compared with a bust and a statue with a statue. And also a bust may be great as a bust and yet be inferior as an artistic creation to a great statue.

Barrias' "The First Funeral," see opposite page, is among the very greatest groups in sculpture created in the 19th Century.

"The First Funeral"—Adam and Eve burying Abel!—what an awe-inspiring train of thought the conception arouses in those who think at all! What a royal subject—lifting us to the consideration of the primal age when the race was first born.

How magnificently this group is composed will never be realized by those who are not of the craft, who have not struggled with and hence can not know how difficult is the problem of composing—successfully—one figure and how immeasurably more difficult it is to make a fine composition of three figures. And no more successful composition of three figures has been made than in this group.

For from the standpoint of color, or light and shade, alone, it is a joy, obtained by a most skilful arrangement of planes of light and dark spots.

Still regarding it from a technical standpoint notice, not only the choice of noble forms—such as magnificent types of men and women offer and thus dispensing with the need of selecting the forms of the gnarled bodies of peasant slaves twisted from nature's plan by oppressive toil—observe with what distinction and expression each limb and muscle is constructed and drawn and thus giving each figure life and making one feel that Adam and Eve are walking along carrying their boy.

Then, no more charming surface handling of the marble is to be found in all sculpture than Barrias lavished on this group but it is lost in the photograph though it is after all of little consequence, and in reality a sop thrown to the "modernists" who have worked up a craze for "personal surface technique." For, were the surface polished like that of the "Moses" by Michelangelo, it would be equally lifelike.

But what lifts the group finally into the highest class of great works of art is the expression throughout the group, not only in the faces but in every limb and muscle. Adam grimly but surely carries the weight of the dead Abel—a strain on the muscles telling of the weight. Eve is maternally tender in her person and sorrow and Abel is as limp and dead as the wonderful body of "Christ" in the lap of the Madonna in the "Pietà" by Michelangelo in Rome.

So complete is the expression of the grand subject chosen that one does not feel, even after years of contemplation, the need of doing anything more. One feels like saying—"It is finished!" Nowhere do we find an exaggeration nor a vulgar element. All is controlled and refined, powerful yet graceful.

This work has been called the high-water mark of academic sculpture. It is more than that. Like Dalou's group of "The Triumph of Silenus" in the Luxembourg Gardens, it is not only academic, but has that touch of something personal which makes it supra-academic.

In reality what is called "academic" art should be called *rational* art. Therefore, we here and now give notice to the world of art that, in the future, we shall divide all art into two categories: Rational art and Modernistic art which latter is *irrational*—because made by men who flout the first fundamental of all great art, *i. e.*, good drawing, construction and modeling.

Although the word "Academic" has been for some years used as a belittling term and latterly as an insulting epithet by the "modernists," it has become really a badge of honor. For to produce a work of art as good as are the really academic works of art requires already talent enough to place the artist into a class worthy of great honor.

In fact it is becoming more and more "nip and tuck" between Barrias, Dalou and Rude as to which is the greatest sculptor France has produced. But we need not quarrel about that. Certain it is that, in fifty years from now, the vast majority of people of culture in the world will have agreed that these three are the greatest sculptors of the 19th Century.

This "The First Funeral" was voted the "Model of Honor" by the exhibiting sculptors at the Paris Salon when it was exhibited in the Salon des Beaux-Arts, beautiful Petit Palais of Paris, praised by the best minds of France, and voted the best work among those who had seen the French group and make Paris the real Mecca of all who love great art, such as is exhibited in the Salon, but even in its technical excellence.



"THE VIOLETS"

BY CARLOTTI

Chicago, W. L. G. 10

(See opposite page)

A CLEVER WORK OF ART "THE VIOLETS"

BY LARCHE

(See page 128)

THE wiser and greater as a man an artist is, the more he admires restraint, not only in life but in art. And the greatest artists are the most self-controlled and their control works most at the height of their powers and careers. Before they mature they are often wild, and after they mature they frequently become careless as they become senile. Hence they do their childish work early in life and their defective work when past their meridian.

Young fellows hate all criticism, from any quarter. Later in life, when they become wiser, they learn that in art we must allow no friendships or brotherly love to control us in any degree in judging a work of art, because in that path they then see self-stultification and moral suicide. Then they no longer object to a classification of works of art into great, clever and otherwise, because then they are more keen to know the exact truth. Then they no longer boil over and say "great!" before a trivial sketch, when they mean it is only a cleverly suggested idea.

Larche's "The Violets" is a distinctly clever work of art, it is in a class by itself. It belongs to the transition period of one line of French sculpture between the "academic" and the "modernistic"; it is semi-academic and contains a hint of the revolt which was to come later.

It is merely clever because the conception is of no special importance, not greatly stirring or lifting or thought-compelling and, if badly done technically, would be absolutely trivial. What saves it, however, and lifts it into the high class of clever art—next to the great—is its exceedingly clever composition and craftsmanship.

It is one of the earliest successful examples of the so-called mingling of painting and sculpture

and which is the most distinctive new note—at any rate the only one worthy of respect—that French sculpture has given to the world and one that alone differentiates it from the Greek. This superimposing of painting on sculpture for the sake of color had never before been quite so successfully realized as in this work; the resultant "color" is really a most charming thing—when carried no farther than Larche carried it in this group. Unhappily it has been now carried so far that artists have slurred their forms to a degree that places their work within the class of degenerate art.

Note in this group that none of the forms are neglected or badly drawn or badly modelled or insufficiently carried out—when they are not covered by the wheat, leaves and foliage. When uncovered they are worked out as carefully as they would have been by any academic sculptor. Wherein it is not academic is this: the extent to which the human figure growing out of the plant-life and out of the earth is suggested. This was done two hundred years before, it is true, but never before quite so cleverly and charmingly. On the other hand the group expresses nothing of importance, no idea or sentiment of any greatly stirring kind—it illustrates no story. But it is of infinite smile-provoking charm in respect of color, line and form and it is exquisite in technical execution. And so it had also a deserved great success in the Paris Salon. There is in it a note of that refined, comic gaiety which is so distinctly French, which can only be felt and not analyzed, one they express by the words *épièglerie* and "chic," for which we have no exact equivalents in English. Not lofty enough in thought to enrapture us, it is full of delicate fancy and charm; an example of the quintessence of cleverness such as only modern Frenchmen can supply.

A DEGENERATE WORK OF ART "A WOMAN IN CONTORTION"

BY RODIN

(See page 130)

THOSE conversant with the history of modern art in France from 1850 down, know that about that date French art split into two distinct streams. The one is called "modern art" and the other "modernistic art." Modernistic art means modern art run to seed through a steady degeneration, from accentuation to exaggeration and from exaggeration to deformation of the form and to a repellant ugliness unknown in the history of art, an ugliness which hangs heavy and weighs upon our civilization like the cold, clammy hand of some cosmic monster.

That this drift towards the ugly and "the deformation of the form" was ushered in principally by Rodin is not questioned, because he put it forth

as an aesthetic theory, according to one of his eulogizers, and his work carries out the words of his deluded admirers. We are at now going into any lengthy analysis of Rodin's work, of this sample of his work. That is all that matters.

This work was exhibited in the National Salon at Paris about 1911, in the great central hall of the *Grand Palais*, the largest of the very center, usually reserved for the most important works. There were thousands of people there, and the sycophants then in vogue were all over the place, had become puffed up with the French world of art, and were all over the place in the art department, and were all over the place in power at the time, and were all over the place in a crude, but not in a refined, manner, the

head having been at one time knocked off, then stuck on crudely with plaster, not one inch being modeled or even half modeled. And yet this unformed mass, repulsive from the point of view of a finished work of art, was given the place of honor in the National Salon in the department of sculpture!

And how the hypnotized, deluded, rattle-brained *coryphæes* of Rodin did genuflect before this daub in plaster! How they dilated on the wonderful "technique" of this patched-up monstrous mass of pudgy plaster, as though Rodin were a god, and as if even a lump of clay, dropped by him, had necessarily a divine radiance! It was simply sickening! It was degrading both to the aberrated sycophants and to Rodin himself who, by the mere exhibition of this brutal excrescence, either as a mere, rudimentary and patched-up mass of frag-

ments or as a finished work of art, was guilty of a piece of charlatanism.

The immediate result was that in the year following the exhibition of this monstrosity, the "modernistic" sculpture in the National Salon took a drop as regards rational composition and modeling, and the dropping has continued, until to-day we see things so unformed and shapeless, so brutal and grotesque that we can not tell whether they are square, round or pyramidal, whether they are fish, flesh or fowl. But we do know that many of them are insane. Had the exhibition of this shapeless lump of plaster been the only case of sinning on the part of Rodin, nothing would be said. But he sinned so often in this manner, and through this he did so much harm by repeated charlatanistic antics, that history will note it to his eternal disadvantage.



"A WOMAN IN CONTOURION"

By RODIN

(See page 129)

The public must remember that there are in Paris two great Salon exhibitions every spring—the regular, old Salon and "the rebel" or Salon National at which latter this creation of Rodin was

exhibited and that while the "modernistic" followers of Rodin applauded this work the normal artists and public deplored it profoundly and howled it down, even with fierce execration!



ART AND CITIZENSHIP

BY IAN B. STOUGHTON HOLBORN

II. THE WORLD'S LACK OF THE ART-SPIRIT

BROADLY speaking, the result of our enquiry so far is to show that citizenship and art are the same thing, that is to say: whether as citizen or as artist, we are striving after the expression of the same principle. It is the principle of design, the principle of beauty and, if only we had the art-sense, what we now do as an irksome duty we should do as an irresistible joy. Citizenship therefore is simply the art of living—the application of the laws of art and beauty to our lives; and the nation that has lost the spirit of art has lost the spirit of life.

So must it ever be: this is the law of existence itself, the law of being. It applies to principles just as it applies to living organisms. It is the key that solves many riddles. Existence is not gained or made by the pursuit of this or that, but by preserving the balance between this and that.

One is often asked the question—why is the history of the world a story of the rise and fall of nations; why does each one inevitably pass away? If one may hazard an answer, it might be this—the death and destruction of nations come from a lack of the fundamental art-spirit, that is, from consciously or unconsciously mistaking a part for a whole, an element for an arrangement or relation between elements, a means for an end. It is not the elements or facts that make a people, but the proportion or artistic design.

For example: liberty is no end in itself, and to mistake this means for an end—this part for a whole—is self-destruction. An illustration, if it be not pushed too far, may be helpful. A ship is found to be making very poor progress because she has a great list to starboard. More ballast therefore is needed on the port side; but this does not mean that more ballast on the port side is a good thing in itself; yet the crew is so enthusiastic that it raises the cry of "more ballast to port"; until finally the ship capsizes and goes down. The ship really needed right trimming, that is, balance, and not as much as possible of anything at all. Speaking somewhat generally, many ships that weathered the sea badly from an excess on the authority side have foundered with all hands by too great a shift to the side of liberty. Neither liberty nor discipline are ends in themselves; it is the subtle balance between them! So is it with the other great principles of human nature. Yet to arrive at this is no mere problem of scientific fact, but the delicate adjustment of an artist.

The death of the human body occurs when the disturbance of the balance has passed a certain point, so that there is an overplus of this or that.

Such cases are crudely simple, whereas the balance that makes beauty is not just between one thing and another thing, nor even between many things. It is a balance between balances of many things and these balances, themselves complex arrangements of further balances. But it is just this that makes existence, that makes being. Disturb the balance, and, as we see all around us, the nation, the cathedral, the arch or the work of art ceases to

exist. The things of which it was made may be there, but that which made it what it was, its own existence, its own being, has gone.

Further, although it can not be discussed here, there is more being and less being; one thing has in it more than another thing—not more material content, but more being. This problem must be left for the present, but there is more in a play by Shakespeare, for example, than in the latest "movie" melodrama, crowded as that latter article may be. The one is soon exhausted; the other is well nigh inexhaustible.

And what is life? It is the self-fight for being. I may give being to something that I make; but the distinction that makes what we call life is that the self makes its own being. Here we must be very clear in our minds that it is not the mere material that makes the being. The mollusc, the worm, the insect are arrangements of material wrested from their environment: as long as that process of self creation and building up continues, we have life; when that ceases, the forces of the environment against which it battled close in upon it and it decays. On the other hand, it would be equally one-sided and false to forget what is given by the material and environment; but that is hardly the danger of our day.

The secret of being then is the balancing of these elements, themselves the balancing of further elements, the one against the other, so as to preserve an equilibrium, a design. To allow an overplus of any one of them is to let an enemy in at the gate and the city is destroyed.

* * *

The self, therefore, the new being, is the arrangement, not the material out of which it is built; and so, to achieve this, there is the double aspect to observe—on the one hand the self-assertion, the fight against the environment, but on the other hand the concession and adjustment to that environment, and too, the taking of what that environment proffers, without which we must fail. Here then we come across the double principles of an evolution and an *advolution* if we may so term it, an efficient and a final cause, and it is the balance between these that is the highest balance of all. We can not explain solely in terms of an evolution from:—a road that is simply from somewhere has no known direction. It is equally true that a road that is only a road to somewhere has also no direction; both are equally necessary. With the present position known, it is enough to know whether or whether to determine the direction; but the unknown is then calculable.

Even if such an abstractness were too hard, it can not be considered here. To be static and/or design the mere balance of proportions in any circumstance might seem sufficient, but it is not; it is to insist that in the very process of adjustment, it is the very process of the self-assertion, the endeavor and struggle, that is the very essence of the result, that can not be forgotten. It is the eternal struggle to express the self, that is the essence of life

and this is why any attempt to define life in terms of materiality or chemico-physical force is foredoomed to failure. The end in this case is not the mere fighting of forces each for itself, which might produce, if the metaphor be pardoned, a stable equilibrium, but it is the preservation of a balance that may rather be likened to an unstable equilibrium.

Nor is there any ground for running an evolution theory to death, which in the last resort would be to admit no difference except difference of degree—at least until we have gone a great deal further on the road of enquiry than we have yet done! Any such attempt is at best premature. Probably the most closely related difference in kind that we know is that between length and breadth. But it is quite impossible for our minds to regard breadth as a mere degree of length. We may argue that a straight line must return upon itself in infinity and that this necessitates the second dimension. But is there not a danger of a mere quibble, arising from the usual attempt to hypostatize the abstraction? It does not obliterate the distinction between the dimensions. All differences are differences within an identity, but that is not to deny differences any more than to deny identity.

A world that is a world can only be a world of differences; to negate all differences is to negate the world. Mechanical energy and conscious living may or may not be terms to express true fundamental differences; but there is no ground whatever for expecting science to discover a transmutation by mere degree from one to the other at this stage of our knowledge; and the attempt is surely exactly on a par with the search for the philosopher's stone, but with less reason as the difference is more profound.

This does not mean that in a future stage of our knowledge, when differences more fundamental still, even than these, have been grasped, that this may not be possible; but to arrive at an undifferentiated world is a contradiction in terms.

Whatever else then may be necessary, one can not be a citizen without this artistic sense of balance and of consciously purposed design. To be a citizen without being an artist is an absolute impossibility.

We may on the other hand be artists without being citizens, because the art may be applied within some limited sphere and not to the whole of life. It is interesting, however, to notice the tendency to apply these principles in ever-widening circles, with the result that we find cases like those of William Morris or John Ruskin, who begin by applying their art in a single sphere and end by becoming social reformers.

So our need is searchingly to examine ourselves and see whether this art spirit is ours, this sense of balance, of design, of relations rather than of mere ingredients, this art-sense of the organic whole, which alone can make us citizens and civilized; and too the sense that we will not allow ourselves to be swept away by the tide, but will fight on, fight ever, for that which we know to be better and more beautiful.

Yet when we turn to our own day and generation, it can not be but with a pang of disappointment, a feeling of regret, indeed of shame, as we compare

it with the more organic civilization of Greece or even the despised feudal systems of the Middle Ages; and we have to confess to ourselves somewhat sadly that the modern age is marked by a certain restlessness, aimlessness, incoherence, meaninglessness, lack of purpose. Do not the students of history testify that our time stands out, with one or two other periods in the history of the world, as chaotic, disjointed, incomplete? The great unwieldy modern state is moved by a thousand unrelated impulses. There is a spasmodic tendency in our action, all is essentially scrappy, incomplete and unsettled. And if the historian is not aware of it, the poet is!

In cities should we English lie,
Where cries are rising ever new
And men's incessant stream goes by,
We who pursue

Our business with unslackening stride,
Traverse in troops, with care-filled breast
The soft Mediterranean side,
The Nile, the East,

And see all sights from pole to pole,
And glance, and nod, and bustle by
And never once possess our soul
Before we die.

It is a life unsettled and chaotic:

O broken life! O wretched bits of being,
Unrhythmic, patched, the even and the odd!

Yes, it is broken and confused; it is an age of fashions, of crazes; and the vogue of to-day is to-morrow ancient history. It is an age of specialists, of sects, of cliques, of cranks. Each one goes his own way in his own little manner, instead of trying to realize his relationship to life as a whole. So is modern life given over to specialism. Even our reformers are incapable of taking a wide view. They are actually antagonistic to what lies outside their narrow field. If one may coin a slang phrase, let them be called "single-dodgers," men who can see but one thing at a time. Even the best of them tend to be cranks—that is, men who think that their one particular dodge is everything.

It is not that the dodge is necessarily bad in itself—many of the dodges are excellent as far as they go—no, it is the failure to see the relation of the dodge to life as a whole in all its infinity. We all know them, how in season and out of season, before dinner and after dinner and in between dinners, relevant or irrelevant, their dodge must be obtruded! There they are, in debate, in letters to the newspapers, in buttonholing the lecturer as he leaves the hall—teetotallers, Christian Scientists, anti-vivisectionists, suffragists, socialists, (that is enough enemies to make in one sentence) not one has the artist spirit that grasps the whole nor yet omits a part.

The fatuity of the single-taxer is not that he wants to tax something even more than other things, but that he wants to make it single! But he is not really in any way peculiar, he is simply an example of the general disease of modern civilization. The same thing is even true of the world of learning and scholarship. We all tend to be specialists until we actually become suspicious of a man who would fight for a wider, saner, broader, healthier point of view. We become such that we cannot see the wood for the trees. It is the misprints and

the controversial details in a book that engage all our attention rather than the purport of the book as a whole. Indeed there is a curiously ignorant use of the word superficial in academic circles that has resulted in an inability to distinguish the superficial from the inconsequent or chaotic.

In a three-dimensional world the superficies is the outermost two-dimensional section; and owing to our relation to the earth's surface, we naturally tend by surface to mean the horizontal outer section. But it is absurd to pretend that this section has less value than any other; indeed, for obvious reasons, it is the most important. The typical specialist, however, is content with what might be called a one-dimensional survey in a vertical line, which may be more detailed, but is a smaller and less significant task; and he is exposing himself to ridicule when he sneers at the two-dimensional student who is dealing with relations beyond his ken. The advance from one to two dimensions is not a matter of addition, as he seems to think, but of the understanding of a new relation and requires a faculty which the specialist often does not possess.

But there is a something to be avoided, which, in a dim way, he probably has in his mind and confuses with the superficial. A number of details may be grasped as isolated unrelated facts, or they may be grasped causally or consequentially, that is, in their interrelations. Now it is in the mere inconsequent accumulation of facts that the real danger lies. Facts have no value except in relation to life and the world as a whole, and it is the specialist that falls most short. He is narrow because he is only concerned with one dimension; and he is inconsequent because he does not see the relation of his own study to the *kosmos*; in other words he is no artist.

There is a further curious mistake that he is always making, namely, that it is necessary to know all the details between one fact and another in order to grasp their relation. In making a survey of a surface there is no need to measure more than one line; but with this as base, the triangulation can proceed from point to point without further measurement of lines. Even for a logical and correct grasp of the universe as a whole, an accurate knowledge of details is unnecessary. For the one-dimensional specialist this seems difficult to realize.

Applying this to life, an accurate knowledge of a base line is necessary; but, after that, we can pass to a two and then a three-dimensional understanding of relations. With mathematics, say, as a good base line, it is possible to get a grip of the universe that is not inconsequent, although lacking in details, provided we understand the principles of relations.

To sum up, we may say that the present age is an age of quarrymen, whereas what we want is architects. The house is not the stones, the beams, the tiles; they in themselves would be a mere heap. It is the design that makes the house, the way that they are put together. It is not the facts, the details that make a world, a *kosmos*; it is the way that they are arranged. No amount of facts or details will make the poem, the picture, the work of art. That lies in the structure, the form, the *eidos*. This is the true reality. What is the thing that made Rheims cathedral?—the stones?—There they lie in a heap. That is not Rheims cathedral. What

makes me? Not some details, some elements heretofore unknown; but a different arrangement or form. This is my character, my individuality, me.

This is what the dull, bourgeois, inartistic modern world has not grasped. The architect knows the value of the quarryman, but the quarryman has still to learn the value of the architect who yet may lack the tricks of the quarry. All the details and all the facts and all the stones and all the quarries without art will only make a confused heap, essentially barbaric, essentially inartistic, uncivilized. But a very few facts, a very few details, a very few stones will make a world of surpassing wonder. One little ivory figure, one small sonnet, perfect in its relation to the dying cadence of its last tercet, one small song, one enameled horse-trapping from a Keltic grave may be a *kosmos*, a world worth more than all the piled lure of our modern cities and the colossal barbarisms of all our industrial factories. Having eyes we see not and having ears we hear not, because the spirit is dead within. It is the intangible form, the imponderable design, the elusive relation, the immortal everlasting spiritual essence that we need; and we have it not. Well may we cry—go to, ye rich! weep and howl for the tribulation that cometh upon you, when at last ye realize that with all your piles, your size, your stones, your mass, ye have no souls!

* * *

There is little of this sense to-day, whether with regard to picture, poem or life as a whole. We wish to dally with details. We criticize a lecture and we say that so and so was an interesting point; but that was not what made the lecture of value. It does not occur to us that to go to the lecture ten minutes after it starts and leave before it is over, only to gather a few poor facts—is to lose the arrangement, the *kosmos*, the thing itself, assuming, that is, that the lecture itself is an organic whole and no mere heap or pile.

But this trouble belongs to all our life, this chaotic lack of the cosmic sense is actually creeping into the realms of art itself. Nothing is more distressing than the way that artists, who ought to be masters of design, who ought most clearly to see the balance of things and grasp the relationships of of the whole, are really little more than "single dodger's" after all. Our very artists are mere specialists. What does the musician know about painting, what does the painter know about poetry? The musician may be the worst offender, but they are all guilty. Nay, even within their own arts they are narrow and limited to cliques. How unlike the great men of Hellas or the Renaissance, who grasped all the arts and largely the art of life as well! Who will instill breadth into these narrow souls? who will give them a vision of the world as a whole?

Or yet again, consider the art of *morphosis*, that is, the art that deals with shape, whether in painting, sculpture, architecture, jewelry, carving, furniture or what not; is there not a most disastrous tendency to think of all of art as if it only consisted of pictures? The picture, after all, is the most abstract of all art, the hardest and the hardest to understand. But when we wonder if the man in the street could think as though art were not his concern at all, we realize that it really is the very breath of his existence. The picture is about the

last, not the first form of art at which we should arrive. A really artistic people can not make a weapon, a tool, an ink bottle without making it beautiful. The commonest household utensil should be made beautiful and refined; we should never be able to look anywhere, in our houses or in our streets, without our eyes resting upon a lovely thing. But we have lost the spirit of art and very largely because of this absurd notion that it is pictures and objects in museums that are art. No, art is not art unless it enters into the life of a people. Art does not mean things that are kept solely to be looked at on state occasions; and the sooner that we realize that radiators or telegraph-poles must be things of exquisite loveliness the better will it be—even for the pictures.

In the arts themselves, indeed, in their actual working out by artists, is there not a tendency to lose this great, gracious, fundamental sense of design, of reciprocal relationship and proportion of part to part, of clear, clean, vigorous healthiness and *sophrosunē*? Is not our modern music in danger of losing something of its design, its order, the very thing that makes it music? Is there not in the modern picture a vanishing harmony, a loss of clear clean health? Do not painting, music and poetry alike show a tendency toward chaos, morbidity and a breaking up into the incongruous elements out of which they rose? Let us not deny to modern artists the gathering of many an overlooked jewel, many an escaped thought, many an undreamed of fragment, many a neglected little device; but only too often we do need to deny to them the breadth of the master, the sanity of the great ones of old, the power to realize the vast unchangeable eternities of the human soul and the law of being and not being, the everlasting ocean itself from which all the infinitely fleeting bubbles rise. As a greater and more Bergsonian Bergson than Bergson himself said—"the one thing stable in an ever changing world is the principle that works the change."

A chaotic art is a contradiction in terms, yet art to-day tends to indulge in a thousand and one passing "isms," to become scientific, significant or anything and everything but art. We can not live without art, and art we must have. The whole trend toward the formless, the nonconstructive, the capricious is a tearing up, a rending asunder; and if it be not arrested it will be the destruction of all art and all civilization.

* * *

What we need then, if we are to be citizens, is to be artists; and this means first a keener desire to follow the higher, it means a more spiritual outlook and a reaching toward the form rather than the material; it means secondly a sense of design, a sense of values, a power of discrimination and a grasping of what is meant by a *kosmos* of individualities; and it means thirdly that if we are true artists, true citizens, we shall not confine our art to a narrow limited sphere; it will not be an art only of pictures and statues, but will apply to every object, no matter how small and insignificant, and will also apply to the whole city, which will in its turn be a thing beautiful until art permeates the whole life, individual and social, and that too becomes a thing of grace and altogether lovely.

So here we return again to the great principle of balance, of play and interplay, of give and take with nothing one-sided, nothing in excess. It is only looking at another phase of the same law when we see that what the individual is in himself he will impress upon his environment; and this indeed is his self-expression and self-realization. But further it is not only that he expresses and realizes himself as he is already made, but he may, nay must, make himself in the very process. As we consciously seek to express, so do we ourselves become. Express nobility in all things and the nature that expresses it becomes noble. And last—we are ever making our environment, but nevertheless our environment does make us.

So it comes about that the city is largely the expression of the citizenship, both consciously and unconsciously, and we may say that the city visible is the shell of the city invisible.

Now as we look at the shell we can read the nature of the creature. Give me a man's room and I can tell you the kind of occupant that inhabits it, and even to some extent how far he is himself responsible for what he is. It is safe to infer something of the intellectual character of one whose room contains no books except perhaps a dictionary and an encyclopædic compendium. It is safe to infer something of his æsthetic taste from his pictures and still more from the way that he uses his artistic furniture bought in suites from the store. It is safe to infer whether he has character or personality from his wardrobe and the degree of resemblance shown in his neatly creased trousers and faultless ties to those of the other insipid and conventional sheep of the respectable world that bleat their platitudes about uplift, and to whom uplift of any kind would really be the most terrifying of all experiences, so certain are they that their rut is exactly right as it is! And whether they are themselves to blame or not, the fact remains.

Stand with me on the site of Tiryns, Athens, Nara, Toledo, Venice, Oxford or where you will and we can read the character of the old civilization like an open page. Look at Roman civilization with its amphitheatres and the cages for wild beasts and the arenas where men fought to the death with those beasts or with each other, and consider all the lust and cruelty that these imply. Look at Athens and the great theatre with the orchestra for the dancers instead of the arena; consider the subtle carving and adornment and all the unapproachable culture and refinement that these reveal.

How much was the inevitable expression of what they were, how much was a conscious expression of the best they knew—whether their own being had attained so far or not? It may be difficult to say; but the really civilized nature will always express itself both unconsciously and consciously. It is quite safe to assume from their surroundings that many so-called good people are obviously narrow, conventional, ill-balanced, uncivilized within. The inartistic and ultra-puritanical lack the real breadth of soul, the real burning passion for the higher that distinguished the Greek, and which means the acceptance at the outset of the fact that our views must be wrong and poor as compared with the infinite possibilities of view to which we might attain. It would be absurd to predicate of these

pitiful conventional souls such attributes as breadth or graciousness or beauty, whether they are themselves to blame or not.

As we are, so shall we be read, for better or for worse. Yet much of the expression is conscious and, as we have seen, the continuous endeavor to express nobility and beauty in all our environment, just because it is a conscious expression, must at the same time be a shaping of our conscious being. Is not this the hope for our children, that by teaching them ever to express the beautiful they may attain to an understanding of the beautiful and a development of beauty and grace within, which we may wistfully know to be higher, but to which our poor narrow conventional souls have never attained? moreover, if there must be unconscious expression

whether we would or not, is it not better that we should fully realize what we are doing?

There is too, not only the result upon ourselves, but the result of our example, the beauty that we fashion, upon others. This, as we shall see, has perhaps been overestimated, particularly by our day; but it remains one of the most powerful of forces.

First, then, we have unconscious expression, secondly conscious, and thirdly the reaction upon the beholder.

For the world's sake as we see it, therefore; for our own and for the sake of our children yet to be, should we not do all that in us lies to create a fair city, a fair example and a fair heritage?

Ian B. Stoughton Holborn

(To be continued)



A PORTRAIT BUST

BY MARIO KORBEL

THE above marble bust was exhibited by Mario Korbel in his late exhibition of sculpture in the Gorham Galleries on Fifth Avenue, New York. It is a charming work and is an example of what we mean by the work of an artist being both "personal" and "impersonal"; that is—it is impersonal in so far that it is *well constructed, well*

modeled, according to nature, and yet it is so manner of execution is so personal to Mr. Korbel to take it out of the world, and to differentiate it from the work of other sculptors, and to make it his own personal work, and to make it of the surface.

MISCELLANY

ROUSSEL AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF BEAUTY

THE Philosophy of Beauty is what François Roussel-Despierre's styles in a sub-title his little book *L'Idéal Esthétique*. During the past year a translation of this book has been appearing month by month in THE ART WORLD; the conclusion appeared in the September number, so that the two bound volumes of the magazine contain the entire work. Our readers can now decide whether the space given it has been worthily filled; for our part we feel that a work so pregnant with the best thought of modern times has remained too long unknown to those who do not read French and is particularly fitted to English-speaking communities which are always anxious to learn the last thing uttered concerning matters of the very highest moment to all humanity.

M. Roussel's conclusions will interest believers in democracy as well as students of philosophy and religion. They will give food for thought to those who have hoped that science would furnish solid ground on which to erect the ideals that might lead mankind onward to a better existence. They may clarify the views of those who base a hope for progress on industrialism alone. Very extraordinary is the way in which M. Roussel presses the argument that the progress of mankind rests at the final analysis on our instinct—to use a word confessedly employed for lack of a better—on man's instinct for beauty.

In their fanciful, instinctive way the Greeks of the formative period expressed this by their worship of Aphrodité, Athéné, Apollo and Artemis, and the Middle Ages by their cult of the gracious Mary, at once virgin and mother—all of them various types of beauty, of healing and of human progress, while the Orientals evolved Quannon and other ideals of beauty and mercifulness. Aristotle is said to have said: "Beauty is the gift of God."

L'Idéal Esthétique endeavors to explain why the human mind by all sorts of devious paths in philosophy and religion, priestcraft and idolatry has been seeking to express itself, without as yet recognizing to its full extent that

" . . . beauty dead, black chaos comes again"

but still has been holding fast to that root of all betterment which lies within us and consists of our love of the beautiful. Especially are the so-called Anglo-Saxons and Teutons apt to overlook what has been shadowed forth in countless poems and works of art and religions. They, more than others, need to study an ideal of æsthetics which is based philosophically on beauty, to enable them to understand better the future as well as the past, and cause them to give wider room and higher honors to those ideas and things that express Beauty—the foundation stone of our loftiest ideals.

IN PLACE OF APPLAUSE BY CLAPPING

To the Editor of THE ART WORLD:

HAVE you ever listened to the rendition of a symphony orchestra and been enthralled and quieted by the last shimmering dream notes from the violins, only to be rudely startled by heart-shivering applause? Hand-clapping is a relic of barbarism that an intelligent concert audience should discard. It is two steps removed from hissing and but one step removed from foot-stamping and shouting. Let football enthusiasts shout from the bleachers; it is in place there. But when Kreisler has the audience hushed with appreciative joy as he finishes a *berceuse* some one starts a burst of contagious hand-clapping that brings us abruptly to earth so flat that there is scarcely any rebounding sense of buoyancy left. We are perhaps spiritualized temporarily by a Julia Culp lullaby, but the material self intrudes all too soon when we hear "O, isn't that sweet! I wish she'd do it all over again"—gushing remarks rising perforce above the applause that almost deafens us. The word *applause*, by the way, is derived from a word meaning to *clash*.

And that brings us to the motive for applause. It is true there is often a wish for an encore due to the erroneous impression that the immediate

repetition of a beautiful performance will give the same glad thrill once more. Applause is sometimes enthusiastically spontaneous. I have heard cheers for John McCormack that were genuine outbursts. But I suspect that a few—or more—in an audience applaud, to get as much as they can for the price of the ticket—an inexcusable motive! Others really have a desire to express their pleasure to the artists in the fine interpretation of a selection just played or sung. And they use the customary way—the clapping of hands. For custom, the largest factor in the making of applause, is a graybeard to whom we unconsciously defer. From the point of view of the artist, which I am not considering, applause is often fed at the hands of a clique; for applause is the breath of life to many artists. But they, as well as audiences, need to be educated. A true musician should be able, theoretically at least, to feel the atmosphere of appreciation. He should recognize silence as the highest tribute a listener can pay.

We learn from psychology that no emotion is worth having if it does not result in some kind of action. Vain is it, for instance, to feel patriotic if we do not show it in some active way! If it

is necessary for our proper development to be demonstrative after a soul-stirring sonata, let us be demonstrative. I question the real efficacy of applause, psychology notwithstanding. But if, in transition from barbarous plaudits to appreciative silence, it is considered necessary to express approbation in some specific way, let some one invent a way more in harmony with the concert spirit. Chautauqua salutes are unsanitary. We could rise each time and bow to the performers, but our hats are in our laps. Besides, some of us have rheumatism! Cards might be passed, allowing answers to be written to printed questions, such as:

Which number did you enjoy most?

Why did you like the performance?

The answers at least would gratify the artist's vanity if he ever looked at the cards afterwards.

But better still would be some electrical contrivance to register our emotions. An enterprising inventor might show his genius by devising an emotional barometer. The listener, properly pleased, would then push a button and the musician, as he left the stage would see a great light behind the scenes which would appear to him in lieu of great applause. Perhaps colors could be introduced to express shades of feeling and degrees of appreciation? Custom bred, the performer could in imagination hear a storm of hand-clapping; but after a time, he would become acclimated to the silence of a new civilization!

Now while the inventor is thinking, I have a suggestion for the manager of concert courses. If he be brave enough, let him approach a musician less temperamental than the majority and propose doing away with hand-clapping during his concert. A long-suffering, custom-ridden public will welcome a program that has neatly printed in the lower left-hand corner the words "No applause." The first audience to see the words may give a spontaneous whoop and yell "bravo." Let the manager not be discouraged; it is the manager that is being applauded, not the performer.

Carrie Pfaffenberger

SKETCHES AND DESIGNS BY HIGGINS

A highly flavored and piquant spread is the little exhibition of drawings, pastels and oils by Eugene Higgins in one of the upper galleries at Knoedler's in New York. For the most part small in size, and sketches rather than pictures, they offer a very varied menu, through which, however, like certain condiments favored by a chef, go certain particular characteristics rarely found in others.

Two uncommon qualities are noticeable. Mr. Higgins has an instinct for proportion and mass that makes his feeling for composition far above average. This is particularly seen in little combinations of two or three figures, sometimes of humble wayfarers, sometimes of peasants, or again of the indigent dwellers in some big foreigner-affected city like New York. Another quality is his sensitiveness to the silhouette which appears in one design after the other with results that are often merely picturesque but sometimes grand to the verge of tragic. One thinks of Goya and Daumier and J. F. Millet with the great company of illustrators of their day and thus one links the modern Higgins

rather to the great predecessors than the wretched travesties of art which succeeded them, from whom, unfortunately, many of our younger artists attempt to learn. It is from the flaccid, sterile breasts of modern art in France that the poor fellows try to draw inspiration, carried away by the noise of men who think that assertion of genius will take the place of genius and that if ugliness and bad color and cretinism be only sufficiently acclaimed, the poor sheep-like public will follow in their wake. Higgins draws and paints the poor and humble, *le prolétariat* [as they love to call the people with the insult of condescension] but he does not brag that he is the only one to be a democrat; while the apostles of ugliness add insult to injury by asserting that their art abortions represent the people. Now the people know better than to buy such foolish ineptitudes. If any are sold, they go to weak minds persuaded that art exists in some new realm just discovered and must be great because it is different. Yet Higgins, though the howling of the dust storm has affected him, can not escape from his own talents which compel him to avoid the foolishness going on, and escape the insanity cast out of France on our shores.

Higgins has the exceedingly rare ability to express through landscape and figures the emotions of fear or awe, of nervousness in the face of solitude, of tragedy in dim lives—like those that exist in the plays of Synge. He suggests often the life before and after the moment chosen for his figure or his group, forces you to wonder whether the figure goes and whence it comes, interests you, in fact, after the fashion of artists who have something to say—O rare enough they are! Technical faults may be found in most of these designs, but what is that compared with the fact that here is the *rara avis* who arrests you with his song and makes you ponder and dream over his odd and individual notes?

But one caution for Mr. Higgins. He is at the parting of the ways—either towards or away from "modernism." In his "monotones" his drawing is often vulgar, lacking construction, and his color unbeautiful. There is no future for Mr. Higgins in that direction.

RALPH CURTIS ON "LES FAUVES"

To the Editors of The Burlington Magazine,
London. Gentlemen:

Is *ignotum pro magnifico* the explanation for this belated boom in London of *les fauves* in Paris? For fashionable, ignoble ugliness your last two numbers are conspicuous. If nothing is more exquisite in nature than a beautifully made woman, nothing in this world is more repellent than a grotesquely misshapen female.

If a man is incapable of rendering the form divine, his artistic sense should confine him to still-life or landscape. Chabrier is the first to restrain his violating impulses. But the singularity of form can alone be justified by a miracle of color or by a profound and convincing character. *Le dessin est la vie* is the motto of the *fauves*.

On what, then, is the *raison d'être* of a *fauve* of Renoir, who so often depicts his subjects with diluted currague? The answer is, more than

charitable regret at Cézanne's pathetic lack of technical education, when one looks at the bloated monsters he longed to make decorative? Invoking the immortal names of Tintoretto, Rubens and Delacroix as the *patrons* of his unhappy hero, your eminent critic ties a string to his superlatives by saying "there is some [sic] excuse for the complaint of his want of drawing, for he was always plastic before he was linear." That is incontestable!

Years hence, when, after the war, the speculations of the market turn to new sensational innovations, will not posterity label Cézanne only an ill-educated offspring of the master Manet? Why not reproduce as an antidote, the astounding work of the Cro-Magnon draughtsmen of wild beasts, made in the caves of Altamira 20,000 years before the Christian era?

This letter was elicited by an article in *The Burlington* in which Mr. Roger Fry, former curator of painting at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, under the directorate of Sir Caspar Purdon Clark, takes with utmost seriousness the book written by Vollard the art dealer about Cézanne. When in charge of the old canvases at the museum Mr. Fry rashly undertook to act as if he were a trained and competent restorer of pictures, much to the alarm of those who knew. Since his return to England he has been writing about modern pictures in a vein of rashness that suggests a similar incapacity to understand. It is this mistake on Mr. Fry's part in following a small and noisy band of Parisians in their effort to establish poor Cézanne as a master which has driven Mr. Ralph Curtis to the impatient outbreak above.

Note well that Vollard, who wrote this book about Cézanne—a sumptuous volume selling here for about \$25.00—is an *art dealer*, which means that he is probably interested financially in the rise and fall of the prices of Cézanne's work. And most likely he was allured to invest heavily in his works, and more likely is now trying to raise the price by boosting them, in an expensive volume, so as to unload them, if not on the public, at least upon the museums of the world, each one of which will want—these dealers believe—an example of the work of a man who like Cézanne was a subject of such bitter controversy.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

Historic Silver of the Colonies and Its Makers. By Francis Hill Bigelow. (New York: Macmillan, \$6.) Some 476 pages of text, nearly 400 illustrations, a list of silversmiths and a general index to boot, make a book that is not only worth reading for the history and genealogy it contains but a book of reference. Old silver becomes to some collectors what golf or trout-fishing is to other men and it is a passion that shakes the economical precepts of women as well as men. Among collectors of silver teapots, mugs and candlecups there is a sympathy such as Walter Scott might have had but did not have in mind when he quoth:

It is the secret sympathy
The silver link, the silken tie
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind.

Such amiable maniaes will find Mr. Francis Bigelow a pleasant guide among the old silver and

silversmiths of the good old colony days, more particularly among those of the New England provinces and states, for New York and the South get scanty notice by comparison. The author begins with standing cups for church use, beakers, tumblers, candlecups, and tankards, following with flagons, mugs, two-handled cups, chalices and baptismal basins, coming down later to such everyday things as spoons and ladles, candlesticks, teapots and kettles, sugar and punch bowls and even church and synagogue silver pieces. Oddly enough he has missed the potato ring, which could scarcely have failed to reach America from Ireland during the eighteenth century. A valuable book.

* * *

The Dwelling Houses of Charleston, South Carolina. By Alice R. Huger Smith and D. E. Huger Smith. (Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1917.) Miss Alice Huger Smith of Charleston is a water-color painter of note as well as an illustrator and for this handsome tome she has supplied a majority of the drawings taken directly from the old buildings described in the text. The frontispiece showing an old iron gateway is an etching by her hand. Considering the closeness of the social bond in Charleston one may look on this volume of nearly four hundred pages as a record not of one but of a half hundred families connected by ancient friendship if not always by ties of blood. Issued in a limited edition the book appeals necessarily to Southerners more than any one else; but those who study or merely enjoy colonial architecture will find much to attract them in the six score illustrations; indeed, both text and the pictures supplied by Mr. Albert Simons appear to have such readers in mind. Of course the Charlestonian alone will relish the remarks about streets and squares and forts long ago departed to limbo. One might recommend the volume unqualifiedly to Southern readers because of the historical and genealogical data mingled with the descriptive text but others not of "that same" need not fear a dull page. The discursions into family love and history do not form the worst kind of reading where there's brevity and a touch of kindly wit.

* * *

Creators of Decorative Styles. By Walter A. Dyer. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1917. \$3.) There is no small skill required in order to make a volume of styles of furniture and interior decoration palatable to the reader, yet Mr. Dyer has achieved that same. He has done it chiefly by laying stress on the personality of various men who were exponents of varying fashions of their day in house decorations, confining himself with few exceptions to British decorators, designers and architects whose influence was naturally strongest in America. Picking out eleven men from Inigo Jones to Sheraton, he touches not only on the differences they introduced in the applied arts but on their characters and lives, so far as they are known. The book is composed of twelve essays, most of which appeared originally in *Arts and Decoration* and only recently in *THE ART WORLD*: Sir Christopher Wren, Grinling Gibbons, Chippendale and Sir William Chambers furnish the solid center of the book. Robert Adam, Wedgwood, Heppelwhite

and Sheraton form the epilogue, or, should one say, the last act of the drama dealing with British styles? Chapters on Daniel Marot the French designer of furniture and Jean Tijou, inventor of artistic ironwork, who helped decorate St. Paul's, London, and Hampton Court, are thrown into the line of English masters. In this way Mr. Dyer produces a very attractive text which is not a little aided by the illustrations. Of Wren he says that England owes more to him than to any other single man for her heritage in art. More than any other he "raised and crystallized public taste and fostered a desire among a people not essentially artistic for better, more beautiful surroundings based upon a sound understanding of the principles of decorative art. He founded a school and lived to see it flourish. And he recalls the enthusiasm of John Evelyn regarding the wood-carver Grinling Gibbons: "the greatest master, both for invention and rareness of work, that the world ever had in any age."

* * *

Interior Decoration for the Small Rooms. By Amy L. Rolfe. (New York: Macmillan, 1917, \$1.25.) This is one of a series of small volumes fully illustrated which are meant as guides to those who are building or furnishing a house. Thus T. M. Clark contributes "The Care of a House" and Charles L. White writes of "Successful Houses and How to Build Them," while Miss Frances C. Moore describes "Furniture of the Olden Time." Here we have Miss Rolfe writing from Bozeman, Montana, to tell us persons of very moderate means how to get the best out of materials not too dear for our purpose and how to arrange the various rooms of the house so as to obtain the most comfortable and beautiful results. Each home, she concludes, should express the owner's attitude toward the world "by his sincerity in the use of details" in his scheme of interior decoration, the scheme that shows his true personality.

THE MEHLIN BUILDING

(See page 110)

Coming down Fifth Avenue in Manhattan, as one passes the synagogue designed by Leopold Eidlitz at Forty-third Street, glance toward the Grand Central Station and observe a comparatively small building in white marble which stands on the southerly side of the street. It is the Mehlin Building shown in the illustration.

The architect is Mr. Andrew J. Thomas. He has placed it against the large loft and office building No. 6 East 43rd Street in such a way as to obtain for it a background which throws the white marble block into relief, and though it has seven stories only, calls the attention of the passer-by in a remarkable degree. The design, like that of the Times Building by Mr. Cyrus Eidlitz on Times Square, has for its nucleus a tower such as the Italians used to erect for a belfry, and retains the campanile effect, especially in the top story, where on each of the two free sides there is a colonnade of two square and four round columns above a frieze embellished with shields in compartments. The

top story and the Campanile story on the ground floor recall the Italian Gothic, modified according to ideas of the Renaissance, and this is carried further by the cartouche and garland reliefs of the third and fourth stories. In the reproduction, owing to the defective perspective of the photograph, the upper stories have a tendency to greater prominence than appears in the building itself.

Perhaps the architect might improve the looks of the building by a rougher surface treatment of the marble blocks that form the ground and second stories—that is a question our readers may put to themselves when they see the building, and we shall be glad to know what they think. At any rate they are likely to agree that the Mehlin Building belongs to the kind of structure which New York very much lacks, one in which there is evidence that owner and architect have tried to add something of value to the streetscape. The pointed arches large and small for entrances and window openings and the balconies of the third story with their enrichment of carvings balance the very ornate top story in a rather neat manner. The stories three, four, five and six belong to that part of a campanile which has few openings and therefore rests the eye like a shaft, or the stalk of a flower; but modern requirements compel windows and plenty of them; so the architect has not carried out the Gothic arch in them but given them straight lintels as necessary and inevitable holes in the wall. Such are some of the problems that confront those who try to put a measure of beauty into New York façades.

PORTRAITS OF CHILDREN

The Little Gallery at No. 15 West Fortieth Street has a loan collection of oils by recent and living painters consisting of portraits of children. The Little Gallery is by way of showing silver, pottery, textiles by American artisans of note, but from time to time gives special exhibits of pictures. This collection will remain till the seventeenth of the month. Many of the portraits are not only charming in subject but fine in workmanship.

A CORRECTION

To the Editor of THE ART WORLD.

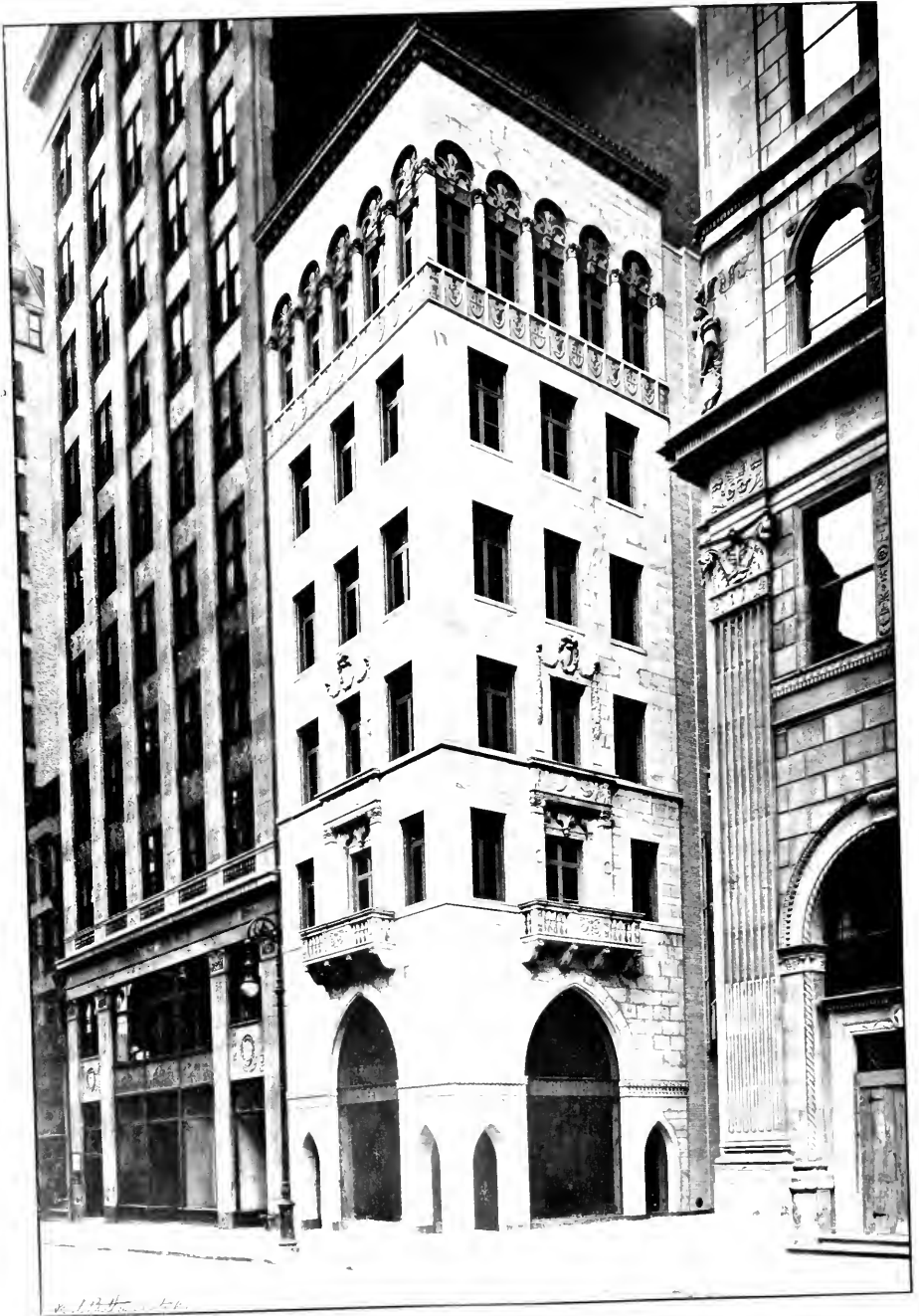
2 West 43th Street, New York

Dear Sir:—

The interesting article by Mr. Brook on "The Old Time House," in your October issue, contained a serious error. The author, referring to the Andrew and Andrews' residence in Salem, says: "It was built in 1818." It was Governor John A. Andrews'.

Massachusetts' war governor, John A. Andrews, was self born in 1818 (not 1819, as stated), and he did not have built the house in 1818. It was built the year by John Andrews, Esq., and was sold to the Governor with the Andrews family in 1848. It is to this relative, the architect of the building, that the legend to draw the house is due.

Reading, Mass.



THE METHUEN BUILDING

6 East 43rd Street

ANDREW J. THOMAS, ARCHITECT

(See page 139)

ARTS, CRAFTS AND THE HOME



FRONT VIEW OF "THE BIVOUAC," HOME OF GEN. HARRISON GRAY OTIS

A GIFT TO LOS ANGELES WILL THE ANGELS KNOW HOW TO FOSTER THE PLANT?

BY CHARLES DE KAY

THE late General Harrison Gray Otis may be remembered as soldier or as editor, but in more recent years as the victim of a secret organization of scoundrels who used dynamite to blow up the offices of *The Times* of Los Angeles, California, because that paper was opposed to the campaign of *sabotage* and terrorism conducted by aliens and others in different States of the Union. The McNamara bombs killed twenty-two men connected with the paper. At his home, called "The Bivouac," General Otis put up a building on a smaller scale like the one destroyed to remain a memorial and tribute to the dead; he fixed to its inner walls certain bronze tablets bearing their names, because he considered that they were just as much soldiers who died for a patriotic cause as if they had worn uniforms and confronted an enemy in fair and open fight. It was indeed a war in which they engaged, war against dastardly foes and in the cause of order, civic peace and the rights of men to make their living without asking permission of tyrants and murderers.

Before he died General Otis had the satisfaction of bequeathing to the city of Los Angeles his property on Wilshire Boulevard skirting Westlake Park, together with four buildings thereon which are to be used as art galleries and a museum. It is under-

stood that such collections of art objects as "The Bivouac" contains go with the gift; for General Otis was something of a collector, even if his pictures and *bibelots* would not figure greatly when compared with the treasures assembled by some other collectors. These buildings are shown in the accompanying illustrations.

Los Angeles is a city of well-to-do and wealthy, more or less angelic people who have the virtues and failings of those to whom competency has come with comparative ease. If one can arouse their interest they are freehanded and energetic, but for the most part live as if the town in which they dwell had no call on them so long as they pay their taxes. Civic feeling is difficult to stir among these complacent, well-fed, well-clad Americans. It was therefore a bit of inspiration on the part of General Otis to offer them an example and indicate by his princely gift the necessity of doing something more than fulfill the ordinary obligations of citizenship by taking thought for the recreation and education of all fellow-citizens. It is a good thing to have a hospital which is common to the possession of a good man who looks forward to helping to the next generation by doing something of the ordinary course and laid the foundation of a noble building to contain this.



"THE BIVOUC" LOOKING TOWARD WESTLAKE PARK

graduate course—to take or to leave, to ignore or enjoy, to sneer at or adore, as the individual, following his temperament or education, may elect. We can imagine easily enough that the gift to Los Angeles may permit a good many citizens to become angels in another sense and may induce some to give energy, some, wealth and others works of art, until presently we shall have yet one more central spot whence ideas of art will radiate on the country round about.

At any rate General Otis had no narrow or restricted forecast as to the future of his gift and he ought to know his fellow-citizens. When he wrote to the Board of Supervisers of Los Angeles presenting the property, he outlined some of the purposes for which "The Bivouac" might be used. There were his own collections of modern prints and old engravings on steel, copper, stone and wood, together with another of ceramic art. He spoke of instruction to be given in color-photography and photo-engraving, artistic printing and binding—things that an editor and publisher might readily prize. But he also mentioned lectures on national, State and local topics, readings, musical recitals and dancing. Music, sculpture and painting are among the desirable things suggested, and even the idea that the drama, the teaching of the player's art and music on the scale of opera could be attained seemed feasible to him. He mentioned, further, teaching such as belongs to college and university—science, history, the languages and literature.

Unless the gift had been accompanied by a very solid endowment these indications of what he hoped Los Angeles might have some day on this spot would be extravagant. But what he meant was a belief in the generosity of his fellow-citizens. He was merely sketching the possibilities of the foundation

in case it should appeal hereafter to the generous instincts of the men and women of Los Angeles, who in that case might add some of the departments to the little nucleus established by his care, one after the other, assisted from time to time by the municipality in the shape of added buildings and an annual appropriation for upkeep, just as New York has aided and supported the Metropolitan Museum and other cities have acted in a similar way.

It is indeed one of the bright spots in a forecasting of the future of America as a place favoring the arts that there are so many citizens who are turning their thoughts to art-betterment in various forms. If they can not conjure up great artists, nor even tell with any certainty whether the promise of talent will be fulfilled, at any rate they can establish a school, a gallery, an art museum to aid an Aspiring One, if it be merely to show him some of the work done to-day and in the past, teach the general principles underlying the quest for beauty in the visible and the invisible worlds. A place of recreation and mental relaxation for the public such as many cities are now providing is likely to blossom out with a school, turn the attention of certain citizens to the arts and by fostering the art side of favorable natures exert a widespread influence, not merely on the arts themselves, but on industries also and affect the home life by supplying new forms of endeavor, new ideals, a wider outlook on life. It is easy to show the people who look to the main chance alone that cultivation of the arts is no sterile matter to a community but a fertile and wealth-bringing movement that should satisfy the hardest-headed economist of them all. Nor is it lightly to be denied that the study of art makes a useful counterpoise in education to the too great preponderance of books. Book learning alone



SIDE VIEW OF "THE BIVOUAC" WITH REPLICA OF THE DESTROYED TIMES BUILDING

is a perilous thing, as a number of eminent persons have from time to time observed and it is well to enforce very early the fact that there are other ways of expressing emotion and recording fact besides the printed word. If the library has its uses, so has the art gallery also: the main point is, to value each at its real worth to a community and neither despise it as a storehouse of dead and fossil thought nor expect it to educate and civilize a countryside through some magic in arts and letters. The foundation at Los Angeles is a mere sketch, a ground-plan, an expression of faith and properly guided it should cast a beneficent influence on its way.

Such beginnings have often proved the germs of great results; yet the way is not so easy as it probably appeared to General Otis. The prime necessity for the growth of ventures of this kind seems to be some one personality strong enough and devoted enough to the cause to "carry on" as they say now in the great war. And he has to be a man who knows letters and the arts and understands men. Otherwise the project gets to a certain point, stops and stagnates in the hands of well-meaning but incompetent people; or, what is perhaps worse, it becomes one of the minor spoils to be handed over to place-hunters, because it is a municipal affair and shares the fate of places in the gift of politicians. The New York art museum escaped this by never allowing itself as a *society* to become the property of City or State. Its collections are its own, not the City's. If Los Angeles wants to make a great success of this gift, citizens should form an organization free from the municipality and utilize the gift as the place for its collections and endeavors, without subjecting the society to the risks and uncertainties of political changes.

As will be seen from the pictures, the reproduction of *The Times* building is treated as a decorative pavilion apart from the mansion and forms a place

for growing flowers, vines and supporting trees. The house itself is long, low and rambling, embedded in creepers and brilliant with the matchless wealth of blossoms that characterizes Southern California. Certainly this is a fine setting for the coming art gallery and museum of Los Angeles. The promise is great; the only question remains: will the angels know how to foster the plant?

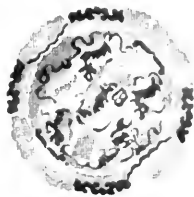
Charles de Kay



A NEAR VIEW OF THE REPRODUCTION OF "THE TIMES" BUILDING

ORIENTAL RUGS

BY VIRGINIA ROBIE

CHINESE RUG
MEDALLION

ON the choice of the rugs for a house often hangs the success or failure of a decorative scheme. Better to delay the furnishings than compromise on unsatisfactory floor coverings. At the outset one question should be given careful

consideration. Are the rugs to be plain or figured, part of the background or part of the decoration?

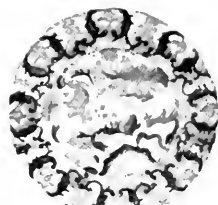
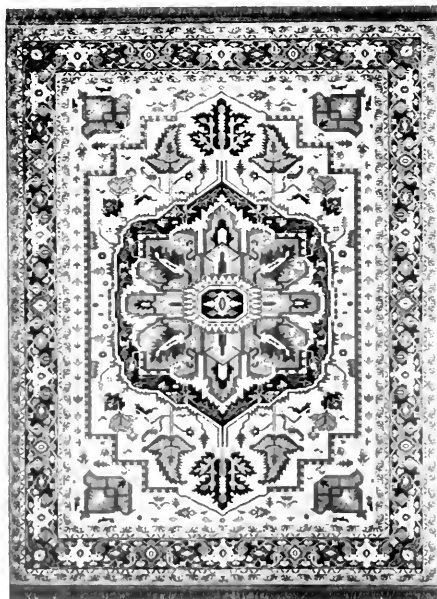
Taste in interior fittings goes to extremes. At one time no rug but an Oriental pleased us; to-day there is a revival of the large rug of one solid tone. If the use of the Oriental sometimes became the abuse of the Oriental, it is no less true that the plain floor covering has received an undue amount of attention. Both have their place in the scheme of things. Sometimes the rug of one tone holds and binds the scheme; sometimes a figured surface is needed to give balance and contrast. In either case the real mission of the rug is to act as a foundation. If it does not meet this test it is a failure, regardless of cost or beauty. This view-point is that of the decorator, not the rug collector who, naturally, brings a different aspect to bear on the subject.

Many people well posted on Van Dyck and Rembrandt, who would blush to confuse Chippendale with Sheraton, or to mistake Wedgwood for Crown Derby, have very vague ideas about rugs. "Oriental" is an elastic term covering everything made in the Asiatic countries. "Prayer" rugs by reason of their

distinctive design stand apart and Bokharas, thanks to numerous reproductions, are easily recognized, but the broad classifications of Persian, Turkish, Caucasian, etc., are regarded as too complicated for the average mind. Writers on the subject have discouraged the amateurs by seldom agreeing on a common basis of terms, and by illustrating the rarest specimens in the respective groups. The famous rugs of the world are very important as object lessons. They represent the highest skill of the old weavers and their place in history, romance and the arts can not be disputed, but a book dealing with modern rugs in relation to modern rooms, rugs classified by color and pattern, rugs best suited to mahogany, to oak, to painted furniture, would be hailed with joy by many people, and the time is ripe.

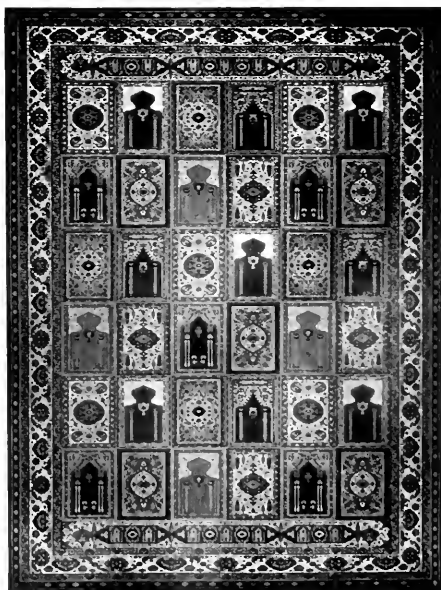
The perplexed housewife planning her living-room is seldom a connoisseur. She is eager to know values and, once the study is undertaken, interested in all the distinctions so dear to the expert, but at the outset the difference between a Senna knot and a Ghiordes knot does not seem vital, nor the number of knots to the square inch. If she is a woman of taste she seeks fitness just as she would in selecting furniture and draperies, giving careful attention to harmony of color, line, and durability.

The devout Oriental removing his shoes at the threshold has no counterpart in our civilization.

CHINESE RUG
MEDALLION

Courtesy of J. M. J. White

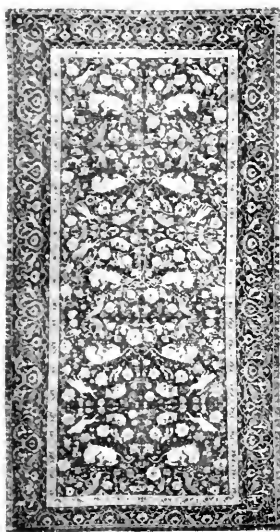
GOREVAN RUG



Courtesy of J. M. J. White

SILK MOSQUE RUG

WOVEN IN NORTHERN PERSIA IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: FROM THE MOSQUE OF ARDERBI



PERSIAN ANIMAL RUG
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART,
NEW YORK CITY

MODERN CHINESE RUG:
IVORY GROUND WITH DESIGN IN SHADES OF
BLUE, ROSE AND TAN



Courtesy of Jones and Brindisi



KABISTAN IN GEOMETRIC DESIGN,
WITH A BORDER CHARACTERISTIC OF
CAUCASIAN RUGS

We put our beautiful rugs to base uses when measured by the standards of the East. We place on our floors rugs intended to be hung on the walls and we grind under our heels the precious prayer designs.

Possibly the attitude of the modern weaver is growing commercial. Aniline dyes and Western influence have altered the old traditions. Yet still to a great extent does the Turk, if not the Persian, regard the prayer rug as sacred.

In choosing Oriental specimens another point must be taken into consideration. Does the design lie flat? Is the composition one that may be viewed from four sides, or is there a top to the pattern? Without going too deeply into the fascinating phase of realistic, semi-realistic and conventionalized designs, it may be said that the Turkish, Turcoman and Caucasian examples show a more geometric rendering than the Persian. Bokhara is a good example under the Turcoman or Turkestan group. Indeed the flatness and simplicity of this design have given it a tremendous vogue. Not only has the Bokhara octagon been woven over and over in European and American rugs, but copied in other mediums. "Bokhara oilcloth" is now on the market, and not bad as oilcloth though hardly "Bokhara."

The rich wine shades of Bokharas are finely adapted to oak paneling, oak furniture and the color schemes which are often selected for living-rooms and libraries. Old specimens, whether of the so-called Royal or Princess class, are very valuable, having a bloom which time alone can give. Modern Bokharas compare favorably with modern Kazaks, Kelims, Samarkands and Kabistans, in wearing qualities and in price. Modern Persians woven

after old designs, but sometimes with different dyes, present so many phases that they must be studied first-hand. The various names beckon on to further investigation so associated are they with the golden age of Asiatic weaving—Gorevans, Kashans, Sennas, Feraghans, Serabands, Saruks, Sultanabads, Herats, Kermanshahs, Khorasans, etc.

Persian designers are masters of the use of floral and animal forms. In rugs, in missals and enamels, in tiles and pottery, their skill is set forth. Particularly in the old "hunting" rugs is their ability in this particular most cleverly shown. No matter how covered the surface with flowers, birds and animals the effect is that of a design not a picture. Even when there is a top, as with many of the garden rugs and always with the prayer rugs, the composition is beautifully handled. European weavers have seldom attained this wonderful flatness in the arrangement of floral motifs. One has merely to mention carpet designing of the Victorian period to call to mind the opposite effect. But British in rose pattern, for instance, where petals were apparently crushed with a roller to stop the wind example—if the modern rug is to be a good one, is synonymous with "flatness."

"Hunting" rugs are seldom to be seen in our weaves, but the "garden" type is still popular. They are occasionally made in silk, but the conditions these beautiful designs require are wonderful. To a neglected and unfamiliar with the preservation of such a house, unless it is a wall decoration.

beauty and distinction if this plan were followed. Naturally an interesting example must be chosen, one with a design composing well as an upright panel, and with a color harmony carefully related to the room. Particularly where a plain textile is used on the floor would the patterned rug lend life and interest to the wall.

As covers for tables the smaller Caucasian designs are well worth considering—one or two in a house, perhaps, chosen like the wall rug, with much discretion, and used only where both beauty and utility are served. Cushion rugs are now on the market and these, under favorable circumstances, have their place for interior use. Chinese cushion mats are beautiful in tone and design, also the scarcer Turkish and Turcoman mats. Cushions covered with these colorful articles are most effective when used in a formal row on a narrow, straight settee. They are never lounging cushions, and their value lies in their rich color and dignified, substantial character.

No mention of modern Persian rugs would be complete without reference to the "Sharistans" woven by hand on looms owned in this country. The designs are based on famous rugs of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and made to order. The best traditions of the past are revived in these beautiful articles which have the life of a new rug combined with the bloom and glow of the treasured antique. The wonderful color harmony of the Sharistan—suggesting the softening influence of time, air and sunlight—is entirely a matter of weaving, not washing or artificial "aging." The fact that these rugs may be woven to fit any given space, makes them very desirable for large rooms, while the color schemes



"WAYSIDE." THE RESIDENCE OF LUTHER DERWENT, ESQ., ROCKFORD, ILL.:
WHERE A PATTERNED RUG MAKES AN EXCELLENT BALANCE WITH PLAIN
WALLS AND FIGURED CURTAINS

are entirely in harmony with modern ideas of interior decoration.

The beauty of Chinese rugs needs no emphasis, so finely adapted are they to modern houses. The soft tans, deep yellows, pomegranate and apricot shades combined with black and imperial blue make a color foundation upon which many changes may be rung in the way of furniture and accessories. Given a Chinese rug and the opportunity to build the scheme, and a beautiful room may be evolved.

Few people realize the variety and scope of the weaving industry in New York and environs. Rugs and tapestries setting forth the fine standards of the old French looms are being made under most interesting conditions. Flemish and French weavers design and work as their ancestors did in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In one *atelier* may be seen an "Aubusson" rug designed by a Gobelin artist twice decorated by the French Government, also beautiful examples of Savonnerie rugs.

Wars change the maps of the world making new sources of supply. Undoubtedly the past three years have had a great effect on the American rug and carpet market. New industries have sprung into existence while a great stimulus has been given to established activities. For years America has taken high rank in the making of plain rugs and carpets, and in the beautiful two-toned effects which decorators now use so extensively. Oriental patterns

in the hands of several manufacturers have been reproduced with consummate skill, notably in such types as "Anglo-Persian" and "Imperial Isphahan."

Within the next half dozen years great achievements may be expected from our own rug industries and they will be well worth watching.



Courtesy of Costigan and Co.

SHARISTAN RUG



CHINESE RUG
MEDALLION



CHINESE RUG
MEDALLION



RESIDENCE OF P. D. ARMOUR, LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS: NORTH ELEVATION

ARCHITECTURE AN ART FOUNDED UPON REASON AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE WORK OF H. T. LINDBERG

BY LIONEL MOSES

APPRECIATION is the incentive which inspires the artist to produce his best works; hence any assurance of it has the tendency of advancing art. Appreciation may do even more. It may open the eyes of the less well informed and teach them the good points of the work under discussion. Criticism is another, and a reverse way of teaching art, but while it is a useful method and a very necessary one, it generally deals with faults rather than with qualities of beauty and so carries with it little appreciation and therefore small incentive to the art worker.

There are many works of the artist which proclaim themselves as beautiful for reasons apparent even to the untrained. To the trained mind greater beauty is discovered, but even this mind is capable of greater appreciation if those reasons and mental arguments which inspired the artist be revealed and when revealed prove to be based on logical and reasonable grounds.

This is true of the arts of painting and sculpture as well as of the art of architecture which, more than any other art, is founded on reason. No piece of architecture can be good in its entirety unless each part is thus founded. Each part must have a reason for its existence, artistic or practical. But we may not properly condemn or even criticize adversely

unless, having searched for reasons, we fail to find them.

The civic architecture of our time has developed to a high state of excellency owing to the study which master minds have given to this branch of design and construction. Because of the very size of some of the edifices erected, attention is attracted to them. Domestic architecture, its unobtrusive sister, while not receiving the attention and plaudits of the multitude to so great an extent, has developed equally well, due also to the study which has been given it by minds highly developed along those lines.

The solution of an architectural problem is approached by the designer in different ways easily discoverable by one who takes the trouble to dissect a house, both plan and elevation.

There are those who, sometimes disregarding formality in plan, produce most successfully a picturesqueness that is altogether charming. Let us take, for example, Mr. P. D. Armour's house at Lake Forest, Ill. It has two qualities which stand out distinctly. It is picturesque and by the north façade indicates an absence of formality in plan. The house is a very fine example of domestic architecture.

Comparing the two elevations here shown we notice on close examination a dissimilarity between the north and the south fronts which is plainly due



ARMOUR RESIDENCE, LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS: SOUTH ELEVATION



RESIDENCE OF MR. GERARD B. LAMBERT, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY: FRONT ELEVATION

to the fenestration and roof surfaces. Reasons for the differences are plain; the logic, simple. It is an all-the-year-round house. The southerly exposure with its ample glass surface makes the house warm in winter and cool in summer; the northerly wall surface with comparatively little window space forms a protection from the winter winds. The principle then of the design is well founded.

The style of the house is distinctly Elizabethan in character, the south front inclining to this style more than the north side and in its entirety the house is a distinctive form which, developing, might readily

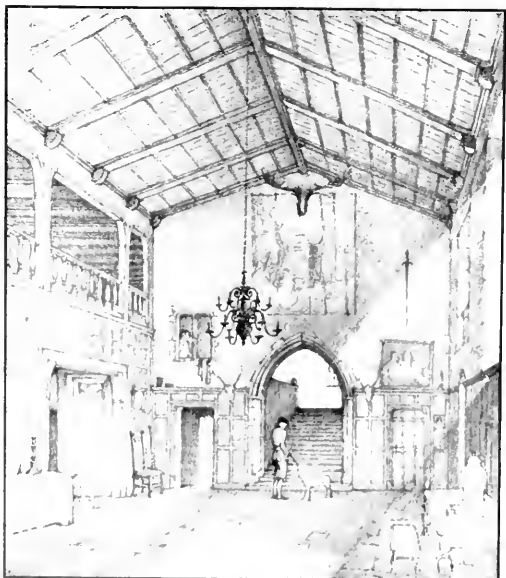
become a truly American type were it not for the fact that comparatively few men are able to build on so large a scale. The germ of an American type, however, is present here as it is in others of Mr. Harrie Lindeberg's work as well as that of a few others of our American architects.

The plan of the Armour house is extremely interesting and it is regretted that it may not be shown here. It is, as has been said, irregular, and yet the position of the rooms themselves in their relation to one another is good. There are many axes, thus giving charming vistas, besides which the rooms themselves are regular in plan, and therefore much better and of simpler character than if they were of odd shapes. The hall, here shown, is particularly fine and smacks of the Elizabethan mansions depicted by Nash in his matchless book. Yet the hall is not a copy as we generally understand the term.

Often our architects in their designs adhere rather closely to one or two types of work, but Mr. Lindeberg is versatile. The other illustrations of his work prove this, and a look at executed work shown in his very charmingly planned office proves the assertion.

In the Frederick Humphrey house at Morristown, N. J., we have an example of another and completely different type from the Armour house. We are reminded when we see it of those wonderful French farmhouses which now and again, at rare intervals, one sees illustrated. The Humphrey house is very charming, due to its pleasant proportions and interesting parts all of which blend.

A close inspection of the building will reveal why the house pleases. We note the many features such as the tower, the doorway, and the projecting bays. The large roof spaces, too, add much and when we note the surfaces of the roof with their softened valleys of slate and the patterned brickwork we realize that each surface has received full attention in the general design.



RESIDENCE OF MR. P. D. ARMOUR, LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS: THE HALL



RESIDENCE OF MR. FREDERICK HUMPHREY, MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY

Many of Mr. Lindeberg's earlier works were designed in the Colonial style and are very successful, being characterized by the care taken in details and in their correct proportions. In all this work he has shown a knowledge of precedent, but has never been enslaved by the rules he has chosen to follow. Thus has a certain originality been evolved which marks his work. It is plainly visible in the Colonial house of Mr. Gerard B. Lambert at Princeton, N. J., which might be one of the Southern mansions of olden times. We are reminded by it of "Westover" and of "Homewood" on the James River, yet it is really nothing like either of these except, perhaps, in some detail. But the house has the same atmosphere; the same domestic quality. It is as successful in its way as either the Armour or the Humphrey house, the trio forming a group of work of which a designer may well feel proud and the individual possessors entirely satisfied that they entrusted the building of their homes to Mr. Lindeberg.

Mr. Lindeberg's estimate of domestic architecture in America is thus expressed:

"Within the last decade or so there has been a widespread revival of interest in home-making in America, an immense upspringing of individual delight in home construction. Our architects are practically turning their backs on Europe, not on her history and tradition and inspiration, but on the desire to reproduce individual models of European architecture in America. They are studying our own landscape, North, East, South and West; they are building to suit it, and they are building houses out of the materials that are intimate to the landscape.

So significant is the development of the home-making spirit in this country to-day that we have already types of architecture in various parts of the land that bid fair to become distinct styles, in the West, in New

England and in the Eastern country here. This is all the result of people thinking about their homes, wanting them absolutely suited to their lives, insisting upon being comfortable in their homes."



RESIDENCE OF MR. FREDERICK HUMPHREY, MORRISTOWN, N. J.

HAMMERING HIS WAY INTO ART

BY W. FRANK PURDY



gone back to this old-time principle—but, as is always the case with the modern worker, in his enthusiasm and greed for progress and perfection, he has carried this new art of hammered silver, as it must be recognized, much further than the original workers, in their most triumphant successes, were ever able to go.

This present-day progress has been largely possible for the worker in the precious metals because of the very practical assistance of his brother, shall we say, craftsman—the blacksmith. Through the development to a greater or more elaborate degree of the secondary accessory to the hammer in the shape of the anvil and “snarling-iron,” the modern forger in steel and iron must have due credit for making possible the present advance in hammered silver by his fellow-worker in the silverware shop. Made in an infinite variety of forms, this shaping-iron has been of inestimable value in increasing the possibilities for expression on the part of the American craftsman in the hand-wrought metals.

Some one or two of our modern American manufacturers have availed themselves of these conveniences to so remarkable a degree, in fact, that

we have succeeded in creating a variety of form and ornamentation, by purely hand methods, that is greatly in excess of anything turned out by the original masters of the art. While it is undeniably true that the early artist-artisans created wonderful individual examples, pieces properly honored, today, with museum rights, yet such pieces which were really worthy of immortality might almost now be counted on one's

fingers as the product of a single worker, while the artistic-scientific insight and cooperation of our correlated metal workers of to-day has doubled, well nigh quadrupled, both the individual and collective output of this period. All this achievement has been attained, moreover, without the slightest sacrifice of intrinsic beauty, every article produced retaining in all of its charm that indefinite atmosphere which comes only with hand craftsmanship.

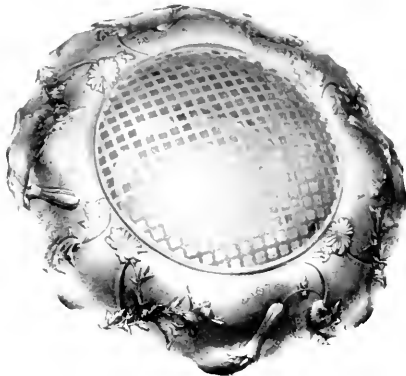
But just what do we mean by this hammered, hand-wrought silver—known in the shops, to-day, as Martelé? And is it truly made, as we are told, only by a man with his hammer and his anvil, and no precomposed design, or pattern, or mold, or guide of any kind other than his own creative genius? And how?



COMPLETE
FISH SET
IN MARTELÉ



SHOWING VARIETY OF
“COLOR OF THE
MODELLED SURFACES



FIELD FLOWERS AND FOLIAGE ARE APPROPRIATELY INCLUDED IN THE DESIGN OF THIS JARDINIÈRE



PUNCH BOWL: POPPY AND MORNING GLORY MOTIF, SHOWING THE EVOLUTION FROM BUD TO FULL BLOOM

Martelé silver, in the strictest sense of the term, means, as has been implied, that the finished silver product—whatever it may be, whether bowl, or urn, or platter, or pitcher—has been created solely by skilful blows of a properly directed hammer on a sheet of the purest silver. With a craving to create that refuses to be suppressed, this remarkable silver craftsman of ours, on some happy, sunny morning, picks out his piece of metal—in this case very nearly pure silver in quality, assaying 950 one thousandths fine, instead of the commoner, harder grade of sterling, and corresponding in size to the object he desires to make—and armed only with his pounding-irons, and such inspiration as his artistic mind may be keyed to, he rests the favored sheet on the shaping-anvil and enthusiastically sets to work. He really goes about it in much the same way as a sculptor plays with his own plastic medium, feeling out first the general form, then—ever so lovingly, gently, patiently—the irresistible ornamentation, and finally the finished artistic whole.

At first, the hammer and irons used are rather simple, and the molder's thought equally so, but as form develops and a real pattern starts to grow, for the more delicate traceries which are then in order the snarling-iron gets in its good work by way of a vibratory action. Instead of, as in the beginning, the artist pounding directly on the silver slung over an anvil of the necessary size, an indirect blow, as it were, struck on the opposite end of the shaping-iron itself—in this case a long, slender, L-shaped tendril, with a tiny ball on its turned-up tip—plays with a tripping, rhythmic, singing motion into the pliable, yielding silver, giving just the necessary indentations for the final pattern.

The graceful, poignantly beautiful traceries now flow forth almost like a thing that is alive. And, in a measure, it is, too, for this man with the hammer, and the iron, and the crude worker's apron—from our narrow, academic and worldly point of view as yet a genius quite unrecognized—pours his living desire for beauty directly from his own body right into the heart of the warming metal in his hands, giving it soul, as well as a form that must and will live on. The inimitable pearly sheen of the metal, the soft yet delicately clear lines of both form and ornamentation, coupled with the fact that not even the artist himself can set his temperament exactly to copy or reproduce any one piece which he has previously created, give this uniquely romantic ware an intrinsic value all its own.

And this is your Martelé silver! And he who has once seen and touched a piece becomes a better human being for the contact.

The pieces here illustrated can not show on the flat surface of the coated paper the art really concealed in their texture and their depths. The fish set, for example, shown, is a conspicuous example of the variety of surface modelling, which is technically known as the "color" thereof.

After the metal has been shaped into the required form, the development of the design is carried forward in a method almost musical.

The flowing water, the flora of the sea, and finally, the living objects depicted, come forth in a most natural and decorative manner.

Again, in the case of the single tray shown the subtle, almost sub-surface decoration must be seen in the original metal to be truly appreciated.

A more recent example of the Martelé silver is shown in the accompanying illustration. The delicate traceries of the fish set, which are particularly noticeable in this tray, are Martelé.



DELICACY OF DETAIL IS PARTICULARLY NOTICEABLE IN THIS TRAY IN MARTELÉ

into the decorative scheme. Again, the charming possibilities of flexibility of modelling by this method is shown in this example. Each leaf, twig, and flower has again its true decorative value, as well as its comparative natural value, leaf, tendril, and petal mingling in loving confusion.

In the punch bowl, the motif is that of the poppy and morning-glory. From the opening bud through the full blown flower, to the moment of the dropping head, the evolution of the flower is shown.

Bolder in composition than the other examples shown, it is equally harmonious in composition, again showing the utter and complete flexibility of

this method of decoration, making the decoration itself a complete and harmonious development of the actual form on which it is imposed.

While such silver as this is and can be created for all the practical purposes to which household silver is ordinarily put, its artistic value favors, perhaps, a more purely ornamental use. Great vases, urns, and loving-cups that are treasured for an achievement, or to hold a memory clear, are more nearly worthy of that little piece of his life which the silver artist has pounded into the metal giving something of his very self with every blow—and christened Martelé.

A PAPER FAVOR AND FURNISHING SHOP

BY LEE McCRAE

A BRAND new business for women with skilled fingers, taste and originality is the "Paper Favor and Furnishing Shop." The first and only one of its kind was recently opened in Los Angeles and is meeting instant approval.

Everything within the fadeless fairyland save the heavy tables and rugs is made of paper. Even tabourets, tea-carts, piano lamps, fern boxes, baskets, bird cages, stands and lighting globes are of it, yet as substantial as though constructed of reeds.

"It is the new paperie craft that I learned under the manufacturers of fancy paper materials," explained the originator and proprietor of the attractive shop. "You see these articles of furniture, as well as the vases, candlesticks and shades, wall racks, and such smaller articles, are formed of paper ropes, and when finished are shellacked or metalized to resemble copper or silver or oxidized metal. The ropes are more flexible than reeds and so lend themselves more readily to artistic shapes; they have greater endurance—though that seems hard to believe—are lighter, absolutely unbreakable, and never roughen up with usage."

Evidently another beautiful material is supplied by this craft to our home-furnishers and one that is capable of wider scope.

Home-makers will also grasp the idea shown in the decorations of suspended baskets which turn old-fashioned fixtures into the indirect lights that

are so artistic and restful to the eyes. There were common glaring globes hanging from the ceiling of this room before the paper shop was established, but now beneath each is the oxidized silver (?) bowl with its pink transparencies and showers of blossoms falling like miniature snow-storms of pink flakes.

Of course there are flowers here, fadeless, unwithering flowers, and their profusion, perfection and exquisite arrangement show the artistic originality of this woman-decorator.

Tables, large and small, of different designs and

motifs and color schemes, are complete in all their details. These are for the inspection of prospective hostesses who may order any part or the whole, even to the china and embroidered linen carrying out the motif.

This up-to-date shop takes complete charge of house decorations for all sorts of functions, halls and churches for all occasions, floats for flower parades, and designs costumes

for fancy balls and school plays—all of paper so beautifully fashioned as to defy criticism.

The young woman who has opened this new business is skilled in paper craft and she has wisely located in the only woman's commercial building in the country, the Brack Shops of Los Angeles. But other women of skill and artistic ability might well follow her idea in other cities, for the Paperie Craft is going to be future demand of our house-furnishers.



LANDRUM PAPER FAVOR SHOP

INDIAN VASE
EXCISED
DECORATION
IN BLACK
BRONZE GLAZE



RARE CRYSTALLIZATIONS: CRYSTALS OF THE NEEDLE TYPE.
ONE OF THESE PIECES IS IN THE BOSTON MUSEUM, ONE
IN THE DETROIT MUSEUM AND ONE IN DR. BIGELOW'S
COLLECTIONS



AMERICAN POTTERY ARTISTIC PORCELAIN-MAKING

BY ADELAIDE A. ROBINEAU

NOTE.—On one of the hills overlooking the city of Syracuse, N. Y., lies Robineau Road, where, quite hidden in a growth of trees and vines, is the studio pottery of Adelaide Alsop Robineau of whom it has been said: "Her work is in that class, where at the latest, in a few years' time, collectors will pay any price for the possession of even the less significant pieces." Very fine specimens of Mrs. Robineau's work are in the Boston, Detroit, and Syracuse Museums, also in the private collection of Dr. Bigelow of Boston.

THE ART WORLD takes pleasure in giving to its readers a personal account of the trials and triumphs of the studio potter.—THE EDITOR.

IT is only of late years that pottery schools have made it possible for artists to get an elementary knowledge of the various processes connected with their work. In the old time potters were very secretive in their methods, but now, although many may have formulas or little tricks of trade which they do not want to divulge, the fact is that there is no secret of enough importance to prevent an artist from undertaking work in any branch of pottery, faience, stoneware or porcelain.

However, to acquire an elementary knowledge of the various processes of casting, pressing, throwing, and so forth, and to have various formulas for the mixing of bodies and glazes, is only one step. The art of ceramics must be learned by personal experiment. I shall speak specially of the making of porcelain decorated with high fire glazes, the only branch of pottery with which I am personally familiar. Unless materials were obtained from absolutely the same source and manipulated under exactly the same conditions, it is very doubtful if two potters could obtain exactly the same results. Even the individual potter finds it extremely difficult to repeat himself, not to mention the question of temperament which gives a disinclination for repetition. The conditions of firing are often impossible to control absolutely. Weather changes, the condition of the kiln which rapidly deteriorates under the high temperature, the fact that two batches of materials are not always exactly alike, and many other difficulties enter into the proposition.

I ascribe whatever success I may have obtained to the fact that in 1903 as editor of the *Keramic Studio* I secured a series of articles on high fire ceramics by Taxile Doat of the Manufactory of Sèvres. In the last forty or fifty years the lost secret of some rare old Chinese porcelain glazes has been rediscovered in Europe, and many new glazes and firing processes, which the Chinese did not know, have been developed. The credit for this interesting revival of a lost art is due to Sèvres more than to any other factory. The experiments made at Sèvres and the formulas developed by their chemists are annually published in Bulletins of the French Government, but these bulletins have not a general circulation, and in this country the articles of Mr. Doat, since published in book form, were a revelation. They were an inspiration to me and since their publication all my spare time has been devoted to porcelain-making. This fascinating work, unfortunately, is not a paying proposition, but it has given me the satisfaction of doing original work, work which has not been done in this country before and may not be done again, even in Europe, as after the war European Governments will probably be obliged to withdraw the financial support which alone had made it possible until now.

In the first years of my experiments I confined myself to Sèvres formulas and I was especially interested in crystalline glazes and mat glazes of titanium. These I am still using, though I have developed several new and interesting types, and the beautiful color effects of my crystal glazes have been commented upon favorably, even in comparison with the best work of Sèvres and other European potteries. Some crystal effects, either of the needle type or the large flower type, depend on a successful oxidizing firing and on a certain amount of lead. I consider myself fortunate when a particular piece of bone really good piece of bone gives me a particularly good result.

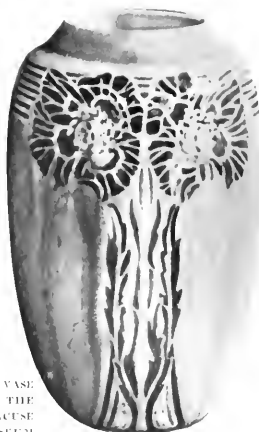
This uncertainty of result is often very annoying, when colored glazes are used, and especially when glazes of the flower type are used, for they are strictly



PASTORALE VASE
EXCISED DECORATIONS
OF DAISIES



LANTERN: EXCISED AND
PERFORATED DECORATION



POPPY VASE
IN THE
SYRACUSE
MUSEUM

artistic work so difficult and so unremunerative, but there is in that very uncertainty a fascination which makes me feel that, whatever the disappointments and failures, I could not give up the work.

Still more uncertain and erratic than crystalline glazes are the flammé colors of copper glazes in a reducing firing, which I have used quite often in late years. I have tried firing after firing and combination after combination of copper glaze, but this does not mean at all that I have obtained a great number of good pieces. On the contrary out of all these firings only a limited number of successful vases have come, but a few have been quite choice, among them a very small oxblood vase which compares favorably with the best Chinese blood, three or four other and somewhat larger examples of that rare blood color, several turquoise pieces of good quality, also vases with extremely interesting craquelé effect, either the fish-roe crackle or the larger mesh, both of which the Chinese have used extensively in their porcelain work of the best periods.

Of all oxides used in ceramics copper is probably the most fascinating because of the extraordinary variety of color effects it may give. Green in an ordinary oxidizing firing, under the influence of the flame and smoke of a reducing firing, will turn sometimes red, sometimes deep blue or turquoise. But of all the color effects obtainable with copper, the most sought after and the most uncertain is the high fire oxblood. A modern Japanese potter, who is said to be the best maker of reduction reds at high temperature, claims that he does not expect more than one successful piece out of about 200 tried. A good red of this kind is practically an accident of the kiln; it seems in present conditions absolutely impossible to control. However I have found that, after trying the oxblood color in my first reducing firing and generally getting nothing but failures, I can, by refiring in different conditions, obtain from the failed pieces a certain number of interesting and sometimes very beautiful vases of varied colors and curious crackles. So that the quest after the elusive oxblood is not entirely in vain.

In my attempts to develop fixed glazes which would not flow in the firing, I have made and lately used to some extent an interesting series of semi-opaque glazes which are very similar in character to the bulk of the Chinese monochrome glazes. This type of glaze was first used on the Scarab vase, colored in green with copper, and since then I call this composition my Scarab glaze.

But the glazing of a piece is only the final touch given to the work, and, although a simple glaze and color effect may be sufficient for the decoration of many vases, I have from the beginning been interested in the decoration of the shape itself. Here I had to face a serious difficulty. Porcelain can not, like ordinary pottery, be modeled in the damp state. It has so little plasticity that the only way to apply a design to the shape is to wait until the piece is entirely dry. Here only a very limited number of processes are available.

One process which has been very much used by the Chinese is incising, the cutting of a design with a sharp point over the surface of a vase. This slightly incised design, when covered with a transparent glaze, will show through with interesting decorative effects which are familiar to students of Chinese ceramics. In the use of sharp tools for the decoration of porcelain shapes I find my delight, but it is not exactly incising that I do. I much prefer the reverse process, technically called excising. Instead of the slightly cut design produced by incising, the excising process consists in slowly cutting out the background so that at the end of the work the design will stand out in relief. In this case the background may be cut as deep as one wishes, thus giving more strength to the design than incising could ever do, as may be noticed in my Scarab vase, or the background may be cut out entirely, producing a carved open-work piece like the lantern in the Syracuse Museum. Sometimes after carving out the background I have filled it with colored slips. This process, called inlaying, produces a design which at first appears like painting under the glaze but has characteristics of its own. A good example of this is the Poppy vase

in the Syracuse Museum. Sometimes the open-work spaces are filled with translucent colored glazes as in the Gothic windows of the Chapel.

Anybody who is familiar with the handling of a frail porcelain vase in the clay state, before firing, will realize that this carving of a design is no child's play. It took me about one thousand hours to carve the Scarab vase and I hate to think of the many pieces on which I spent weeks and weeks of work and which were spoiled either before or during firing.

It goes without saying that to a connoisseur there is absolutely no comparison between the cast piece and hand work. Not only the cast piece has a different appearance easily detected by people having some knowledge of ceramics, but it is turned out in quantities. The hand-carved porcelain is and always will be a unique piece.

One great difficulty I find with my carved work is to glaze it, because most colored glazes, being thick, are liable to fill and destroy the excised design. I spoiled a number of pieces in the early times by using flowing mat glazes on carved pieces.

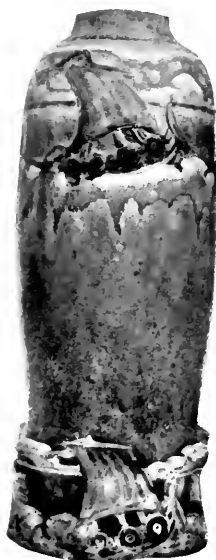
In some cases I have solved the problem by glazing only the relief part of the design and leaving the background unglazed. This not only does not destroy the carving but accentuates its depth and in many cases is very effective. The Scarab vase is a fine example of this type of decoration.

My new fixed mats of titanium are also useful to me for the decoration of carved vases, not only because they do not flow, but because they are applied thinner than the flowing mats. However I can only use them sparingly because their somewhat dead

finish is not always suitable to porcelain. These mats were used effectively on the gray bands of the Pastoral vase, also on the Chapel, the little Gothic windows filled with translucent glazes of brilliant colors contrasting happily with the mossy stone effect of the window frames and supporting grotesques.

A few years ago, in my experiments to develop a very thin glaze especially for carved work, I happened to strike a composition which is applied so thin that it does not affect the delicacy of the carving. I call these glazes my high fire bronzes. They are developed at the same high temperature as my other glazes, 2400 F. I use them extensively for my little carved stands and covers (I have always been fond of making vases with stands and covers). However useful these bronzes are to me, they do not entirely solve the problem of glazing a carved piece, because they are all very dark, black or almost black. I have been unable thus far to develop light color glazes which could be applied as thin as these dark bronzes.

It is a problem which I leave to my successors, if I have any, together with many other problems, for this field is unlimited in its possibilities. I often dream of all the things I could have done if I had begun earlier in life or if I had been financially independent so that I could have devoted myself entirely to my porcelains. The pieces I have produced are few in number, but they represent in design and shape the best that was in me and I hope that some of them may be an inspiration to some artist of the future, who perhaps will be able to do more and better work than I have done.



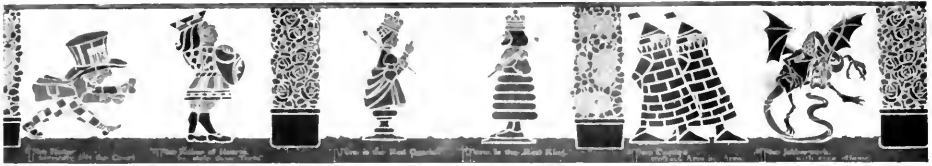
VASE WITH
EXCISED
DECORATION
OF VIKING
BOATS;
GRAND PRIZE
AT TURIN, 1911



THE CHAPEL: ONE OF THE LATEST
ELABORATELY CARVED PIECES

SCARAB VASE
EXCISED
DECORATIONS,
GREEN GLAZES
OF COPPER
MADE IN 1910





THE "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" NURSERY FRIEZE IN FOUR PARTS.

THE MODERN NURSERY

BY WALTER A. DYER

*Author of "The Lure of the Antique," "Early American Craftsmen,"
"Creators of Decorative Styles," Etc.*

A GOOD deal of what has been written about the child's room and juvenile furnishings would be called, in the ordinary newspaper office, "hot air," "drool," "slush," "guff," and "bull." It has been largely written in a vague, high-brow style by temperamental ladies for Sunday newspaper supplements. It has dealt in a lofty manner with the educational value of the child's daily environment, and it has succeeded in giving a faddish, freakish cast to the whole subject.

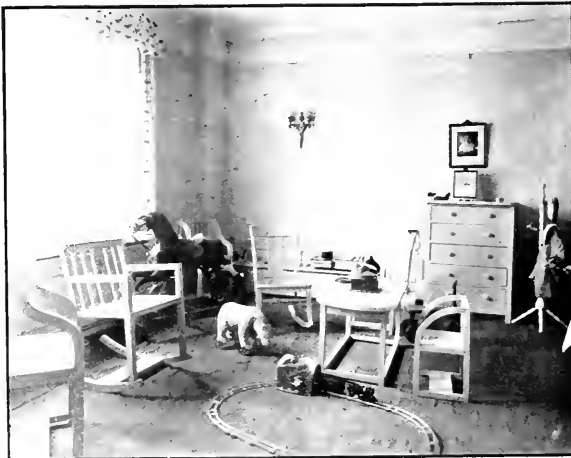
I am not denying that environment—decorative environment—has its effect on the child's mind, but I believe that effect has not been fully understood. It has been treated theoretically rather than practically, and I believe it is time we approached the subject with a little rational common sense.

In the first place, the child's furniture, like that of his parents, should first be designed for use and comfort. If the element of grace and style can be added, so much the better. In the second place, the modern nursery should be clean and sanitary; no one will gainsay that. In the third place, the child is not peculiar in liking to have things pretty and

amusing; we grown-ups like them that way, too, only perhaps our standards are different. Finally, if the decorations of the nursery may be made mentally stimulating, it is an added advantage. Comfort, health, beauty, educational value—these are the fundamental elements of the modern nursery.

Let us begin, then, at the practical end of it—the usefulness and physical comfort of juvenile furnishings. A good many things have been designed for the nursery that are merely freakish. Installed in a child's room they produce an effect of strangeness and restlessness. To a large extent the same principles should guide the purchaser of juvenile furnishings that control the selection of things for grown-ups. If a child is to have a

chair, let it be one that will give him the maximum amount of usefulness, one that he will want to sit in, a comfortable chair, even if it doesn't depict for him the entire story of Jack and the Beanstalk. After all, it is a chair and not a picture book. The same holds true of the desk, the bed, and the rest; let them first be comfortable and useful. And let the curtains be chosen to control the light rather than for their pictorial character. Not that the matter of pictorial



NURSERY CONTAINING FURNITURE DESIGNED BY HELEN SPEER





decoration is unworthy of consideration, but it is not of the first importance. Above all, sharp corners may well be avoided in the furniture; they may cause ugly bruises. In general, straight lines, simple curves, and broad surfaces are best.

It is hardly necessary, in this enlightened age, to speak of the sanitary requirements. Things that collect dust and dirt and germs should be avoided, and it is better if everything in the whole room is washable. Light and cleanliness are primary considerations, and the child's health is more important than his education.

When it comes to the matter of decoration—color, ornament, and material—there is a wide enough range of possibilities to give play to the parents' or decorator's originality. There is no reason why there should not be beauty, good taste, and correct style in the child's room as well as in that of his elders. He may not be able to appreciate the fine points, but decorative excellence will have its effect.

This brings us to the much-discussed subject of the educational value of nursery fittings—the psychological effects of environment. There is unquestionably a good deal in it, and it is worth while for the child to grow up among surroundings in which harmony of color, grace of line and proportion, and excellence of style are prominent features. There is an educational value in the mere fact that he has become accustomed to these things; the taste for them is likely to stay with him.

As for the educational value of pictorial decorations, I am not so sure. They are supposed to

cultivate and stimulate the child's imagination. Probably they do, but for my own part I think there is sufficient justification for them in the fact that they amuse him and give him pleasure, and make the room, on the whole, more attractive to him.

Mrs. Helen Speer, who has designed a good deal of children's furniture of the more original and imaginative sort, has some theories on the subject that are worthy of consideration. She is opposed to the purely fantastic and freakish and believes in the influence of good design and character in furniture on the child mind. It is bound to make a deep

impression on the unfolding mentality. Children's furniture, she holds, should never be commonplace; a certain element of humor in the lines has its appeal. The proportions should invariably be good, and the color harmonies and contrasts should invariably be marked. In the matter of decoration, interest should be the keynote, the play spirit should be appealed to. In every normal child's life the make-believe world of toys, nursery rhymes, fairy tales, and

the nonsense and marvels of "Alice in Wonderland" play a large part. These things are part of the child's familiar world; when utilized as decorative motifs they are comprehended. They stimulate the imagination and they add the element of interest.

In the matter of color, there should be, of course, no discordant effects. The lighter tints—what Mrs. Speer calls the happy colors—should predominate, but for the furniture and woodwork, cream, putty color, sand color, etc., are better than dead or glaring white.



Courtesy of Ed. Jansen

THE CORNER OF A TASTEFUL NURSERY IN WHICH WELL-DESIGNED FURNITURE OF THE ADAM TYPE IS USED. NOTE THE POSITION OF THE PICTURE FRIEZE AND TOY SHELF AND THE ARRANGEMENT OF WINDOW CURTAINS



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COMBINATION SEAT AND TOY CHEST

PART OF
THE
GOOSEBERRY
NURSERY
SET



The popular decorative subjects include figures of boys and girls, droll men and women, scenes from toyland and fairyland, frolicsome, friendly animals, and quaint, gay posies. Conventionalized designs, floral stencils, etc., when worked out with a view to the color effect, are also good.

The best furniture for the child's room is not toy furniture, but practically useful pieces of reduced size. Extreme effects should be avoided. The child will like it better if it is like dad's, only smaller. A miniature Windsor chair, for example, is about as attractive a thing as I have seen in the nursery line. The ideal nursery furniture is adapted to the practical uses of the nursery, whether it be bedroom, playroom, schoolroom, or all three combined. The most useful sizes are neither too small nor too large—beds, for example, suited to children anywhere from two to twelve years old, that will not be too soon outgrown.

Of course, this does not apply to the nursery, that is primarily a baby's room. For such a room there are special fittings—bassinets, weighing-scales, chairs for mother and nurse, and such cabinets and tables as are useful in connection with the baby's feeding and toilet.

The nursery floor had best be of hardwood, preferably of a light color, covered with a few sanitary, washable rugs. Cotton rag rugs are hard to beat, and they are made in pleasing colors and interesting patterns. Washable window curtains are also better than heavier, more elegant materials. Bright figured goods are obtainable, if desired, but there is a danger of overdoing the figure business, and the room will be decoratively less confusing if some of the things are plain and unobtrusive. An *écru* scrim is difficult to improve on for the windows.

Wall-paper manufacturers have long been turning out interesting nursery papers—friezes, panels, and all-over side-wall patterns. Animal and toy-land subjects are featured in most of them. It is not difficult to select a suitable pattern. In decorating the walls, two things must be considered. In the first place, it is not desirable to place a nursery frieze in the usual place at the top of the wall; it should be hung lower, more nearly in the direct line of the child's vision. Otherwise, it means a craning of little necks and a straining of little eyes. In the

second place, it is not desirable to hang delicately tinted papers where they can be soiled by children's fingers.

A good arrangement for the nursery wall is as follows: Let the woodwork be painted in a light tone, not dead white, with washable paint. A plate rail or shelf, running around the room above the child's reach, reduces the effect of height and makes a good place for the storage of books and toys when not in use. A dado of washable varnished paper or painted burlap is practicable, with an interesting figured frieze just below the shelf. Above that a dainty figured paper—perhaps an unobtrusive floral in a chintz effect—or an unfigured paper in harmony with the color scheme of the room, will give a good background for a few hanging pictures and offers, perhaps, the best decorative solution.

Other accessories of the nursery, such as toys, toy-boxes, window-seats, and pictures, are largely a matter of personal preference, though it should be borne in mind that a few good pictures are better than a large number of miscellaneous ones.

Finally, the lighting of the nursery is an important matter, for young eyes are sensitive to light and should have neither too much nor too little of it. Strong direct light should be avoided. There should be no unshaded incandescent bulbs; the indirect light given by inverted bowls near the ceiling is better. It should be possible to flood the room with germ-destroying sunshine, but while the child is in the nursery it is better to prevent the direct sunlight from shining into his eyes. Window curtains may be arranged to subdue the glare and be pulled back in the late afternoon.

Beyond these few suggestions, it does not seem necessary to lay down any fixed rules for nursery decoration and furnishing. The room should possess the element of individual character, and there are now so many things to be bought in the shops that it becomes largely a matter of selecting those things which appeal to the individual child, that make the nursery his own room, unlike any other, and yet an example of sound decorative principles.

REGENERATING HANDICRAFTS IN THE CAROLINAS

BY LIDA ROSE McCABE



A FORERUNNER of future generations of craftsmen—like to the mountain regions of Europe—is in process of ripening to-day among the Blue Ridge of Western North Carolina in the wood-carvers and toy-makers of Tryon.

Eleanor P. Vance and Charlotte L. Yale—kin to the founder of Yale University—are the seed-planters and care-takers of this timely garden of native handicrafters. Having founded and brought to fruition the famous Biltmore Industries among the mountaineer tenants of the estate of the late Mr. George W. Vanderbilt near Asheville, N. C., these far-seeing social-industrial missionaries came to Tryon about two years ago, bent upon like

living, is a story to hearten prospective homemakers of vision, taste and infinitesimal income!

Tryon was in throes of June-flowering when I came upon its mountain and village wood-carvers and toy-makers at work in their attic and basement ateliers, with windows framing on every side the perennial blue of mountain and sky and open to the fragrance of a beauty-mad world.

Efficiency in guise of specialized human machines with eye on clock, when not under a timekeeper's vigilance, is happily unknown to these joyous crafters, for theirs is truly joy in the doing. To express his individuality through the labor of his hands is each crafter's chief *raison d'être*. Money-



The Family
Tree of
Alcée Ann

Of French
and Coventry
Ancestry

regenerative work with the mountain and village youth of that vicinity.

Tryon is the largest and most picturesque village on the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and has a visitor-resident colony representative of more than two dozen States. In scenic setting, architecture, and leisurely neighborliness, Tryon smacks of a sequestered Old World village, preserving a *dolce far niente* unknown to our North.

Clinging to a dust-ruffle of the village, as it were, and in enchanting embrace of its riotous mountain life, is the Vance-Yale workshop home, destined to make history as the Tryon School of Wood-Carvers and Toy-Makers. How in the teeth of Tryon protest these dynamic women bought at auction for a song an erstwhile disreputable house, and with their own hands literally converted it into Beauty's handmaid, with economy of space, diversity of usage; the whole embodying the mellow-ness inseparable from long and intimate cultural

making, refreshing to record, is not here life's sole excuse for being! The shop's capitalized by-product is good citizenship.

"To make good citizens, not money-makers, out of Tryon's mountain and village children," said Charlotte Yale, whose personality exhales a rare soul culture, "is our basic aim." That this basic aim does not conflict with money-making, the rapidity with which the boys' training is making for their self-support happily substantiates.

These Tryon wood-carvers and toy-makers pay no tuition for their training. They are furnished material and tools *gratis*. From the start each boy is paid a living wage—all of which might imply that it is an endowed work. Perish the thought! for it is out of their own modest purses that the Misses Vance and Yale defray every expense. Theirs is apparently the sublime confidence of the Age of Faith, for it is upon the sale of the boys' handicraft that they depend for reimbursement, and



A TRYON TOY-MAKER AT WORK



A CORNER IN THE TRYON ATTIC ATELIER

this reimbursement goes back to the work in wages, material and tools.

Sales to date come solely through the chance visitor, a special order, or the Mountain Industrial Association that finances a Woman's Exchange at Tryon, where the mountain people find helpful criticism and market for their wares which formerly they peddled from door to door.

The Misses Vance and Yale had fairly set up their crafter "properties"—largely of their own making—when a mountain boy timidly knocked at their cottage door. He was the eldest of eight children. He had hobbled on crutches over two miles of mountain to the railroad which brought him after ten miles' travel to the Tryon station. From there two miles more of crutch hobble and he was at his journey's end—the picturesque cottage on Grady Place and Markham Road, home of the miracle workers, as he has come to know them.

Story of the Biltmore wood-carvers had filtered to his mountain fastness, where his father, the family's sole support, earned eighty cents a day! Nature while it had cruelly crippled the lad's feet had endowed him with capable hands and a sturdy soul.

"What can I do with my hands?" he asked.

For answer he was put at a table flanked with carving-tools and the Tryon shop of wood-carvers and toy-makers had its first mountain boy apprentice. In his wake came village and other mountain boys until to-day there is a waiting-list, the atelier's capacity being wisely limited to twelve.

In age the Tryon crafters range from eleven to fifteen. In the attic atelier they learn the use of carving-tools. When it comes to trees and the quality of their woods how they put to shame the city boy! They are instructed in the rudiments of drawing and design, but as yet, they are dependent upon tracings made from designs prepared for them. Lathe and hand-saw work are withheld until they reach sixteen years. Much aside from the Labor Law accounts for this restriction, for the Misses Vance-Yale tell me that they find before that age the boys lack physical height, proper muscle development and are wanting in care and judgment.

I found Boyd Royce in the sun-flooded basement seated at a little toy scroll-saw attached to an electric-light socket. He was cutting out of a

solid block of wood various sized spinning-tops, their uppers to be converted later in the attic atelier, through the magic of paint and brush, into *quasi* Belgian, Holland or Carolina mountain children, modish ladies, thin or fat soldiers gay in military trappings of many countries. The paint on these Tryon toys, they will tell you, is the "never-come-off kind," and children may lick them to their hearts' content! These pert spinning-tops are the Tryon crafters' first output to find market in "the finest resort hotel in the world"—Grove Park Inn, Asheville, N. C.

A saw-table holds center stage in the basement flanked by a turning-lathe and the scroll-saw. A good saw-table costs one hundred and fifty dollars. This saw-table was conjured at a cost of fifteen dollars out of an ordinary table of Vance-Yale's own workmanship, into which they had inserted saw and grooves. Boyd's scroll-saw was held to working trim by a trunk strap! "It was our only available leather," was explained more in pride than apology. A scroll-saw is operated by the foot like a sewing-machine. Boyd's crippled feet debarred him from its use until his resourceful employers adjusted it to the electric socket, which at night serves to illuminate the basement!

"Lucky it's not running," laughed Miss Vance, when commended for her ingenuity, "for it makes a roof-raising noise."

Robinson is the Tryon's only grow'd up crafter. It is by right of his twenty-three years that this mountain boy operates the shop's one regular machine. The carvings without this finishing-machine would have to be sent, as in early Biltmore Industry days, to a city factory for assembling.

Robinson had been married seven years, covered much of the South as journeyman carpenter and had worked in a furniture factory before casting his lot with the Tryon workers. Gifted mechanic, he longed to express himself. In mountain parlance, he was "low in his mind" from want of opportunity when he confided: "I have ideas, I want to work them out but the factory won't let me."

"Here is your place," he was told, and his finishing-machine was installed beside Boyd's toy scroll-saw now turning out salable work. The suppressed factory hand has here every opportunity to express himself and he is paid extra for original ideas.



APPLYING THE "NEVER-COME-OFF" PAINT



NOAH'S ARK AFTER MUCH LABOR, LANDED WITH ITS CARGO ON THE STUDIO TABLE

Boyd now earns ten dollars a month and carfare, for he continues to walk five miles and cover ten miles of railroad in his daily journey between the Tryon shop and his mountain home.

These Tryon wood-carvers and toy-makers, as has been stated, know little or nothing as yet of drawing or design. They carve from tracing made from Miss Vance's designs. A professional wood-carver of no mean gift was lost to art, when Eleanor Vance sacrificed individual career to the upbuild of the mountain industries of Western North Carolina. She brings to these village and mountain boys training acquired in the Cincinnati Art School, and with America's master pioneer wood-carver—Ben Pitman.

The *motif* of much of Tryon's decorative design is the galax leaf, indigenous only to the Carolina mountains and the Far Orient. This leaf in natural or conventionalized form is found in high or low relief upon Tryon picture frames, glove and handkerchief boxes, tea and ash trays, book ends, hearth brush handles—the crafters' staple output, for it is the purpose of the founders to keep these delightful mountain and village children close to native soil. This tendency is happily exemplified in Tryon toys, where the most ambitious achievement about to be put upon the market is a typical mountain log cabin with schooner, barnyard trimmings, mountain sheep and goats, dog, cat, the mountaineer and his proud, shiftless brood, the whole carved as only the mountain-bred boy knows them out of native woods and painted in colors true to Nature. This toy, numerous in pieces as Noah's Ark, which they also make, will not be without educational value, if not historic record, beyond the Mason and Dixon line.

Tryon crafters contribute this Christmas a brand new doll to Toydom. Alcécia Ann is a lady of high degree. Aside from much personal charm, hers is the unique distinction of being the only doll in this country turned out of a solid block of wood and modeled after "the human form divine" with carving tools by hand. Alcécia Ann is no cheap doll. Much time and skill and no little money went to her fashioning, but if you care for her at all, you will gladly pay her price.

Alcécia Ann is of French and Coventry ancestry, and is grafted from one of the first French dolls

brought to the United States. For more than fifty years this French importation was the playmate of the descendants of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Dr. Edward Emerson, son of the Concord philosopher, is a Tryon winter visitor resident. He is interested in the mountain children's work and last season gave them an illustrated talk on the anatomy of the horse to be immediately dubbed by them, "Their Horse Doctor!" From the Concord garret, Dr. Emerson resurrected the French doll and personally conducted it to the Tryon atelier to stimulate the crafters. This doll has a wooden head exquisitely modeled, with hair and features painted in best French manner. Time, like a modern surgical operation, has eaten into its body revealing to naked eye the spiral wire with which in happier day it piped: "Mamma! Papa!"

This Emerson doll reminded another Tryon visitor resident, Miss Anna C. Putnam of Boston, that she had a delightful wooden doll picked up years ago in Coventry, England. From the Putnam family garret the Coventry doll was brought to Tryon. Out of the exquisitely modeled head of the French and the skilfully jointed body of the Coventry doll, Alcécia Ann was evolved and christened after favorite Emerson-Putnam family names.

Speedily as they advance in modeling, the boys are put to work on Alcécia Ann, but as yet they have not sufficient skill to turn out a doll to meet the atelier's art standard. Meanwhile, under the young crafters' eagle eyes, two college girls, Janet and Maria Freeman, whose mother is a Tryon winter resident visitor, are bringing Alcécia Ann to the market. Alcécia Ann is sixteen inches in height. Her eyes reflect Carolina mountain blue, her complexion its laurel bloom. You will know Alcécia Ann by her Calish bonnet and French pantslets.

The Tryon crafters as the illustrators of the world as fine and sturdy type of address, in a word, the community may boast. The Tryon craftsmen want only opportunity to improve their work in the higher sense, if not in the lower. They do not resent what should be the most natural thing in the world to be set apart to the community as a "mountain people" or "mountain people." They are a people of "touchiness" in the best sense, a comprehensible to the stranger as to the native without the gates.



A GARDEN SWIMMING-POOL SURROUNDED BY A PERGOLA

THE GARDEN SWIMMING-POOL

BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

HAD he lived in that Once-Upon-a-Time he might have been common, and his kind may also become common in some To-morrow, but he—this man I have in mind—lives in the To-day. Therefore, he must be introduced as an Unusual Man. He is a business man, and a very successful one even judged by those standards we commonly employ in such matters; yet he believes in reaping a little of the enjoyment of life from each day he lives. The "mad rush" engages him only in his hours of work; at other times he is a conscientious seeker of the things that give tranquillity of mind and revigoration of body. In other words, he hasn't forgotten how to play, nor how to enjoy it. That perhaps is partly because of his philosophy, which he consistently transmutes into practice. It is: The more ways we discover and utilize for anchoring ourselves to Youth, the slower shall be our drift toward Age.

* * *

Although he has risen to eminence, this man is still very much a boy. Despite the climb that has since intervened, ever green and beloved in his memory are his urchin days of bare-feet and rags—his games on the vacant lot, his duckings and sports in the "ole swimmin' hole," his angling experiences with bent-pin and worm, and all those other briefly snatched enjoyments of the healthy-minded kid. And instead of trying to forget them, as if ashamed, he has merely modified them and otherwise dignified them to a higher plane, with reverence and understanding. Hence, in his home, located in the

suburbs of a large city, he has surrounded himself with the things that not alone please the eye but that also afford pleasure and health and beguilement-from-business influences. It is a "show place," but it is also something more; and, above all, that something more is utilized.

* * *

And because the "ole swimmin' hole" was an enjoyment of his boyhood, he has one to-day. It, however, is called a private swimming-pool. There are friends of his who also have similar pools, but their pools are mostly for show; his is for use. Yet it is elegantly appointed—an appropriate embellishment to his imposing grounds. Briefly, it is a thing both utilitarian and aesthetic.

* * *

Since he lives in a suburban district governed by rigid restrictions, his home is of quite formal appearance. His swimming-pool, therefore, is also of formal design. It is surrounded by a pergola with classic white pillars, over which trail delicate tracteries of green and blossom-laden vines. Farther removed, further assisting in screening the pool from prying eyes, are wall-like plantings of trees and other tall-growing foliage. The pergola itself covers a cement-paved walk, and into the scheme are also worked inviting seats, flashing fountains, and so forth. And in the placid gleaming pool are mirrored the flowers and trees and vine-draped columns that hedge it in. Altogether it is a thing of charm and beauty.

And, since it is for daily use, in season, the swimming-pool is conveniently located near the house. The basin is of considerable dimensions, of rectangular shape, and is both walled and floored with concrete, so that it may be easily kept clean. It is provided with intake and outlet pipes, to assure a constantly changing water supply, and so regulated as to keep the water at a fixed level. It also is so designed that it may be occasionally emptied entirely, that it may be cleaned of leaves and other dirt. It graduates in depth from a few inches at one end to several feet at the other. This makes it adaptable to the use of his children, as well as to himself. And while it may be used only a portion of the year, he has equipped the pool with hot-water pipes to make the usable season as long as possible. Its equipment, in fact, even includes a spring-board.

This man's swimming-pool also serves yet another purpose. Besides admirably attaining its primary object and comprising an embellishment to the grounds, it constitutes a reservoir as well, for its waste water is carried by drain-pipes to various parts of the garden and there used not only for

irrigating as required but to create miniature garden streams.

* * *

This man has planned his entire home on the same general principle. And because it affords him much enjoyment, he finds much time for enjoying it; and because he still knows how to seek and find enjoyment, enjoyment that benefits, he remains reasonably safely anchored to Youth, in both mind and body.



A PRIVATE INDOOR SWIMMING-POOL THAT MAY BE USED THE ENTIRE YEAR

HEART-SHAPED
SWIMMING-POOL
OF A
CALIFORNIA
HOME



POOL WALLED
AND FLOORED
WITH CONCRETE

ASH-
RECEIVER IN
WROUGHT
IRONROSE
WREATH
DESIGN

JAMES CRAN, CRAFTSMAN OF THE FORGE

BY ROBERT C. AULD

THE oldest of crafts, that of Tubal-cain, if not generally conceded to be one of the arts, has always been a useful one. But since the days of Robin Hood's strong men who sang of the smelters of iron down to the days when Longfellow was inspired by the village vulcan of his youth, the craft has had its high days and low.

In its halcyon days the master farriers plied their craft and they were men of high lineage, earning their monarch's favor and founding noble houses that still exist and display the farrier's expressive symbol. In the days of chivalry this privileged order fashioned suits of armor and chain mail for the warrior and his horse as well as lance and sword for the knights to wield in gay tournament or more serious affairs. One of the greatest of these artificers was Andrew Farrar the Scot, who, going to Italy to learn the secrets of iron tempering, changed his name to the always familiar one of Andrea Ferrara and became famous as the fabricator of sword blades of the finest workmanship and temper.

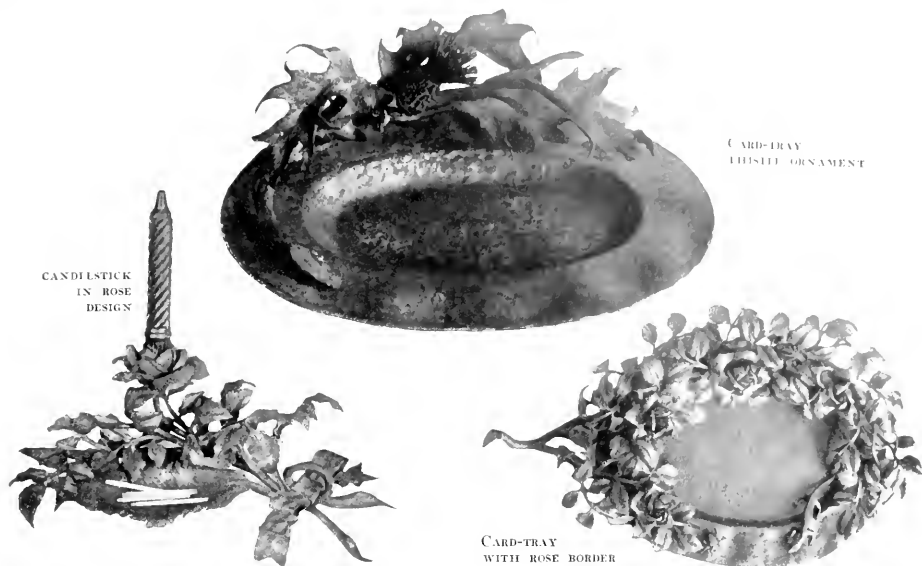
There have been other craftsmen of the forge since then, notably Louis Van Boeckel the Belgian, who erected his studio at Lier, eleven miles from Antwerp, where he turned out marvelous work which was patronized by every royal head in Europe. He was awarded the Grand Prix at the Liège Exhibition of 1905 for a group representing an eagle and a mythical monster in conflict. But Van Boeckel has apparently found a competitor, at least in floral designing, in this country, James Cran the Poughkeepsie blacksmith, some of whose work is represented in the illustrations produced here.

How he came to engage in this work is interesting, for in his case it was a matter of imagination that suddenly became inflamed. On the occasion of a visit he made to Mr. Dixie in the office of *The American Machinist*, a conversation took place which turned to art-smithery; and Mr. Dixie mentioned the famous Van Boeckel, showing Mr. Cran some of the Belgian's work, a rose of iron, which rather staggered the blacksmith. After a careful examination

he determined to try his hand at the same sort of work believing he could produce as good or better. Feeling that he must not acknowledge defeat, even in this class of smithing, he went to work and after several efforts sent Mr. Dixie within a month some samples which that authority pronounced: "Better than any of Van Boeckel's which I have so far seen. The actual blacksmithing, as apart from the art feature, is better. The welds are cleaner and neater and the smith has gone closer to nature to get his model."

It is therefore with new interest that one examines Mr. Cran's work and method. While a close student of nature he works entirely from memory with no models before him. He knows what effect he wants to produce and stores that up in his mind to be created by his hands. "I take from nature," he says, "the points that are most suggestive of what I have in mind to produce, leaving out the minor details as it is impossible to duplicate nature in every detail without getting work that is too dead and stiff." His work is more remarkable as it is the only art work he has ever done; and he has done it in his spare hours, after engrossing labor during the day. When living in Plainfield, New Jersey, he worked in a small shop behind his cosy home, with anvil, hammer, tongs and pliers and a few other small tools, all made by himself. With a love

"MY FIRST
THISTLE"



inborn of the creative faculty he went about his work with a dash and artistic freedom that was rare, producing things which we could never have thought possible from such dour, intractable material. It must be said that here was the "art severe," but where the mind leads, there the service of the willing hands will follow. Fired by a temperamental imagination and burning with the desire to reproduce things satisfying to behold, he was able to charm the unwilling medium into forms of beauty.

All day engaged in superintending the most intricate and exact work in forging the products of a great tool work where he resided, it was, as we have seen, in his leisure hours that he sought his opportunity to wrest creations of growing things in graceful naturalness from the anvil. Not only the flowers of the field but the fruit of the grape and wild berry sprang forth by the cunning manipulation of the "brawny man" with the delicate touch. Rose and thistle, spray and festoon of blossoms, with delicacy of tracery and graceful outline, responded to the beckoning of his mind. No wonder the sonorous notes of his anvil made cheery music o' nights to the neighbors and passers-by; they loved his industry for it brought them joy in the morning. They marveled that this son of Vulcan, accustomed to Herculean work, could produce such fragile, delicate shapes. His method is as natural as it is unique. For one design he makes from sixty to a hundred or more pieces, all separate, using one-quarter and three-eighths inch round Swedish iron. In forming a leaf the iron is heated and flattened on the anvil and the outline shaped. The rib is made by bending the leaf on the edge of the anvil and when it is laid rib up, the radial ribs or veins are struck in with the cross-peen of the hammer. With the latter slightly tilted, the blows are directed toward the outside of the leaf, producing the serrated edge.

Every rose has twenty-three petals and each is hammered out as are the leaves separately. Once

the entire number is forged, they are assembled and held together in the round tongs, each petal being welded about a centre. After all the petals are added, the bloom seems practically finished, but it must once more be reheated so that with the aid of the pliers the petals may be bent back and curled in accordance with their natural tendency. Petal, leaf and calyx are shaped separately and after they are all perfectly fashioned they are ready for welding.

Withal Mr. Cran is modest in his estimation of his work: "In roses," he says, "I only try to reproduce petals and leaves. In making petals it is impossible to get them as fine as in the natural rose and to overcome this and give them a delicate appearance I crimp and curl the edges, putting a dent here and there to give the effect of shading. I do the same thing with the leaves, and arrange them in an easy, careless manner to attain the best result." A spray of leaves can be made in thirty minutes. To reproduce a rose with all the soft appearance of the natural flower, with long stem, takes about one hundred and thirty-five minutes. The welding of the leaves to the stem takes about fifteen minutes longer.

James Cran, the fabricator of these metal floral specimens, is a native of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and was brought up on a farm in the outlying district of that country.

He came to America in 1896. After working at his craft in the East and West he was for a while instructor in ironwork in the State College at Manhattan, Kansas, and is now settled at Poughkeepsie in this State. He has put his hand to all kinds of smithy work from heavy machine forging to the most intricate parts of small and delicate machinery. That he has the good creative instinct is shown by the wonderful quality of his possessions and the taste and skill he has acquired in producing such rare examples of his craft in a medium difficult to handle.

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"WHERE can I see the Craftsman house designs?" In answer to this persistent demand, we are publishing each month some of the most popular Craftsman houses. This will be continued until we have reproduced the two hundred house designs which we have on file. A front elevation and floor plans will be shown on each page. We will furnish tentative estimates and cost of complete plans upon request. Address: Home Department, THE ART WORLD, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.

Three-story
Craftsman
Brick House
No. 153



Eleven
Living-rooms,
Conservatory,
Porches and
Storage
Rooms

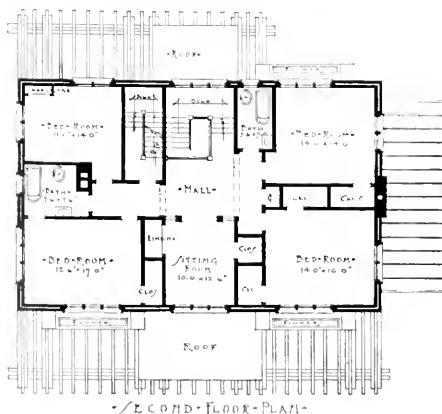
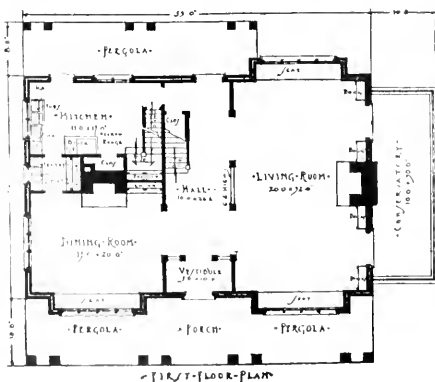
IN building Craftsman House No. 153, Tapestry Brick would give the richest effect, but if this can not be had, very pleasing results may be obtained with ordinary clinker brick. The more the brick vary in color, the more interesting the walls will be.

Much of the beauty of the exterior is due to the construction of the bay windows in front and the one in the rear, the brick posts of which are continued up in the form of little balconies, shown in the perspective view and second-floor plan. These balconies, with green shrubs in their boxes, lend a gracious touch to the plain brick walls and link the house closer to the garden.

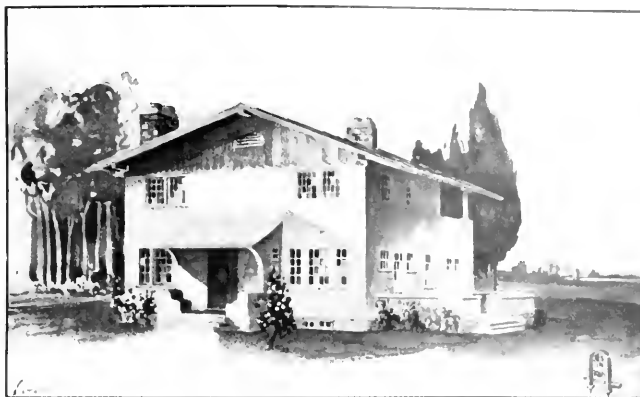
The cheerful hall leads from front to rear of the

house, giving a long garden vista as one enters the doorway. The living-room will prove a cheery and homelike place, with its bay windows at either end, an open fireplace with bookcases on each side, and glass doors leading to the conservatory. The conservatory is so placed that from almost any point in the rooms, one may have a glimpse of its greenery. The main staircase winds up to a central hall very open and pleasant in arrangement, about which the bedrooms and baths are grouped.

In the third floor are two maids' rooms and baths, a large billiard room and ample storage space.



CRAFTSMAN
SIX-ROOM
CEMENT
HOUSE
No. 91



VIEW
SHOWING
ENTRANCE
TERRACE AND
SLEEPING-PORCH

HOUSE NO. 91 is a plain cement cottage, illustrating the possibilities of this excellent building material. The hood over the entrance is of the same material and reveals the method of construction as frankly as do the beams and brackets used in wood construction. The severity of the plain cement walls is relieved by the placing of the windows and by the use of wide boards in the gable. These boards are put on like clapboards, the lower ends resting against a wide beam that marks the upper termination of the cement wall. A cement seat is built at either side of the entrance porch.

The living-room is wainscoted to the height of the frieze, with wide V-jointed boards, and the staircase and interior woodwork are intended to be built in a wood of similar grain and texture. The staircase and landing occupy the greater part of the wall between the living-room and kitchen, and the remainder of the wall space is taken up by the wide opening into the dining-room.

The upper floor is divided into three bedrooms, a well-equipped bathroom, plenty of closets, and a good-sized sleeping-porch which may be screened in summer and glassed in winter if desired. The bathroom and this sleeping-porch, as well as the terrace below, are floored with red cement marked in squares.

Thanks to the quickness of the American people to adopt and put into effect a new idea when once they have become convinced that it is sensible and

desirable, simplicity in designing, building and furnishing homes has come to be the usual thing, and the better houses built within the past few years have expressed this spirit of common sense, together with a growing perception of harmony and the fitness of things. It is now the exception to find a house cut up into fussy little rooms, overloaded with furniture and ornamentation. People have also learned to know the worth-while from the worthless in home-building and choose good building materials, discarding extravagant ornament which cheapens rather than dignifies a dwelling.



FIRST
FLOOR
PLAN



LIVING-ROOM SHOWING STAIRCASE AND DOOR LEADING TO TERRACE



BIRDS OF THE SHORE

BY T. GILBERT PEARSON

PERHAPS there are fewer representatives of that interesting group called Shore Birds known to the average American than of any other family of our wild bird-life. The regions the most of them inhabit accounts for this.

On the ocean beaches where the breakers boom and the gales rustle, the blades of the wild sea-oats and the sands whisk in little eddies about the broken sea-shells, the shore birds find a home. On the Virginia coast one may see them all the year and even on Long Island they stay in small numbers until late in autumn.

There are fifty-six species of shore birds regularly listed among the birds of North America and eighteen others have been found within our borders—little wanderers from northern Europe or far off Asia. Among them may be mentioned such names known to literature as Curlew, Lapwing, Sandpiper and Plover. There are a few that live chiefly inland as the Woodcock, Killdeer, and Upland Plover. A few others, notably the Wilson's Snipe and Spotted Sandpiper appear equally at home either by salt or fresh water. Among them are some of the world's greatest travelers.

Numerous species breed in the extreme northern part of North America. Almost at once upon reaching their summer home nest-building begins, with the result that by the latter part of July the young are strong upon the wing and in company with their parents have reached the Atlantic coast of Canada. Down the shore-line they migrate rapidly and by early August many are seen along the Florida beaches.

The most wonderful traveler of all the group is the Golden Plover. Many of these birds in autumn leave North America at Labrador or Nova Scotia and striking out boldly across the Atlantic do not sight land again until they reach the eastern verge of the West Indies, or the northeastern coast of South America. Unless driven by storm they course in a straight line, which means they ordinarily pass to eastward of the Bermuda Islands. Upon reaching South America, after a continuous journey of twenty-four hundred miles across the sea, they travel on down to Argentina and Patagonia.

Their spring migration is entirely different. Going up through central South America and crossing the Gulf of Mexico these unusual travelers

proceed up the Mississippi Valley to their breeding-grounds on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Thus during the course of the year the Golden Plover makes a flight of sixteen thousand miles.

The few birds of these species seen along the Atlantic Coast in autumn are individual flocks usually blown from their course by eastern gales.

All species of shore birds have been subjected to terrific slaughter, and many of them have been greatly depleted in numbers. The most notable example is the Eskimo Curlew. It formerly occurred along the coast of our northern states by millions. They were highly esteemed for food and were easily killed, with the result that to-day the bird probably is now extinct. It has been five or six years since the taking of a single specimen has been reported to science.

In shooting the various species of shore birds

the method is to stick up wooden decoys, and from a blind shoot the birds as they fly in to them. Even the small Sandpipers, known as Peeps, the weight of whose bodies is scarcely more than an ounce, have suffered terribly at the hands of the gunners. In fact, the ranks of the shore birds have been so depleted that recent regulations made by the United States Department of Agriculture forbid the shooting of all the fifty-six

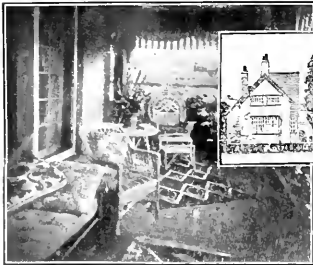


HUDSONIAN CURLEW: A FAVORITE GAME BIRD ALONG THE OCEAN BEACHES
FROM DRAWING BY BRUCE HORSFALL

kinds of native shore birds with the exception of the Woodcock, Black-breasted and Golden Plover, Yellowlegs, and Wilson's Snipe. But the funds in the hands of the Government for enforcing this law are extremely limited with the result that almost daily reports reach the Audubon Society that gunners along our coasts are continuing to take their toll of the vanishing wild life of the beaches.

We are a peculiarly queer, short-sighted people, otherwise we would not have in our midst such a large percentage of individuals who can take joy in killing the last survivors of a race of birds that have long animated and beautified our vast stretches of sea-beach. Unless a tremendous emphasis is given to the cause of bird-protection in the very near future it will mean that before many years our coast-line will be as destitute of shore-bird life as is the rolling sandy wastes of the Sahara.

The conservation of shore-bird life, should be a matter of deep concern to all who love our wonderful stretches of beach.



THE HOME WITHOUT AND WITHIN

LINENS OF QUALITY

IT is small wonder that the housewife devotes her loving energy to making the dining-room as dainty and charming as her circumstances will allow. About her table, she gathers her best beloved of family and friends, and for them she creates an atmosphere of good cheer and hospitality.

The laying of the table is a personal matter, depending largely upon individual taste. It is not impossible, with the least expensive of linens and tableware, to furnish the dining-room attractively and suitably, as a tour of the shops will show.

A New York woman of letters, whose home has a charm all its own, and who is little disturbed by the fashion of the hour in table furnishings, has been heard to say: "I have never had a table-cloth in my house," yet her table is a model of daintiness and always most attractively set out. She finds it convenient to make use of doilies only, for any and every meal. This gives her an opportunity of resorting to linens of various colors, which are charmingly decorated.

It is quite natural on occasions, to bring out

the choicest of linens, and the housewife of discretion will find it not difficult to provide herself with a store of linens decorated simply or elaborately, as she may desire. For us, the ideal hostess is she whose table is a picture of loveliness, but which in no sense puts us in fear and trembling lest we do some slight damage to works of art in napery.

There is an irresistible fascination in beautiful linens, and shopkeepers know our weaknesses in this direction. They fill their windows with needle work which is almost priceless, and tempt us to spend a goodly sum for pieces fine as a web, and charming in

the result of long, long days of needle-work.

After all—we reason—isn't it worth while to own some really choice things, which shall become heirlooms when we are gone? How easy it is to purchase a thing which is not an absolute necessity, but which appeals to us in beauty of texture and design.

If we are appreciative, we wonder whose hands made all the beautiful stitches and why. Where

IT is now possible to greatly extend the already successful work of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, bringing the readers of this magazine, and the members of The Art Society of America, into closer touch with our advertisers through this and service departments. Architects will advise on the design, construction, decoration and furnishing of small or large residences and co-operate with local architects and decorators in this work.

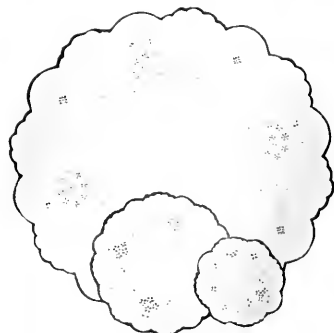
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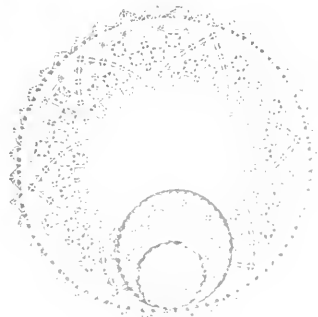
Courtesy of James McCutcheon & Co.

LUNCHEON CLOTH



ITALIAN RETICELLO

MADEIRA EMBROIDERED
DOYLIES AND CENTERPIECES



Courtesy of James McCutcheon & Co.

ART IN THE FURNITURE REPRODUCTIONS OF TODAY

SELECTIONS BY C. MATLACK PRICE
TEXT BY MARGARET MEADE



A HANDSOME cabinet of William and Mary design, showing the marqueterie work, so popular during that period. The design in the center of each panel and the corner patterns are of richly figured burl walnut, which contrast with the carefully matched grain of the background. After the fashion of the finer pieces of this period, the turnings are carved, and the stretcher is carefully shaped. The beautiful doors conceal a number of drawers of varying sizes, each one as exquisitely decorated as the exterior.



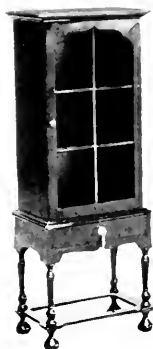
STOOLS, which were almost the only articles of seating furniture in Jacobean times, have never outgrown their usefulness, and the modern house has many a corner, notably about the fireplace, where nothing serves quite so satisfactorily as a stool or a bench.



ONE of the always needed pieces of furniture is the small bookcase to supplement the ampler shelves of the library. Besides being built of a size to accommodate just the right number of extra books, this quaint little piece of furniture is stannishly and pleasingly made. It has a sturdy and discreet appearance that hints of Dutch antecedents, dating from the reign of William and Mary, who came from Holland to take the English throne.



A LITTLE less informal than the great upholstered davenport and considerably less bulky, this William and Mary walnut settee or sofa offers a welcome alternative for the room which is too small or perhaps too formal to accommodate the larger piece of furniture. It is beautifully made in every detail; the cane work is mellowed to a fine "antique" brown, and the turnings are slightly elaborated with carving. The loose seat and back cushions can be obtained in any desired fabric.



LIKE the one opposite, this small bookcase is based on the beautiful historic furniture in Knoke Castle in England, and so has been given the name "Knokeworth," although its turnings show that it is of William and Mary lineage. The petalled floral mount and long drop drawer pull—which when rounded at the bottom is sometimes called a "tear-drop" pull—are characteristic of the furniture metal work of the day. The ordinary round turning in this case replaced by four-edged tapering legs that seem especially suitable to the diminutive proportions of the little bookcase.

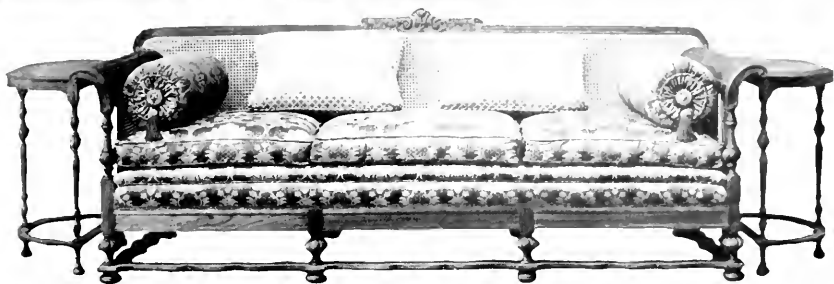


INTERIOR decoration without accent, without color or distinction is a verb. A real decorative scheme has been revived, the rich so brilliantly distinguished the reign of Queen Anne's time. This characteristic Queen Anne color scheme would give a hall or living room in which the general color scheme was keyed to the prevailing dull tones in furniture and wall.



AN upholstered chair of individual and interesting outlines is rare enough to arrest the attention. This one gains an added bit of interest by reason of the side wings which, though they were used on light chairs, are commonly seen only on the great tall backed inside chairs.

SUCH a splendidly decorative fabric as this one would make the chair which it covered an asset in the furnishing of any room. The quality of the design and the vividness and contrast of the colors suggest the hand-made fabrics which gave English furniture of the late 18th century so much decorative character and interest.



THREE pieces of furniture which might very well form the nucleus of a beautifully appointed room are shown in the luxurious William and Mary sofa and the little elbow tables for either end. The tops of the small tables have patterns made by the matching and contrasting of the walnut grain, and exhibit, in lightened form, the same turning seen in the sofa. The two end pillows, with their shining and heavy silk tassels, suggest the decorative possibilities of the oddly shaped cushion.

IN Queen Anne's time such a chest of drawers would have been called a "bureau." The recessed panel gives it the name of "block front," and this feature, as well as the simple handles and the claw-and-ball feet, mark the piece as belonging to the period of Queen Anne.



A MODERN adaptation, while preserving the old-time outlines and character of the English chest, makes it more than ever convenient. The front is hinged and, on being dropped, exposes three deep trays which, together with the bottom drawer, make it as handy as a nightstand and as useful as a chest of drawers. The graceful Queen Anne lines and characteristic contours and the beautiful grain of selected walnut combine to make this chest an exceptionally beautiful piece of furniture, quite as suitable for the well-furnished hall or the bedroom. It is made in mahogany or walnut.

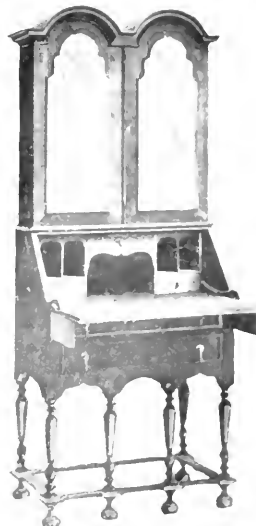


THE graceful upholstered day-bed of Queen Anne's time is the descendant of a long line of forerunners dating back to the early 17th century. The stern Cromwell thought the day-bed an article of luxury and idleness, and of late years we seem to have agreed with the Cromwellian idea, for it has been conspicuously absent from our homes until the advent of its present-day popularity.



DURING the reign of William and Mary the beauty of furniture depended less on little on carving and applied ornament. Much of the beauty of the table illustrated is due to the unusually graceful turn of the turnings and the careful lining of the stretcher. When the three leaves are lowered, the table, which is made of solid walnut, assumes a magnificent shape that lends it an out-of-the-ordinary attractiveness.

THE "traveller" legs of this highboy place it in the early part of the eighteenth century. William and Mary period when Jacobean and Restoration influences were still strong. Following the precedent of that day, the manufacturers have made this same piece also in lacquer, and the wide drawer fronts give a particularly happy opportunity for the gorgeous embellishment that distinguishes furniture decoration in the Chinese fashion.



THE road to the
theater is not
the Wilton. Nor
the door to
and a black
well understood

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions, both incoming and outgoing, to ensure transparency and accountability. It emphasizes the need for regular audits and the use of reliable accounting software to track expenses and income effectively.



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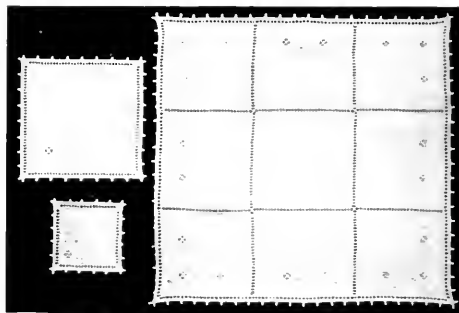
Basket. 4 in. high. Basket size. 8 1/2 in. high over all. 4 1/2 in. across. Price \$1.50.



A covered bag full of fun. "Tall" surely amuse the little one. Contains 20 interesting amusements for child under 10. Price \$2.00. Bag for grownups. 12 Novelties, attractively wrapped. \$3.00.



did they get the wonderful designs, and have they put their life and religion into their work, as do the rug-makers of the Orient? Shall we love the thing that they made, and with which we make our table beautiful? Surely we shall send back a thought to these patient workers when we gather our best beloved about us in the one most intimate spot in the house.



Courtesy, Wm. H. Bragg.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "The Art World," published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1917.

State of New York. ss.
County of New York. ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared F. W. Ruckstuhl, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of "The Art World" and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Kalon Publishing Co., Inc., 2 W. 45th St., New York City; Editor, F. W. Ruckstuhl, 233 W. 10th St., New York City; Managing Editor, F. W. Ruckstuhl, 233 West 10th St., New York City; Business Manager, H. Warren Teets, 322 Eighth Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

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Subscribed and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1917.

(Seal) EDWIN A. SMITH,
Notary Public, New York County.

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Commission expires March 30, 1919.





GLORIA

From a Water Color Drawing by Thomas W. Dewing

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ART

ART

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, NEW YORK

EDITORIALS

COLOR VERSUS DRAWING IN ART A SYMPOSIUM

A NUMBER of painter-artists have complained because THE ART WORLD has been insisting vehemently on the need of truthful drawing in a painting and apparently relegating color to fifth in importance in our Standards of Art Measurement in which we say that the elements of art are six—conception, composition, expression, drawing, color and technique.

A talented painter, the late Carroll Beckwith, a week before passing away, came to our office and in his gentle way suggested that we had been lax. So we asked him to express his ideas on the relative importance of color and drawing in a painting. He did so and the article we print on page 176 is the last piece of literary work of this genial artist. Its ending suggests that he did not say all he wished before heart failure carried him home to his Maker.

We plead guilty to having insisted, even brutally, upon the primal need of drawing in any work of art. We did not discuss the element of color because it did not occur to us that it would be needful to preach such a platitude as: "Drawing is the mother of living form while color is its glorification," this at a time when engaged in a fierce battle against the growing vice of untruthful drawing in the world of art. So we had been misunderstood. We will now explain in full our position on the relative importance of color and drawing.

The chief aim of those among us who are ambitious for American art is that our artists should produce great and enduring works in all the arts. What is the foundation of such art? Carlyle expressed it when he exclaimed: "The fine arts once divorcing themselves from *truth* are quite certain to fall mad, if they do not die!" Though he did not always see the truth clearly in detail, he did see the truth of the supreme truth, in both life and art, that everything that is not based on truth is destined for the scrap heap. Unless the fundamentals of a work of art are true, be it a picture or a poem, a statue or a temple, it cannot endure. Neither art nor civilization will endure unless based on truth.

Now we hear much about the "poetry of color." Many critics and artists talk glibly about it without knowing what they mean. Most of them confound poetry of color with charm of color as they do style in art with manner in art. But poetry and charm of color are two different things.

The poetry of color depends upon the composition of any color-scheme, upon the arrangement and shape of the spots of color—upon a picture's color-map, so to speak—upon the amount of blue,

green or red, of yellow, gray or brown in the composition.

The charm of color depends upon the vibrating quality of the surface of the color work; its depth, its richness, its sheen, its transparencies.

The color in some pictures, especially of fresco and *gouache* [water-colors] is as dry and opaque as a plaster wall; that of some others is as liquid, rich and deep as an opalescent sea, like some pictures by Rembrandt, Vermeer, Memling, Giorgione, Titian, Velasquez and others; they are full of infinite charm, merely as color applied to a canvas or copper-plate. But that is a commonplace. There has been no occasion to tell our readers such an obvious truth, and we certainly never said anything to the contrary. We might as well waste our time proving that three times three makes nine.

When nature creates any living thing she first makes the form, and always of an agreeable linear design—then she colors the form. Color alone is not her aim. It is form plus color, color being the glorification of the form.

In this we are strongly supported by Mr. Elliott Daingerfield, one of our leading "colorists" in an article on "Color and Form," see page 179, in which he says:

"It is demonstrably certain that the art of painting is based upon drawing, but equally certain it is that drawing alone is but half the purpose, else, why painting at all, and once this is discerned, color comes into its own and proclaims itself essential, equal. For the moment we need not consider what its own qualities are, but rather its office, and this is surely that of a revealer of form. So much of pigment which in its application is irrelevant, is foolishness, and any detached spotting of pigment is no less than folly. Drawing defines form, color reveals it. We may then reach almost an axiomatic statement that color without form is chaos."

Now, in art any one can draw untruthfully. But to draw truthfully takes great patience and intellectual concentration—will-power—even for those who naturally draw with ease. Therefore weak men never learn how to draw because nothing in art is so difficult as to draw correctly and expressively, for example, the hands in a picture or statue, above all the movement of an entire figure. Therefore, for some artists, there is ever present the urging temptation to shirk the labor of drawing correctly. Hence, in all art schools the primal burden of the masters is to force the student to ingrain the habit of always drawing truthfully and expressively and in self-defense demanding it from other artists. For an artist cannot make a figure live on a canvas by color alone. He can only do that by his draw-



FIG. 1
"FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA"
By VELASQUEZ
An example of fine drawing.

ing, whether he draws with a pencil or with a brush.

Mr. Beekwith (page 176) has invoked the personality of Delacroix and his "Dante and Virgil in Hades" usually called "The Barque of Dante." We also will invoke Delacroix.

Nature's supreme spiritual purpose is to stir our emotions. For that purpose she uses form and color. But the form and its linear composition is more important as a means of stirring our emotions than color. This is proved by the fact that a fine photograph of "The Barque of Dante" by Delacroix (see page 177) is already emotion-stirring without any color whatever—black and white not being counted as color. Why is this uncolored picture emotion-stirring? First, because of the grandeur of line composition in the forms and masses, and second, because of the associated ideas they evoke, principally because the forms are truthfully drawn, and also because, as Augustus Thomas says: "A word or phrase, act or symbol thrills us in proportion to its capacity—as an explosive agent—to touch

and fire a center of associated emotional memories." That this picture, if colored, would be still more emotion-stirring is another commonplace.

Now let the reader look at the "Ferdinand of Austria" by Velasquez, figure 1. What makes this one of the finest portraits he ever painted? the color? No, it is the truthful drawing plus the splendid linear composition.

Now look at "The Fisherman" by a "modernist" (figure 2), it is a degrading work of art. Why degrading? Because of its untruthful "deformation of the form" through an absurd system of drawing used by a neurotic dilettante who thinks that the lying deformation of the form can be the basis of great art.

This figure was exposed in the Autumn Salon at Paris some years ago and eulogized by a newspaper critic as great art. That is a signal proof that untruthful drawing is no longer looked upon as aesthetically or socially vicious; the drawing indulged in by our modernists generally is an index to what extent untruthful drawing has gradually become the habit in the modernistic section of the world of art; against this we have been making a most vigorous war. When will the public and those who, even still, misunderstand us grasp the truth, that what makes modernistic art technically and socially degrading is not so much its color—this or that—but its absolutely dishonest drawing? Whence comes this wave of indifference to untruthful drawing, injurious alike to art and dynamically to society, upon which everything that is dishonest reacts injuriously?

To draw perfectly in order to give life to a figure has been the ideal of every great artist from Pheidias down. Because when in the drawing of



FIG. 2
"THE FISHERMAN"
An example of the "modernist" style, showing a distorted and exaggerated figure, which is a degradation of the main purposes of art.

any figure there are incorrect peculiarities, either through the artist's incompetency or his design, these false peculiarities make us ask questions and so occupy the mind; this mental preoccupation militates against the soul being quickly emotionized by a work of art; the more peculiar, *ergo* false the drawing, the more will it destroy the emotionizing power of the work. Therefore to flout this ideal boldly is to play the part of a crank or anarchistic rebel against common-sense. Delacroix was such a rebel.

The drawing in his "Barque of Dante" exhibited in his youth in 1822 is fine and truthfully drawn. Why did he draw so well in that picture? Because he wanted to show what he could do to win in the Paris Salon his spurs as a workman and so he worked hard and patiently to pass the test, and his fame rests principally on this one picture; but his later work is nearly all of it more or less untruthful in drawing in important details. This is noticed in his composition magnificent both for line, mass and color, called "The Taking of Constantinople." Why did he become indifferent to good drawing?

Since the Renaissance there have been in France two tendencies in art, one towards the classical, with its severity of style, its conformity to certain basic laws, and on the other hand a rebellion away from the classical towards any old "ism"—so long as it allowed the rebellious artists "to do as I please!" It is the age-long fight between reason and riot, between self-restraint and self-indulgence.

Ever since Mazarin in 1665 constituted the French Academy of Painting and Sculpture the self-restrainers have been called "academicians" and the wild self-indulgers "romanticists," though the latter name did not become fixed before 1822, from which time forward to 1860 "romanticism" was known as a "movement" in art. The two tendencies have ever been at war, are so to-day always will be.

Ingres (1780-1867) was the incarnation of self-restraint and of the so-called "academic," and Delacroix (1799-1863) was the apostle of self-indulgence and rebellion in art. Ingres could draw with marvelous truth and with ease. He also had a fine, though quiet color sense. Delacroix drew with difficulty, and so, rarely with perfection, but did have a splendid, wild sense of color. Both men were energetic fighters.

Early in life Ingres aimed at the perfection of form and insisted upon a primal need of honest drawing: Delacroix, impatient to expel on to the canvas the many conceptions that crowded his volcanic mind, shirked truthful drawing for important details in most of his canvases after his "The Barque of Dante" exposed in 1822, and for success leaned heavily towards rapidity of execution and color luxuriance. This, naturally, aroused the wrath of most critics and artists of his time—because the French genius instinctively leans towards classic *precision*, in language, form and drawing, in all the arts, and men instinctively felt that to contemn the drawing in a picture ever so little meant the *beginning* of decadence in art. Nor could Delacroix have executed the immense number of canvases he did—often huge in size—had he paid the same attention to good drawing in detail that Ingres did, because that would have

taken too much of his time and patience and curtailed his output.

So the impatient Delacroix became the protagonist of color at the expense of perfect drawing, while Ingres remained the apostle of impeccable drawing—but never at the expense of color. He was the better balanced of the two.

Ingres we repeat was the incarnation of the Academy and Delacroix the leader of the Romantic rebels of all kinds. These are always "furnish the government" and "agin de laws," however sane and protective they may be. Therefore from 1830 to 1860 there was hot war between the two camps.

The principles of Ingres are as old as the pyramids while those of Delacroix were new. Therefore about 1846 the poet and critic Baudelaire, that semi-insane man of talent, with an anarchistic hatred of everything old or natural and a feverish, neurotic love of what is artificial—above all for everything that is new—espoused the side of Delacroix because his point of view was new. Loving this new point of view, he shaped all his criticisms to aid its triumph and so preached the superiority of color over drawing and everything else in a picture, thus running destructively counter to every sound tradition of the past.

In his "Curiosités Esthétique" he says:

"Romanticism consists precisely neither in the choice of subjects nor in the *exact truth*, but in the manner of feeling." . . . "Not in a *perfect execution* but in a conception analogous to the morality of the century." He says further: "The quality of a draughtsman, pure and simple, consists above all in *finesse*, and this *finesse excludes the touch*. But there are happy touches and the colorist who attempts to express nature *by color* would often lose more by suppressing these happy touches in a search for a greater truthfulness in drawing." . . . "Color certainly does not exclude grandeur of drawing, that of Veronese, for example, who drew the ensembles and the masses, but it does exclude *finesse* of drawing in the details, in the contour of the little parts *where the touch will always eat up the line*."

That it is possible for a man to draw superbly without losing the "happy touch" or having that touch "eat up the line" as Baudelaire says, is proven by the work of Velasquez (see figure 1, page 171). This again proves that the inventors of foolish kinds of art will always manufacture some æsthetic dogma to justify it.

Baudelaire admits: "Delacroix is sometime awkward . . . where an occasional fault in drawing is sometimes necessary in order not to *sacrifice something more important*." (Italics are ours.)

Here we have the confession of the most vociferous protagonist of Delacroix that he sometimes did sacrifice, deliberately, truthful drawing for something presumably more important. Thus proving that he agreed with Delacroix that drawing is less important than color, above all to save—"the happy touch!"

This was a new æsthetic doctrine. It was an impudent and direct attack on the tradition never before questioned since the Egyptian artists under Useratesen carved their gods fifty centuries ago!

But it appealed to the high priest of *modernité* in art and he preached it even vituperatively. We will see shortly what the opponents of this new dogma have to say about Delacroix's drawing. The preaching of this new dogma marks the birth in art about 1850 of "modernism," a word coined by Baudelaire and defined and hurraed by him into a movement. The result was the appearance of the successive phases of "modernism": impressionism, neo-impressionism, post-impressionism, cube-ism, tube-ism, future-ism, etc., in which color was gradually more and more so worshiped and drawing step by step so despised that there is to-day not one painter in ten who really is able truthfully to draw a human figure, not to speak of drawing as Rembrandt, Holbein, Velasquez or even Raphael, Titian or Veronese drew.

Delacroix at first despised the Academy but he did not hesitate to enter it in 1857, as soon as he could, by the grace of the academicians—and so he became a despised member of the Academy. This must ever be remembered.

Now a rebel even when he is strong usually makes more noise than one who conforms to the law. Because by nature we all hate the law and the prophets and would like to smash the Ten Commandments until, like the Bolsheviks, we begin, at the brink of the abyss, to see that anarchy is asininity, because it is the mother of social dissolution. But for a time at least the public always follows a noise-maker, above all if backed up by some real talent. Moreover every bold rebel of

talent attracts lesser rebels and these by their noise attract attention to their work and often cajole the public into sponsoring it. Hence all the rebels helped Delacroix to win his day of success, and thus also helped themselves. But how is it now? What is the verdict of Time? Did Delacroix produce a single work, which for mere craftsmanship is equal to the "Princesse de Broglie" by Ingres (figure 3), so truthfully drawn and at the same time so beautifully colored or painted? No. Did he produce a single work having the noble spirit of the "Apotheosis of Homer" by Ingres or the magnificent, impeccably drawn and beautifully colored composition of his "Jupiter and Antiope"? Hardly! True, his "Apollo" on the ceiling of the Gallerie Henri IV is a splendid composition and color-scheme. But its drawing again is defective. Therefore Ingres is gradually forging ahead of Delacroix in the estimation of the far-seeing. Do not even the degenerate "modernists" now claim Ingres as their forefather and patron saint instead of Delacroix?

Dishonest drawing is always a misfortune to any picture. For if we are lovers of truth in all things, when we have been emotionated as far as possible by the beautiful color in a picture we then begin to go below the surface and become critical and if we then find that the drawing of the form in a figure is untrue it begins to pall upon us and finally to irritate us more and more.

That Delacroix was a slovenly draughtsman is not denied by others besides Baudelaire. It is admitted even by his best friends. Said Edmond About:

"It is very true that Delacroix does not draw as correctly as Flandrin or Lehmann, and that he would not carry off a freshman's prize in the school of Ingres. He would be placed among the ten last, with Rubens and some other immortal artists who did not draw any better than he. He knows it and is not troubled thereby."

But the wise also place most of Rubens's work in the second class, because they were often untruthful in drawing and detail. Does not the world regard his "Descent from the Cross" as his masterpiece? Why? Because by the side of this wonderful composition with its glorious color it is the most impeccably drawn of all his works.

The truth about Delacroix is contained in these lines about him by Maxime du Camp: "Delacroix established nothing. He has remained a remarkably original person, as much by his fine qualities as by his excessive defects, but he has drawn after him one or two important artists."

"Like certain writers who have created 'art for art's sake,' Delacroix has created color for color's sake. Humanity and history, which he seems to have seen through an immense kaleidoscope, were for him nothing but a motive for the association of shades of color well chosen. A subject was never an end for him, but solely a pretext for happy coloration. . . . We recognize all the eminent qualities which distinguish him, but we do not think them sufficient to make us forget his shocking defects. It is paying too high a price for the gift of color when the price is the sacrificing of every other science of which a painter has need."

Now, Delacroix in deliberately "sacrificing every



FIG. 3

"PRINCESSE DE BROGLIE"

BY INGRES

An example of marvelous drawing.

While we do not demand such photographic drawing in every picture, it is proof that wonderful drawing and splendid color can go hand in hand when the workman is a great master.

science for color" made an impudent attack on the basic law. And ever since it has been his followers and color cranks who have been sacrificing truthful, life-giving drawing to the glory of color; it was not the drawing cranks who sacrificed color for correct drawing. In a word, it has for two generations been—color versus drawing, to the detriment of art. That is why Delacroix is slowly falling in eclipse. Also because the clairvoyants see that, as the original rebel against perfect drawing, the degenerate art of the modernists of to-day, who despise truth of drawing and of form and worship color as being sufficient for them, is traceable directly to him.

The fundamental law in the Ten Commandments of the world of art being, that an artist should never despise his drawing, those who openly and boldly violate that law in reality make war upon those who obey the law; and these, in self-defense, are compelled to strike back at the law-breakers in order to save the Ten Commandments of art from going to pot. For that reason we combat the modernists and their contempt for honest drawing and their daily insulting of it with the epithet "academic," the meaning of which they do not know.

Now, as great art cannot be reproduced without great drawing of the form—plus a glorious color composition—and since drawing comes first in a picture before color, as a mere matter of mechanics even; and, since the chief aim of THE ART WORLD is to stimulate the production of great art in America—the production of clever, trivial or degenerate art not needing any stimulus, duty to the American public compels one constantly to insist on sound drawing as a *sine qua non* for every serious work of art, never, Oh, never, at the expense of color, but as a foundation for its glory! This is the first duty because of the shockingly false drawing prevalent in the world of art to-day.

Readers must not think we narrowly insist upon photographic truth of drawing. We insist only on relatively true drawing, drawing that is so truthful at least that the average cultured person will not quickly notice that a figure in a picture is falsely drawn. We want at least good-enough drawing. When we have that, we will not split hairs, though we will rejoice every time we look at a head drawn by Holbein or a figure by Ingres.

We have already said that the perfect artist would be he who, with Raphael's genius for composition and Velasquez's wonderful drawing, combines Giorgione's rich, operatic sense of color. We have seen the color glories of the art of the world, and no one can appreciate color more than we do. But, just as certain as it is that the love of truth in man is unquenchable, even though he may violate it himself, and as surely as we are shocked when a well-beloved friend proves to be untruthful, so it is certain that a work of art shocks us when we discover that it is untruthful in drawing as to important details. And that a badly drawn work will gradually pall upon us in ratio of its falsity of drawing is as certain as gravitation. Therefore, to take to our hearts a man or a picture because they are merely charming to us, in manner or color, even though we know them to be dishonest, is a manifestation of destructive indifference as to whether society might suffer thereby or not, such as was shown by the Pompadour when she said: "After us the deluge."

The public should castigate every work of art that is dishonestly drawn, no matter how charming the color—because bad drawing is untruthful drawing of the form and all lying in art is pernicious and degenerating in its effect on life. Untruthful drawing, moreover, is a manifestation of insolence towards the public, and a man who cannot or will not draw truthfully should not enter the world of art to bore the busy. He does not belong there until he can and will draw truthfully.

We do not aim to instruct artists. Our aim is to enlighten the public as to what constitutes great art. But if artists criticise us we must defend our work. Since, as we said, great drawing is the basis of all great art—even though color is truly the glorification of the form—we are in duty bound to insist with Ingres that: "Drawing is the probity of art!"

Now the more Delacroix said: "To the devil with drawing, I am a colorist" the more the rational artists and the public—the custodians of the laws of art, said: "To the devil with Delacroix, he is weakening the very foundation of all great art and opening the gates to degeneracy." And their fears were only too well grounded, as the logical results in modernistic art fully testify.

Poor Delacroix, how much greater would he have been had he been less self-indulgent, less insolent and cynical and more patient and content to do less, but more perfect, work! He would have left fewer canvases, it is true, but also less defective ones. That is why Max Nordau said: "I am afraid I must likewise be guilty of heresy in respect to another great man; but Delacroix too fails to justify the idolatry people have displayed and, to some extent, still display towards him. I do not misjudge his joyous colorature, although his harmonies are rather loud than grand. I am not blind to the characteristic mobility of his composition, although it is generally far more a stagey flourish than assertion of strength in the service of a will conscious of what it is aiming at. What excites in me unconquerable opposition is his phrasing. . . ."

"What I felt at the Century Exhibition of French art I feel even more strongly in the Thierry Rooms at the Louvre. I am afraid Delacroix is one whose trial will have to be revised. Perhaps we shall then be obliged to confirm the unfavorable verdict that the adherence of the classical movement passed on him at his appearance, although on quite different grounds."

This proves what we have before stated: time makes its revision, and with deadly indifference to what the self-interested contemporaries of a pet in the world of art may foolishly have thought of their idol. Let our artists remember—a work of art is great in ratio of its power of stirring the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

But while we criticise Delacroix for his indifference to truthful drawing we must not withhold the praise due him for his genius for magnificent composition. It is that which will keep him from being forgotten. And had his imitators followed him in his love for fine composition how much nobler a path would have been trodden by the "modernists" in the world of art!

When an artist chooses a subject for a picture he first conceives it, plans it, then, in a sketch, he composes it, then he decides upon what the expres-

sion should be throughout the picture. That settled, he begins to enlarge his composition by properly drawing his figures, etc., and then he puts over the drawing the color. So that in any Standard of Art, color becomes fifth in importance—the surface technique being the least important. This is what the

while others make careful drawing first and then brush in the color and then superpose a technique or surface texture or treatment, and very slowly, like Leonardo, who took four years to paint the "Mona Lisa." Leonardo left no brush-marks, Sargent leaves some all over his canvases, though

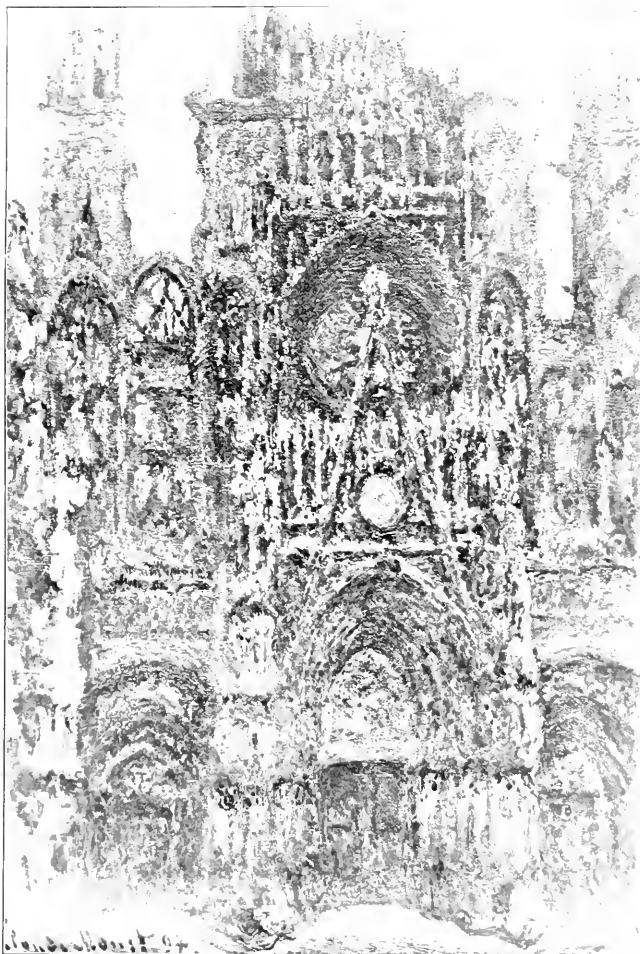


FIG. 4

"ROUEN CATHEDRAL"

BY MONET

A badly drawn "color orgie," all the more reprehensible because Monet, in his early portraits, drew with perfection. Compared with the architectural drawing of Canaletto and Turner this is childish drawing. See page 176.

extreme lovers of color in painting will not grant, because some artists draw and color a figure directly with the brush.

But what difference does it make whether you draw directly with a brush or first with charcoal? Drawing is drawing, no matter how it is done. Some artists, like Sargent, aim to draw, to color and give the technique of a face or figure without any preliminary pencil drawing—and quickly—

at the proper focal distance, when he is most successful, we scarcely notice them. But what difference does it make if the effect is true and fine.

That the technical surface arabesques of color, made up of strokes and scratches, dabs and streaks of paint, are interesting it is true, above all to any artist because he cannot divest himself of curiosity as to how Apelles, Van Eyck and Millet obtained their color effects. But if he sacrifices truth of

drawing and expression for such cat's-paw stunts he will some day find that every exaggerated scratch and dab of paint was a nail in the coffin of his reputation.

To what extent should an artist be allowed in his *landscapes* to falsify his drawing? He should be as exact in drawing a form as in a figure painting. Monet drawing the façade of Rouen Cathedral (see page 175) so that we can scarcely distinguish a form is dishonest because he could draw impeccably. Even Mr. Beckwith in his article, see below, admits it. Even he, who had criticised us, claims: "To attain completeness in our art requires the amalgamation of these two forces which are in our nature, viz., mastery of color and mastery of drawing."

Notice now Monet's "London Bridge in a Fog" (page 178). Here we do not need more form or drawing because all the forms are veiled by the fog. But though the color has a charming rosy gray, the picture soon palls upon us because of the very lack of form and linear melody, although this is a far more rational picture than the Rouen Cathedral spoken of. Now look at "The Pond" by Corot (page 178), an exquisite composition made beautiful mainly by its form and line composition, since the color is almost totally gray, a combination of black and white which is called the no-color colors. True, the grays are pearly grays of an extraordinary finesse of "values" and of technique. But its charm after all lies principally in

its melodious composition plus truthful drawing combined with truthful painting. It is this poetic veracity of line and color that makes it a charming emotion-stirring work and not any peculiar "poetry of color" alone, which is appreciated differently by different people of equally refined and sensitive nerves.

Monet will not be forgotten, but his future reputation will rest entirely on the early work he did—before he became a "color experimenter" and when his drawing was perfect and his form living.

The process of executing a conception selected by the soul may be divided into two—the intellectual and the mechanical; the one is done by the brain and the other by the hand, both being directed by the soul. So that the quality of the result depends entirely upon the quality of the soul of the artist. If that is fine and exalting the total result will be fine and exalting; if it is common or vulgar the result will be common or vulgar. There is no escaping this. And all rational men will agree with Ruskin: "You can always stand by Form as against Force. To a painter the essential character of anything is the form of it, and the philosopher cannot touch that." And we believe they will stand with us in the hope that our artists will see that they can help along the flowering of great art in America only by agreeing with nature that, before we think of color in art we must first insure the life and beauty of the form, which can only be obtained by the utmost possible truth of drawing, even though we ultimately must follow nature's plan and glorify the form by means of the color.

AS A CONTRIBUTION TO THIS SYMPOSIUM ON COLOR, WE PRESENT A SHORT ARTICLE
BY ONE OF OUR AVOWED PROTAGONISTS OF COLOR:

COLOR

BY CARROLL BECKWITH

REFERENCE certainly must be paid to the group of painters who style themselves "modernists" for their efforts (I cannot say crowned often with success) in the direction of Color. There is a cheerful buoyancy attached to their canvases which, when successful, is like a ray of sunlight let into the gallery. Why, one is tempted to ask, is this successful result not oftener gained? The answer seems to me not far to seek: we are all of us sensitive to the manner of application of paint to canvas and this we deem one of the exponents of an artist's skill. You have heard the expression "Throwing a paint-brush in the face of the public." Now I contend that a skilled craftsman, a dexterous artist, suffers more upon beholding this class of work than the public—but it is undeniable that a rough and repellant workmanship may, and often does, harbor very beautiful elements of color.

I distinctly remember Claude Monet while I was in Giverny painting a series of pictures from a curving row of poplars bordering the river Loing, for the preservation of which he paid a considerable sum to make sure that they should not be felled for a year. These pictures were his masterpieces, not only intensely original in *motif* but done in an able and workmanlike manner. The following

year he conceived the idea of portraying sunlight on the façade of Rouen Cathedral and made another series of paintings extremely interesting in color, but of such unsolid and "cheesy" texture that, no matter how far removed the spectator might be, the sense of solidity of carved stonework was in no way conveyed. (See page 175.) I have, however, no intention of discussing the technique of my fellow-painters but of advancing some generally admitted and perhaps trite rulings that have been for a great many years adopted in the studios of our predecessors, rulings which it may be not unwise occasionally to review.

In the first place, there are two admitted divisions of Color: *warm* and *cold*. Each can be subdivided into as many gradations as a sensitive eye can detect and each of these subdivisions made to play upon a well-recognized set of human emotions. For example: the gathering together of dull grays, purples, deep blues and blacks will produce to the human mind depression, sadness; while a display of roseate pinks, violets and pale greens and yellows gives us the sensation of joy, of mirth, like the *allegro* movement in music. To go a step farther: shrill yellows and violent vermilions act upon the human nerves as the blast of some strident instrument or a sudden shock.



FIG. 7

PAINTED BY DELACROIX

"THE BARQUE OF DANTE"

Here is already manifest a certain weakness of drawing in detail, the beginnings of Delacroix's theory of the sacrificing of perfect drawing for color. Compare this with the fine drawing of Velasquez, Fig. 1, and also with the even more marvelous drawing of Ingres, Fig. 3

I am sorry the accompanying picture, "The Barque of Dante" (see above) which I have chosen to illustrate somewhat the idea I wish to convey in this letter, is not reproduced in colors, since it would then more convincingly show my meaning. The picture was conceived and painted by Eugène Delacroix in the summer of 1821 when the young artist was in his twenty-third year. It is unquestionably one of the great masterpieces of French art; there is, perhaps, little question among the various groups of painters that Delacroix stood forth among the very first in France to cast defiance in the teeth of the established schools of classicism. As a Romanticist he was the most daring and prolific and as a colorist his brush opened new horizons and lifted the curtain of convention from the face of Nature. In this picture—one of the crowning glories of the Salon Français in the Louvre—the emotional elements of the color-scheme are in harmony with those aroused by the subject in the mind of the spectator. A turbid, surcharged, sulphurous darkness pervades the painting. Glimmering flames of yellow, white and red glare in the distance, while the writhing torsos and faces of the figures clinging to the barque of Charon are of a livid green. They are drawn and modeled with an anatomical knowledge and dramatic power which genius, fortified by thorough training in draughtsmanship, alone could have executed. The figures of the two poets who stand upright in the boat are clad, Virgil in dark blue and Dante in a robe of

warm ochre, the latter wearing a slate-gray hood. The note of rich cool green in the laurel worn by the Latin poet and the ardent flesh-color of the bloodless corpses which wrangle in the dark waters, combine to accentuate the horror of the scene.

Here then is amply emphasized the dramatic and emotional use of color and the picture illustrates what I have already advanced. The palette has all the responsive chords of a musical instrument when that is understood and properly handled; it can be called upon to play upon the feelings of the beholder in almost the same degree as the strings or pipes are by a musician. It must not be overlooked that the *skill* of the artist in the rendering of his work has much to do with the impression produced. As a student I have often stood and marveled at the elegance of the modeling in the writhing torsos in the foreground of this painting, which are full life-size. I have realized deeply that a sterner this young man had over his tools, as he was over the emotional qualities of his color and composition! With his palette and brush he could play at will upon the feelings of the beholder.

Recently I was told that there was "intellect in color." I am sure that is true, but color is pure Emotion, and the Intellect is Mind. One could be the most intelligent person in the world and yet be incapable of understanding the harmony of colors. The mystery of the harmony of color is not a matter of intellect, but of feeling.



FIG. 5

FIG. 5

PAINTED BY MONET

"LONDON BRIDGE IN A FOG"

An example of charming color but insufficient form



FIG. 6

PAINTED BY COROT

"THE POND"

An example of both charming color and sufficient form

of drawing, form, finds its source in the brain. To attain completeness in our painter-art requires the amalgamation of these two forces which are in our nature. No two artists will be alike, as no two of us have the same degree of feeling for cool grays, or deep rich shadows, nor could we render them alike. But the *minds* of our critics will decide

on the merits of our works, and the more they are cultured (not in the German sense) the more discriminating they will become.

Carroll Beckwith

Note: This brief on color by a notable painter was written but a short time before his sudden and deeply lamented death.

WE ALSO ASKED MR. ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD TO GIVE US HIS VIEWS ON COLOR AND FORM, WHICH HE HAS KINDLY DONE IN THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE:

COLOR AND FORM—THEIR RELATIONSHIP

BY ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD

CONSIDERING color in its relation to the art of painting, the mind immediately becomes a very maelstrom of ideas, seething, useless, many of them—and sometimes they are even vicious—but presently certain things are thrown up that one may take hold of with very real hope of intelligence, even helpful thoughts.

Intense scientific application will lead inevitably to that sort of result which Humboldt desired when he said all landscape was bad that did not show the geological stratifications.

We need not bother ourselves about wave lengths, about the science of optics as affecting the human eye. We quite readily know that we see or apprehend color through the eye and that it affects the mind; also it may be wise to stop long enough to adjust ourselves to the idea that color and colors are very different things indeed—although one may scarcely believe such a proposition in the midst of the conglomeration of things presented to a suffering public as works of art!

Many things are involved in the term color; at once quality, light, atmosphere appear as guardian angels, each performing a special duty in the mystery of welding or merging colors into color.

While it is demonstrably certain that the art of painting is based upon drawing, equally certain is it that drawing alone is but half the purpose; else, why painting at all? And once this is discerned, color comes into its own and proclaims itself essential, equal. For the moment we need not consider what its own qualities are, but rather its office, and this is surely that of a revealer of form. So much of pigment which in its application is irrelevant, is foolishness, and any detached spotting of pigment is no less than folly. Drawing defines form, color reveals it. We may then reach almost an axiomatic statement that color without form is chaos. No haphazard assemblages of the palette, no flowing together of chance tones may rightly be considered color when we are considering the art of Painting. Quality, proportion, balance, juxtaposition, contrast, all these and more must be taken into consideration, and immediately we enter the realm of form, for design is one of the highest attributes of form.

Color is sensation, and because of this curious and powerful effect upon the nerves of man, it is possible for him to become inebriate, a color inebriate, and when that happens he loses all or nearly all sense of form. A study of the works of Monticelli will show beautiful drawing in his earlier things, progressing then through various changes, as the power of color took hold upon him, until at

the last he had become so heavily "doped" with color sensation that form is lost, and we have a jumble of colors, each lovely in itself perhaps, but contradictory when considered as painting. And so the mind asks, what is it all about?

At his finest, when there was a delicate searching for forms—with gem-like association of color to reveal or to obscure, they are very beautiful. Titian, who is on a far higher plane, proceeds differently, and for us he is the great colorist because there is mastery everywhere. The use of his color is understood, and the turn of a child's cheek is luscious, lovely, because the color makes the cheek turn. What a text, and how it might be enlarged upon! That he used broken color to secure this lusciousness was because he knew that pigment alone is flat, stolid, irresponsible, and that pigment overmixed to secure especial tint is deadened; that is merely part of his sensitiveness to color. It is not necessary to explain here how he secured his glowing vibrations by juxtaposition of pure color, or by the playing of tint upon tint; that he did it is evident upon examination of his work—and ever the command and the revelation of his form are evident.

Nowhere is there a flat or heavy pigmentation, nowhere a color note that is not relevant to the whole design; nor is there in Rubens, though his forms may be to us gross or inelegant. Also, both men, and indeed all true colorists, know that color, however rich, is dependent upon gray, for gray makes possible gradation, and gradation is the means by which the flat surface of canvas or panel is translated into the near and far of form. If this be true, and it is demonstrably so by a study of the masters, it sweeps aside every modernist work, with all the impudent statements of crude color, which really are statements of paint—gross, vile and not color at all!

We are not ready to return to the barbaric excitement of a spot of red or yellow or to enter the mad-house from a suffusion of yellow and purple. For this we cannot give up the exquisite delicacy of nature, her sumptuousness of color and the magic of her grays.

Everywhere in God's world, indeed, we find the Master Worker using form, color; color, form. Nor is it out of doors alone that this law is at work; the delicacy of a child's face reveals it quite as entirely; and always the color must express the form. There has been much of rhapsody written about colorists. We are told of their going mad in the glory of it, and then we see their things

and no longer wonder; indeed, the only wonder is that any who have seen the works remain sane.

Whistler, who is considered a colorist, shrank from the use of pure colors; indeed, he went so far as to mix black with every tint, whether in the search for gray or to secure the truth of his edict that everything should retire behind the frame. The overindulgence of this habit has robbed many of his works of what may be called charm of color, and made them monotonous, and also kept him in

the group of tonalists rather than in the aristocracy of the colorists. It is said, too, that great colorists never draw well. Perhaps this is true, I do not know—Turner seems to have drawn very well at times—but there is nothing in color itself to prevent one drawing well, and perhaps some day the man will come along who perfectly understands and combines in himself the draughtsman and the colorist. Speed the day!

Elliott Daingerfield

SOME MASTERPIECES OF "THE HUDSON RIVER SCHOOL" OF LANDSCAPE PAINTING

(See pages 181 to 186, inclusive)

NOW that half a century has passed since the flourishing of what is somewhat vaguely called the Hudson River School of Painting—one of those comprehensive terms people are forced to use for lack of a better—it is time to consider the leading artists who were assigned to that ill-defined band and endeavor to trace the good and evil in them, if so be such existed, and determine the justice respectively of that praise and that blame which befell them.

Was it perhaps a mere chance that the nickname or clan name in question was applied? Might it not have been with equal reason the Adirondack, the Catskill, the Long Island Sound School? True enough that the easiest exit from Manhattan until recent times was northward, from the days when passengers patronized the Dutch sloops and schooners running, or shall we say loafing? to Fort Orange and back, until the trains and fast steamboats on schedule time took one to Albany. Northward also along the left bank of the Hudson rose the summer manses of the Manhattanese such as had the means and the walls for paintings. So the painters followed northward rather than eastward along the picturesque north shores of the Sound and Long Island and the still more paintable cliffs and bluffs of rosy Rhode Island which the Dutch skippers, viewing them from the water, correctly described as *roode*. Nor did the wonderful views south and westward from Staten Island hold them. North lay their course to the Tappan Zee and the beautiful coils of the Hudson through the Highlands, to the smiling stretches above and the lovely outlines of the Catskill and Helderberg ranges etched upon the northwestern sky. There Thomas Cole, a genius in his way, set up his easel and drew to him others. Cole became so identified with these upper reaches of the stream—although primarily he was not a landscapist pure and simple—that the historians of American art have dubbed him the beginner of the Hudson River School.

And Tom Cole Mountain in the Catskills stays on the map to clinch the statement.

Nevertheless, one has to look beyond Thomas Cole for the artist who held the leadership of the New York landscapists and kept them together, for more, a good deal more than half a century. He was an engraver born at East Orange on Jersey soil across the Hudson, but a New Yorker all the same, and he rivaled Titian, if not in the magic mastery of the brush, yet in the length of his life

and the steadfast, unpretentious, reverent devotion to art. From engraver he became painter and in both capacities showed more than talent. He was born the year George Washington died and he paid the debt of nature in 1886 . . . Asher B. Durand!

Durand had the qualities to enlist and keep the respect and indeed the love of his comrades in art. His talents were not so overwhelming as to raise jealousy and his conduct was that of a man of wisdom and of heart. Always ready to help a beginner with advice, perfectly unassuming at a time when the British were afflicted with particularly atrocious manners and had the upper hand in New York society, Durand stands out as that *rara avis* a gentleman in the fine sense of the term. The traits of serenity, of wisdom, of dignity are almost never absent from his engravings and paintings; one or other of these characteristics will be found in the works of those who in a sense came after but really were his contemporaries.

Overwhelmed as we are just now with the noise like to beaten pans of the moderns, who hope to stun you, so that you will not be able to think, and thus you will miss the fact that they have nought to say—is it not a relief to turn to certain paintings by the Hudson Riverines and rest the nerves in their balance and gentle charm, their moderation, dignity—their poise? Then one ponders: is there really any use of taking an art like painting in order to force it upon alien paths? For instance, because music has courted dissonance and the clamors of the cave man, therefore may painting drop all suavity and subtlety and blare about in a way more suited to colored placards and electric signs? These French and Germans and Italians with their American imitators have made the grievous radical mistake of the *vehicle* and trusted to paint wherewith to carry out feats that would be only possible to gorgeous stuffs and metals and semi-precious stones.

Coming onward from his early training with the graver, Durand brought to the painting of landscape a feeling for the distribution of masses in light and shade which holds us still. The old charm of Claude the Lorrainer that Constable and Turner could not evade, with all their genius, sticks to Durand and other Riverines. The power of structural design in painting which moves us in the grand western landscapes of Thomas Moran and lingers in France with Harpignies was a living



PAINTED BY ASHER B. DURAND

"THE MORNING OF LIFE"

(See page 180)





College of Arts and Sciences, Metropolitan Museum

"THE ON-BOW"



Cow at the Metropolitan Museum

"SCENE AT NAPANOCH"

(See page 180)



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

"TIVOLI"

PAINTED BY SAFFORD R. GIFFORD



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

"LANDSCAPE"

PAINTED BY JOHN F. KENSETT

(See page 180)



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

"MARINE"

PAINTED BY JAMES WHISTLER



Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

"MOHAWK VALLEY"

PAINTED BY ALBERT BIERSTADT

(See page 180)



"THE GIANT OF THE MEADOW"

PAINTED BY J. C. JOHNSON



"THE PARTHENON"

PAINTED BY J. C. JOHNSON

(See page 180)

lesson to our painters during that half century 1836 to 1886 which Durand devoted to the brush.

Durand was President of the National Academy of Design from 1845 to 1861. He was one of the founders of the Academy and the Century Association; it is likely that he exercised more influence on the men of his profession than any other artist. The old Art Union, which popularized painting by buying American pictures and distributing to its large membership steel engravings of them, was a liberal purchaser of works by Durand and trusted to his advice when selecting others. Durand was much more varied in his subjects than would appear from the examples of his work at the Metropolitan, New York and the Corcoran, Washington. The nude "Musidora" painted and then engraved by Durand in 1836 at a time when the public raged at anything approaching the *décolleté* shows how far ahead he was of the prejudices of his time. Vanderlyn's "Ariadne" which he also engraved had been very severely dealt with in New York. Indeed Durand began his career of painter plus engraver with Biblical subjects like those Benjamin West in London exhibited to the delight of royalty, nobility and gentry: such subjects as "Hagar and Ishmael," "Samson and Delilah." He painted historical pieces like "The Capture of Major André" as well as history wreathed in the humorist's smile such as "Wrath of Petrus Stuyvesant" in which Stuyvesant was drawn from the generous Maecenas Luman Reed, Corlaer the trumpeter from General Cummings and the painter himself figures as the tall halfbreed in the rear.

Love of nature turned Durand to landscape after history, *genre* and portraiture had occupied his busy and capable brush. A visit to Europe in 1840 permitted him to see the old masters and meet Turner, Wilkie and Leslie; it was characteristic of his sociable and kind nature that he took with him Casilear, Kensett and Rossiter, younger men who were his pupils in engraving and painting. Just before this he painted for F. J. Betts the two fine landscapes shown on pages 181 and 182 which tell of the "Morning" of life and the "Evening." In fine, Durand believed that in order to arrive at the point of understanding and knowing how to represent landscape it was necessary to draw from the cast and from life with the utmost will and the utmost industry and sedulously avoid the shortcuts to fame which are advertised as the education sufficient to the modern artist. His larger compositions in landscape are faithful to fact and yet strive to express larger and more spiritual ideas.

The Hudson River painters supplied the needs of an unpretending public, content with a quiet form of sentiment, rather alarmed at the unconventional and afraid of the violence of tragedy uncontrolled. It was a public that was self-conscious and hated to show emotion or even to acknowledge the passions to themselves. As a re-

lief it turned to humor and was not averse to having the humorists, from the gentle Washington Irving to Bill Nye and Artemus Ward make game of sentiment. Painting they approached from this self-consciousness, which was largely the result of a repressive form of religion descended from an earlier, bare, dour church that gave a grudging reception even to music.

Many of the artists assigned to the Hudson River School surpassed Durand in one way and another, in richness of color, in ability to paint foliage, in delicacy of atmospheric charm. Thomas Cole, whom Durand welcomed and aided when he drifted to New York, set a different pace after he brought out his imaginative series like the "Voyage of Life." Church with his "Heart of the Andes" and similar synthetic landscapes, Mount with his views of comic daily American life, Albert Bierstadt with his huge canvases of the Rock Mountains, George Inness with the splendid landscapes of his early days caught the public attention after a fashion that Durand never attained. Yet, with the possible exception of Inness, it may be that in the long run this originator and life-long fosterer of an American school of landscapists will occupy a higher niche than any. As to the school itself, after suffering the usual term of disparagement at the hands of artists and critics eager for new views and a new technique more in harmony with changes of social intercourse and scientific and religious aspects, its sterling merits are becoming apparent again and what remains of its output is taking on greater value. Its gravity and modest beauty are being realized to-day better than in its prime. There is reason to believe that the slight tinge of disparagement if not contempt that once clung to the term "Hudson River School" will disappear under the realization that these were artists of high endeavor who wrought things of beauty under uncommon difficulties in a community that did not esteem them at their true worth, although they were the salt and savor of their day and for all time.

Nothing can exceed the stupidity of the slap-dash painters, the stunts in pigment, the silly captives following the charlatan car of the anarchistic "modernists" who have been speaking lightly of the Hudson River School of Painters, in view of the fact that every one of the ten pictures of which we give reproductions here is a masterpiece and that when Benjamin Constant, the French painter, was here some years ago he said, in substance, that there is no greater school of landscape painting than our own truly original and essentially American school, the glories of which impressed him profoundly.

Let us therefore be proud of our native American school and proclaim the fact that not only are their works truly American but a honor to their country.

AT OUR REQUEST MR. JOHN GELLATLY, WHO KINDLY LENT US HIS "GLORIA" AND "THE MUSICIAN,"
FURNISHED US WITH THE FOLLOWING APPRECIATION OF MR. DEWING'S WORK

"GLORIA" AND "THE MUSICIAN" BY THOMAS W. DEWING

(See colored frontispiece and page 189)

A WATER-COLOR, a water-color that won no prize in a Prang Christmas card competition—is there an American painter less likely to be suggested by such a contest than Dewing? Yet a Dewing is what this water-color reproduced as our frontispiece is—one of the four which are all he has ever done in this medium. It dates, so the records tell us, from 1884, and its more general date is youth. There is youth in its generous memory, almost a worshiping memory of the Botticelli frescoes in the Louvre; youth, too, in the key of color, in the higher tone bright and spring-like which he was trying here before he discovered, much later, his true autumnal self.

But the youth is special; it is youth with a difference. Although this picture "Gloria" may in comparison with his later work appear at first to approach prettiness, yet a second glance reveals it approaching only to stop short, saved from prettiness as from softness by the swiftness and delicate certainty of the lines of the haloes, by the precision with delicacy of the flowers and harps, by crispness of the wing feathers, by a sensitiveness which perceives with exactness differences in tactile values. Even in 1884, almost thirty-five years ago, Dewing could paint with sure dexterity the difference between the curve of a feather's edge and the softer curve of a petal, could make harp strings so incisive and sharp that we knew their music would be of the clearest. How could a picture be pretty in which the curves so tend to and search for the straight line? When he was painting these four girl-angels in their radiance, with their unconventional thinking faces, he cared for the flat planes of their arms, he cared for bone structure and length of line, he was already in love with the distinction of restraint.

Curious, to any one who cares to see here the likenesses and unlikenesses to later Dewings, is the degree to which he has filled this picture, where nearly every inch is occupied, where there is barely room for an occasional bit of dim, night-blue sky. Curious, too, the success with which he has filled it, so as to achieve an effect, to leave an impression of stillness. Most curious and interesting, that the young painter who knew so well how to fill without crowding should have become the maturer master who holds and charms us with his later emptier spaces, as necessary to his picture, as organic and structural, as the woman, the chair, the musical instrument.

Love of these spaces informs the other picture "The Musician" reproduced here. In this late Dewing, painted not long ago, one could dust under the violoncello, one could walk between this seated figure and the wall, unless, to be sure, one were afraid of obtruding himself into the shimmering atmosphere of this Dewing room. For who could help looking inelegant, unchosen, beside the figure of this woman, drooped on her hard New England chair in what Dewing reveals to us as a special grace of fatigue? Her shoulder drops from the pit of the neck; her hands fall tired; her knees welcome the relief of having no longer to press the violoncello between them, while she is still thinking of the music, still uplifted. Dewing's desire here to avoid all the known poses of grace, like his constant desire to steer clear of the obviously beautiful, of the first-comer's loveliness, is satisfied always by what he actually sees in nature. Outside nature his dislike of her popularity and facility never takes him. What his avoidances and impatiences have led him to seek in nature more and more is something which no one else has found, a grace of sparseness, an ascetic eloquence, an astringent loveliness which are Dewing's own. If his art were speech, its charm would flower in "lovely words." Is it this respect for nature, or is it a preference deeper still, which compels him, although his finish is not so close as when he painted "Gloria," although his handling is looser and free, never to leave anything unfinished? Thayer will leave places unfinished purposely, consciously, depending on the help he knows he shall get from the right spectators. Dewing never does. By the law of his own art he shirks nothing, slights nothing, never relies on giving anything a fragmentary, ruined look.

In "The Musician" you see his aims and his affections, which are never opposed, always in harmony, always working together, always forming one whole. How he aims at absolute truth of values, how he loves the line that gets lost in shadow and atmosphere—only to be found again, sharp as nature, in light! Were all his other pictures destroyed "The Musician" would still tell us of a painter whose irregularities are not irregularities but hidden curves, whose dislike of sweetness and obvious rhythm led him to give us subtlety in their stead, and who loved austerity as one loves a person.

Ezra Tharp





Painted by John Gellatly, Esq.

"THE MUSICIAN"

(See page 188)

BARNARD'S "LINCOLN" ONCE MORE

A chief duty of the good citizen is to be angry when anger is called for, and to express his anger by deeds.

James Bryce

WE have been asked by so many to keep up our fight against the project of sending replicas of the "Lincoln" by Mr. Barnard to London and Paris that in this number a phase of this matter is to be considered that has not been touched upon before.

Acting on the spirit of the above wise injunction of Mr. Bryce, the great statesman and historian, we have attacked only such works of art as were morally or intellectually degenerate and therefore socially dangerous; and we have classed Mr. Barnard's "Lincoln" among the intellectually degenerate works of art. That no mistake was made in this is proven by the fact that the statue is approved by a number of the neurotic, anarchistic Bolshevik "artists," denizens of the "modernistic" art camp and fabricators of "cube-istic," "vortex-istic" and "future-istic" degenerate art creations, men who, like fools that rush in "where angels fear to tread" are now plunging into the public press and in order to defend this statue with the most childish prattle imaginable. This responding to the statue's appeal by these perverted devotees of the cult of degenerate art—all of whom hate sane art—is proof that the statue is also degenerate art. For "Like responds to like" and "Birds of a feather flock together!" as Dundreary said.

Therefore the public should remember the remark of Emerson: "It makes all the difference in the world in the force of a sentence whether there is a man back of it or not" and the other remark of Robert Louis Stevenson: "The value of an opinion depends upon who utters it!"

Instead of following photographs and in addition going to Illinois—Lincoln's real home state—to choose a sturdy farmer as a model of a pioneer such as Lincoln was, Mr. Barnard went to Kentucky because Lincoln happened to have been born there and chose a descendant of the outcasts and criminals who were forced into the mountains of Kentucky early in the 19th century and devoluted into what is known as degenerate "white-trash." Being seemingly a victim of that spiritual infirmity called "patheticism" a sickness rooted in a fallacy and quite prevalent to-day, one that makes its victims shed tears upon any or no occasion at all, he seems to have fallen down and worshiped the six-foot four-inch rail-splitter he found there like a Hindu peasant prostrating himself before a fakir. Said he to himself: "Here is the real Lincoln! I will copy him and immortalize him in bronze!" forgetting that Lincoln's father and mother did not belong to the white-trash but were really from Virginia stock passing through Kentucky on their way to Illinois.

This sentimental fallacy: that Lincoln needs our tears instead of our stern admiration, has assumed a pathological aspect and has led a number of men in the literary and plastic arts astray, all because young Lincoln had some "bad quarters of an hour," to quote Balzac, and was later the author of the Gettysburg Address and the Letter to Mrs. Bixby which rightfully have brought tears to many. But this *pathos* has reached the point of spiritual flab-

biness and if not checked will weaken the stern resolve and sense of self-preservation of the American people. Proof is the lacrimose grunting for "peace" almost at any price when a blind man can see no peace is possible. Increase of this leprosy of the soul is far more dangerous and to be feared than the open advocacy by jingo fighters of a program of "blood and iron." Tears over Lincoln are absurd, even though he was harassed, as every President has been, and at last foully assassinated. Absurd? Because in reality he was a stern fighter, a conqueror over neurotic tendencies and false Christianity, but filled with virile love of his fellows which made him humorously condole with and pardon their weaknesses without ever himself becoming a weeping willow. He was like Duroc, Napoleon's favorite, of whom he said: "I believe the fellow never shed a tear!"

Of course those who are aesthetically and politically blind cannot see the justice of our classification; so they flounder about in a fog of lacrimose admiration of Mr. Barnard's consummate Statue of a Hobo because their mental and aesthetic myopia causes them to think it is a fine statue of Lincoln. And their paucity of political sense prevents them from visualizing the social damage that will be occasioned by the erection in London, Paris and Petrograd of this degrading and therefore pernicious symbol of democracy. Blinded by their fanatical devotion to the delusion that Lincoln should not be shown as he really was—a shrewd but wise conquering statesman and great President of the United States—but as a weak-kneed and woeiful "soul," and dreaming that this is the "real Lincoln" because Mr. Barnard said so, they are fast approaching the point where they are losing all sense of proportion and consideration for others and even honesty.

Instead of frankly recognizing the fact that opinions are bitterly divided on the subject of this statue, which is supposed to be a testimonial to a country of peace, they fail to see that, *for that very reason*, under no plea whatsoever, should this statue now be erected abroad even though it may be on its way over there. For it is certain to be a source of bitter strife between our citizens. And yet they are preparing to force it upon the people of four great nations! Why? Evidently to "save their face" as the Chinese say and to help themselves out of the hole into which they fell—because they failed to call in competent advice before committing themselves and the country to a project that spells only humiliation for all concerned.

But nothing is settled until it is settled right. We began our attack upon the Barnard "Lincoln" by calling it a mistake in bronze; thanks to the foolish efforts of those who are still trying to foist it on England, France and Russia, there is always a possibility of its becoming a crime in bronze.

Society engenders regularly a certain number of persons who early in life find they can cleverly model a foot or paint a flower. Their delighted friends may say "How clever! Why, he is an artist!" and they urge these "prodigies" on, and these, alas, often rush into the world of art when they should enter a railroad company or a shipyard.

Misled by a notion largely prevalent among certain artists that cleverness constitutes greatness in art, they struggle to become clever finger-workmen, either in sculpture or painting. They learn only too late the truth of what Goethe said: "Clever men are good, but not the best." And the remark of Amiel: "Cleverness is useful in everything—sufficient for nothing!" Goethe's remark that "clever men are good" indicates that sane men always admire cleverness. But the clever men must learn that cleverness after all is inferior to greatness. Being applauded for their cleverness, even by those who secretly hope that this cleverness is only a stepping-stone to greatness, these clever young men—above all if they are weak morally and devotees of pleasure and so find the need of money ever pressing—do not aim to acquire profound culture and always remain intellectually second-class. Later, when their student days are over, needing money more and more and finding that self-advertisement "puts them on the map," they resort to all kinds of charlatan tricks to impress the world that they have "genius" and are able to do great public monuments and mural decorations, for which, however, they are absolutely unfit.

These men never learn—and the public is only beginning to see the truth—that great portrait making, whether in stone, paint or words, is an art by itself. It requires a mental grasp, a capacity for synthesis, and a penetration into character utterly beyond the average clever finger-workman. For example: One of the cleverest decorative "modelers" in this country who has been often employed by many better-thinking sculptors than himself "rushed in" to make a portrait statue. He cut the current price in two, obtained a commission for a soldiers' monument, composed the statue in a model and called in a rival but friendly sculptor—a really thinking artist—when the latter said to him: "Old chap! Your technique is stunning but your composition is childish! You put the sword of your soldier so far back, it hangs so low, that it looks like a huge tail between the man's legs and makes your soldier look like a monkey!"

"Gosh!" said he, "that did not occur to me at all!" The poor fellow thought it was "grand!"

Now suppose his rival had been cynical and jealous of the clever surface-modeling of his friend and, in order to really crush him, had said: "George, your composition is bulky! Go ahead on that tack, it will make a fine statue!" and suppose the young man had gone ahead? He would have destroyed himself by making a statue which would have brought upon him the ridicule of all clear-thinking men. But with kindly feeling, the older and more brainy sculptor told the young man what to do. Having been conquered by the soundness of judgment of his rival, he did what he was told to do and made a successful statue—not because it was cleverly modeled on the surface, but because it was properly conceived and composed.

Another point: Even the greatest artists make egregious blunders now and then, verifying Napoleon's "The greatest of us are children more than once a day!" Example: perhaps the finest equestrian statue in the United States is the "Washington" in Union Square, New York, by H. K. Brown. But across the square is the statue of Lincoln, also by Brown, and that is perhaps the worst Lincoln the country had—before the advent of Barnard's. Here we have the best and worst work of Brown on one square in New York.

It is well known that the great sculptor Mercié made a model for the statue of Robt. E. Lee at Richmond, Va., which the committee was forced to reject because it was so untrue to the *leading characteristics* of General Lee as to be ridiculous—although it was beautifully modeled. In this case the conception was absurd. Later he made a more truthful conception and it was accepted.

We could name a sculptor of this city who, at one time, was a sober citizen, but gradually became a mere animal. He was one of the cleverest decorative sculptors, but he ventured into the field of portrait statuary and made a statue of a national character which every one recognized as a dire failure. He was utterly unfit intellectually and spiritually to undertake that work but, because he was a clever decorator, he and his friends imagined he could also make a fine portrait statue. We could mention a score of similar cases in this country and abroad. These facts account for the creation of so many mediocre monuments and mural decorations in this and other countries which are often mere crimes in bronze and paint.

So it is evident that it is not every sculptor who can give us the great head of "Cæsar" of the National Gallery in London, the wonderful "Moses" in Rome by Michelangelo or the marvelous "Voltaire" in Paris by Houdon, and that it takes a great artist in a great mood—and only when greatly emotioned by the subject—to make a great portrait statue. In fact many decorative artists regards the making of a portrait a mere chance to make a "pot-boiler" or a pretext to parade their clever "technique," and so defend their caricatures as "Art."

As to Mr. Barnard's *conception* of Lincoln's personality: the promoters of this statue say "Lincoln became gnarled and bent from hard labor." This is a grotesque error, as a hundred different photographs from 1858 down prove. Mr. MacMonnies, a clever sculptor, is quoted as having said: "I always think of Lincoln as a *stupendous laborer*."

The error of this remark is proven by these facts: Lincoln was born in 1809, became a lawyer when twenty-two years of age and in 1834 was, as such, elected to the Illinois Legislature when he was only twenty-five years old. As he remained a lawyer he never again did another day's work of rough manual labor in all his life, as far as we know. That is to say: at twenty-five he had already entered the ranks of the philosophic thinkers and governing lawmakers and in their ranks he always stayed and the hardest labor he did in all his life, after twenty-five years of age, was the labor of thinking! How then can any man regard him as

"a stupendous laborer"—as the word is commonly used?

Mr. Albert Smith, who kindly gave us permission to publish in our last issue his letter of protest, informs us that as a youth he knew Lincoln well and often supplied him with good apples, of which Lincoln was very fond and which he would eat at any time. Why not represent him as "The Illinois Apple Eater," or as "The Sangamon Venus Allured by an Apple"?

On pages 198 and 199 we give the only known eight photographs of Lincoln that show him in a standing position. Reader, examine them carefully, especially No. 20, showing him as he appeared at the time of the Cooper Union speech, February 1860, when he was fifty-one years old. Note the extremely graceful, almost feminine hands, not those of a laborer but of that artist-poet which Lincoln really was and one of the greatest America has produced. Notice the hands in all the other photographs. Observe how small they are in proportion to the body. Note above all the *intellectual cast* of the whole body and head. Is it not grotesque to call this the figure of "a stupendous laborer"?

To offset Mr. MacMonnies's incomprehensible approval of the Barnard figure, Mr. Paul W. Bartlett strongly protests against it, and certainly Mr. Bartlett is regarded by the majority of sculptors an artist as clever as Mr. MacMonnies.

But even if it were true that Lincoln had been a "stupendous laborer" up to 1861 when he became President, even then it would be a crime against the American people to represent him as such—since he became later the greatest President the country has had since Washington, and above all in a statue to be offered as a gift *in the name of the American people* to the people of England and France. As Carlyle aptly says: "Wilt thou know a man by stringing together bead-rolls of what thou namest facts? No! The man is the spirit he worked in, not what he did *but what he became!*" Not what he once did but what he became should be the key-note of a great international statue of Lincoln!

Lincoln was a conqueror as postman, grocery-clerk, flat-boat pusher; as rail-splitter, surveyor, captain in the Black Hawk War, and as debater in the campaign against Douglas. He conquered the first hostile crowd he ever faced at Peterburg, Illinois; he conquered the audience in the Cooper Union in New York which at first was cold toward him, and finally he conquered his entire cabinet—Seward, Chase, Stanton—and even the copperhead delegations who in 1863-64 came to him whining for peace at any price. In fact, he conquered his epoch! All the photographs ever taken of Lincoln have in them that something, that gleam of the conqueror, in the eyes and firm set of the jaws. How did he conquer? Read the following from Henry B. Rankin's extremely interesting "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln":

The Fremont-Buchanan-Fillmore campaign of 1856 was, by far, a more bitterly contested Presidential election in central Illinois than any during my past fifty years. The posters and hand-bills announcing the date when Lincoln would speak in Petersburg had been repeatedly torn down

and as often put up again. The event and the speaker thus became all the more thoroughly advertised. At length, on a beautiful day in the last of October 1856, Lincoln arrived in Petersburg by stage-coach, an hour or two after its schedule time.

No voice for Fremont rang out through the crisp air to cheer the coming orator. Lincoln could hardly have had less political sympathy that day if he had entered Charleston or Richmond for that purpose.

For a time it looked as if the meeting would be delayed or broken up. Rude fellows of the rowdy sort had boasted "No d—d abolition campaign." Had any other Republican than Lincoln stood before those Menard people, he would not have been heard. Several rushes toward the colors and banners were made, with the evident purpose of tearing them down. Cat-calls, whistles and tin horns added to the din. Shouts of "Abolitionist," "Nigger Equality" with snatches of obscene ballads and campaign songs, made a bedlam of the court-house yard and the surrounding public square. At intervals, and shrill above all such sounds, came the conflicting huzzas for Buchanan and equally loud shouts for Fillmore. No slogans for the Republican standard-bearer Fremont came from the excited crowd of voters.

At length, after no little jostle and buffeting, the committee (half a dozen or so) bearing the flag and streamer, appeared and mounted the platform with Lincoln's tall form towering as before a head and shoulders above the throng that pressed him.

The political atmosphere was decidedly warm in Petersburg that day. Political differences were then far more bitter and personal than now.

The orator surveyed the scene in silence. Nearly half an hour passed. He stood there all that while motionless as a statue. The only change I noticed was that at times he folded both arms across his chest, then releasing them, one hand clasped the lapel of his coat and the other arm hung by his side, the hand of that opening and then clutching, in, apparently, unconscious aggressiveness. These were the only movements of Lincoln visible to those who stood close by him. Then a partial hush came, and he began in his lowest out-door voice to address the assembly, which he thoroughly understood. Gradually the tumult near him grew less, then a desire to know what he was saying changed to shouts of "Louder, louder!" He paused a brief moment—turned from right to left in a masterful glance over the excited people around the platform—and then raised his long left arm above his head, moving slowly his hand up and down, as if for the first time asking silence. He had won a possible chance to be heard. Could he maintain it? He resumed speaking. Gradually came a silence of all voices but the speaker's, and that arose clear and resonant, easily heard throughout the court-house square. That voice and masterful presence demanded, even commanded, the hearing that awaited him. In less than half an hour he was master, and for more than two hours he held the mastery over what had been the most turbulent of audiences.

Mr. Rankin strongly protests against the statue.

That the committee which has sponsored this Barnard "Lincoln" proposed to present it in the name of the American people, and that it is not a private affair, is proved by the following:

From *The Sun*, New York, August 12, 1917

LINCOLN STATUE GIFT DEFINED

COMMITTEE SAYS FRANCE IS FIGHTING OUR BATTLE

The committee which will present to France the statue of Abraham Lincoln, to be erected in Paris, issued a statement yesterday defining the motives for the gift.

"The committee believes" said the statement "that France to-day is fighting for the democracy of the world; she is fighting our battle. In appreciation of the gallant spirit of the French people America presents this statue of Abraham Lincoln, who was more than any other man the truest representation of western democracy."

Here followed, in the article, the names of the members of the committee which it is now charitable to suppress.

We have a score of letters from people still living who knew Lincoln and met him often during many years and they protest against the "Lincoln" of Mr. Barnard in unmeasured terms. We cannot print them all. We print only three in addition to those given in the November issue. All are from men who knew Lincoln or who have been close students of him and his career and have the largest collection of "Lincolnia" in the country.

Letter from Mr. Gilbert A. Tracy, offered for publication by Mr. Judd Stewart, a collector of Lincolnia.

Putnam, Conn., October 21, 1917

MR. JUDD STEWART
120 Broadway, New York
My dear Mr. Stewart:

I have been delayed, by entertaining guests, from acknowledging your interesting letter to Geo. T. Wilson. I did not know that *anybody*, except myself regarded Barnard's Lincoln a monstrosity, a heinous effigy and caricature.

I knew President Lincoln very well, saw him often and admired and loved him, and Barnard's monstrosity is more like a *repulsive, huge satyr* than a human being and especially like our noble Lincoln. Barnard's hideous effigy is *professedly absurd*. I declare from the depths of my heart that I hope there *never will be a copy or duplicate* made from Barnard's *utter failure*, as he had not a shadow of an idea of Lincoln's personality; his burlesque figure lacks all the characteristics of the remarkable Lincoln; all the *grace, majesty and comeliness* that belong to his unique and noble personality. I will do what I can to prevent an insult to other people than our own.

My volume of Lincoln letters is in the last stages of publication; hence, you may look out soon for the infliction of a copy of the limited edition after I receive a lot. I have an advanced copy of the regular edition and am most pleased with it; yes, de-lighted, as Roosevelt would say, and I hope you will be.

Yours in good fellowship
(Signed) GILBERT A. TRACY

From Mr. Charles Henry Hart, author and collector of Lincolnia:

970 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK.
October 27, 1917

F. W. RUCKSTILL, Esq.
THE ART WORLD

Dear Sir:

I trust you will pardon a stranger at this late day expressing to you his appreciation of the stand you have taken against Barnard's statue called "LINCOLN." I have been a student of Mr. Lincoln ever since his assassination at which time I began the collection of those items that five years later furnished the data for my *Bibliographia Lincolniensis*, which was prefaced by an introduction that formed the basis of my *Abraham Lincoln's Place in History*, an address I delivered before the Grollier Club of this city at the opening of its exhibition of portraits of Lincoln in April 1899, to the catalogue of which collection I wrote a foreword on *Lincoln Iconography*. All this is merely to show you that the subject is not new to me but one to which I have given close attention and much serious thought. When a mere lad at the Sanitary Fair in Philadelphia I saw Mr. Lincoln and had the honor of his addressing me a few words and his appearance is before me to-day as clear as it was then. With my feeling for and knowledge of the man I was shocked when I saw Barnard's grotesque travesty of the greatest American, a title that belongs to Lincoln because Washington was a Briton and until Lincoln came Franklin was our true type of an American. I hope your efforts supporting those of Mr. Robert Lincoln, who certainly should be listened to with marked attention and respect, may be successful in stopping Barnard's atrociously bad statue from being erected anywhere in this country or abroad, as, iconographically, historically and artistically, it is unworthy of honor or preservation and is as discreditable to the workman who made it as it is to the immortal character it derides. It appears to me from its shambling, gimbal-jawed pose that Mr. Barnard must have been his own model, which would account for his Narcissus-like love for his work.

Of course it goes without saying that St. Gaudens's statue is the only real Lincoln monument.

Faithfully

(Signed) CHAS. HENRY HART

From Mr. Johnson Brigham:

LIBRARIAN, IOWA STATE LIBRARY, DES MOINES
August 15, 1917

EDITOR THE ART WORLD
New York City

Dear Sir:

In the controversy over Barnard's "Lincoln" a layman's judgment may not count, but I can at least commend *The Art World* for its plain-spokenness on the subject. I was a resident of Washington in 1864-65 and, though not yet of age, was deeply interested in public questions and public men. I saw President Lincoln frequently during the summer of 1861. I count it my good fortune to have heard him deliver his famous Second Inaugural address. I was also one of a throng of youths and young men who welcomed him back from the front a few weeks later, and was one of several thousand who heard his last public address delivered from the historic east window of the White House. These references are made simply to show you that at an impressionable age I must have received a vivid impression of the man Lincoln whose personal appearance is in question.

But what shall I say of Barnard's attempt to reproduce the face and figure of our national hero? When I first saw the newspaper cuts of it, I was indignant that they should have caricatured the work of a great sculptor; but on seeing the copyrighted and well-printed engraving in *THE ART WORLD* I recalled the blurred newspaper print as less objectionable! In the face of Barnard's "Lincoln" I find scarcely a trace of "the kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man" whom Lowell and many another saw. In it I see not even the faintest trace of the mystic, whose thoughtful countenance I eagerly studied as, in the early evenings of the summer of '64, I frequently rode past him on his way to the Soldiers' Home. Nor can I find even a suggestion of the exaltation with which, in his Second Inaugural, he repeated, from memory, the solemn words "Yet still it must be said, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether!" And the figure—the pose! While the real Lincoln as I saw him was in no sense statuesque, he ever bore himself with an unaffected dignity, slightly magnified by St. Gaudens, but wholly lacking in Barnard's sorry caricature.

Respectfully,
(Signed) JOHNSON BRIGHAM

We have either personal or newspaper letters from the following people who knew Lincoln well and protest strongly against the statue.

Mr. Henry B. Rankin, Springfield, Ill.
Mr. Clinton L. Conkling, Springfield, Ill.
Mr. John W. Bunn, Springfield, Ill.
Mr. George C. Latham, Springfield, Ill.
Mr. Joseph D. Roper, Springfield, Ill.
Mrs. B. H. Ferguson, Springfield, Ill.
Hon. Joseph H. Choate, New York City.
Mrs. Daniel Folger Bigelow, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. George H. Story, New York City.
Mr. H. N. Higginbotham.
Colonel Clinton H. Menely, Leg., N. Y.
M. V. N. C., in *New York Times*.
Robert Brewster Stanton.
Mrs. A. L. Edmonds, Curator Lincoln Homestead, Ky.
And finally, Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, Washington, D. C.

These condemn the Barnard statue in unsparring terms as a gross caricature. Our readers will also find a strong statement from F. H. Meserve of New York, the well-known collector of Lincolnia, on page 200.

In our last number we gave the names of thirty-eight leading artists of the country strongly protesting against the erection of this statue abroad.

That the project of this scheme may resort to any trickery that can be used to trekk this statue over to Europe, and that we be feared from the fact that they have already secured a number of untrue

and tricky statements and insinuations. And why this suspicious silence of the A. P. C. Committee? Why does it hide the statue? Why print one photograph of the statue and others of a bust with a different face—tearful enough it is true—but better than the one on the statue? and thus lead the public to think the face on the statue, when looked at closely, is not so bad? Why does the Committee refuse to let the public see the statue?

Why do the protagonists of this whole movement attack the editor of *THE ART WORLD* and then—side-step the real issue in their attacks? These are pertinent questions.

The committee having this matter in charge is also asked to publish the numerous letters of protest that, as we are informed, were sent to it. And we counsel the committee to submit this statue to the decision of the following societies of New York: National Commission of Fine Arts, sitting in Washington; American Academy of Arts and Letters, National Institute of Arts and Letters, National Sculpture Society, National Academy of Design, National Arts Club, the Union League Club and the Lotos Club. Have they the courage to accept this challenge?

Now, since the country is divided in regard to this matter it is imperative that the statue should not be set up in London under any plea whatsoever, even though a replica of the Saint-Gaudens statue is set up—as a sop to the protestors—as Mr. Perrier mistakenly suggests. For a dozen masterpieces will not lessen the odium that would eternally radiate over the memory of Lincoln from this one Barnard libel, and which would everlastingly cast its weird and accusing glance at our people for their indifference in allowing this unfortunate creation to be erected in their name. It would be an eternal source of discord. Even if Barnard's figure were a jewel of the modeler's art the composition remaining what it is it would be good statemanship not to erect it anywhere in order to avoid civic quarrels, above all in Europe, where Americans will congregate after the war.

At the moment of going to press we received the following:

PROTEST FROM THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

November 13, 1917

To the Editor of *THE ART WORLD*:

Dear Sir—The following resolution was adopted

at the meeting of the Council of the National Academy of Design, held on Monday, November 12, 1917:

Whereas, the impression prevails that the replicas offered to France and England of a statue of Lincoln by George Gray Barnard in Cincinnati are being offered as gifts from the people of America, presumably with the approval of the artists and art organizations of the country, therefore,

Resolved, that the Council of the National Academy of Design hereby asserts that there has been no approval of this statue on the part of the National Academy as a body, and further that the members of this Council as here assembled do not consider that the statue adequately portrays Lincoln. In a work of this kind all must agree that character and likeness are essentials. But to us this presentation does not convey the recognized characteristics of Lincoln. In it we are unable to discern evidence of his genius or humor or any of those lofty qualities which are invariably associated with his great name.

HARRY W. WATROUS
Secretary

In regard to the above the *New York Times* of November 14 made the following observation:

The action of the Council was unanimous. These eight of the eleven members were present: Howard Russell Butler, Harry W. Watrous, Charles C. Curran, Francis C. Jones, Elliott Daingerfield, Colin Campbell Cooper, Douglas Volk, E. Irving Couse.

Mr. Watrous, corresponding secretary of the Academy and member of the Council, said last night that he believed Herbert Adams, president of the Council, who was absent, already had recorded his disapproval.

Though the action of the Council does not require ratification, Mr. Watrous said it was not unlikely that the subject would be brought before the Academy at its meeting in December. If so, he said he felt sure from his knowledge of the sentiment of the members that the sculpture would be condemned overwhelmingly by the painters, sculptors and architects who comprise its membership. "A very great majority of them," he said, "disapprove the work most heartily. To me the thing is abominable. It suggests nothing so much as man suffering the agony of intestinal pain and nursing his abdomen in consequence."

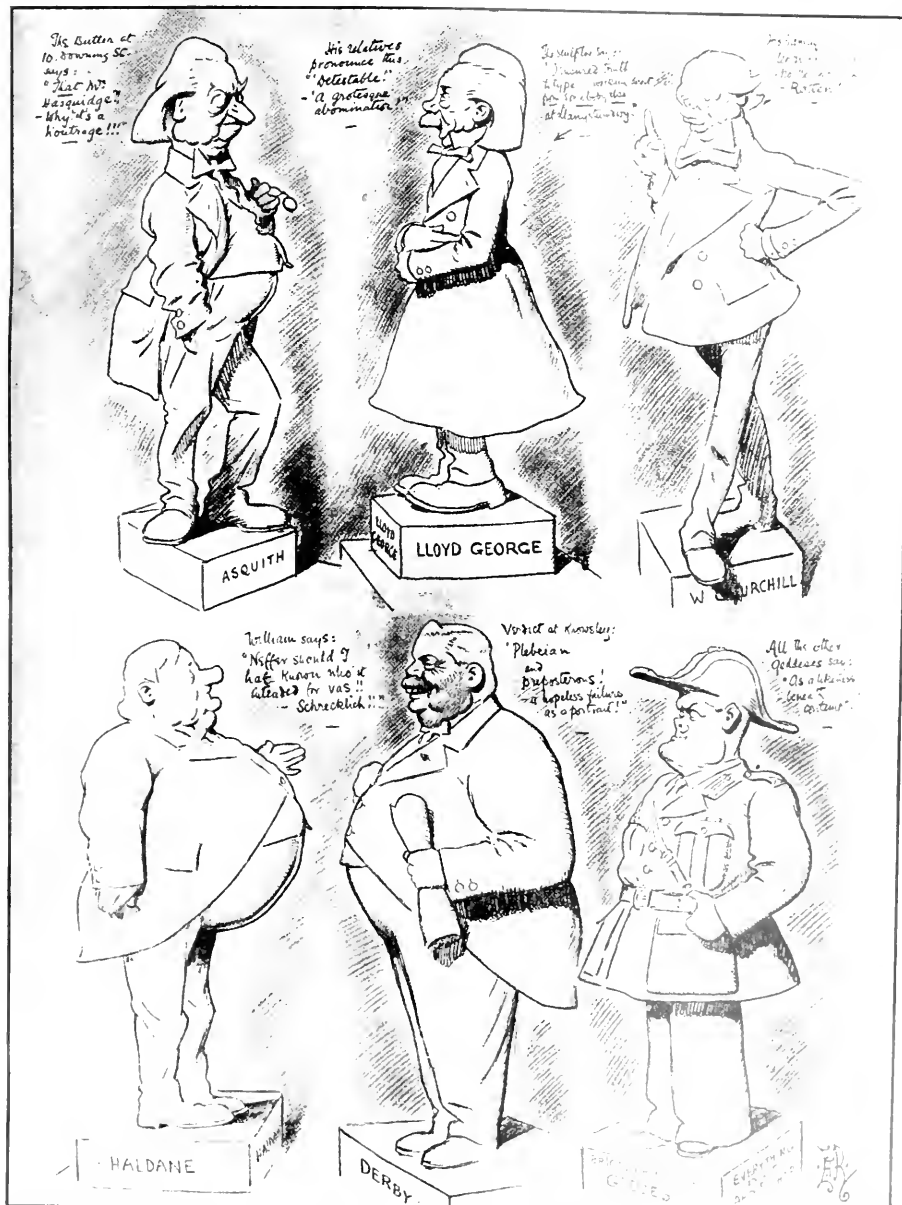
THE EFFECT ON CARICATURE OF THE LINCOLN CONTROVERSY

(See pages 195 and 196)

As the promoters of Barnard's "Lincoln" flouted the wishes of the family of Lincoln and treated with contempt the appeal of Lincoln's son to Ex-President Taft that this statue should not be erected, the *Bystander*, of London, of October 10, 1917, published a full-page comment which speaks for itself and which we reproduce here. We also reproduce on page 196 some caricatures called forth in America and published in *Life* of October 18, 1917.

From the London "Bystander" of October 10, 1917

WHY NOT BE GETTING A FEW BRITISH STATUES READY



FOR PRESENTATION TO THOSE OF OUR ALLIES WHO MAY WISH TO PERPETRATE THE POLITICAL CRIME OF BEING IN THE FRONT OF THE LINE. (A CORRECT PORTRAITURE IN STATUES APPEARS IN SOME CASES TO BE THE ONLY WAY OF OBTAINING THE OPINION OF RELATIVES AT A DISCOUNT. WE HAVE ENGAGED A SCULPTOR WHO WILL BE ABLE TO PRODUCE A STATUE OF ANY OF OUR LEADERS AT ANY RATE.)



Copyright Life Publishing Co.

IF MORE OF OUR PUBLIC STATUES WERE MODELED IN THE MANNER OF BARNARD'S "LINCOLN"

From "Life" of October 18, 1917



Copyright by the Life Publishing Co.
BARNARD'S "LINCOLN"

LETTER FROM MR. JUDD STEWART

THE following letter comes from Mr. Stewart, who, unsolicited by us, sent us, some weeks ago, a strong letter of protest against the "Lincoln." He is one of the best-known students of Lincoln and collector of Lincolniana in the country:

New York, November 9th, 1917

MY DEAR MR. RECKSTUEHL:

In their issue of January 6th the *Literary Digest* published an article rather unfavorable to Barnard's Lincoln statue. In the February 10th issue they made a sort of a retraction and in justification of their approval of the Barnard caricature they published a "photograph" of President Lincoln showing him with hands crossed on his stomach. This "photograph" was new to me, and I wrote the *Digest* asking where they obtained it. My letter was dated about February 14th and resulted in my receiving the following letter from Truman H. Bartlett of Boston (author of "The Portraits of Lincoln," Houghton, Mifflin & Co.):

"February 17, 1917

"MR. JUDD STEWART:

"Dear Sir—The *Literary Digest* has sent me your letter of inquiry about the contemporary photograph which appeared in the *L. D.* I sent to the *L. D.* some photographs and an article to show that there was a difference of opinion and of fact in regard to how Lincoln looked as opposed to Barnard's object. The photograph (published by *Digest*) is from a painting of L. life size, made in Boston by the late Wm. M. Hunt, soon after the assassination. Pendle, one of L.'s guards was sent to the artist with his master's clothes, and wore them in the pose he thought L. stood often. The painting was burned in the Boston fire and it was by the merest chance that I found the negative in the refuse box of the photographer who made it, after Hunt's death.

Truly yours

T. H. BARTLETT"

I wrote the *Literary Digest* calling their attention to their mistake in calling this a photograph of Lincoln, when it was really a photograph of a painting by a man who never saw President Lincoln. In your June issue you, I note, reproduce this "photograph" by courtesy of the *Digest*. It is not a photograph of President Lincoln.

In their issue of October 13th the *Digest* published another article on "Quarreling Over Lincoln's Statue" and in this quoted Hon. Robt. T. Lincoln's letter of March 23d to Ex-President Taft. Immediately a campaign was started to arouse sentiment against the erection of the Barnard statue in London. Mr. Robert Lincoln's letter to Ex-President Taft gives in a considerate manner his feelings in the matter and quite naturally he could not protest further. He made no criticism of Cincinnati having the Barnard thing, but he was entirely justified in saying that the statue is grotesque as a likeness and that its erection in London would be a cause of great sorrow to himself.

I have since had Mr. Bartlett confirm to me the statement he made in the *Digest* when he sent them the photograph, as follows:

"November 5th, 1917

"DEAR MR. STEWART:

"In reply to your questions about the photographs sent to the *Literary Digest*, I wrote the *Digest* that the print of Hunt's picture was from a painting and I am quite sure that I told them that the painting was burned in the Boston fire; also that it was rare.

"The conduct of the *Digest* was not square. . . ."

Truly

T. H. BARTLETT"

So much for this fake photograph used to justify the position of Lincoln's hands in the Barnard statue.

In *The Christian Advocate*, October 25th, is an article by Olin Alfred Curtis "Another Notable Statue of Lincoln" in which he says with respect to the hands "In favor of this peculiar treatment it may be affirmed that the position of the hands was a Lincoln characteristic."

I have fifty photographs of President Lincoln in which the hands show; of these forty-two are photographs of him seated; thirty-three with hands separated; four with fingers touching; two with folded arms; three with hands clasped; eight photographs of him standing and of these five show hands at sides; two show hands behind his body; one shows left hand behind his body with right at his side.

Isn't it rather queer that the camera never caught President Lincoln in the "characteristic pose"—the one chosen by Barnard? As a matter of fact there is no justification whatever in any record for the treatment Barnard has given

President Lincoln's hands, nor for the outlandish size of the hands. The photograph taken in New York, February 25th, 1860, the day he delivered his Cooper Institute Speech, is a good illustration of how President Lincoln looked, how he stood, how he dressed and how he disposed of his hands. In this photograph is manliness, self-confidence, modesty, strength, character and the position of the left hand is really artistic.

I am still expecting the *Literary Digest* to correct its error. Their latest communication, October 26th, says my last letter has been handed to the Editor of Letters and Art Department, who is handling the topic (Barnard Statue).

In a letter from Mr. Jno. A. Stewart, Chairman of American Peace Centenary Committee, to whom I have been having letters of protest sent, he says that the Centenary Committee has acted only as an intermediary in conveying the offer of the Barnard Statue to Great Britain.

When I called Mr. Stewart's attention to Dr. Frank Crane's syndicated editorial in the *Globe* of October 25th, saying "a committee of reputable and intelligent citizens, desiring to present a statue of Abraham Lincoln to England, after carefully looking the field over, selected Geo. Gray Barnard's statue . . . as the most suitable type" and suggested that people reading this article would naturally believe Dr. Crane's statement about the Committee—he writes, that having acted only as an intermediary in placing the matter of the statue before the British Committee, and the British Committee having accepted the statue "it is a matter of honor with us to uphold them in whatever they care to do" and that the Peace Centenary Committee is willing to act again as intermediary if any one wishes to present a replica of the St. Gaudens statue to Great Britain.

When I called Dr. Crane's attention to his error he said he doesn't "care to pursue the Lincoln controversy further." So there you are.

I suggested to Mr. Stewart that even if he or the Committee were accused of acting discourteously to the donor, it seemed to me but proper that the Committee put on record its real opinion and position in the matter.

I have suggested to the Illinois State Historical Society and the Chicago Historical Society the propriety of a protest by these Societies. Although I have not heard from them directly (I requested that their protests be sent to Mr. Stewart, Chairman of the Peace Centenary Committee) clippings from Springfield and other papers mention replacing the Barnard statue with the one being made by O'Connor for the Centennial of the State of Illinois.

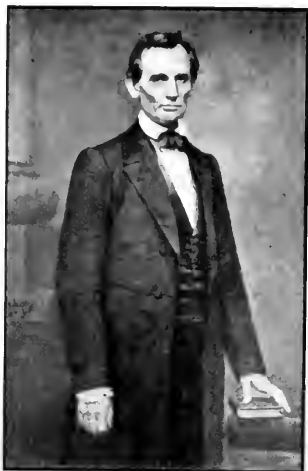
Barnard's attempt to justify his work by saying that he found the many photographs retouched and stippled over to "prettyify Lincoln"—"nearing Election, they feared his ugly lines might lose him the Presidency, so the lines were softened down," etc., etc.—only shows Barnard's lack of information.

Lincoln was never thought of as even a possible candidate for President until after February 1860, after his Cooper Institute Speech; in fact, East of the Alleghenys, up to four months before the nomination, he was only known as a stump speaker who had met Senator Douglas rather successfully. There was no need to touch up the photographs; he wasn't even thought of as Presidential timber. Mr. Barnard has been most unfortunate in his conception of the man and has committed a grievous error in portraying an immature weakling with atrocious hands and feet, a grotesque effigy; he may have copied his model who had split rails all his life, but Lincoln quit splitting rails at the age of twenty-two and no artistic liberties should be taken with the after strength and character of our Greatest American; his statue should represent no artist's dream, but should portray Lincoln in all his greatness and at the full tide of his greatness.

Mr. Barnard's statements as well as his statue indicate a lack of knowledge of the man and a false conception of his character.

May I quote from a letter just received from Hon. Isaac Campbell, K. C. of Winnipeg, Manitoba: a man who, although not an American, is a profound student of Lincoln:

"Barnard confessedly has taken some western man 6 ft. 4 in. in who was splitting rails for 10 years as his figure model, but the Lincoln of history is not a rail-splitter; he quit splitting rails at twenty-two, probably then he was quite as awkward, ungainly and with all the dreary dullness shown in the new statue; but between that and the tragic close there were thirty-four years of self knowledge and self-discipline. Terms in the State Legislature and Congress had intervened; family life had come to him and an arduous law practice. Thus had grown the mind that gave us the house divided against itself; then had followed the



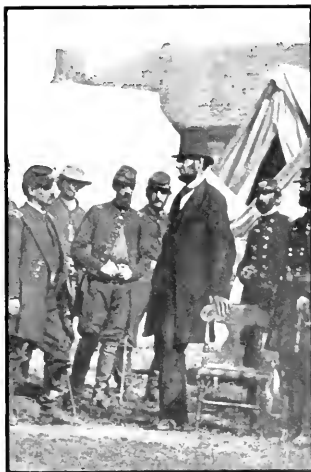
NO. 20. BY BRADY, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 27, 1860, KNOWN AS THE COOPER INSTITUTE PORTRAIT

Notice the almost feminine grace of the hands, the hands of an artist and not a laborer.



NO. 38. BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, 1861.

Note that throughout he was well-dressed and had square shoulders.



NO. H. BY BRADY, ANTIETAM, OCTOBER 2, 1862. GEN. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN AND OFFICERS AT HIS HEADQUARTERS

Notice the graceful fingers



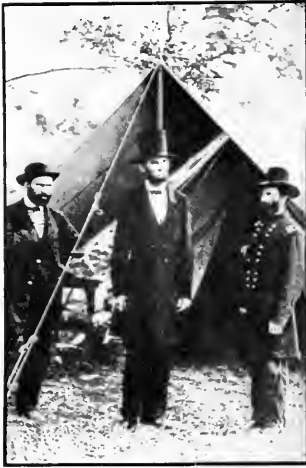
NO. 45. BY BRADY, ANTIETAM, OCTOBER 2, 1862. GEN. JOHN A. MCCLELLAN AND MAJ. ATLAS PINKERTON

Note how small the hands were.

THE LIFE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE

All the standing portraits of the 110

These photographs prove that Lincoln had a magnificent figure, perfect in proportion, small hands of feminine grace and small, slender feet—for a man of his height. They refute completely the Barnard libel in bronze.



NO. 46. BY BRADY, ANTIETAM, OCTOBER 2, 1862. GEN. JOHN A. MCCLELLAND AND MAJ. ALLAN PINKERTON



NO. 47. BY BRADY, ANTIETAM, OCTOBER 2, 1862. GEN. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN AND JOHN W. GARRETT, PRES. BALTIMORE & OHIO R. R.



NO. 105. BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON, 1863

[Original owned by Mr. R. Arthur Heller of Newark, N. J.]



NO. 76. BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, 1864

Note throughout a lack of full length.

STANDING FIGURE OF LINCOLN

photographic portraits known to Collectors

These photographs also show that Lincoln did not look like "a stupendous laborer," but rather like the poetic philosopher that he was. And they destroy the stupid myth—built up by his political enemies—that he was ugly, awkward and ungainly, above all that he was melancholy.

[from page 197]

debates with the Little Giant, the First and Second Inaugural, the Gettysburg Speech and the closing page of the December '62 message and many, many other things which prove growth and inspiration. The man who achieved these things may have still remained ungainly, but he had ceased to be awkward, ceased to fear comparison with other men, did not swagger, but ceased to care that he was not "beautiful." In short, he had grown from the Lincoln of Barnard to the Lincoln of St. Gaudens."

This is the fair criticism of a British subject who knows Lincoln as but few Americans know him, a man who appre-

ciates the manliness and the strength of this great figure of history, who has a keener appreciation of the qualities of Lincoln's greatness than was ever dreamed of by Barnard.

Let us have a statue of Lincoln in Parliament Square to stand forever in company with the statues of William the Conqueror and Oliver Cromwell, but let it represent

The kindly earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soul, the first American.

Yours very truly
JUD STUART

LETTER FROM MR. FREDERICK HILL MESERVE

New York, November 12, 1917

Editor THE ART WORLD:

In the discussion of the merits or demerits of Mr. Barnard's figure of Lincoln reference is repeatedly made to the photographs which do not seem to have helped the sculptor. So little apparently is known of the few photographs that show the figure of Lincoln at full length standing that it may be of interest to publish some of them.

Of the one hundred and ten different life photographs of Lincoln known to collectors only eight show the standing figure and of these only five show the entire figure. Seven were made by Brady, one in his New York studio, two in his Washington studio and four on the battlefield of Antietam, in the open. One was made in the Washington studio of Gardner who had been an assistant of Brady.

The New York photograph known as the Cooper Institute portrait, was made a year before Lincoln became President, and shows him with a smooth face. The other seven were of him as President and have the beard, which was allowed to grow early in 1861 and appears in every later photograph. The photographs shown on page 198 present the black coat reaching nearly to the knees. And in the Antietam series there is the tall hat with a wide mourning band; these are the only pictures of Lincoln with a hat. The photographs in some cases are faded or printed from negatives which are scratched and damaged, but enough remains to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The series of portraits I am sending you are in my "The Photographs of Abraham Lincoln," and all these portraits are in my collection.

Painters, sculptors and engravers who did not have the President as a sitter must use the life photographs or the result can only be an imaginary Lincoln. A comparison of the Barnard statue with the photographs of the standing Lincoln gives an impression that the sculptor has put the head of Lincoln the lawyer upon the body of a sick man. The photographs show a vigorous Lincoln, standing at ease, even though posing for pictures which were not made instantaneously as they are now.

The statue is in place in Cincinnati and is called "Lincoln." Lincoln's generation taught its sons and daughters to revere the qualities that led him to be so mighty a master of men, and our children will pass judgment on the written and unwritten history. But this monstrous caricature which purports to show how Lincoln looked to his contemporaries, when compared by reverent critics with the only life records, the photographs, shows only how he appeared in the fantastic mind of the sculptor who seems to have forgotten that life records existed, or else has studiously avoided their use lest he make a true Lincoln as some sculptors have done. The statue, it is true, has head, neck, body, legs, feet, hands—and is clothed—but not one of these necessary adjuncts to a perfect statue represents the Lincoln whose face and figure are wonderfully portrayed by the impartial camera.

Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, the son of the President, broke a consistent silence to assert that the Barnard statue does not properly represent his father. *This alone is reason enough to cause a change in the plan to erect a replica of the statue in London.*

It is Lincoln the President whose impressive figure should be perpetuated in order that all the world may see the image of the greatest American. All the photographs of him as President show him with the beard. Though Woodrow Wilson at Princeton wore side-whiskers, it would be a travesty to make a statue of President Wilson of the United States with side-whiskers, since as President he has not worn them.

Those who favor the proposed use of the Barnard statue and those who oppose it may possibly admire it as a clever example of the sculptor's art, but those who love the real Lincoln whose fame rests upon his surpassing labors during the last four years of his life, may rightly desire to see erected in London or Paris a life-like picture of Lincoln the President.

Yours very sincerely
FREDERICK HILL MESERVE

LETTER FROM M. HENRI BERGSON

In the May number the substance of a little address delivered by M. Henri Bergson was published, in which he expressed himself highly pleased with THE ART WORLD and its ideals. And in the September number appeared a portrait of M. Bergson and also a sonnet by Henry Tyrrell. The following has just been received; it is given in translation:

Paris 31 rue d'Erlanger
18 October 1917

DEAR MR. TYRRELL:

I must tell you of the pleasure I have had in finding in the September number of THE ART WORLD the fine comple-

ment of pages which you have been kind enough to devote to me! The portrait is remarkably well executed and does great honor to the photographer and engraver. And as to the sonnet—it has a rare artistic beauty while at the same time it includes a philosophy: I am very proud to have inspired it.

Will you transmit to Mr. Henry Tyrrell my thanks and my compliments?

I take advantage of this opportunity to express to you again the strong impression which THE ART WORLD has made on me. You and your collaborators, you have given a fine body to a fine thought, the idea of bringing back art to the highest of its forms.

Most devotedly yours
H. BERGSON



SPECIAL ARTICLES

LITERARY NAPLES BEFORE THE WAR

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

MOST American travelers to Italy do not cross the Alps by the Brenner Pass or Mt. Cenis, as earlier barbarians were wont to do; they enter by the Gulf of Naples. The steamer leaves to her right the jagged outline of Capri and passing close to Ischia, Procida and the Cape of Misenum, swings slowly within the mole and discharges its passengers into an entrancing bewilderment of color, noise and odor.

Once landed the crowd of Barbarians divides into two categories. The larger consists of bridal couples, old maids traveling in companies, elderly folks in quest of warmth, enterprising pilgrims seeking quick harvests of culture, and in general all those who have no resources for recreation in themselves. These people do the Museum and the Aquarium in the morning, motor to Pozzuoli and Baïæ in the afternoon; on the following day polish off Pompeii, Salerno, Amalfi and Sorrento; and, on the third day, after brilliantly disposing of Capri, they are comfortably on their way to Rome. All this is delightful to do—and energetic Barbarians know their own minds.

The second category comprises people of middle age who have been to Naples before, professors and students ambitious to become professors, dilettanti, sufferers from imaginary ailments and others of a leisurely temperament. These add some historical perspective to the foreground of bewildering color and theatrical beauty. They visit the Lake of Avernus and the Phlegrean fields, dredge their memories for scraps of Virgil and, discouraged by not recovering more than *varium et mutabile semper foemina*, re-read the sixth book of the Æneid. They seek out the piazza where young Corradino, last of the Hohenstaufens, lost his head; they stop by the Castel dell'Uovo and listen to the waves that dash against its sullen base endlessly reiterating *per viltate gran rifiuto, per viltate gran rifiuto*, for within those walls the poor old Pope Celestine V renounced the papal crown and so incurred the scorn of the greatest dispenser of posthumous honor and disgrace that ever lived, Dante Alighieri, whose only mention of him is *colui che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto*—he that made through baseness the great refusal. They get out Petrarch's letters and read how, on the way to receive the laurel crown on the Capitoline Hill, he stopped to be examined in universal knowledge by King Robert the Wise and took a *summa cum laude*. They search the Decameron for the adventures of Andreuccio in the Eastcheap of Naples, and visit the Church of San Lorenzo to see the spot where Boccaccio first saw, or feigned to see, the lovely Fiammetta. Or, if they are of a more modern turn of mind, they read what Goethe has to say of Naples in the

Italienische Reise, they reopen the scandal of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, take up Mr. Gladstone's "Letters to Lord Aberdeen" or read Trevelyan's wonderful story of Garibaldi and *i mille*.

In spite of this historical background, or rather in consequence of it, the second category is as blind as the first to Naples of to-day. The curtain of centuries shuts off the present scene. Of course nobody can avoid the patient donkeys, the turkeys, the chickens, the herds of goats, the motherly cows with their attendant calves, the troops of soldiers, the purple-ribboned priests, the unwashed monks, the jaunty carabinieri, and all the ambulatory vendors that constitute the visible aspect of the gay city. And it is likely that members of the second category have been to San Carlo to hear Falstaff, or to the begilded Teatro Sannazaro to hear Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto*; and they will have heard at the Mercadante one of the best comic actors in Europe, Eduardo Scarpetta. But these theatres are merely tourist-haunted purlieus of the real city. Naples is no longer the city of our fathers' time, nor the city of our youth; during the last twenty years it has changed, almost as much as an American city west of the Alleghanies. Foreign capital and native enterprise have combined to revivify the old Bourbon capital. Beggary is itself in a beggarly condition, surviving chiefly for the benefit of penny-foolish foreigners. The slummy streets are losing their immemorial characteristics. The larger shops are adopting the system of *prezzi fissi*. Twenty lines of trolley interfere with donkey carts and *carrozzelle*; a subway to run from Virgil's Tomb to the railway station, some three miles or more, has been begun. Factories are starting up; German, English and Milanese money is earning dividends in and about the city. The capital of the Mezzogiorno has waked up.

It is not in business alone that Naples is become a city of importance. She holds worthy rank in things of the mind, literature, scholarship and philosophy.

Of all living feminine novelists (and the list is not short) in certain respects there is none to equal Matilde Serao. Readers of Henry James will remember his essay on her, in which his tortuously penetrating mind as usual glides like a snake into its hole, though a wide difference in temperament, in experience, in philosophy of life, render him scantily just in his estimate. Her earlier books have the freshness, the spontaneity, the facile sureness of genius; they (so the Neapolitans say) depict life in terms of motion and catch the flutterings of red kerchiefs and the flicker of Neapolitan

passion. Later books, clever as they are, like *Il Paese di Cuccagna* or *Suor Giovanna della Croce* show how the prison house of mannerism has begun to close in and impede the early freedom that had been her master trait.

The next conspicuous figure in literature is Roberto Bracco. Now that Giacosa is no more, if we exclude d'Annunzio as a writer of tragic poetry rather than a dramatist, Bracco is the most distinguished playwright in Italy. His published plays fill ten volumes. Little known in America outside the scanty band that frequents the Italian counter in Brentano's bookshop, he is well known in Europe. For nearly thirty years his plays have been acted in Italy; they range from light farce to tragedy. To us, absorbed or distraught by the myriad forms of human activity that promise consideration on Wall Street and upper Fifth Avenue, that dangle before our eyes sixty horse-power motor cars, frescoed halls and bedizened drawing-rooms, the purely psychological analysis of a human being fails in significance. Bracco cares nothing for the economic animal; he belongs to the post-Ibsen psychological school and makes *la donna* his specialty. We class women as suffragettes or antis, house-keeping or modern, smart or dowdy, goodlooking or homely, married or single; having done this, our task is finished. Bracco is indifferent to all such categories. Impelled by his artistic temperament and scientific mind, he fixes his whole attention on woman, especially in the earlier years of womanhood when the feminine spirit is more mobile in its response to the caress or whip of circumstance, and watches it stir, expand and contract under the stimulus of womanly or maternal love. Bracco is still far from old, still susceptible, still scorches his wings in the glorious feminine flame. What American dramatist ever aroused sufficient interest to fill ten volumes with the adventures of his mind?

If we pass from the novel and the drama to scholarship, we keep on the same high level. The University of Naples, handsomely lodged, is the chief seat of learning for the Mezzogiorno. Six thousand students attend its various faculties. No faculty enjoys a higher reputation than that of philosophy and letters. Eminent in this faculty is the *Presidente* Francesco Torraca, well known among students of Italian literature all over the world for his comments on Dante, his studies on Boccaccio and other scholarly works. Precise, accurate, searching, sifting, weighing, bound to satisfy the demands of an exigent conscience, Professor Torraca examines a question of scholarship like a judge in a court of last resort. He never lets his feet stray from the narrow path of "documentation" (or whatever scholars call it) by the allurements of pictorial fancy, nor follow the gleam of divination. He belongs to the school that builds its ark out of charters, records, codices, and lets who will drown in the floods of conjecture.

Another scholar, well known to American students, once a professor in the University but in his ripe years resting under his laurels, was Giuseppe de Blasiis. In youth his adventurous spirit could not endure the Bourbon dominion; he fled to Piedmont, enlisted in the army, fought in the Crimea, was captured by the Russians and (for the Russians of that day had the same notions of Italians that our parents had) was bidden to sing grand

opera and dance a ballet. Before the war he was president of the *Società Napoletana di Storia Patria*, and editor of its learned review. But since the war began he has died full of years, to the deep regret of many friends.

Another man of letters, in his prime a distinguished figure in Italian literature, was Bonaventura Zumbini, *Senatore del Regno*. In that pleasant land men of eminence in literature are made senators. Had, for instance, William James, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells and James Ford Rhodes been Italians, they would all have been senators. Zumbini has not only busied himself with Italian literature but also with great writers in foreign literatures—German, French and more particularly English. His studies on Milton and Bunyan, translated into English, caught Gladstone's hawk eye—*gli occhi grifagni*—an acquaintance sprang up that ripened in friendship. Zumbini was old enough to remember still the immense debt that Naples, crushed under Bourbon bigotry and incapacity, owed to Mr. Gladstone; his eyes shone like twin stars when he mentioned the great Englishman, and he was devoting himself with the zeal of eternal youth to a book that should recount clearly to the coming generation the whole story of Mr. Gladstone's chivalric services to Italy, when death interrupted his labors; he died almost like Petrarch, pillowed upon his books.

In philosophy, all the world that likes its philosophy mixed, half and half, with literature and flavored with fashion, is agog for that most delightful and stimulating artist M. Bergson. He is honored by three great capitals—Paris, London, New York; but in Oxford, at least so it is said, with many dons the name of Benedetto Croce stands in higher repute. In his own country Benedetto Croce has long been famous; he, too, is a senator; and in France, Germany and England he has long been honorably known. In the United States he is known sporadically. In 1912, when the Rice Institute of Houston, Texas, celebrated its inauguration, its president invited Signor Croce to deliver some lectures on the philosophy of æsthetics. Croce unfortunately was not able to go, but his lectures were written and published. His principal works are "*Estetica come scienza dell'espressione e linguistica generale*," "*Logica come scienza del concetto puro*," "*Filosofia della pratica-economica ed etica*."

Senator Croce inhabits, as a philosopher should, one of those palaces where space flows on gently from room to room, fit home for thought, alone with a shining and goodly company of books. There, it may be said of him (one hopes) what he himself says of the great Neapolitan philosopher Giovanni Battista Vico, nearly in Vico's own words "He experiences one of the deepest felicities of mankind—'the life of meditation, remote from passion, set free from the disturbing and heavy company of the body,' a life 'identified with the soul, which, ever present and ready, shows him his being established in the eternal that measures all time and moving in the infinite that includes all finite things; in this way life crowns him with an immense, eternal joy, which fearless of rivalry or diminution, finds the condition of growth in

continuously expanding, in continuously giving out to other human minds in ever increasing numbers."

In poetry there is Salvatore di Giacomo. His collected poems make a good-sized volume of 400 pages dedicated to Benedetto Croce, full of sonnets, canzoni and what he calls ariette, a sort of madrigal. These poems are like Italian music, and most of them should be chanted—little poems of love, of sentiment, of one emotion or another. They follow the long Italian tradition of ballata and canzone which presupposes that dance and song should accompany poetry:

Since music and sweet poetry agree
As needs they must, the sister and the brother—

for the Italians, especially Italians of the South, do not separate those which nature has joined; they make music, song and dance three ingredients of one harmony. Di Giacomo has none of the theories that occupy our present American poetry; he has no unrhymed cadences, his verses keep time like the feet of a dancing faun, he has no lines that are only to be distinguished from prose by ennobling the first word of the line with a capital letter. He is all for rhyme and melody. But, to look at his pages is a little like listening to an Italian opera; music is there, melody, emotional throbs and all the emphasis of laughter or tears, but the meaning is obscured, if not wholly hidden from those who are not masters of the Neapolitan dialect in which they are all written. This veil of unintelligibility thrown over the rational aspect of the poem adds as much in one way as it detracts in another. His verses conjure up all the latent forces of imagination and quicken our poetic speculation:

What forms are these coming
So bright through the gloom?
What garments outlisten
The gold-flowered broom?

We perceive the form, we catch the glitter, but only through the somewhat too dense gloom of dialect. It is true that there is a glossary in the back, very much as some editions of Burns's poems append a vocabulary to explain Scottish terms to English readers. By the aid of this glossary and helped by lucky guesses, those who have patience and leisure are willing to put up with little lapses of understanding can make out that a sonnet on a love-letter wishes the letter to be frank and free English-fashion, full of wooing words, and that the lover puts in a sigh, a tear and a rose and wraps them up in an envelope of kisses. Some are gruesome; for instance, a sonnet depicts an incident where a company of lads and girls are at table: "Come join us." "Good day to you." "Take a seat." "Thanks, where is Vito." "He has gone out, he'll be back in a minute." "Try this melon, it has such a flavor. Take a slice, do." "I don't care for any." "Oh, do." "No, thanks, I have no appetite." "Well, take a little wine." "Thanks, just a drop." "Oh, there's Vito." Then, it seems, the inquirer after Vito invites him to go out; they go, and you hear Vito cry: "Oh, he has killed me, help me, Oh, h-e-l-p!"

The variety in the poems is very great—they range from lively to severe, from grave to gay; the foreigners get the impression that he hears the very language of the Neapolitan streets, sees the blue sky of Southern Italy, smells the orange blossom and the hedge roses, hears the waves come breaking on the beach, and over all the sense of the tragedy of life that seems to overhang these sad-eyed Southerners and force them to sing and dance and make love so much the more ardently.

One might go on with the list of men of intellectual note at Naples. There is, for instance, Vittorio Spinazzola, head of the Museo and of the excavations at Pompeii, a distinguished archaeologist; but enough has been said to show how little tourists know of the serious, thinking Naples that lies behind the veil of her brilliant beauty.

Henry Dwight Sedgwick

THE HOLLY WOOD

In the stranger's land, on Christmas Eve,
Back of the firing-line they halt—
An English troop, for a night's reprieve,
Yet they hear the guns of the long assault.

And it chanced that a holly wood was near!
What the morrow may bring not now they reck;
With a single thought, so wild and dear,
They gather the green their tents to deck!

And yet, and yet, when the morrow came,
By the surge of the battle over swept,
These were the two that Fate did claim . . .
And all by the holly wood they slept.

Edith M. Thomas

The English troop—they are all so young!

They jest, as they crowd their camp-fire round.
"Heigh, ho! the green holly!" a college boy sung,
As they lay stretched out on that alien ground.

Heigh, ho! There was silence after the song,
While the firelight danced on the fruited spray,
Till another spoke up, of that homesick throng,
"Oh, lads, confound the holly, I say!"

WYATT EATON

BY GEORGE S. HELLMAN

IT was in the Canadian village of Philipsburg on Lake Champlain that Wyatt Eaton, in 1849, was born of American parents. When about eighteen years of age Eaton came to New York, and so foremost was the rôle that he played in the city's most important movement in art during the second half of the nineteenth century, that New Yorkers should not only do honor to his memory but most logically may share in the honor of it. Here he studied under Daniel Huntington, Edwin White, Leutze and other Academicians of the days preceding the Civil War; and here, again, after years in Europe had developed his character as well as his talent, he gave of his ideals and his knowledge to the life-class that he directed at Cooper Union, as well as to private classes in his studio on Washington Square.

At this studio foregathered men of such pregnant names as John La Farge, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Will H. Low, not to mention others to whom American art owes an important debt. Not far away was the home of Wyatt Eaton's friends, Richard Watson Gilder and his artist wife Helena de Kay. At her studio and with her eager and enthusiastic coöperation Wyatt Eaton, Augustus Saint-Gaudens and Walter Shirlaw founded the Society of American Artists on the first of June 1877. Now that two-score years have gone by, and we of the present day have witnessed [sometimes with admiring, sometimes only with wondering vision] works of revolt, of novel inspiration, of intricate gyrations, on the part of artists who would cover under the same blanket of disapproval both the National Academy and the Society of American Artists, it is not uninteresting to recall that the founding of the Society was a direct protest against the too academic Academicians.

It was in Gérôme's class at the Ecole des Beaux Arts that Eaton received perhaps his most valuable instructions as to the technique of painting; but to Jean François Millet did he owe his main inspiration during the years in France. In an article on Millet for the *Century Magazine* he tells of the friendship which developed between him and the great Barbizon master: "I was in a new atmosphere, a new world; never before had I felt the plain to stretch forth into such distances, to such vividness, such mellowness of color—such depth in the sky." To this period of Eaton's work belong two of his best known paintings: "The Reverie" and "The Harvesters at Rest," which were exhibited at the Salon, wherein the influence of Millet is manifest. From a sheaf of hitherto unpublished Eaton drawings, many could readily be chosen that show this influence. The old peasant woman with her wheelbarrow; the two struggling figures; the spirited sketch of the Angel expelling Adam and Eve from Paradise, are fine drawings of this character; while the reclining nude and the sketch for "La Cigale" recall Millet's early predilection for the nude—a fact sometimes forgotten in view of his achievements in other fields.

It was Eaton's lifetime ambition to become a great painter of the nude, and in his drawing "The Judgment of Paris" (see page 208) which he com-

pleted in 1886, some ten or twelve years after his weeks with Millet, we get striking evidence of his talent in this direction. This is Eaton's most consummate drawing, revealing that delicacy so characteristic of him and showing to a marked degree his poetical temperament, one that did not, however, allow itself any poetical license as regards structural accuracy. The figures of the shepherd and the three goddesses have all the refinement of a silver point, and yet bespeak that knowledge which comes with academic training; so we need not wonder that before even setting to work on this large drawing he had made numerous studies for its component parts.

I have spoken of Eaton's poetical temperament. It so happened that unfortunately fate gave him little opportunity to exercise his talent in that sphere of idealistic art which finds its subjects in the more purely imaginative realm. But we do find some ultra-poetical youthful moods. In one of these he takes his theme from perhaps the greatest of the sonnets of Keats, who "On Reading Chapman's Homer," compared himself to Balboa as first he gazed upon the Pacific "silent upon a peak in Darien." Another painting of this period shows a great star hanging in mid-sky above a chain of mountains and casting its path of light upon the evening lake. The upper heavens are still blue, and from the west the sunset has not yet quite died away. For any observer, this picture of the lone star is merely a quiet and beautiful landscape; but we know that for Wyatt Eaton it was more than this; in it his brush sought to keep even pace with the flight of his desires into that realm of ideal thought best typified for the imagination in the starry heavens. But when we come to recall the all-too brief list of Eaton's better known canvases, we shall see that the *genre* subjects which began with his Barbizon period and the portraits which for the purposes of immediate remuneration he painted in his late American days almost complete the tale of his mature work.

Apart from two studies of nude men there are, I think, only six recorded canvases in which his brush has interpreted with loving refinement the unclothed human form. The "Magdalen," the "Ariadne," now in the Congressional Library at Washington, and a delightful painting in the Angus Collection at Montreal are probably the finest three. But when we consider his portraits, the list becomes far more extensive. Here we shall find Gustav Robert Sensier's father-in-law, an old man in a scarlet smoking jacket; Mrs. Sanborne's mother, a Quakeress in white cap; Mrs. Hawkins, the mother of an artist who took the Prix de Rome; Mrs. Hughes, wife of a Lieutenant-Commander of the United States Navy, and their little daughter Martha; Richard Watson Gilder's mother, an old lady with lace cap; and the fine and sympathetic painting of Gilder's wife, Helena de Kay; also the portraits of Senator Franklin Murphy of Newark, of Mrs. Sidney de Kay, John Burroughs, Mr. Whitehead, Waldron Gillespie, a young Californian; of Mrs. Ehrich and her little son; of Timothy Cole, noted among American engravers.



WYATT EATON

PAINTED BY ALBERT BESNARD

(See opposite page)

The quality of Eaton as a portrait painter has been well indicated in the *Magazine of Art*, with special reference to the portrait of Mrs. Hawkins exhibited in the Paris Salon in the Spring of 1884.

Eaton returned to France in 1883 and spent two years among the Barbizon peasants, of which perhaps the most important fruit was "The Harvesters at Rest," now in the art gallery of Smith College. A pastoral scene owned by the Montreal Museum and a picture entitled "Three Generations," belonging to the late William Macbeth, are further results of Barbizon days. In all these paintings are apparent the fidelity of the artist's draughtsmanship, the reflectiveness of his mentality, the distinction of his brush.

Two groups of portraits remain to be noted which, by reason of their subjects, will continue as first-hand documents in the record of American literature, and of the industrial development of Canada. The first of these groups comprises portraits of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and Holmes. They were published in *The Century Magazine*, of

which Richard Watson Gilder, Eaton's dear friend, was editor. In the same periodical was posthumously published a paper in which the artist enthusiastically described his memories of those poets who had sat for him. Longfellow appears as the one who showed the most cultivated taste for the fine arts. It is to the period of Eaton's sojourn in New York beginning with the year 1878 that this literary series belongs. His Canadian portraits were painted some fourteen years later. In 1886 he had returned for the second time to America; Roswell Smith, the organizer of *The Century Magazine* and William T. Evans, the noted art collector, were among the prominent people in the literary, ar-

tistic and social circles who gave him commissions. His reputation as a portrait painter, already well-established through his portrait of Bishop Horatio Potter, and the picture of President Garfield for the Union League Club, was further confirmed by the work of these years. So it was natural that when McGill University desired the portrait of its principal, the famous geologist, William Dawson, the Canadians should have turned to Wyatt Eaton, who was born on Canadian soil.

The success which attended this work led to a number of commissions during the execution of which Eaton spent most of the remainder of his life in Canada. Portraits he painted there of Lord Strathcona, Sir William van Horne and R. B. Angus, together with other men whose constructive genius did much to build up their country, constitute a group that is among the most notable achievements of the artist's brush. Nor was it in his representation of adult character alone that Eaton rose to the full requirements of his subjects; to the same period belongs the portrait of Lady Marjorie Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen, a delightful interpretation, despite its sketchiness, of grace-

ful and alert childhood. His last work was a full-length portrait of the little girl's brother, in page's costume—the Honorable Archie Gordon, a younger son of the Governor-General of Canada.

Eaton had never been a man of robust health, and consumption was finally to claim him as its victim. A surgical operation that he underwent in Canada left him in a condition of weakness which he hoped to overcome in the sunny climate of the Mediterranean. Thus it was that in 1895 he set forth on his last voyage to Europe. In southern Italy he spent delightful weeks, devoted, for the most part, to the study of his favorites in the galleries. This led to a series of critical notes on the work of Massaccio; Fra



COROT AT WORK PEN AND INK DRAWING BY WYATT EATON



MRS. RICHARD WATSON GILDER
PAINTED BY WYATT EATON



"THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS"
DRAWING BY WYATT ENDON



MEDALLION OF WYATT EATON BY OLIN WARNER

PEN DRAWING BY WYATT EATON

Angelico, Botticelli, Titian, Correggio, together with others of the early Italians—a series of brief studies revealing the sincerity of Eaton's attitude toward his art and the thoroughness of his knowledge concerning it. As yet they remain unpublished; but it may be hoped that no long time will intervene before their publication shall cast still further light on the sympathies of their author. In Italy, Eaton gained new strength and sufficient faith in his health to cause him to believe that years of work still lay ahead of him. He chose London for the next scene of his labors, but the studio that he had taken there had soon to be abandoned. His disease was again upon him and he returned to America to undergo another operation. From its effects he was never to recover, and on the 7th of June, 1896, at Newport, his life came to a close.

There are in existence several portraits of Wyatt Eaton. One of these, painted by Eaton himself at the age of eighteen, is owned by James Morgan, a merchant of Montreal; another, again a self-portrait, done at the age of twenty-four from a mirror, was presented by Mrs. Eaton to the Memorial Art Gallery there. A third, in the possession of the present writer, and now for the first time repro-

duced, shows Eaton as he was in the early French days when a student at the Beaux Arts. This ever remained one of his most cherished possessions, but his widow (the second Mrs. Eaton, his first wife having been a Frenchwoman), while recalling that Eaton had told her that it was a work of one of the most distinguished of French painters, could not remember the name of its author. Not until very recently was it that a Parisian expert, hardly more than glancing at the portrait, immediately identified it as the work of Albert Besnard, whose initials "A. B." appear at the lower left.

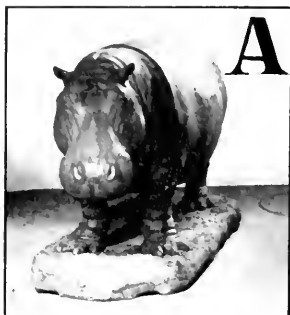
While Eaton was in Gérôme's atelier Besnard had already gained distinction as one of the most talented of the younger painters. Now that his honors lie upon him even thicker than his years, this picture remains as probably the most sympathetic study the great French painter ever made of an American artist. As we look at the portrait with its dreamy eyes, its sensitive mouth, its unusual forehead, its wavy hair, we see in it not alone the student, alert for what life may offer, but the dreamer whose expression of melancholy and reverie is sentient with the recognition of all that life withholds. Yet over the face there is a golden glow.

George S. Hellman



TAXIDERMY AS AN ART

BY DR. R. W. SHUFELDT



NUMBER of years ago I paid considerable attention to the various methods then in vogue, in different parts of the world, among those engaged in the preservation of animals of all kinds for museum exhibition or for

as judge, upon all the taxidermical exhibits sent in by all the nations of the world and by this country.

Note the beginnings of taxidermy far, far back in human history. The embalming process of the early Egyptians was really a species of taxidermy. Through their crude methods, bodies of men and women as well as of cats, dogs and other animals were preserved through the ages. Five centuries before Christ, Hanno the Carthaginian stated that he had discovered a great ape in western Africa, the "gorilla." Having killed and flayed several of them, he conveyed their skins to his native city. Many centuries later, about 146 B. C. Pliny described these as the *Gorgones*, which speaks volumes for the particular preservatives employed by the ancient explorers under Hanno.

private collections; my activity in scientific work has kept me in touch, not only with many of our most distinguished taxidermists, but with large museums all over this country. When but a boy—more than fifty years ago—I prepared over three hundred birds and mammals of my own collecting and some of these early skins are still to be found in the enormous collections of the United States National Museum. In 1893 I was the taxidermical expert sent by the Smithsonian Institution to the World's Fair at Chicago, my duty being to pass,

More than thirty years ago among the Zuni Indians, I noted that they prepared very serviceable "flat skins" of small birds; this they doubtless learned to do in the early days of the race, taught through their contact with native Mexicans—the latter probably having practiced such crude methods of taxidermy for ages. Upon the return of Cortez to Europe he described how Montezuma wore a robe which was covered with the preserved, flat skins of the Trogon or *quetzal*, one of Mexico's most



FIG. 1. THE ELK GROUP RECENTLY ADDED TO THE U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM
MOUNTED BY MR. JAMES L. CLARK; PHOTOGRAPHED BY DR. R. W. SHUFELDT

gorgeous birds with its metallic, green plumage, still occasionally met with in that country.

In Europe history shows us that a peculiar affinity associated more or less closely the naturalist, the medical man and the conservator of the curious in nature. A London apothecary is pictured by Shakespeare, within whose

Needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes.

During the past half century I have lived to see, not only the complete differentiation of the labors of the naturalist, the taxidermist, the medical man and the biologist, but also the passing from the old-fashioned methods and materials to the present time, when taxidermy and the best schools of taxidermy all over the world have earned the undoubted right to be classed among the higher arts. The old days of "stuffed" animals and birds have entirely gone by, never to return. Specimens were "stuffed"

sure enough; and after the "job" was finished, the form operated on bore but slight resemblance to its form in life, in nature! Even in our much-revered Smithsonian Institution at Washington, some thirty-five years or so ago, when I had charge of a department there (anatomy) the cases were filled with fish, reptiles, birds and mammals that for the most part were the worst collection of frights that man ever placed upon exhibition anywhere for the public to study!

Once in a great while some taxidermist, more observing and painstaking than his contemporaries in the trade, turned out a good piece; but such a feat was of the rarest occurrence. As a matter of fact in those days no nation could boast of having more than two or three workers who were especially skilled. We had at least one taxidermist of international reputation—John G. Bell of New York. He was a young man when Audubon was in the prime of life and they were companions on one of the expeditions west of the Mississippi. I met him when I was in the early twenties. He had a good word for some of my own bird skins which I had submitted to him, and his recommendation secured me a position as one of the naturalists to an early polar expedition. Bell had classes in taxidermy in New York; one of his most accomplished pupils, Mr. James Jenkins, then of Stamford, Connecticut, was my instructor in such work.

Taxidermy, or the preservation of animal forms of all kinds for various purposes, forms no exception to the rule of evolution from a stage of crudeness.

About the time that my report for the government appeared there was a movement throughout American taxidermy to bring the profession to the plane where it legitimately belonged, and upon which, owing to its achievements, it was pre-eminently entitled to be placed. It is said that my publications upon the subject, nearly a quarter of a century ago, acted as material stimuli. It was my greatest ambition at that time to induce two or three of the most distinguished taxidermists in Europe to come to this country to make their homes here; but I failed in this endeavor after many trials; it was thought more important at the time to import thousands of good-for-nothings from Europe—in too many instances morally and

physically diseased criminals—than to find room for a single artist in taxidermy! My strongest effort in this direction was made to find a place for H. H. ter Meer, Jr., at that time assistant taxidermist under his father at the Natural History Museum in Leyden, Holland. Mr. ter Meer was anxious to come and to accept a position at a very modest salary; but I utterly failed to place him in any of the principal museums in

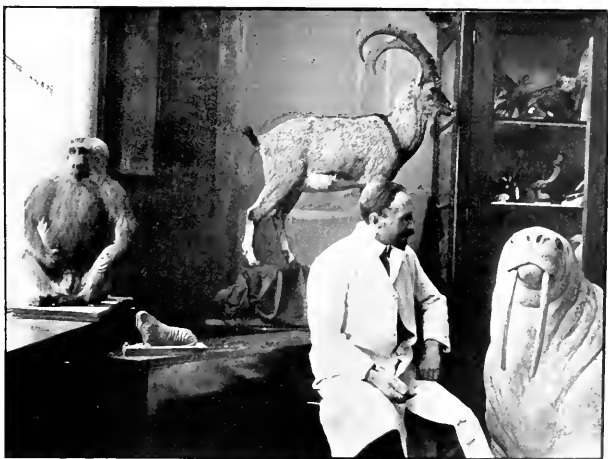


FIG. 2. H. H. TER MEER, JR., IN HIS STUDIO AT THE ROYAL MUSEUM AT LIEPZIG. Note the small "hand model" of the walrus on the table. The use of this is fully described by the author in one of his National Museum reports.

North America—while thousands of ignorant immigrants continued to pour through the portals at Ellis Island every day! Since then Mr. ter Meer has been called to the museum in Leipzig, one of the finest in Europe. A few months ago he sent me photographs of his latest accomplishments in this line, and I have used them as the principal illustrations to the present article. Figure 2 of the illustrations includes his portrait.

Taxidermy, from the very meaning of the word, refers only to the "fixing of the skin" of an animal for permanent preservation, but we have good reason for considering the art to be divided into several departments. Personally, I have never seen the result of an attempt to skin one of our own human species and preserve and mount that skin for exhibition; I was not present when Marsyas suffered through Apollo. But upon the other hand every other mammal known to science has probably been so treated, where specimens could be obtained. This is also true of birds; but below this group,

other methods are usually employed. We rarely skin reptiles, batrachians or fish; these are generally cast and colored to reproduce nature or preserved whole in various preserving fluids. Many kinds of artisans are engaged in the various departments of these methods of animal preservation.

No one will dispute the importance it is to any people to be familiar with all that pertains to the wild and domesticated mammals and birds of the world, and especially with those of one's own country. Several millions of persons, old and young, visit our museums annually; and our Federal and municipal governments expend millions of dollars in placing on exhibition mounted specimens of birds and mammals from all parts of the world, for educational purposes. If these specimens, or any proportion of them, are mounted in such a manner that they do not tally with the descriptions of them given in school books and general literature; if they do not represent the animals as they appear in nature, harm and injustice are done to those who annually visit the museums. Our Federal and State governments would be guilty of spending the people's money, if not to a harmful end, at least not in a beneficial way. This brings us to a point where we may discuss taxidermy as an art.

Has taxidermy won a place for itself among the legitimate arts? Has it risen so far above the plane of mere "animal stuffing" as to be considered a distinct art? In my opinion it most emphatically has. Not only that, but it may now be regarded in the light of an art of the very highest order. Indeed the most advanced taxidermist of the present day, in order to hold his place among the best of his kind, should possess a very full knowledge of much that has to be taught by several of the exact sciences, not to say a certain appreciation of the beautiful: a high regard for an exemplification of truth in his work, with an unusual power of correct observation, and a utilization of the things seen through the trained power of reasoning—several of which prerequisites distinctly pertain to the fine arts.

All this being true, it goes without saying that a taxidermist should, at the start, possess a good general education. He should be more or less familiar with a great deal that biology has to teach him—that is to say, a good knowledge of animal distribution, animal oikology; and it is absolutely essential that he possess a very complete knowledge of topographical anatomy, especially the osteology and superficial myology of mammals, and of such other structures as aid in making the external form of the animals he preserves, as certain glands, veins, arteries, appendages, teeth, etc. He must appreciate the differences in appearance that these many structures present in action and in repose, in life and in death, in health and in disease. He must know, too, the physics of anatomy, in order to be able to correctly represent the possible in animal posture and to discard the impossible, much as the sculptor of animals is called upon to do. He needs to be a close student of the habits of animals, of animal history and the many environments of animals throughout the world of nature in all countries. These studies,

with similar ones in zoological gardens which are very important, lead direct to other things with which the modern taxidermist must needs be familiar and able to bring into his work.

One of the most important of these is the use of the photographic camera. With this instrument he is enabled to preserve an enormous series of the habitats of animals in nature; of the *forms* of those he is likely to mount for museums; of their poses under all conditions, and, finally, of their topographical anatomy after they have been skinned or flayed. He should also be more or less of an artist in oil and water-colors; for it is often necessary, after certain mammals and birds have been preserved and mounted, to paint those parts that lose their normal coloring after the operation, such as the naked skin-parts around the eyes, the lips and so on. Every skilled taxidermist keeps a series of scrap-books, in which he preserves oil and water-color sketches of all kinds of animals, with photographs of them and studies of their anatomy; this collection will also contain views of the resorts of animals in nature. With respect to chemistry, the taxidermist has not a little to learn and to apply in his work. He should be familiar with the action of numerous substances as preservatives of animal tissues, and with other matters too numerous to mention.

In the section devoted to mammals and birds in the United States National Museum, Mr. Clark's group of American Wapiti or Elk stands out very prominently. Not long ago I was permitted to make a negative of this, and it is here reproduced as Figure 1 to the present article. To all intents and purposes these animals look as though they were alive. It is interesting to study their different expressions: the confidence of power in the buck, the anxious solicitation of the doe and the lack of all responsibility in the gentle little fawn. Note, too, how perfectly the snow has been imitated and introduced as an "accessory."

Sometimes great skill is demanded in reproducing perishable structures, and no one of these gives the taxidermist more trouble than a big tongue, for instance that structure in the mouth of a tiger or lion as it actually looks during the act of roaring or growling. My old instructor in taxidermy used to make all of the eyes he used in mounting his birds and small mammals; but in these days they can be purchased in the shops. However, if compelled to do so, I still have the knack of making a pair—not only black ones, but a pair for a horned owl, with a black pupil and orange-yellow iris.

Finally, the most difficult task that falls to a taxidermist to perform is the making of the artificial body for the mammal or bird he has preserved and undertaken to "set up" in some appropriate posture or attitude. This false body usually known as a "manikin" [see Fig. 3], requires quite as much skilled knowledge to prepare as is demanded of the most able sculptor to chisel out his horse, his elephant or his wolf, as the case may be. In the first place, it must be constructed of practically imperishable materials, such as a framework of galvanized iron; oakum; wire of various kinds and sizes; plaster of Paris; clay and so on. The manikin when finished must be perfect in all respects,



FIG. 3. MASKS FOR FEMALE WALRUS, H. H. TER MEER, ADDED TO THE COLLECTION OF THE ZOOLOGICAL MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEIPZIG.

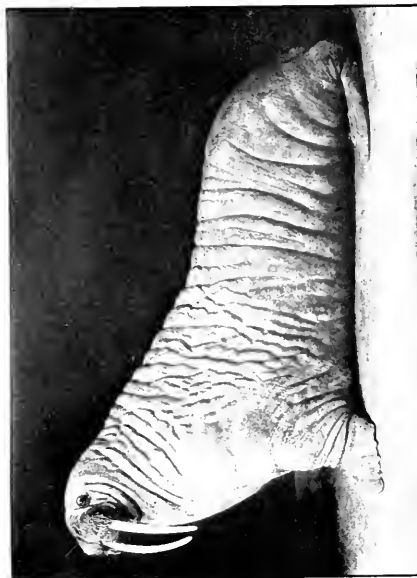


FIG. 4. FEMALE WALRUS (SEE FIG. 3), COMPLETED FOR EXHIBITION BY H. H. TER MEER, JR., ZOOLOGICAL MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEIPZIG.



FIG. 5. LIVING HIPPOCAMPUS MALL. PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE, EGYPT. SKINNED FROM MISS JACQUES BOYER, PARIS. PREPARED BY DR. R. W. SHULTZ, 1916.



FIG. 6. A FEMALE HIPPOCAMPUS IN THE ROYAL MUSEUM OF LEIPZIG, PREPARED BY H. H. TER MEER, JR.

must be the very duplicate of the animal in the natural posture which the taxidermist desires to give it when finally consigned to its case or to a place in the exhibition hall. It is an extraordinary experience to see the prepared skin of an eighteen-foot giraffe slipped over its manikin; it fits like a perfectly fitting glove and it would puzzle one to find the original incision after it is sewed up. The big, white "Rhino" in the Roosevelt collection at Washington is a marvel of skill and probably one of the most masterly pieces of taxidermy in the entire world. There are a dozen or more such groups there, and it is worth a trip around the world to see and study them. They can only be compared with the remarkable collection of mounted birds from all parts of the world in the same institution; and when I say this, I refer especially to those preserved



FIG. 5. HEAD OF THE WALRUS SHOWN IN FIG. 4.

recognition, and at this writing taxidermy stands in the same case.

and mounted by the unequalled skill of Mr. Nelson R. Wood.

From what has been set forth, then, in the present paper, it would appear that, in so far as modern taxidermy is concerned, it has, within the last century, passed entirely out of the realm of mere trade, squarely into the sphere of art. It demands, too, in some of its numerous departments, scientific knowledge of a very high order. Well do I remember the entire evolution of photography, as it passed from very simple requirements on the part of its votaries into an art of the highest class and of the most supreme importance in every department of human activity! For a long time many disputed its right to be so classified; but its astounding advances compelled final

Robert W. Shufeldt

ON AN IMAGE OF THE MADONNA

Still eloquent your eyes, though years have flown,
Long centuries of days, of weeks, of years,
Through which they have looked down on anguish, tears,
On sorrow offered to their gaze alone.

Still eloquent—with tenderness benign;
They are as soft, as beautiful, as deep
As are a child's new wakened from its sleep,
Your serious, sweet eyes that fathom mine.

If it be true that miracles there are,
Stretch forth your hands and bless me where I kneel;

For one, slow moment let the shadows steal
From your great wings about me: I am far

From comfort, from the pity of soft hands;
The roughest way is where my feet must tread:
Ah, let me in the heavy days be led
By vision of this quiet spot where stands

Your gracious form, beneficent, humane:
Let me remember that this lonely place
First gave me glimpse of Heaven through your face,
And God's great purpose was at last made plain.

Florence C. White

WILLIAM WINTER

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

IF William Winter had written only his poem "The Ordeal" he would still be entitled to a permanent place in the American anthology. This tribute to Poe, in the measure of the "Adonais," though in fiber by no means either so rich or so imaginative as that masterpiece, has the charming spontaneity and the flowing ease of treatment which one feels in Shelley at his best. In its nineteen stanzas there is not a forced rhyme or a violent fancy, and it has a firmness of lyrical texture which is a trait of Winter's verse. It shows him at his best, and moreover it shows his poetic as contrasted with his sentimental treatment of sorrow.

Mr. Winter's view of life was a very sad one: it may truthfully be said that "Melancholy marked him for her own." This was perhaps partly temperamental, and certainly partly atmospheric, for, born in 1836, he reached his singing youth when Poe and Byron and Tom Moore—or at least the poetic weaknesses of these three bards—were all the fashion. As time passed Winter's imaginary sorrows were followed by family bereavements and (naturally, in the last two decades of a life of eighty years) by the loss of many friends, his deep affection for whom is shown by many elegiac tributes. His collected or "definitive" edition is discouragingly lacking in cheerfulness; but there is a vital difference of art between his two methods of treating of the sad world. In "The White Flag" he writes

Bring poppies for a weary mind
That saddens in a senseless din
And let my spirit leave behind
A world of riot and of sin—
In action's torpor deaf and blind.

How superior to that is this representative stanza of "The Ordeal":

Close, close around us draws the prison shade
And ever closer, as our moments glide—
The iron web of doom ourselves have made,
By fealty to the power which doth reside
Within ourselves, not once to be denied,
Nor curbed, nor conquered. Action doth but make
A past to be remembered; and the pride
Of mightiest will that would life's guidance take
Must, like the frailest heart, at last repine and break.

It is of course legitimate that a poet should write much of sorrow, and his sweetest songs may be those that tell of saddest thought, but unless out of his tears there is distilled an aroma of supernal beauty he is likely to leave us virtually where he found us. The collection of the work of any poet of strong personality accentuates both his weaknesses and his dominant excellences, and in William Winter's case one must be excused for being satiated with sadness and a pessimistic view of "this pagan age." Thus his work is intense rather than comprehensive—the arc subtended by joy, which one craves in verse, being here very small.

But after all the important consideration is, not that a poet has done no poor or negligible work, but that he has added something worth preservation to the world's treasures of song. Winter's verse in review strikes us as having especially two fine qualities—skilled workmanship and a noble tender-

ness. In a time when it is a fad of the lawless and incompetent to disparage technique it is refreshing to see his masterly command of his tools. There are no slovenly phrases, the movement of the thought is natural, the cadences and climaxes are admirable, and there is throughout that fine sense of the appropriate we call taste.

His tenderness comes out in his tributes to friends, chiefly of the stage—among them Henry Irving, John Gilbert, William Warren, Richard Mansfield, John Brougham, Lawrence Barrett, and to the most lovable of all, Joseph Jefferson; to Holmes, Curtis and Stedman, and to those even nearer. This lyric to "Elsie" has a ring of sincerity and abandon:

I know not if thy charm it be
Or Nature's charm reveal'd in thee;
Whether thy face, as now I view it,
Is thine—or her's that's shining through it:
But this I know—what'er the art
That wins me, thou hast won my heart!
And therefore, though my old guitar
Has strings that were—not strings that are,
Once more, ere yet its tune be spent,
I touch that ancient instrument—
In praise of truth and beauty blent!

Through the red glare, the scorching light,
The din, the havoc and the blight
Of clamorous wrath and hideous haste
That makes this life one dreary waste,
Thy voice, of Music's soul complete
Is ever tender, low and sweet—
To make the frantic tumult cease
And bless me with the balm of peace!
And so for thee I breathe a sigh:
For this I love thee—far or nigh—
Or else, or else—I know not why!

The close of his elegy on George William Curtis ("Rupert") reflects the poet's talent for friendship and his belief in a future that shall have compensations for the loss and defects of this life:

All my love could do to cheer
Warned his heart when he was here.

Honor's plaudit, Friendship's vow
Did not coldly wait till now.

Oh, my comrade, oh, my friend,
If this parting be the end,

Yet I hold my life divine
To have known a life like thine.

And I hush the low lament
In submission, penitent.

Still the sun is in the sky
He sets—but I have seen him die!

This concluding couplet reminds one of Channing's

If my bark sink, let me rather see

and is one of the few highlights in Winter's volume of the surprise of the unexpected flash. Another is in this stanza from "A Child's Dream":

And her voice, as soft as a dove,
Clear as a bell, and sweet as a song,
Hearing it, a child's heart would
Where the angels dwell, find their home.

The "Coronet for Stedman" is memorable for its graceful and deserved recognition of that poet-

critic's steadfastness to his art in a lifetime of unpropitious commercial surroundings. It reads in part:

For thou hast kept the faith: thy soul undaunted,
Whatever storms might round thee rage and roll,
By one celestial passion still enchanted,
Thou held'st thy course right onward to its goal.

No sordid aim, no worldly greed, beguiling
Could ever wile thy constant heart astray;
No vine-clad, Circean, Cyprian Muses, smiling
Allure thy footsteps down the primrose way.

Thou hast not basely gathered thrift with fawning
Nor worn a laurel that thou hast not won;
But in thy zenith hour as in thy dawning
The good thy nature willed thy hand has done.

There is another poem on the same theme as "The Ordeal" entitled simply "Poe," which is not less poetic, and is a model of compactness and construction, beginning

Cold is the pagan honor sings
And chill is glory's icy breath
And pale the garland memory brings
To grace the iron doors of death.

But, all things considered, the most beautiful lines of William Winter's we know—and among the most beautiful of all the rich product of American poetry relating to the War—are those entitled "My England." They bear witness to the fact that his eightieth year found him still chivalrous in heart and still keen and vigorous in poetic life. It is regrettable that we have only room to quote these stanzas:

My England! Not my native land
But dear to me as if she were
How often have I longed to stand
With those brave hearts who fight for her!

Bereft by Fortune, worn with Age,
My life is all I have to give,
But that I freely would engage
For those who die that she may live.

Mother of Freedom! Pledge to Right!
From Honor's path she would not stray,
But, sternly faithful, used her might
To lead mankind the nobler way.

Today, when desperate tyrants strain
By Greed, and Fear, and Hate combined—
To blast her power and rend her reign,
She fights the fight of all mankind:

My England! Should the hope be crossed
In which she taught the world to strive,
Then all of Virtue would be lost
And naught of Manhood left alive.

But 'tis not in the Book of Doom
That Justice, Honor, Truth should fail:
The earth he made a living tomb
And only brutal Wrong prevail.

It can not be the human race,
Long struggling up to Freedom's sun,
Is destined to the abject place
Of vassal to the murderous Hun!

My England, strike! Droop not, nor pause
Till triumph on your banners shine!
Then take a grateful world's applause—
Millions of hearts that beat like mine.

Robert Underwood Johnson

TO THE VANQUISHED

Reprint from *Sunshine*

Here's to the men who lose!

What though their work be e'er so nobly plann'd
And watched with zealous care;
No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand—
Contempt is Failure's share!

Here's to the men who lose!

If Triumph's easy smile our struggles greet,
Courage is easy then.

The King is he who, after fierce defeat,
Gets up and fights again!

Here's to the men who lose!

The ready plaudits of a fawning world
Ring sweet in victor's ears.

The vanquished's banners never are unfurl'd,
For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose!

The touchstone of true worth is not success—
There is a higher test—

Tho' Fate may darkly frown, onward to press
And bravely do one's best!

Here's to the men who lose!

It is the vanquished's praises that I sing,
And this the toast I choose:

A hard-fought failure is a noble thing—
Here's to the men who lose!

George L. Scarborough

ART AND CITIZENSHIP

BY IAN B. STOUGHTON HOLBORN

PART III—THE CITY: THE OUTER EXPRESSION OF AN INNER SELF

IN the two previous sections it has been shown that the principles of art and citizenship are one. The law of beauty and design is the law of being, and citizenship is the art of living. Are we then to teach men how consciously to make a beautiful city? or are we to make them nobler in themselves, so that the beautiful city will unconsciously be the outcome of their natural expression? Or, thirdly, will our end be reached if we simply make the city an example of beauty to inspire men, till as lovers of the beautiful, they make beautiful things in their turn?

Let us then examine somewhat further than hitherto the conditions that bear on these three alternatives. We have seen that a given trait in the character of a people is likely to express itself in some outward and visible object, as Roman savagery expresses itself in amphitheatres, or their love of bathing, in baths. But there is something more subtle than this in the balances and relations that make the design of life, which also is outwardly expressed. A simple example is afforded by one of those English old-world villages that have so well deserved a reputation for beauty.

Why is it beautiful? Although there are other causes, the main one is the unconscious expression of its own inner character. It is no conscious product of trained artists!

It may not have all that is implied in Aristotle's conception of the common life with a noble end or design. It may fail to express the complete triumph of the higher over the lower; it may not show a love of beauty that permeates all things; but perhaps what it actually achieves will surprise us. The village undoubtedly in many ways does express a common life, a sense of community not to be paralleled by the great modern city. It does show an element of nobility and spirituality which finds expression in a degree that the materialism and sensationalism of the city forbid. There is also about it a sense of end and design; for it is the shell of a consciously coherent and organized community and to this also the fevered complexity of the city fails to attain. Nor is some feeling for beauty in the little things of life by any means absent. It is true that at a first glance the village does not reveal any great degree of regularity; indeed we might be tempted to think that it showed absence of design. But looking deeper, we find that, although it has not the conscious design that so often marks a great medieval city, yet there is actually one that is very real, although in the main unconscious; and even this to some ex-

tent has become hardened into a more or less conscious tradition.

Are not these things so? Is there not displayed an organic or artistic whole? Here is the church expressing the centre of the religious life of the community. On the other hand here is the old manor hall, the centre of the secular life, much as we find the heart and the brain as centres of the bodily life. These things have an organic design because they express the inner invisible organization. They are the dominators in that design, giving to it a unity and concentration of meaning. It is largely by the common relation to these centres in the composition that the whole becomes a harmony.

The community or common life is still further marked by the village green or common, or again—the village pond; while in the very heart of the village the churchyard in no uncertain way proclaims the common lot.

But on the other hand it is no mere collection, no mere heap. Unity and variety are not incompatible. These dominant unifying features are themselves highly individualized and as we look further we may see, perhaps, the village mill distinct and individualized and yet more in harmony with the rest of the village than is the case with the modern factory. Nearby is the miller's house, or we may notice the smithy or the doctor's house, distinguished by its modest size and its unusual amount of stabling. Here is the vicarage, there is the schoolhouse and the house of the schoolmaster adjoining, and so we may continue. Each thing has its own meaning and it is the distinctive character about them all that is their charm. Even the cottages of those whose individuality in the community is least marked have a "personality" that our codes of education and our factory systems of industry can never produce. Hence, by a greater unity and a greater individuality, a greater beauty is inevitably attained. Moreover the village as a whole has a greater meaning, individuality and character of its own than belongs to the majority of our newer cities.

The village life is, as we know, much more obviously interdependent than the life of the great city; the place of each member is much more definite and individualized but at the same time more

clearly related to the organism. A village is not the place where one does not know the name of the man next door and there is a sense of common responsibility that makes the casual unrelated laborer or unemployed less in evidence.



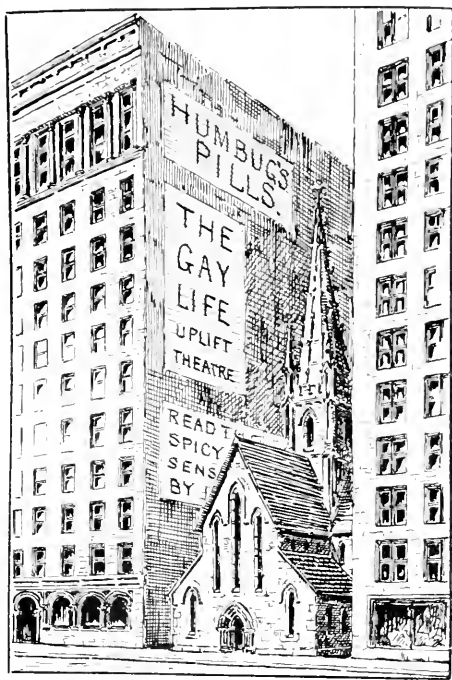
THE SPIRITUAL DOMINATES THE OLD VILLAGE

The fact is that to a considerable extent this village still expresses an older and more ordered form of society, that of the feudal system. As an expression of the civilized spirit it may not rank so high as that of the Greek polity; there is no clear intellectual centre and, if a modern library of fiction with a few other books has been added, it rarely fits into the scheme. But at least the feudal system was a system, an order, a thing beautiful in its degree. As to the higher against the lower—the dominance of the church is some expression of this; but the more spiritual side is also shown in a certain reverence for the past and the intangibilities of life, which for the banalistic vulgarity of the modern—sense, sodden materialist is almost a sealed book. The worship of the present, blind to the past and with no definite vision of the future, is the *ne plus ultra* of ignorance. "Whatever makes the past the distant or the future predominate over the present advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." A certain sense for the past is shown in every change that becomes necessary in the village and to this also, besides its immense unifying value, is undoubtedly due much of its spiritual charm and its feeling for form rather than mere matter. Last, although it may not be carried out very deeply, the feeling for beauty belongs to the people rather than to a specialist class. The village does not contain fine paintings or masterpieces of sculpture, but every thatched roof has its charm, every garden allures us with its fragrance and color, and if there is nothing of surpassing greatness, at least there is nothing ugly. I have often met a more genuine feeling for beauty in the cottage than in the city houses of a wealthier class.

What then of our modern cities? If ever there was an age when the city needed to be beautiful it is now. We live where our view is bounded by buildings, and many of our children have never seen the open country at all. If then we are shut off from the beauty of nature, how is our soul's hunger to be fed? This is a problem that does not vex our modern wisecracks, and the terrible consequence is only too apparent. Look at the modern city—huge, unwieldy, chaotic, characterlessly sprawling over the land! What has become of the church that played so important a part in the beauty of the village or the medieval city? Here it is—hemmed in by huge buildings that entirely overwhelm it. It is the factory or the hotel or the great office-building that is now dominating feature. But there

is no effect of unification since all these great buildings jostle each other in an internecine competition. The hotel, as we see it for example crowning San Francisco, is expressive of our modern civilization—restless, aimless, unsettled, busy, feverish, materialist. It is utterly lacking in the spirit of individuality where the ever-moving, covetous, shapeless crowd buzzes and sucks like flies on a rotting corpse. The modern hotel is a fine commentary on the modern appreciation of spiritual peace and the sacredness of personality!

This absolute lack of personality and individuality extends to everything. The very size of the modern city is against it. Suppose we imagine a picture painted on the wall, and round onto the next wall, and then down the stairs and finally out into the street. How is it to be regarded as a thing of beauty, a rounded whole? How are the values of the different individualities to be related? Can we get the real effect of a piece of music, if it is so long that we can hear but half to-day and must leave the rest till next week? We cannot grasp it as a whole; we cannot get the *tout ensemble* upon which its beauty so largely depends. It is not the details in themselves, as we have seen, that make the picture or the building, but the relationship between them. Aristotle long ago pointed out that the true city cannot be more than a certain size. The size is limited by the size of a man—physically, mentally, spiritually. There is for instance a limit to the number of people that it is possible to know. When a city gets beyond a certain size, the family feeling, if it may so be termed, gets thin and the whole *esprit de corps* tends to suffer. Here is a



THE MODERN ESTIMATE OF THE SPIRITUAL

principle of which the modern world has lost sight. One of the reasons for the comparative failure of the "skyscraper" is surely that man is only about six feet high! Therefore the doors and furniture must be such as he can use and these in turn determine the proportions and heights of the rooms and so on. To avoid characterless individuality in a wall containing several hundred windows of the same size and shape is excessively difficult. Indeed it is surprising how wonderfully successful some architects have been, generally by the method of dividing the vast front into plinth wall and entablature, if we may so phrase it. But notice; it has been at the cost of total suppression of the individuality of the windows and offices, particularly in the middle space. In other words, by denying the true function of the building altogether.

Although all beauty is a matter of relations and proportions and is relative, the fact that the height of mankind is fixed and not variable makes certain things definitely impossible. Where we want to express the infinity of space and the littleness of man, we require one kind of proportion; where we want to express his daily life and common occupations we require another. We cannot entirely play fast and loose with these things.

The same curious lack of the sense of balance and beauty may be seen in the size of the modern school. A school of three hundred may be a conscious community, even although the total school-life is but a few years; but a school of twelve hundred runs great risk of producing an uncultivated mob. Of course a satisfactory system of individual *kosmoi* within the larger *kosmos* might solve the problem of all these things, as we have already seen in the case of Oxford University; but that is not attempted, because the whole artistic sense is lacking.

If we look at the districts of our overgrown modern cities, do we find a *kosmos* within the *kosmos*, an arrangement, an ordered world or whole within a wider whole? There is nothing *cosmic* about them—huge tracts of ground inhabited by only one class of people—an entirely impossible world or community—acres and acres of soul-destroying suburbs inhabited only by clerks in their smug little villas. They are born amongst clerks, they live amongst clerks and they die amongst clerks: they think that the whole world consists of clerks, but it could not and does not.

Or look at the sad lack of individuality in our streets and houses as compared with the old village or medieval city! There is no vicarage here; the parson lives at number five thousand two hundred and twenty-seven, and the miller at number seven thousand six hundred and forty-five. The school-master does not live at all; since education is not now thought to be of much esteem, and as for the lady teacher who takes his place, she merely shares a number with several others in a boarding-house, to mark the appreciation that the state has for such nonentities as are merely responsible for the development of the minds and souls of its citizens instead of such sacred tasks as packing pork! Personality! The triumph of the higher over the lower!

In England it is the houses that are the principal offenders; in America it is the street. Indeed the ingenuity that combines the entire lack of harmony in the houses of a residential suburb in America with an entire lack of individuality in its streets is, in its own way, one of the most extraordinary triumphs of history!

But America cannot surpass England at her worst; and as an extreme instance a personal experience may be permitted. The author knew some people who went to live in the South of London—why any one should go to live in the South of London he does not attempt to explain—the fact remains that they did. He went to pay them a visit and of course they met him at the station. He arrived at the house and, let us say, it was number fifty on the right-hand side of the street. As he mounted the steps he had ample opportunity to study the ugly stereotyped terra-cotta ornaments

that "adorned" the house. He went in; and since the tale is not concerned with his visit, that may be omitted; but some months later, as he now knew the way, he paid them a surprise visit. He soon recognized the street and the house—number fifty on the right-hand side. He rang the bell and waited, shuddering at the same terra-cotta ornaments that he had observed on the previous occasion. When the door was opened he noticed to his surprise that there was a new parlor-maid and to his further astonishment saw that all the furniture was new, even to the carpet. In short, it was not the same house, it was not the same street! But as all the houses were exactly alike, and the streets were exactly alike, the consequence followed. When he told his friends of the experience, they only said "That's nothing; why we've tried to open the door of a house in the next street with our latch-key and you have no idea how angry they were when they stopped us trying to get in!"

Of course such instances are exceptional, but they show the way we are tending. Our cities unconsciously express the fact that modern civilization has no clearness of aim and that the fundamental sense of design in life is lacking.

Once more; what of the quality of nobility, of aspiration, of the endeavor to rise above the material and sensational to the higher rather than merely seek the lower and "have a good time"? Quite apart from any religious aspect of the question, one might almost say that every stone in a medieval city is full of suggestiveness, of romance, of spirituality, of aspiration, and a prodigality of loving labor regardless of material ends. A single set of iron hinges from the thirteenth century or an iron lock from the fifteenth reveals more affectionate toil than would furnish entire many a modern room. These things are unintelligible to us. The worship of materialism is rampant and is shown in the preponderance of factories and business houses in our cities. "Jerry-building" and scamped work reveal our dishonesty and desire for money rather than good work, in marked contrast with the great craftsmen of Greece or the Middle Ages. There was bad work even then, but in the main the distinction holds—our workers are wage-earners, not craftsmen. Our education may be better than that of the Middle Ages, whatever may be said of Greece, but it lacks loftiness of aim. We want a "bread-and-butter" education—not to make men who are higher in the scale of being. All this is expressed in the "shell." We cannot escape from this inevitable law; and posterity will read the shallow conceit of our education, its ephemeral superficiality, its purely vocational or "bread-and-butter" character, that seeks self-advancement rather than self-development, that finds nobility irksome and comfort alluring written all over our ostentatious and meretricious buildings and household objects, our luxurious and ornate hotels, our vast establishments for the sale of dress and other ephemeral vanities, our "movie-palaces," and our cast-iron radiators; and, if any of our literature should survive, in the scrappiness, sensationalism and utter triviality of the bulk of our magazines.

Nowhere is our sensationalism and lack of restraint more evident than in our advertisements, which may well take away the breath of future archeologists who come to interpret our civilization.

They are all on a par with the hideous rattle and roar and vulgar notes of the modern city. "Why need the horn of a motor-car make such a discordantly repulsive sound?" I once asked, "might it not be loud and yet be musical?" "O, people would not move for anything less" was the reply. What a curious commentary on the modern mind and type of man—that nothing will move him unless it is hideous and excruciating! and meanwhile he cares not in the least for the nerves and feelings of other people. The Medieval was summoned by means of a bell, the Modern uses a hooter. It is on a par with modern conversation, where, when all shout, only a yell can be heard.

In short, our failure is not a failure in ability but in desire. It is not that we cannot but that we will not. And our aspiration as well as our achievement is written in our cities, awaiting the comments of posterity.

Our first problem, then, results in showing the inevitableness of unconscious self-revelation and incidentally has brought out the fundamental failure in spiritual desire that marks our day. The second problem at this stage need not detain us long. If so much unconscious self-revelation is inevitable, can we at all build up consciously a beautiful city apart from our nature?

Undoubtedly this is very largely possible. We can learn codes of rules and carry out mechanically as a duty what at heart we do not feel. We may be made to do something better than we should do if left to ourselves. We may even make a beautiful thing because we desire a something that is beyond ourselves, one that is more than the mere expression of ourselves could give. It is quite possible largely to suppress the unconscious expression, if we are continually on our guard; and the result will be a reaction upon ourselves and a reshaping of the inner in conformity with the conscious outer expression. This is the law of habit, and since the decay of Greek civilization the formation of a habit has been the main and sometimes the only method of the teacher. The difficulty is that this involves the necessity that the pupil should first have an inner conviction of the duty, or submit himself to the teacher. But the adult in a democratic state will not so submit himself until he has the inner wish to learn the lesson.

In any case then, we are thrown back upon the same conclusion to which our first problem was leading us. Unless we have some external authority, which does not exist in a democratic state, there is no means open to us except a direct elevation of man's inner nature itself.

The consideration of such teaching and also of the laws that govern the actual building of the city beautiful may therefore be postponed until we have first considered how we may quicken the spiritual desire to have a city beautiful at all. This brings us to our third problem: if we could by some means secure a city beautiful, how far would that outer example react upon men's inner nature? How far will the beautiful city develop the true citizen sense?

Now just as we may love another human individual with a nature different from our own, so may we love an expression of another nature in an

environment that is not ours. Few of us can have visited Japan without falling in love with her, although Japan does not in any sense express *our* nature. We may then wish to reproduce such an expression in our own environment. This humanity has ever done; and the great Renaissance is very largely explained in that way. The result, as we have seen in the case of a habit imposed, is that the inner nature is changed—as was the case in Italy. From admiring and copying Greece, she became more or less Greek in her own nature, the unfortunate thing being, that she largely misunderstood Greece, partly because the bulk of her knowledge was second-hand through Rome. Further, the mere admiration and understanding of the great example will react upon us; even if we do not attempt to copy. Plato rightly considered the appreciation and understanding of the beautiful as one of the greatest of all influences in making beautiful man's own inner being.

There have always been teachers to point to the great examples; and the desire to imitate those whom we consider great and to emulate great achievements is universal. But again there must generally be some appreciation and understanding, before the spirit of emulation begins to work. Nevertheless even where little or no appreciation is felt, there is a force at work. When we see nothing that is not beautiful we become accustomed to following the lines and proportions of beauty, and even this in some way constitutes a habit. When we then wish to make something for ourselves, we follow the familiar lines, and this, as we have seen, will help to mold our nature in the direction of beauty. The average appreciation of art and beauty is undoubtedly slightly higher amongst children brought up in beautiful surroundings, particularly where there is some element of understanding. By the same law, ugly things produce an ugly nature, and the hideous toys called "golly-wogs," etc., and the comic illustrations of our newspapers explain many of the tendencies toward depravity in our children. Personally, in my house I have found that the best plan is to forbid them, and to give orders that any that may enter shall be destroyed, so as not to corrupt other people's children.

However, in spite of the undoubted influence of environment and examples, both fortunately and unfortunately it is not so great as supposed. Even the worst surroundings will not entirely corrupt, nor will the best automatically result in salvation. In an age that by a swing of the pendulum over-emphasizes environment, it is most important to realize this, lest in our attempts at reform we be disillusioned. For example, in some of the schemes of housing reform in the North of England it was thought to be an excellent plan to introduce fixed baths into the smallest class of houses, trusting that the improved environment would foster cleanliness. But alas, the baths have been used for the storage of coal!

Or again we may ask—what has become of the great sculpture of Greece? did it make the inhabitants of the Greek lands lovers of the beautiful? It is one of the saddest facts of history that nearly all the great Greek sculpture has been burned for lime in order to make mortar!

Or yet once more—did the glories of the Middle

Agnes make the succeeding generations lovers of the beautiful? Consider the case of my own city of Edinburgh. Did Trinity Church, the most charming church in Edinburgh, make the citizens lovers of the beautiful? It was pulled down in order to make sidings for a freight-station!

Beneath the great castle-rock was once the beautiful Nor' Loch. The then Lord Provost said that Providence had clearly designed the site of the Nor' Loch for a railway station. So the Nor' Loch was drained and the Waverley Station, at one time the largest in the world, was put in its place! And I have been wondering ever since, *what Providence has designed for the Lord Provost?*—but trust that he is in a position to appreciate the waters of the Nor' Loch now.

We may sum up our conclusions, so far, as follows: first, the beauty of the city depends upon the unconscious expression of the beautiful nature of the true citizen to a far greater extent than most men are at all aware; secondly, conscious expression, whether as a result of teaching or from a sense of duty, must in a democratic state initially proceed from a desire in man's inner nature; thirdly, although beautiful examples will have some direct effect upon men, even in this case the result is only appreciable when the inner nature is noble enough to be inspired and to desire understanding. Consequently we are driven to the Platonic point of view that the root of the matter lies in the noble nature itself. We may therefore have to fall back on a system of eugenics, as he suggests, and with or without such a system, perhaps, as he also proposes, adopt a graded scheme of society, but one founded on justice, so as to secure the dominance of the noblest natures.

There is, however, a third alternative, and again, after working it out, we find as usual that Sokrates and Plato have anticipated us. They argued that if only we had absolute knowledge we must do right—that wrongdoing arises from a mistaken notion as to what is really good. In normally constituted persons this is true enough: man does not deliberately choose the worse for the worse's sake. Even the murderer has a mistaken notion of good to be derived from his action. Otherwise he would not

do it. In other words, what he knows—and by *knows* we mean fully realizes—is the immediate gain; what he does not realize is all the infinite results to himself and humanity. This, it is true, is counter to the medieval point of view and accepts the Greek estimate of the fundamental nature of normal humanity. It may, however, be admitted, without leaving the Greek standpoint, that man does fail in effort, in energy, and may frequently be content to remain at the lower level or choose the lower, because of the effort involved. But this does not mean that he chooses the worse for its own sake.

What then we have to do as teachers is not simply to exhort, not simply to reiterate the value of beauty, which may become a most irritating procedure, but give men the knowledge that will force them to see that they are deliberately following their own worse interests. What we must do is to proceed from the known to the unknown; we must translate the unknown into terms of the known, the higher into terms of the lower and in that way compel men to see its value.

Let us take as an illustration a crude case from the material world. Here is an appliance worth a hundred dollars, which is known and understood. Here is a thing worth two hundred dollars, which is unknown and not understood and which appears to a man to be useless and of no value at all. Tell him that he can have them at the same price or effort and which will he choose? Of course he will choose the one of lower value. But prove to him that the other is worth just twice as much and then tell him that he can have it for the same price or effort; and which will he choose? Of course he will choose the one of higher value.

This man is what the true teacher must be and what we must attempt in the next section to show; we must not merely tell a man to follow beauty; we must make him understand, realize, fully grasp that the material things that he does understand are not worth so much as the beauty that he does not understand. If only we can do that, I for one have faith that he will follow. There will be faint hearts no doubt; but even they, although they lack the fervent energy to pursue the highest, will hesitate in the future to pursue the lowest. If only we can do it! certainly it is difficult; but we can try.

Ian E. Stoughton Holborn

(To be continued)

IN ITALY

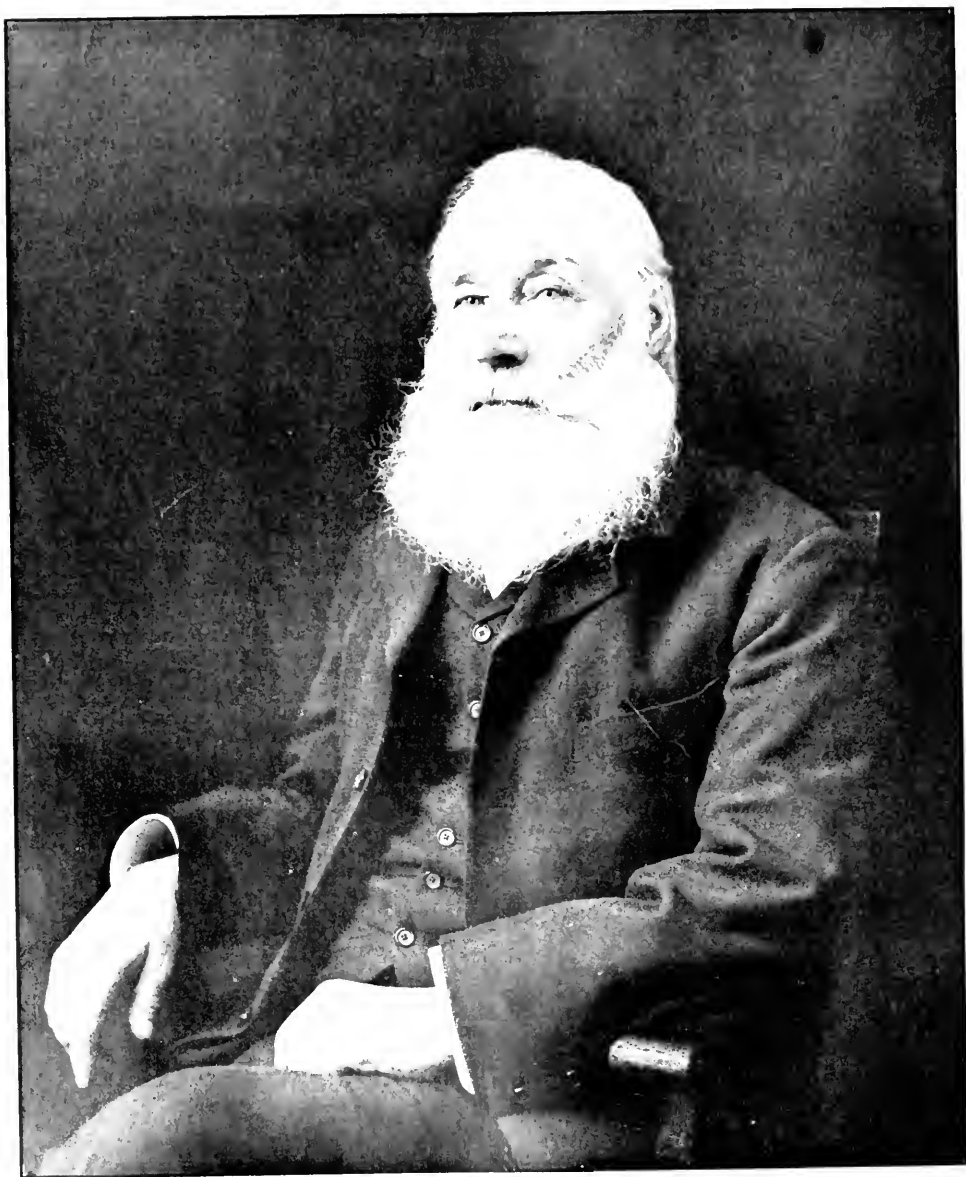
I

A sunlit garden all a-dream within tall poplar trees;
Long arabesques of lazy paths; massed flowers;
droning bees;
Hills terraced close with clustering vines; bronzed
workers, merry throngs;
Old crumbling ruins ivied deep; the lilt of half
heard songs.

II

War's trumpet peal. A people armed affront the
northern sky.
Dark rumbling lorries, swarm the roads. Grim
regiments plod by.
The mountain peaks, the climbing trench, the clash
of bitter strife—
Beneath, the mock of a zone pomp; above, the
thrill of life.

Tudor Jenks



SIR WILLIAM HENRY PERKIN
(See opposite page)

PERKIN'S DISCOVERY OF ANILINE DYES

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES E. PELLEW

(See opposite page)

A GREAT chemist was once describing, to a mixed audience, an important investigation that he had been engaged in, when one of his hearers suddenly asked him—"What good is all this work of yours? What possible value has it or do you expect it to have, to pay for all the trouble you have taken with it?" Quick as a flash the lecturer answered—"What do *you* consider the value of a baby?"

Perhaps the most extraordinary case on record, of a simple scientific discovery leading directly, in but a few years, to results of vast importance to the whole human race, is the discovery in 1856 of the first aniline color by a clever English boy. In fact the discovery of aniline colors and the foundation of the coal-tar dyestuff industry by Sir William Henry Perkin has proved to be one of the most important events in the history of civilization; and the world, or at least the whole scientific world, had come to appreciate it before the death of the discoverer.

WILLIAM HENRY PERKIN

Perkin himself was the son of a carpenter and builder in London, and when only twelve years old his attention was directed towards chemistry as a life work by some chemical experiments a young friend showed him. He then entered the City of London School, where he had the opportunity, an extremely rare one in England at that time, of listening to lectures upon chemistry and physics by a well-educated and interesting master who had been a student of the famous German chemist Hofmann. A few years before this, Hofmann had been brought over from Liebig's laboratory at Giessen, largely by the influence of Prince Albert, to be the head of the recently started Royal College of Chemistry. He was a man of great ability and, what was more important, he had the power of imparting his zeal and enthusiasm to his students. So it was only natural that after a couple of years at school, where he was soon made lecture assistant to his master, the boy Perkin, somewhat against the wishes of his father, who would have preferred to make an architect of him, decided, himself, to enter the Royal College and definitely adopt chemistry as his life work.

When sixteen years old we find him as one of Hofmann's pupils, and after rapidly completing the regular courses he was set by his chief at research work. Hofmann had made his reputation as a chemist by his work in organic chemistry, a subject very little understood at that time, and the boy's first research, an unsuccessful one, was on *anthracene*, a substance found in pitch and tar. Another research on a kindred subject turned out satisfactorily and Hofmann then promoted the lad of seventeen years to be his assistant in the research laboratory. This left him but little time for private work by day; so at night he used to work at his own experiments in a rough little laboratory he had constructed at home. Here, with a friend who was a fellow assistant in the laboratory, he worked out a careful investigation of a new com-

pound which, as he mentioned in his paper on the subject, not only was strongly colored itself, but had the power of staining and coloring other bodies like paper, straw, etc.

HIS DISCOVERY

It so happened that, in a report upon the work of the College some years before, Hofmann had referred to the possibilities of making, artificially, the important and then extremely expensive drug *quinine*, and had suggested a way of attacking this problem—a problem, by the way, which has not yet been solved. During the Easter vacation of 1856 Perkin tried his hand at it by a new method which he thought out for himself. His first attempt proved unsuccessful, so he tried again, using this time as his starting-point the substance known as "aniline."

Aniline (*anil*—an Oriental name for Indigo) is a strong-smelling, oily liquid with very interesting chemical properties, discovered some thirty years before as a product of the distillation of the dyestuff indigo. Several chemists had later found out other ways of preparing it and it was Hofmann who had shown in a very important series of investigations that all these products were the same, and had made a number of new salts and other compounds from it. One chemist, by the way, had noticed years before that this substance turned violet blue when acted on by chloride of lime and had named it *cyanol* (blue oil) in consequence. With much difficulty Perkin obtained some of this material, and tried, quite in accord with the chemical ideas of that period, though to a modern chemist in an utterly crude and almost barbarous manner, to forcibly change it into quinine by warming it with a solution of bichromate of potash, the brilliant orange-colored crystal to be seen so often in druggists' windows. Instead of the clear white crystals that he was looking for, he obtained a brownish, muddy precipitate which, when filtered out and tested, was found to dissolve in weak acid and in alcohol to a violet-colored liquid.

Up to this point Perkin's experience was what might have happened and, probably, had often happened to almost any bright, keen student in a laboratory of organic chemistry. Colored bodies and bodies making colored solutions had been constantly met with by every one who had worked with aniline. Hofmann himself, so it appeared afterwards, had run across them frequently; and considering them, as everybody else did at the time, annoying and worthless side-products, had spent much time and energy in washing them out and throwing them away, so as not to contaminate the nice, clean crystalline salts that he was trying to get.

HOW PERKIN FOLLOWED OUT HIS DISCOVERY

But Perkin here had a touch of genius which raised him forever above the ranks of his contemporaries. As he himself explained it half a century later, he had a close friend, of about his own age, who was working in a silk dye-house not

far off, and this boy had taken Perkin through the little works and frequently talked dyeing problems with him. And then too, his recently completed, though not yet published investigation had shown him the interest and possible value of dyeing tests made with newly discovered colored bodies. So when he found that brown precipitate of his made a bright violet solution, he at once hunted up an old silk handkerchief he had been using round the laboratory to clean up his apparatus; carefully wetting it, he dipped it in the warm liquid. The silk at once took up the dyestuff and turned a brilliant lilac color; and Perkin, immensely interested, dried it, pressed it out and started for home with it, to show it to his people. On the way he stopped at the dye-house and showed it to his friend who, greatly impressed, called the head dyer to look at it. By good chance this man happened to be both intelligent and good-natured. He evinced great interest in the dyed handkerchief, and when he heard that the dyestuff had just been discovered by this boy, he spoke to him seriously about it. He finished by assuring him that, if the color was fairly fast to light, and was not exceedingly expensive to make, the discovery was a very important one, and he strongly urged him to take out a patent for it, and push it to the utmost.

Of course when he reached home that night young Perkin was full of his discovery and its possibilities. All the family shared his enthusiasm. The father, an unusually broad-minded man of his class and times, told him to apply at once for a patent—which he would pay for, and assured him that if it proved promising he would invest all his savings to make its manufacture a success. His elder brother also, who was in business at the time, said that in that case he would give up his position and take charge of the financing and bookkeeping. The question of fastness to light was easily settled, and to his delight the color proved comparatively fast, faster than most of the vegetable colors then in use; indeed considerably faster than most of the aniline colors discovered for many years afterwards. But the question of expense was a serious one. Perkin had used aniline for his experiment which he had himself distilled from indigo at a prohibitive cost. But only a few years before, investigations by Hofmann and others upon aniline had showed that it could be prepared without much difficulty from coal-tar.

COAL-TAR AS A SOURCE OF DYE-STUFFS

Coal-tar had been the great bugbear of the rapidly growing coal-gas industry for some forty years. It was easy enough to heat soft, rich coal in retorts, and thus develop great volumes of illuminating gas at very low cost. But when this gas was cooled down and passed through mains and gas-pipes into houses, there was deposited from it a heavy, sticky, black, foul-smelling mess, which clogged the pipes and valves and caused endless trouble. Chemists and engineers had invented cooling and scrubbing devices of various sorts by which the gas was thoroughly purified and freed from the coal-tar before leaving the gas works. But this left tar on their hands in large quantities and no one knew what to do with it. Some works tried running it into the rivers, with most disastrous results—the heavy portion settled and formed

objectionable mud-banks, and the lighter parts floated as an offensive scum on the water. Then they tried carting it away from the works in tank carts and burying it in pits in some lonely locality. In some cases, where sand dunes or large stretches of waste land could be used, they would dig pits and fill them with it and then light it, making great fires with dense clouds of smoke. Chemists had for years been studying this tar, but as yet had found no important use for it; and now, if only the laboratory experiments could be made successful on a large scale, it would furnish an abundant and very cheap source of aniline for making dyestuffs.

PERKIN STARTS A NEW INDUSTRY

Before long Perkin had satisfied himself and his family that this was a satisfactory solution of the problem. A patent was granted in the summer of 1856. Strongly against the advice of Hofmann, Perkin resigned his position at the Royal College to work out the endless details of using a laboratory experiment commercially. The next summer work was begun on the factory, and by December 1857 the new dye was being supplied to some of the leading dyeing firms in England. The boldness of this undertaking can hardly be appreciated at this time. Neither Perkin nor any of his family had the slightest experience in manufacturing of any sort, and as for the manufacture of fine organic chemicals, at that time it was practically untried, not only in England but all over the world.

Long afterwards, when the whole scientific world was joining hands to shower honors on Perkin on the fiftieth anniversary of his great discovery, the American chemists, not to be outdone, invited him to come across the ocean and receive their congratulations in person.

After the more formal ceremonies had been attended to—public dinners, receptions, honorary degrees, medals and the like—the Chemists' Club took occasion to welcome him at a more informal function, namely a beefsteak dinner at their house. Sir William (he had been knighted that summer) seemed to enjoy himself, and when pressed to speak gave us a rambling, informal little talk about the differences between chemical manufacturing now and in his early days. "Why!" said he "you boys don't know anything about what the difficulties were then! There were no supplies. We had to make and purify our own chemicals and reagents. There was no apparatus, large or small. We had to make it ourselves, or design what we wanted, and try to get it made by some one who couldn't imagine what it was to be used for, and was too stupid to follow directions. But the expense! Why, you young fellows (!) think you are ruined if you pay a few cents a pound for strong nitric acid. It cost us almost as many shillings, and it was very hard to get it, and not right when it did reach us. Concentrated sulphuric acid which you can get with ease and of any strength you want, we could not get at all; and some of our experiments, in consequence. . . ." And so he rambled on.

One of us passed the word down the table and when Sir William paused for breath a voice was heard: "Sir William, how much did you get in those days for that *mauve* dye of yours?" The old gentle-

man pulled himself together, thought for a moment and then, with a little chuckle, said "Well, to say the truth, gentlemen, for the first five years I sold every scrap of that dyestuff I could make for *three guineas and a half an ounce.*" And we all laughed—knowing as we did that, at the time, 1906, much stronger and more brilliant colors of that class were being sold, in open market, at not over forty cents a pound.

For, from the very beginning, the industry proved a success. The public were greatly interested in the brilliant new colors and when, in the course of a few years chemists began putting new ones on the market, the industry soon was recognized as important. Perkin's first dye, *mauve*, was superseded in 1862 by the introduction of a series of very brilliant *violets*, one of which, discovered by Perkin's old teacher, is well known to this day as Hofmann's Violet. But Perkin never ceased to be an investigator, and, while constantly working out improvements in the process, new ways of making the dyes and new methods of using them after they were made, he never lost his interest in making and discovering new compounds, and with the help of a good staff of chemists, kept for his works the start with which they had begun.

Years afterwards an English chemist who, almost from the beginning, had been one of Perkin's associates, told some friends how he had first entered the color industry. He was one of Hoffmann's men, a few years older than Perkin, and one day, as Perkin was going home after a long day's work in the laboratory, he overtook him and slapping him vigorously on the back, greeted him warmly: "Well, Perkin, old man, how are you coming along with that wonderful new purple dye of yours?"

PERILS OF AN INVENTOR

Poor Perkin at the time was trying hard to get his first patent and was doing his work behind tightly closed doors, confiding only in one or two intimate friends beside his family. So he was horrified, and started to disclaim any such discovery. But his friend kept on relentlessly, laughing at his protestations, telling him facts which he supposed were closely hidden, about the shade, its fastness, its power of dyeing animal substances and the like—till Perkin gave in and told him that he *was* working on a new purple dye, and had just run across some difficulties in which, perhaps, his friend might be able to help him.

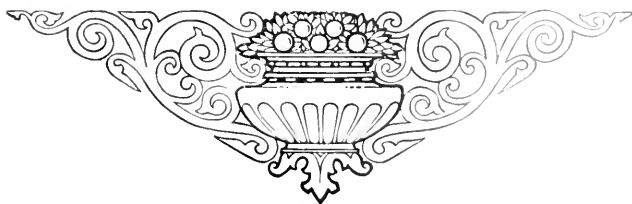
It was years before his friend told him that his

wonderful and inexplicable knowledge of the strictly guarded secret was all a bluff on his part. He had happened that afternoon to run into Perkin leaving the College in a brown study with his head down, evidently pondering on some deep problem; as he came up to him from behind he noticed he was twisting his hands together behind his back, and saw that they, although evidently recently washed, were strongly stained *bright violet!* He proved one of Perkin's very best men.

The greatest advance in the dyestuff industry came in the year 1869, when two German chemists explained the composition of the dyestuff *alizarin*, the valuable constituent of madder, and thus the basis of Turkey-red dyeing, and the fastest and most brilliant red dye known in the world. Directly this paper appeared, Perkin started to work out a practical method of making it from his old acquaintance *anthracene* and before the end of the year his works were supplying the English market with these new and wonderfully fast colors under his own patents. Since that time hundreds, indeed, thousands of new dyestuffs have been discovered, tested and either rejected as of inferior quality, whether in shade, brilliancy, fastness to light or to washing, dyeing properties and so forth—or else have been brought out and pushed in competition with the former ones, by one or the other of the great manufacturers of dyes. The quality of the dyes therefore has been steadily improving, year by year. New and simpler methods of applying them have been discovered; they have been made more cheaply, and in the form of Diamond Dyes, Easy Dyes and the like have been brought within the reach of any one, even in comparatively scattered communities, who wishes to make use of them. Then too, the art of mixing and blending the shades so as to make soft, harmonious tints out of the hardest, fiercest, most brilliant colors has at last been generally learnt. So that it would be hard, now, to think of a civilized world without the beauty of color due to the coal-tar dyes.

It would seem enough, for any one man, to witness, during his active career, the development of a great new industry like this manufacture of dyestuffs, resulting directly from his own youthful efforts. But the extraordinary thing about Perkin's life is that this industry, great as it is, proved to be but a stepping-stone to results which could never have been imagined at the beginning, but which, long before he died, had affected the very life of practically the whole world. Some of these I hope to describe in a later paper.

Charles E. Peller



ANALYSIS OF WORKS OF ART

By Petronius Arbiter

OUR STANDARD

The logical Standard of Art Measurement for a sure evaluation of works of art is based: on rare examples of the highest manifestations of the Six Elements of Art Power.

That is to say: The greatest work of art in the world is that one in which we see manifested:

First: A subject which is Socially the most beneficent, of interest to the greatest number of people, and the noblest in Conception.

Second: In which the Expression: on the faces of the figures, in the details, and in the work as a whole expresses profoundly that which the work is supposed to express.

Third: In which the Composition is the most sublime.

Fourth: In which the Drawing of all forms is the most true and effective in rendering Life, above all Ideal Life.

Fifth: In which the Color is the most varied and rich.

Sixth: In which the surface Technique is the most vigorous, appropriate, and unoffensively individual; the whole work of such a Quality, and so coordinated, as to insure a result, in which a Subject is expressed with the greatest Completeness and Harmony; so as to stir the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

We consider a work of art great or trivial in ratio of the degree to which it measures up to this standard.

PING-PONGING PAINT OR PAINTING POETIC PICTURES

(See pages 228-232)

We are in receipt of the following letter:

New York October 1st, 1917

PETRONIUS ARBITER, ESQ.,
C/O THE ART WORLD.

DEAR SIR:

I have profited greatly by reading your Analysis of Works of Art, so clear, direct and convincing. But I do not quite understand your phrase: "Ping-ponging paint over a badly designed canvas." Will you at an early date please analyze this expression and greatly oblige.

Very truly yours
MERRITT RANDALL

PING-PONG is a game played by two persons indoors, mostly by children, with diminutive tennis rackets and tiny tennis balls, a sort of childish version of the noble game of outdoor tennis. It is now almost forgotten. As ping-pong consists in hitting a ball back and forth in a small room, indoors, in a useless way, "ping-ponging" in any activity means a *back and forth useless, wasteful movement*, be it in carving or in painting.

By *Expression* we mean this: Let us say an artist paints a face that is supposed to laugh or longingly look at a lover's face, or one that is supposed to express hate or sorrow; that face is expressive in ratio of the *completeness* with which it expresses the emotion it is supposed to express and forces that emotion into the soul of the beholder, and everything that interferes with this completeness of expression should be suppressed in a picture or a statue.

Now, most of the confusion to-day in the world of art is rooted in the existence of two antagonistic conceptions of the real meaning of the word Art, and these conceptions govern the two categories into which, to-day at least, all artists may be divided: the poetic artists and the parading technicians. These two classes of artists look at life and art from different and opposing standpoints.

To the great poetic artist Art means a Product,

that is: a finished and completely expressed work of art made up of six elements:

First, exalting conception, beauty of composition and profundity of expression;

Second, truthful drawing, charming color and unobtrusive surface technique.

The first three of these elements are the *conceptive* and the most important part, and the second three are the *executive* and less important part of a work of art.

If the poetic artist is a painter, he will accept Whistler's dictum: "A picture is finished when all traces of the means used to bring about the end have disappeared!" a profound truth which Whistler, however, often violated. The poetic painter will not strive by malice of forethought to leave tell-tale brush-marks or dabs of pigment on his canvas, especially of a character so peculiarly his own that men will say at first glance: "Ah! there is a L'hermitte, a Millet or a Dupr ." To the poetic artist his message is always of the first importance. He insists upon telling a story, expressing some idea or depicting some trait of life or of nature in so perfect a manner that *our emotions will be stirred* either to a high or low degree, so as to lift us above the common-place grind of our workaday life and exalt us out of the boredom that is the inevitable concomitant of obtaining our daily bread.

The poetic artist will not care much whether the technical processes, by which he fixes his emotions in form, are strictly original and personal to him or common-place or impersonal, so long as they are relatively truthful and *effective enough* to stir the emotions of his fellows, both laymen and artists. Like Shakespeare in dramatizing, Velasquez in painting, Michelangelo in carving, he will use any old "technique" to get his message effectively over the footlights, and quickly, into the soul of the beholders of his work—so as to emotion them. And he will ruthlessly erase from his work any *peculiar* technical elements that may creep in which, by

attracting undue attention to themselves, inevitably lessen the expressiveness and *emotioning power* of his work. Therefore when a poetic artist has "mastered his trade"—his technique—he uses skill for ends higher than merely to parade that skill, or merely to arouse the astonishment of laymen or the envy of his fellow artists by his technical cleverness.

On the other hand, to the Parading technician art is only a Process or Activity, that is: a *method* of carving or painting the surface of things in his statue or his canvas—his technical skill. He regards the stirring of the emotions of the public with more or less contempt. To make men laugh or reverence or weep is to him childish. To him, emotional exaltation is fit only for "sentimental duffers," as one of them said. With the parading technician "pure aesthetics," that is, "personal technique," is the thing! Never feeling the desire to exalt his fellow-men; usually actuated merely by a desire to "smash their eyes," to paraphrase Diderot, with a parading of his dexterity as a workman, he cares nothing about the choice of a magnificent or exalting subject or any subject at all. Since, according to him, skilful, peculiar, "individual," original "painting" or color-juggling is the thing, why choose a subject? Any old barn or dump-pile will do, to enable him to parade his skill as a technician or paint-pusher. This parading class of technicians find refuge in the following definitions of art:

Art is the power of doing things which is not taught by nature.

DR. JOHNSON.

Art is but the employment of the powers of nature for an end.

JOHN STUART MILL

According to these definitions, making a wheelbarrow or pump-handle is "art"!

But here is the definition which gives them the most joy:

Art is not a thing; it is a way.

COLERIDGE

Therefore the *way* the tumble-bug rolls up his ball of dung is also an art! So is the delightful *way* some negroes have of shaving one. So is the proper *way* of going upstairs. These things are all "ways" of doing things. But to call them art because they are ways of doing things is silly beyond measure.

St. Gaudens used to say: "Every statue is great if it is done in a great way." Immortal maxim! If a statue is conceived, composed, expressed, drawn, light-and-shaded and techniqued in a great way—it must fatally be a great statue, like his own "Lincoln." But if it is conceived, composed, expressed, drawn, light-and-shaded and modeled in a degenerate way, it is equally a degenerate statue.

Why use the word Art in connection with the "way" or "process" or "activity" of doing anything? Why not use the word "skill" or "ability"? Why justify a negro in gilding on his shop: "Antiseptic Parlor of Tonsorial Art?" Just as well give a cowboy a silver medal stamped "Master of the Art of skinning a mule" because he is skilful with a lariat. As a result of the preaching of this absurd notion, that an activity should be called art, we have

the arrogant and childish definition of art by R. D. W. Stevenson: "Technique is art, and those who are not interested in technique are not interested in art!"

The truth is, every Jackdaw that is fond of hearing himself babble lies to the use of the word Art for every conceivable activity. We have even men of great ability forgetting themselves and doing it. John Burroughs, whom we love and respect, in his early essay on "Expression" has said:

"People differ not so much in material as in the power of expressing it. The secret of the best writer lies in *his art*"

"The great writer says what we feel but could not utter. We have pearls that lie no deeper than his, but have not *his art* in bringing them to the surface." (Italics are ours.)

This is good literature. But why drag in the word "art"? Why not rest the case with the words he used first: "*power of expression*"? If he must have synonyms why not use "skill" or "ability"?

In other words, the word should be used only in connection with a *finished art product*, a completed work—poem, drama, picture, statue, temple, etc.—requiring for its creation, conception, composition, expression, drawing, color and technique. An artist should never speak of his technique or manner of painting alone as "*my art*" but should use that word only in speaking of his finished works of art.

This point of view of the Parading technician that skilful technique is art was promulgated about fifty years ago in France, by the "modernists" before referred to. At first timidly But, being a new thing, unheard of before from the beginning of time in the world of art, it appealed to a restless class of artists who prided themselves on being *experimenters* who had not vision enough to see that every new tendency, if exploited beyond a certain point, becomes degeneracy, be it in religion, politics or art.

These "experimenters" childishly believing that progress to infinitude is possible in every art, not being able to see that mere "painting" more perfectly than had been done by Giorgione, Rembrandt and Velasquez was impossible; and that there is a limit to everything except time and space; and that the only field open to them for the display of common-sense originality was the field of Composition, decided to break away completely from all the aims of the great art epochs of the past and adopt new aims.

These are stated by Maclair on pages 38 and 39 in his "L'Impressionisme," the authoritative statement of the aims formed by the "modernistic" art movement, in substance thus:

The pursuit of the Beautiful is an antique fad. The artist should not seek the beautiful.

The artist should suppress the inherently noble subject.

The artist should choose any subject he fancies.

The artist should express the character of a subject parallel with an effort to express "modernity."

What was the result of the adoption of this creed? An immediate slump in the world of art, a sudden preoccupation with the mere *process* of "painting" by those who adopted this creed and a progressive contempt for everything except mere painting that enters into a work of great art:

choice of a fine conception, beauty of composition, completeness of expression, correct drawing, even beauty of color composition. All that attracted them was the manner of painting, of pushing paint over a badly designed composition.

They in reality ceased to be artists and degenerated into mere painters of effects in pigment, an activity which to a man with a normal mind and a virile soul is as useless and contemptible a sport—for a man—as “ping-ponging” a ball back and forth. Hence we call this paint-pushing activity mere “ping-ponging of paint.”

Now, had these “experimenters” modestly said: “Gentlemen! we are searching for a new method of putting on pigment in order to render more truly beautiful the effects of nature, light, atmosphere, sunshine, fog, life, snow, etc.; when we succeed we will paint greater pictures than ever before!” all would have been well. But no, O, no! they began by assailing every artist who believed in telling a story or expressing a trait of life or of nature or a beautiful idea finely—simply because to tell a fine story, to depict human nature beautifully or to express great sentiments lies at the base of all great art of the past but, as “modernists,” they wanted deliberately to *break with the past*. They pushed along this path until they hated the past so much that they even recommended the burning of all the museums of Europe in order to make a clean

sweep of the past and make a new start, in order to have none of the old things hanging about which might act as hampering examples of past greatness in art or even serve as suggestions for the great art possible in the future. This was the abyss. In this abyss these “modernists” floundered about for a generation.

Think of a man, claiming to have his five senses intact, saying—that one should not illustrate a story in a painting as Whistler did, should not express an idea in poetry as George Moore did or should not express an opinion in a novel as Flaubert did! Since this factitious and senseless modernistic movement, embracing all the faddist “isms” that have popped out of Pandora’s æsthetic box—from Impressionism to Cubism and from Futurism to Vorticism is fast fading away, fast dying an unregretted death, we look back on the antics of these hallucinated “experimenters” and see them saying and doing things than now seem unbelievable.

But to bring the matter clearly before our inquiring reader who asked us for a clear explanation of “ping-ponging paint” we will have to show some examples of the utter degeneracy into which this movement has slumped, from painting beautiful pictures to a childish tossing to and fro of paint, no higher in value for the scheme of life than crap-shooting in a New Orleans back alley!

A GREAT WORK OF ART

“THE HOLY FAMILY OF FRANCIS I” IN THE LOUVRE BY RAPHAEL

(See opposite page)

ON page 229 is reproduced a poetic picture by Raphael “The Holy Family,” the most gracefully beautiful of all his renderings of this subject. Reader, study it! It is a wonderful work of art, one of the world’s great gems of poetry in paint. Of course the crass materialist reeking with realism will say “How absurd! Mary never could have been dressed in such a classically arranged robe nor the rest of the family in such clothing!” Why not? As Raphael could not tell what was the style of clothing in Mary’s day he had to imagine some style. Not believing it “truthful” to dress up Mary in the peasant garb of his own day he frankly composed and idealized the whole story and lifted it into the realm of poetry—without going beyond the probable.

But then, having done that, how exaltingly he conceived the subject! how extraordinarily beautiful is his composition of the lines and masses! How his wise composition invests the whole work with that fine style that lifts us above the commonplace expression of life! How beautiful the types of the heads and bodies he chose and how profoundly expressive is each face of that emotion which it was intended to express! And not only are his lines and forms beautiful; they are satisfyingly true to the Hellenic type, once he chose that type. How truthfully and expressively every detail is drawn and modeled! Unfortunately the reproduction gives but a hint of the beauty of the color composition, of the color-style of the picture. Hence here we have an extreme amount of relative truth

in line composition, drawing, expression and atmospheric painting . . . in other words ideality of conception, composition and *style*, but reality in *manner* of execution.

And why should not the Holy Family be idealized to lift us above the earth earthy? Is there any reason why not? Moreover, if the miraculous birth was possible at all, was it not possible also that the Mother and Joseph and Child could be miraculously transfigured into beauty by the same power that brought about the Miraculous Conception? Was it absolutely essential for Raphael to represent the Holy Family as ugly or even home-spun peasants and all in rags? Why not lift the whole scene to the realm of poetry—if the result is an epic exaltation plus that virile truth of form which is so vital to preserving truth all along the line in art, life and action?

Here we have no trivial ping-ponging of paint in the manner of the “painting.” Here the pigmental and brush-borne “means of bringing about the end” have all been ruthlessly effaced as absolutely beneath the contempt of Raphael. One hardly thinks of the picture as “painted” at all. It looks rather as if Raphael had used his brush like the wand of a magician saying “Be thou a Holy Family!” and it was one. Certainly he avoided all peculiar “stunts” in painting this magnificent work, which Francis the First counted at once as the chief art treasure of France. This is what we mean by painting a poetic picture.



"THE HOLY FAMILY OF FRANCIS I"
IN THE LOUVRE
BY RAPHAEL

(See opposite page)



PAINTED BY E. DELACROIX

"A FRENCH PEASANT FAMILY"
A CLEVER WORK OF ART

(See opposite page)

Courtesy of Knoedler & Co.

A CLEVER WORK OF ART "A FRENCH PEASANT FAMILY" BY L'HERMITTE

(See opposite page)

NOW let us look at a similar subject in modern life, painted by a modern Frenchman, by L'hermitte, showing a French peasant family, see page 230. This family is also holy. All families are holy in which husband and wife labor to raise a family in purity and love so as to endow the race with splendid specimens of children to grow up to bless the race as much as in them lies and their environment permits. But while this picture is exceedingly clever and a sane modern work, it is only *clever*. Why? Because it lacks the lifting *style* in its composition and its conception. In fact it is scarcely at all composed, as we understand the word composition. It is apparently such a clipped-off particle of peasant life as any one could observe in some village of France. Hence the work does not exalt one above the common-place truth of nature and experience. It is nature, it is true. But Raphael's "Holy Family" is nature, plus exalting poetry. Instead of a lifting *style* L'hermitte sought only an individual *manner* of putting on paint, over and above the other qualities which the picture certainly possesses.

If the reader will look closely he will notice little dabs and streaks of paint all over the canvas as if the surface had been cross-hatched. He will find angularity in details where he should find flowing lines. He will find on the faces a lack of that effacing of the means by which an end is produced of which Whistler—a more advanced modernist than L'hermitte himself—so truthfully speaks. The reader will also notice that while there is considerable completeness of expression, above all in the mother's face, there is yet a certain lack of profundity of expression, because the expression is *obscured* by the small dabs and streaks of pigment purposely allowed to remain upon the surface of the faces, as if the artist had been above all intent on showing how he could skilfully ping-pong with pigment, and in so peculiar and personal a way, that the work should be recognized as his painting, having his trade-mark of craftsmanship. One would say he was more intent upon this than he

was on making each face completely expressive—so as to emotion the beholder profoundly. He appears to have been more intent upon astonishing our mind with his painter skill than with the stirring of the emotions of our soul. In other words, here we have common-placeness as to conception and composition, of style, but uncommon-placeness of technique, of manner, of painting.

This obtrusion of a trivial technical manner into a picture to the detriment of the expression, not only on the faces but throughout the canvas, is what we call a worse than useless ping-pong of paint. It is true that this useless imposition of pigment upon the canvas has not been carried to an extreme point, L'hermitte being of the transition period between Rational and Modernistic art. His ping-pong of paint has not yet become offensively excessive.

Therefore notwithstanding his annoying manner this picture is yet full of a certain spiritual charm. The types are not vulgar peasant types. The father is a sturdy, even handsome fellow; the mother is truly beautiful in profile and the little child in the crib lovely enough to warrant the affection of the whole family. The expression on the mother's face is particularly fine. But the point is, given the fine drawing in the picture, that had L'hermitte suppressed his mannerism and painted more smoothly, either like Holbein, Rembrandt or Velasquez, he would have made every inch of his canvas more expressive and emotion-stirring. In other words, had he restrained this desire for parading a technical peculiarity his picture, even though it is charming, would be more poetic than it is and a greater work of art and more charming, while now it is a surprising and clever work of art, only next door to the great.

Of course a clever work of art, we repeat, is already deserving of much honor. But how much better to suppress all technical stunt-parading, if by so doing we can lift a clever work of art into the category of the great!

A DEGENERATE WORK OF ART BY AN UNKNOWN PAINTER

(See page 232)

LEAVING L'hermitte's picture which, to repeat, is a work showing the beginning of paint ping-pong, let us consider another picture of "A Family," by an unknown "painter," in which the swish-swashing of a paint-brush back and forth in useless movement is pushed to an extreme. It is a full-blown specimen of the tendency to sacrifice everything to the pushing about of paint, see page 232.

Here we have a jewel of the "ping-pong of paint over a badly designed canvas" such as our inquirer asks us to analyze. But having been able to find a photograph of one, is there really anything to analyze? The whole thing is so stupid

that it really needs no analysis. For where is there a single ray of clarity in the conception so that we can understand what it means? What is taking place? Is the woman washing an unwilling child's face or is she giving the child a beating? One can not tell. This is because the drawing is so bad one can make out the gestures neither of the mother nor of the boy. We do not know whether the woman is angry or whether the boy is weeping, bellowing or shouting. All is so misshapen and foggy and so indistinct that one can not tell whether the woman is Russian, Italian or American.

Not only is the conception trivial, the composition ugly, the drawing bad but the brushing in of



"SOME KIND OF A FAMILY"
A DEGENERATE WORK OF ART

BY AN UNKNOWN PAINTER

(See page 231)

the paint is equally meaningless and reveals nothing. So we are to assume that the artist had no higher aim than to cross-stroke, to ping-pong the paint over his canvas in this slap-dash manner, which, if you were to ask him, he would tell you is his "art," his "way" of painting. And what a way! Certainly not much better than the picture painted on the hill of Montmartre by the French donkey with a brush tied to his tail under the guidance of some jokers, one that made a sensation at the Salon of the Indépendants in 1910 and set all Paris giggling, one that is shown on page 103 of our May issue. It is a little better, but its trifling superiority is of no consequence. In fact, the picture painted by the ass "Boronali" with his tail is less offensive than this one painted by a human hand.

We contend that a man who will spend his time doing, exhibiting and selling such "color stunts" is not even half a man, he is a parasite, and the few who actually do buy them are misguided, mithering people more to be pitied than to be punished.

Here is neither conception, composition nor anything but just paint-pushing back and forth, utterly meaningless, ugly and silly, the *ad plus ultra* of what we mean by "ping-ponging of paint over a badly designed canvas." To do such a thing and call it a sketch is well enough, but to show it in an exhibition and to eulogize it as a "work of art" is an aesthetic crime.

Here then we arrive at the abyss, where the painting of pictures ceases entirely and becomes mere "painting." Here we have no longer clever technique nor fine color-composition; and all that remains is a wild and idiotic pigment-pushing which requires no artistic invention, no imagination, no "sweating of blood" to draw properly, nor labor of any kind. We have a mere wart in paint, requiring nothing but a few flip fingers to produce, a monumental cheek to exhibit and a charlatanesque "gift of gab" to extol in order to bunco the bewildered and deluded public.

And to think that there should be so-called critics who publish such trivialities in paint and praise them in the press and in octavo tomes!

MISCELLANY



"MADONNA"
SKETCH BY CARTAINO SCARPITTA

A FEW NOVEMBER EXHIBITIONS

DESPITE the drawbacks of the war-time season for art shows in New York opened with a rush in November. Here is the loan exhibition of Italian primitive paintings at the Kleinberger galleries—in the house on Fifth Avenue formerly the home of Ambassador Gerard—deeply interesting to those who have learned to favor the somewhat harsh work of the men who ushered in the great epoch of Italian painting, and rather surprising as evidence of the extent to which this amiable hobby has ravaged local collectors. At the Montross rooms Cartaino Scarpitta of New York showed a number of portrait busts and suggestions for monumental work such as a crucifixion, an entombment, a caryatid and even bits of fun like "A Little Ducky," "Study of a Cat," "Moolette," nay even a head of Lincoln—all as witness to the versa-

tility which he has in common with sculptors of Italian blood. A sketch for a Madonna is shown above. It has a certain formality in face and figure that suggests at once the primitives and the work of much earlier Italians, namely the Etruscans. On this line the sculptor may achieve a monument unusually impressive, for the sketch has the touch of something between seriousness and awe that is but rarely found in religious pictures and sculptures. Scarpitta is particularly good in portraiture—witness the bronze bust of Mr. Peter J. Bahr, the expert in Chinese art, that of the Hon. W. R. Wilcox and those of Mrs. Robert Huntington and Miss C. B. Timken.

At the Knoedler galleries a series of oils by Jonas Lie gives a capital idea of a great copper mine where the ore is taken from the surface, where a

great mountain has been molded into a pyramid with wide terraced steps, on the levels of which terraces trains of cars puff about like minute insects gifted with the power to emit smoke. It is Bingham, Utah, a straggling town set in a forbidding landscape of mountains. Mr. Lie manages to give the feeling of rock-structure, of geological strata, and not a little of the power of ant-like man to model the face of nature. He has his artistic limits, however, for the atmosphere, the aerial perspective is very crude, his brush refusing to tell the finer side of the scene in order to lighten the coarse realism of its oppressiveness. Mr. Lie seems innocent of those expedients that come to artists of greater subtlety in the use of color and of light and shade. Curious and interesting as records of facts, these pictures leave much to be desired on the side of poetry.

The same galleries offer a large collection of etchings by James McBey in which one notes with surprise how versatile is the hand that can draw so many places so well and in so many different styles, from Rembrandt to Goya, from Goya to Whistler. He has his needle at his command in a brilliant fashion; luckily he possesses also taste and love of the picturesque. Making the campaign against the Germans, he includes war topics like "The Somme Front," "Français Inconnus" and "The Sussex Stranded." It is a pleasure to look at drypoints and etchings by so good a workman.

NETHERLANDERS AT THE ARTS

Since the close of the Panama-Pacific Fair at San Francisco the exhibit made by Holland has been "starring" the country and at present is bringing its New York visit to an end at the National Arts Club. A collection of 158 pictures that include a few water-colors and drawings, brought together by Mr. G. E. de Vries, is held to represent the art of easel-painting in the Netherlands. It does not represent it very well, but in such matters one must be content with what can be obtained from living artists, and as for men deceased like Israels, Antoon Mauve, Mattieu and Jakob Maris, one has to put up with such pictures as art dealers or private owners may condescend to lend.

However inadequately, the little exhibit reflects some of the modern views of art fashion and more of the aspects of former times. A breath of the grand style of the old Venetian colorists animates the little figure by Willem van den Berg, a painter and etcher who like many Dutch artists comes of a painter family and has traveled far and wide. "Boy with Bowl of Fruit" stands apart from the plodding realists because it has a gesture of eyes, face and arms that relieves it in a measure from the feeling of convention and pose. Tones of fruit and tunic and curly hair and of the interesting if not beautiful features give it a dull-glowing charm of color. Paler, but still imposing by its broad, simple masses is the little figure of a shepherdess with staff and sheep, a sibyl, ancient figure rather than a "pastoral," as the picture calls itself. There is the big touch of J. B. Millet and the more remote Michelangelo; there is style, if eclectic. Notable also is his "Persian Blue."

Louis van Soest, a Hollander born in Java, who took a medal in St. Louis and has pictures

in several American and many European art galleries, is more than commonly fetching when he tries for the snowscape under soft sunshine. "Winter Sun" is convincing. Clever and sketchy for a distant view but very nice in tones is his "Carnival" with amateur clown singing and playing the mandolin and strollers looking on. In snow and soft wintry atmosphere Martinus Kramer, however, runs him hard—perhaps surpasses him as to the mere brushwork—for Kramer's long literal landscape "Wintertime in Holland" is moist with the very breath of melting snow. But is not in any high sense a picture. It is a section of landscape; apparently any other section were as good.

Literary *genre* goes far in W. S. de Groot's interior: "After the Funeral." Two black-bearded, black-coated, long-visaged men who might have stepped out of a novel by Charles Dickens, and yet have the Holland touch, are drinking "hollands" at a table; their conventional grief is in contrast to the bewildered but genuine trouble of a child in the background. Altogether too literal and photographic is van Walchren's "The Buccaneers" in whose half-nude bodies and insignificant faces one misses every quality of devilishness and daring we must perforce attribute to the scourers of the Spanish Main.

"The Looking Glass" and "Springtime of Life" show Mynheer Nicolaas van der Waay emulous of the fame of *feu* Bouguereau and Cabanel, so handsome are his drawing and coloring in the figure of a peach-bloom girl. These modern Dutchmen appear to have found again the lost red of the sixteenth century, if one may judge by the red robes of these pretty, almost too saccharine girls, clad in most becoming Dutch costume. Hobbe Smith is another realist who prefers the fisher folk; an old, very capable person is that one whose carefully wrought profile portrait we find here. Miss Bertha Gori contributes in water-color the portrait of an old lady wrought in the same patient and exact, uncompromising fashion—not a black mark or a wrinkle omitted. The Hollanders are still strongest in landscape notwithstanding the loss of many of the group that existed parallel with, rather than subsequent to, the Barbizon group of France. If one fails to find men of genius there is evidence enough to show that the patient hand and the judicious eye for nuances in color and form are still part of Dutch mastery.

STATE MUSEUM FOR NEW MEXICO

Santa Fé claims the title of the oldest city in the United States, having been founded a century and a half before the Missions of California. It was long the terminus of the old Santa Fé Trail. Now it is the proud owner of a museum that contains many objects belonging to cliff-dwellers who lived long before Columbus, souvenirs of the Spanish discoverers and most modern paintings setting forth the appearance, habits and customs of latter-day Indians. The museum building reflects the style of Spanish architects of the seventeenth century adapted to the needs of the missionaries. Recently inaugurated, the ceremonies are being followed by a series of tours to the Grand Canyon, San Diego, Pasadena, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco arranged for the visitors who want to see the most interesting scenery and cities

of the Southwest before returning. Tourists from New York are scheduled to reach home the day before Christmas. Of course a number of Indian pueblos are among the points visited. Paintings by Eanger I. Couse, E. L. Blumenschein, Julius Rolshoven and others who make Indians their special study are exhibited in the new museum together with pictures by Robert Henri, Walter Ufer, J. H. Sharp, O. E. Berminghaus and others who have portrayed the Pueblo and other Indians during the past three decades. Tourists from the Atlantic coast are cared for by the American Express Company. Santa Fé has a School of American Research with Dr. Edgar L. Hewitt as director and now launches a museum and art gallery on an astonished world.

THE ARTIST LACKING IN OUR GLASSWORKS

Ten years ago an improved laboratory glassware, made in this country, was offered on the market. Government tests showed it to be better than any imported. But chemists themselves were bluffed out of using it by the persuasive voice of the German agent. Circumstances over which we have had no control have demonstrated to us that a German accent is not of necessity the voice of truth, and yet there we sat, pop-eyed and open-mouthed in wonder and admiration, when they told us that Jena glass was "standard." Nobody would buy that American glass. But under the whip of necessity we buy it now and marvel at its merit. It really seems as though, compared with the German selling-agent, the American commercial traveler was a shy and modest violet—a soul of whispers and blushes. In the meantime, still greater improvements have been made, and these have led to the development of glass kitchenware and baking dishes, which is a step forward in household practice. A metal dish or pan reflects the heat away from the sides, whereas a glass dish lets it through. Therefore, a glass dish saves both heat and time in baking.

I want to emphasize the fact that we Americans are very like other people and that while we are doing pretty well in chemistry, the old fog is prevalent among us. When Ernest Solvay's ammonia process for making soda ash was established here the product was pure and white. For economical reasons they packed it in large containers. The imported soda ash, made by the Leblanc process, came in small containers, and it had a yellowish tinge. We (for the old fogies are as much part of us as the clever ones) would not have it; we wanted that yellow stain and the small barrels because we were used to them. When they put a little yellow coloring matter into the soda and packed it in small barrels we began to buy. They do not have to do so any more, but the practice had to continue until a good many first-class funerals had taken place.

Coming back to a consideration of glassware and the products of sand and clay, the most intricate apparatus are shown; indeed, the cleverness of American craftsmen working under scientific control is something that strikes the observant eye far more effectively than a mountain of soap or a great display of fancy bottles. And yet, not only is the display of fancy and beautiful glassware and porce-

lain lacking, but the fact is we do not make it in any considerable volume. The materials for glass and porcelain are at hand, the chemistry to produce articles of infinite variety and beauty is available, but when it comes to obtaining, for instance, tableware of grace and loveliness, we are likely to find that which is most appealing is imported. Now, why is this?

The answer is simple—we haven't the skilled labor. But the reason why we have not the skilled labor is far from simple. Let us see, however, if we can not make a guess at it. When a man achieves sufficient skill to make wares of exceptional beauty out of any materials he must have that quality of taste which recognizes the difference between that which is good and that which is not good; he must be enough of an artist to sense beauty when he has it before him. If he is only a hand in a factory, with more interest in his pay than in the quality of his work, he can turn out good, standard stuff, fair enough for anybody to use; but he will not, because he can not, under the circumstances, make exceptional wares. To make these requires an artist, and the artist, with his discriminating taste, finds delight in the thing of beauty and distress in that which lacks it. He enjoys his work more than the ordinary worker and he suffers more over it. One day is not at all like another. In making glass or porcelain ware, for instance, he has more than a job; he has a profession. Just as the physician likes to succeed with a difficult case and is disappointed if his methods fail, so the artist worker gets nervous over his task, and has his good days and his bad ones. He wants good pay and he gets it, but he wants a great deal more. He wants to speak his own language, he wants to select his own friends, he wants to hear his good work praised for comfort's sake, and he wants friendly criticism from his fellow-craftsmen.

The chances are that he has never heard of sanitary plumbing, but it is still more likely that he tends a little flower garden and has a favorite spot of green grass where he occasionally lies down of a summer afternoon. He may be especially fond of a local brew of beer or a *vin du pays*, both of which may injure his health, but it is impossible to persuade him that this is so. Now, we have little potteries in this country that make articles of surprising beauty, and they get \$100 for an inkstand. This proves our poverty in beautiful wares because it shows how scarce they are. In vitrics and ceramics, so far as the artistic quality of our products is concerned, we are way behind France, Saxony, and Bohemia. Chemically and technically we have caught up with them. We shall meet them artistically when we learn how to deal with the artistic temperament. To the man with a sense of order and a love for organization, the artistic temperament offers problems to rack his soul. Selah.

—Ellwood Hendrick in *New York Times*.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

Memoirs of the American Academy in Rome. Using the imprint of a firm at Bergamo, the American Academy in Rome has published a noble folio as an earnest of what may be expected from the men who enjoy the privileges of the villa on the Janiculum. An account of this building in which

the Academy has its quarters will follow in the January number of this magazine. The volume practically starts a new series in continuation of the two volumes of "Supplementary Papers" issued in 1905 and 1908 by the American School of Classical Studies which has been merged with the Academy in Rome; the new series is ambitious in its size and contents.

Director Jesse Benedict Carter, whose loss the Academy in Rome has had to deplore, contributed to this volume a paper on the curious system of priesthood in early Rome. It contains many suggestions in the way of religious forms and political action to explain anomalies in the Papacy, not at all in the controversial sense but the historical and impartial. The writer shows that very early times were witness to the difficulty of adopting democratic procedure to religious and secular growths when the latter had been planted and fostered under the rule of a king or an oligarchy. Eugene S. McCartney offers an antiquarian paper with several plates of illustrations concerning the debt the Romans owed the Etruscans for various improvements on weapons and modes of warfare. Latin writers have been much readier to concede to the Etruscans a superiority in the fine arts and in augury, especially the divining of the future from the flight and conduct of birds, but were far more reticent in the matter of the military. Such indications as may be gathered from ancient writers and modern investigators are put together and then Mr. McCartney considers piece by piece the weapons and defensive armor of the Roman soldier, with a word or two on chariots and entrenched camps. He concludes: "Even though the Romans did not make any sudden radical departure from traditional equipment and tactics, they showed themselves past-masters of the art of war by rendering perfect and effective the borrowed devices upon which other nations had exhausted their resourcefulness. Their particular forte was not so much creating as recreating."

An odd subject is that treated by John R. Crawford, viz.: the heads of old Greek and Roman statues which have been found lacking the top or back, not broken but sawed off. These intentional mutilations have been assigned to faults in the sculptor, faults in the marble block, adaptations of the figure to architectural needs and to the whims of fashion—as in the case of the *chereure* of Roman ladies carved in a separate block and fitted on the marble head to remain while that particular form of hair-dressing stayed in fashion. These carefully cut heads have also been dragged into the realm of superstition, and it is Mr. Crawford's special endeavor to show the falsity of the argument that split or bisected heads of this kind have something to do with rites of a Syrian sect introduced into Rome whose priests are supposed to have cut and carved real human heads with the idea of getting the deity in touch with the brain and to have used marble heads of gods with movable "lids" in their symbolic ritual. This far-fetched theory belongs to Paul Gauckler; it is not difficult to show its absurdity. Many towns in the time of the Roman Emperors had marble or bronze figures with removable heads, ready for the portrait of the new

ruler, from that to the idea of removable wigs of stone is but a step. Interesting and copiously illustrated is the paper by Stanley Lothrop on B. Caporali of Perugia, a comrade of Pinturicchio, hard at work on altar-pieces and murals for churches in Perugia while Columbus was a boy. Caporali is comparatively little known despite a certain sweet, devout look in his Madonnas and angels, a primitive charm in his severe backgrounds and a singular flavor in his coloring. Tourists look at his work, of course, but the overpowering quantity of paintings to be seen in Italy keeps a modest workman of his rank well in the background. Densmore Curtis adds a paper on a special kind of gold jewelry made in Italy, Greece and the Levant earlier than the sixth century, B. C., in which granules of gold are so disposed as to outline figures, limbs, muscles, compartments, animal forms and so forth. Mr. Lothrop has failed to show the analogy offered by this kind of decoration with the decoration of rugs, hangings and other textiles and with basketry, another perhaps more primitive branch of weaving.

THE FUNCTION OF ART

To accept Art for Art's sake, to divorce it from life, would be to pigeonhole our souls, as most people put their religion into Sundays. The deepest analysis seems to conduct us back to a recognition that Art and Reality, though they have no necessary relation, do actually tend to approach each other in the greatest Art. . . . If the supreme test of plastic and literary Art is its communication of a sense of life, is it not Truth we are really worshipping—Truth under another name? For lifelikeness, if it does not necessarily mean likeness to particular individuals, does necessarily mean likeness to universals.

And Selection, though it omits portions of the truth, does not omit the whole truth—nay, sometimes reveals the whole truth by cutting away the obscuring details. Reality is the inexhaustible *fons et origo* of all great Art; apart from which there is no life in Art, but a rootless, sapless, soulless simulacrum. . . . The biggest souls have never been able to express their sense of the multiform flow- ingness of things in neat packets of propositions; they have expressed it through the infinitive of Art. And Art, having once in human history been the medium of the spirit, must never sink back into a soulless toy. The Art of the future must vivify Science and take it up into Life; it must touch Truth with emotion and exalt it into Religion. *Israel Zangwill: Italian Fantasies, Macmillan, 1900.*

* * *

The new organization called "American League of Young Sculptors" has opened its first exhibition at the Gorham Gallery, Fifth Avenue and 36th Street. Eighteen sculptors have on view sixty-seven different pieces of sculpture. Undoubtedly this exhibition will be extremely interesting and worth the while of New Yorkers to see. As we are going to press we postpone any extended notice of the exhibition until next month.

ARTS, CRAFTS AND THE HOME



The Virgin
and the
Divine Son

A Fifteenth
Century Madonna
by Botticelli

THE HALLOWED CHRISTMAS TIME



SOME say that ever 'gainst that senson comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets
strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

HAMLET



THE occupant of the editor's chair lives always for the sake of his readers in the future, and so it happened that the urge of Christmas came upon us sooner than we could have wished, for we love to plunge into the enthusiasm and joy of a festival when it is at its height.

Looking up at a long row of pigeon-holes in the editorial desk we took a quick account of stock only to find that there were manuscripts on how to do this, that and the other, to make life more worth while, but not a word on how to keep the hallowed festival of Christmas.



ANGELS: GIROLAMO

We wrote to a well-loved contributor who is a philosopher pure and simple, one who writes with a gentle humor and whose outlook on life is broad and kindly. He would surely stir the hearts of his readers—so we told him—as no one else could do, and give us a Christmas message that would be heartening.

Here we ask his forgiveness, for perhaps we had misunderstood and this surely is no time for misunderstandings. A manuscript came, full of good things and wise thoughts, but alas! not breathing the Christmas spirit. Rather, it bemoaned the fact



FIF-
TEENTH
CENTURY

VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ANGELS: MAINARDI



NINE-
TEENTH
CENTURY

HOLY FAMILY: LEOPOLD CARL MÜLLER

that in middle life—"past forty," to be exact—one can no longer be dazzled by illusions. To be truthful, we are frank to confess that we cannot quite believe him. We cannot believe that his heart is not stirred at the sight of little children around the Christmas tree, or that a choking lump does not rise in his throat at the sound of children's voices singing their Christmas carols. "Except ye become as little children"—that is the test.

The child lives in a world all his own and it is small wonder that he falls now and then into childish tempers with the grown-ups about him who can not grasp his vision. "Life is full of a number of things" which are very, very real to him, but quite beyond the understanding of those who are not able to share his own world with him in his own way. He has little patience, if you do not know that the thing on which he sits astride is a horse. He clucks, he plies the whip, he rides far away, perhaps to the moon and you are most welcome to go with him, if you can share his imagination, but it is all off with you if you suggest that a chair should be treated with some respect.

Christmas is the children's own time. So it happens that each succeeding year at Christmas time you are asked: "Is there a truly Santa Claus?" and you answer: "Yes, there is a Santa Claus. He is thousands of years old and no one has ever seen him and no one ever will see him. But that isn't strange, there are many things which you cannot see and cannot understand, but they are here, helping you to run and play and breathe and sing." He looks you straight in the eye, you send an answering look and—well—you and he understand.

Hamilton Mabie, revered man of letters, has said: "We pretend to have become too wise to be moved by a lighted candle or stirred by children's voices singing of angels and shepherds; but in our heart of hearts the old story is dear to us and we are eavesdroppers when the ancient mysteries of love, of sympathy and friendship are talked about by the novelists.

"One day out of three hundred and sixty-five detached from its ancient history and isolated from the celebrations of centuries can not keep our hearts and hearths warm; we must rekindle the old fires and join hands with the companies of friends who have kept the day and made it merry so long ago. The echoes of ancient song and laughter give it a rich merriment, a ripe and tender wealth of associations. A sense of the unity of men in the great experiences, steals back again into our hearts when we hear the old songs and read the old stories."

But our philosopher regrets the hurrying crowds on the Avenue in the pre-Christmas shopping days, the wearisome paying of Christmas obligations, the tired salesmen and women. Here we all sympathize with him. It is quite true that many of the older folk have almost forgotten to

be merry in the old simple way, but it may be doubted if there is one among the hurrying crowds who will not later join some happy group, to celebrate with the bringing of gifts, the coming of the Christ Child. There will be rollicking games, and the little children will dance about the Christmas tree and Santa will be there in person.

Is this then no place for middle age, for old age? Though the feet may have long since refused to carry the aging body and keep in step with the



THE MUCH-BELOVED MADONNA
OF LUDWIG KNAUS

jolly tunes, yet there is something within, which rejoices in the illusions and takes to heart the best of it all.

The country home, with its ample living-room and great fireplace, and its long shelves of good things stored away for Christmas, is existing for many of us in literature only; but Santa Claus comes very willingly and very surely to the good children of the world, young and old, wherever and however they may live, if only there be the true Christmas spirit, the spirit of giving, of loving, of bringing to others some of the joys of life.

Many, many of our

If you had been a good child, St. Nicholas left you toys and goodies.



THE FEAST OF ST. NICHOLAS: JAN STEEN
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

children grown to young manhood have with "courage for right" gone to spend this Christmas in offering the greatest of gifts to home and country. "Greater love hath no man than this."

They will remember us, we shall remember them. For them and for us it will be a precious time. They will sing with us again the Christmas hymns and carols, this time with the voices of manhood but with hearts like the little children they once were. The Christmas tree will have a deeper meaning and the old Christmas stories will grip the heart as never before.

Alas! If you had not been a good child, he left you a bunch of rods.

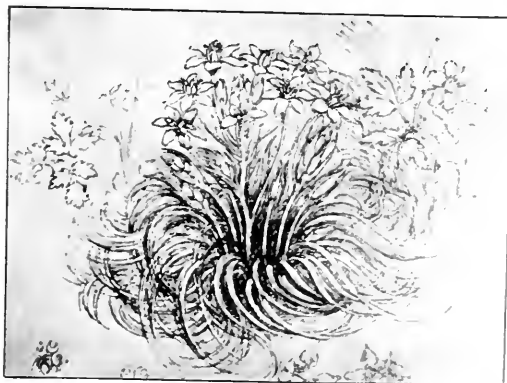
Everywhere, Everywhere, Christmas Tonight!

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine,
Christmas where snow-peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright.
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight.
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred for sin,
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,
Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light.
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!

Phillips Brooks



STAR OF BETHLEHEM: DRAWING BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

THE FRENCH DECORATIVE STYLES

I. LOUIS XIV (1643-1715)

BY WALTER A. DYER

*Author of "The Lure of the Antique," "Early American Craftsmen,"
"Creators of Decorative Styles," Etc.*

THE little series of articles on the English period styles in furniture, which appeared recently in THE ART WORLD, met with so cordial a reception that I have been encouraged to endeavor to treat the French styles in a similar manner, though I find it even more difficult to epitomize and reduce to simplest terms the salient characteristics of the French decorative periods. I shall take the liberty of rendering my task a trifle less difficult by omitting the earlier periods and beginning with that of Louis XIV, for I find that Americans have been chiefly interested in four of the French periods—Louis XIV, Louis XV, Louis XVI, and Empire—and that these are practically the only ones that are exerting an influence on the decorative arts of to-day.

By way of brief résumé, however, it may be well to go back to that source of great inspiration in the arts, the Renaissance, for the later styles are best understood when that background is kept in view.

The powerful influence of the Italian Renaissance, which affected the applied arts of all Europe sooner or later, made itself felt in France during the reigns of Charles VIII and Louis XII (1453-1515), and formed the dominant note in French decorative styles, with some changes, up to the close of the reign of Louis XIII. This was the period of the French Renaissance. In general, it was a freely ornamented Gothic style.

The reign of François I (1515-1549) was a period of great artistic development in France, with the Renaissance feeling at its height. Both architecture and furniture design felt this impulse. The Gobelins established their tapestry works during this period, and François sent direct to Italy for

such great craftsmen as Leonardo da Vinci, Seraglio, and Benvenuto Cellini.

The reign of Henri II (1549-1559) was even more productive in the realm of the industrial arts—furniture, textiles, porcelains, and bookbindings. Wonderfully carved cabinets distinguished this reign.

During the four succeeding reigns a sort of decline or wearying of the art impulse set in, to be followed by a rise in the curve during the reign of Louis XIII (1610-1643), when Cardinal Richelieu was prime minister. Life became more luxurious and the demand for fine home-furnishings more general. The styles of ornament became more varied, with much scroll and shell carving. Many forms of upholstered chairs and sofas became common and the divan and console were products of this reign. The art impulse was reawakened and the reign of Louis XIII paved the way for a sort of second French Renaissance that held sway during the reigns of Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Louis XVI, and that exerted a powerful influence over the contemporary arts of England and the Low Countries.

During these three periods furniture was produced that is more readily adaptable to modern needs than any that had gone before and that reached a higher plane of artistic excellence. They are represented by three distinct styles marking a definite development. The Louis XIV style is marked by dignity, grandeur, bold effects, lavish but not excessive ornament, and faultless workmanship. In the decoration the conventionalized anthemion and acanthus were prominent, and the ornamental details were symmetrical and balanced. The Louis XV period marked the culmination of



A GOOD MODERN
REPRODUCTION
OF A LOUIS XIV
ARMCHAIR, WITH
SQUARE PEDestal
LEGS AND SHAPED
UNDERBRACING

Courtesy of S. Karpen & Bros.



Courtesy of Charles of London

A CONSOLE IN LATE LOUIS XIV STYLE, WITH ELABORATE ROCOCO
CARVING SIMILAR TO THAT OF LOUIS XIV, BUT WITH
THE DETAILS STILL BALANCED

LATE LOUIS XIV ARMCHAIR
WITH CURVED LEGS
UPHOLSTERED IN
TAPESTRY



LOUIS XIV ARMCHAIR OF
THE MIDDLE PERIOD
GILDED WOOD AND
TAPESTRY



Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A FINELY CARVED LOUIS XIV TABLE OF GILDED WOOD WITH
MARBLE TOP, SAID TO HAVE COME FROM THE
CHÂTEAU DE Vaux

the rococo period of design, with the influence of Madame Pompadour paramount. Less attention was paid to proportion and form than to elaboration of detail. The anthemion and acanthus continued to be employed in ornament, but the details were generally unbalanced. Pastoral scenes by Watteau were used in decoration, and rococo details, natural flowers, festoons, baskets and ribbon and lace effects. The Louis XVI style shows a return to simpler lines and more restrained and delicate ornament, under the influence of Marie Antoinette. Fine marquetry and painting were employed and a lavish use of dainty florals. The legs of chairs and tables, generally curved in Louis XV's time, became slender, straight and tapering.

So much for a general survey of this interesting and productive period.

Many historical changes took place during the seventy-two-year reign of Louis XIV which had a direct effect on the art industries. The influence of the Queen Regent and Cardinal Mazarin during the years of Louis's minority was toward greater luxury, which always means ornateness in decoration. More powerful still was the constructive influence of Jean Baptiste Colbert, Minister of Finance, who became Prime Minister in 1661. Colbert fostered the growing art impulse among the French people and encouraged the art industries. He founded the Academy of Painters and Sculptors, organized the lace industry, and was instrumental in the government purchase of the Gobelin Tapestry Works, at the head of which he placed Charles Le Brun.

As royal works, the Gobelin factory became a powerful influence in the development of style. Le Brun became manager in 1660 and a dictator of style. In 1690 he was succeeded by Mignard. The Beauvais Tapestry Works were also established during this reign, with Louis Hyvert

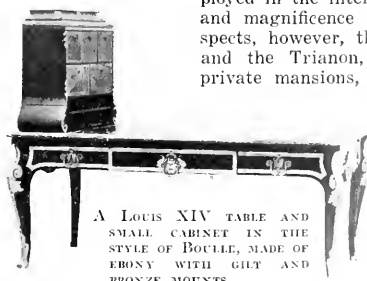
manager. The tapestries produced by these two factories were typical of the tastes of the times, and were characterized by pomp and grandeur, with a preference for serious classic and martial subjects.

These things, culminating about 1667, gave direction to the popular impulse and resulted in the crystallization of the Louis XIV style. In 1660 Louis adopted his title of Le Grand Monarque and became a powerful king. He aided Colbert in encouraging the art industries, and gave every opportunity for development to such artists and designers as Daniel Marot, De Espouy, Hardouin Mansart, Noel Coypier and Le Pautre. Great furniture designers and cabinetmakers were encouraged and thrived, including J. Charles Berain and André Charles Boulle. Boulle was the chief of this group and his work is stamped on the Louis XIV style in furniture. Le Brun is said to have drawn some of his designs and Marot worked for him. His furniture is distinguished by wonderful workmanship and lavish ornament. He made use of ormolu and introduced an elaborate marquetry of tortoise-shell and brass which came to be known as Boulle or Buhl work. Shells, scrolls, the acanthus and the ram's head were among his ornamental details.

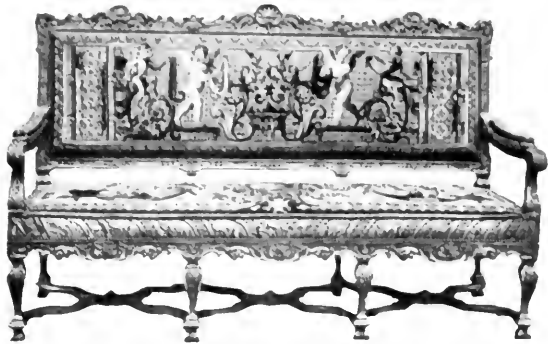
Under the royal patronage the palace was built at Versailles and gardens were laid out by André Le Nôtre. Great artists and designers were employed in the interior decorations and furnishings and magnificence was the keynote. In some respects, however, the work done at Fontainebleau and the Trianon, and in certain chateaus and private mansions, where a simpler phase of the

Louis XIV style is illustrated, forms a safer guide for modern students.

Louis XIV chairs were large and comfortable, being usually upholstered, back and seat, with tapestry, brocade of large pattern, or with ruby velvet enriched with gold galloon. During the



A LOUIS XIV TABLE AND
SMALL CABINET IN THE
STYLE OF BOULLE, MADE OF
EBONY WITH GILT AND
BRONZE MOUNTS



A TYPICAL LOUIS XIV SOFA, UPHOLSTERED IN TAPESTRY
DESIGNED IN THE MANNER OF BÉRAUD

A LOUIS XIV
ARMCHAIR WITH
SEAT AND BACK OF
CANE WHICH WAS
LESS COMMON THAN
UPHOLSTERY



Courtesy Metropolitan Museum
of Art

first half of the reign the legs of chairs were straight and turned or carved in a squarish effect like pedestals. They were furnished with decorative underframing and were sometimes ornamented with acanthus carving. In general, these chairs were similar to those introduced into England by Daniel Marot, and known to us as William and Mary chairs. Later the chair legs became curved, similar to the cabriole, still somewhat massive but more graceful. After 1700 they became more slender, approaching those of the Louis XV period in style.

The tables had similar turned or pedestal feet, and later curved legs. Small round and oblong tables and consoles became common. Beds were designed chiefly with a view to supporting elaborate draperies. A couch, called *lit à la duchesse*, gilded, painted and varnished, made its appearance. Carved and inlaid panels were much used on chests and wardrobes, and there were many forms of chests and cabinets in vogue. One chest was shaped like a sarcophagus, after the Italian Renaissance manner, and was set on carved scroll legs like a table, with drawers beneath. A common form of cabinet had a serpentine front and carved feet and panels and was decorated with Buhl work. These are but a few of the numerous forms that appeared during the Louis XIV period.

The chief woods used in cabinet-making were oak, walnut, chestnut and ebony, with ornamental portions frequently done in rosewood, sandal-wood, tulip-wood and various exotic woods. There was

much gilding, marquetry and carving, with mounts and inlay of onyx, porphyry, lapis lazuli, ormolu, brass and colored woods. Gobelin tapestry and Lyons velvet were the principal upholstery materials.

Toward the end of the reign the styles changed, developing toward that of the Louis XV period. The pedestal legs gave place to more slender curved legs. Elaborate carving became an even more prominent feature, with a more graceful rococo and more scroll work. In other respects very similar to the Louis XV style, however, this late Louis XIV work continued to show balanced details, while one of the distinguishing features of the succeeding reign is a balance of harmony but not of detail.

Throughout the Louis XIV period the great designers continued in their effort to perpetuate the spirit of the Renaissance. It was a distinguished period in the development of French applied art and one worth studying for its own sake as well as for the sake of a better understanding of the styles that followed.

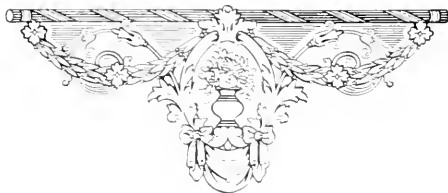
The Louis XIV style has been somewhat neglected in the past by modern manufacturers of period furniture, who have found the styles of Louis XV and Louis XVI more to their liking. Of late, however, Louis XIV reproductions and adaptations have been placed on the market in increasing numbers, and to-day

the style is enjoying something of a popular vogue in common with the William and Mary style of England. Its dignity and distinction render it suitable to the more formal rooms in the modern home.



Courtesy J. S. Korpen & Bros.

A MODERN ARMCHAIR IN
LOUIS XIV STYLE





RESIDENCE OF MR. THOMAS HASTINGS: COURT, LOOKING TOWARD THE HOUSE

AN ARCHITECT'S OWN HOUSE

BY LIONEL MOSES

WHEN an architect designs for a client he is guided not only by the requirements of that client but also by his tastes, special desires, or even whims. It is seldom, therefore, that a house completely represents the designer. When, however, an architect designs for himself it might be assumed that the result reflects his own feelings in the art of architecture as it applies to the kind of edifice he erects.

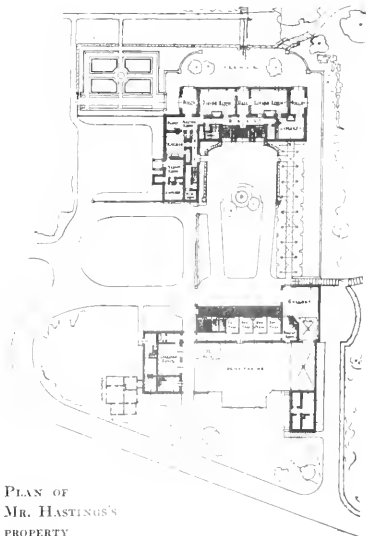
It is interesting as well as instructive to study architects' own houses and compare them with those which they build for others, but in doing so we must bear in mind that because an architect is free to choose any type of house he wishes, that type or style is not necessarily better than any other, nor is his handling of his problem always completely satisfactory even to himself. He, like the man he builds for, often sees in the completed work points which he would like to have made different. In fact, this is the rule rather than the exception and it is due not to the fact that he has designed ill, but rather to the temperament of the artist.

It is safe to say that few architects are entirely satisfied even though their own houses may be very beautiful and thus can we account for the changes which they so often make from time to time after the work is completed.

Sometimes these changes are almost radical; often they are superficial but even when superficial they are of such a nature as to be decidedly noticeable.

One of the most interesting examples of temperament as applied to an architect's own house is exemplified by the house Stanford White built for himself at St. James, L. I. Starting from a very

small beginning, he developed in several different stages of the work made at different periods, a house which, in its completed form, is totally unlike any of its forerunners and in each stage the house assumed a style as admirable as might be ordinarily desired, and yet the final development is without doubt the best of all. In a later publication of THE



PLAN OF
MR. HASTINGS'
PROPERTY

ART WORLD
Mr. White's house will be shown. For this number we have chosen Mr. Thomas Hastings's house at Westbury, L.I.

The illustrations shown are of the house which was erected some years ago. Since then the house was partly destroyed by fire. Did Mr. Hastings rebuild exactly as the house was originally?

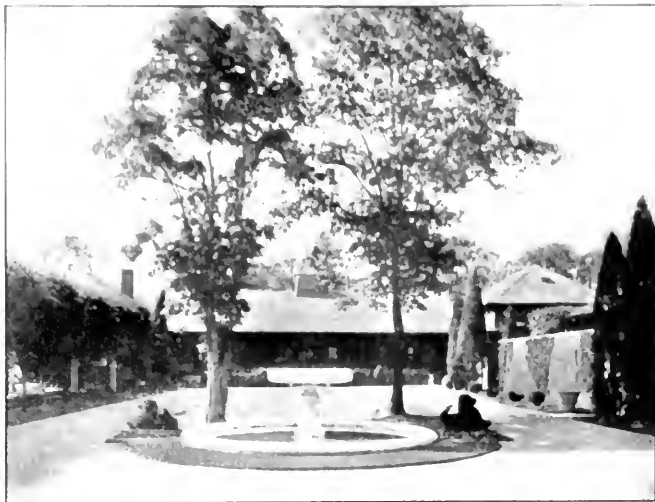
One need hardly ask the question. As charming as the house was, the design could be changed to suit the artist better, so changes were made—superficial changes—but they bear out the assertion that has already been made.

In former articles we have spoken of good design being a combination of parts joined together in harmony, producing an effect which is pleasingly new. The greater the wealth of knowledge drawn from the old, combined with natural good taste in its use, the better will be the result. In this lies

the future of domestic architecture of this country; of a style which may be called American. We have, of course, our Colonial, which we can with pride assume as the product of our own intellect, but this is insufficient to many who look forward to a time when a style will develop so different in its character from any

other as to stamp it particularly and entirely American. From time to time there appears one who endeavors to bring into being, full blown, an American architecture but his hopes are futile. An American style must be a development. The development has started and within a moderately long period will be worthy of the name. When the history of American architecture is written Mr. Hastings's name will be among those who were its originators.

From the first glance at Mr. Hastings's property,



COURT LOOKING TOWARD THE STABLE



LOGGIA



GATEWAY

as we drive along the road, we become interested and each detail we view adds to that interest. We find not only a wealth of carefully studied parts which have been built but also many objects selected and properly placed. And when we have grasped the scheme of the whole layout we appreciate the good points of the plan, each integral part of which is conveniently and therefore properly placed. The plan and situation of the stable in its relation to the house tells of a love of horses, for facing the court is a series of box-stalls, easily accessible. The working part of the stable is, as it should be, hidden from view, as is the garage.

From the forecourt we enter a loggia with its delicate columns and beautifully painted ceiling; with its interesting lantern and cartouche over the doorway; with its rich green bay trees flanking either side; and we recall Italy and certain Renaissance motifs which abound there. Through the front door we come into a long hall from which the dining-room and living-room lead and at each corner of the house is a porch giving out onto a terrace overlooking the charming view of the surrounding country. Here also is the formal garden depressed just enough to allow one to see it all at a glance. The service wing, walled from view, and the trees on the opposite side form the court, in the center of which is the green with its fountain flanked by two large trees and guarded by amusing topiary dogs.

The planting has been carefully considered and art shows not only in the positions chosen for the vines but also in the placing of the cedars and old Italian pots.

Especially interesting is the gateway leading from the court, which is distinctly Italian in flavor. In fact, the entire place has this feeling, by reason of the bits of detail possibly from old places abroad as well as by the general planting.

The brickwork of the house is a rich red, patterned all over with black headers. This makes the wall very interesting.

Two extremes present themselves in connection with ornamentation as applied to design; either to use it sparingly and show much wall surface or to



FOUNTAIN IN COURT

use it rather profusely but in such a way as to make the eye travel to the ornamentation and be interested in it, whether it be an embellishment of the house proper or of the surrounding grounds.

In large houses it is the former method that generally prevails, the very size of the house giving a certain dignity which seems to call for a suppression of any superfluous ornamentation. When ornament is overdone, the house may lose its dignified character and becomes mediocre. It is necessary, however, that a large house be ornamented sufficiently to overcome a sense of bareness which might remind one of a hotel or other public building. It must have a domestic quality. In a small house

absence of ornament makes necessary very carefully studied proportions if one is to produce anything architectural; and a proper ornamentation does not detract from these proportions, as may readily be observed in the best work of any period—and especially our Colonial period—where proportion and detail of great interest and beauty combine.

There is a certain severity in Colonial work, which, if absent, changes the entire type of the design; but in other styles more freedom is permissible. When an architect is building for himself, the style that he chooses seems to indicate his real attitude in the matter of ornament. If this be so, it is plain to see that Mr. Hastings enjoys its use; but he uses it with excellent judgment. This is true not only of his own house but also of those houses he has built for others. And in admiring Mr. Hastings's architecture, we must not confine ourselves to country houses; for we could point out many city houses which stand on the highest plane of architecture. Even then we are not finished. We must add to the category public building of all kinds, from the town library to the noble state-house and towering office buildings. And in all we see the art of architecture in its highest form. Who can look at one of Carrère and Hastings's earlier works—the Ponce de Leon Hotel—without feeling its charm? And from these early days the work of that firm has added to the beauty of all our large cities.



THREE-PIECE COFFEE SERVICE AND TRAY. EXQUISITE IN CONTOUR. PARTICULAR ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE INVERTED PRISM TREATMENT WHICH IS CHASED BEAUTIFULLY AND UNUSUAL.



THE APPLIED BORDERS ARE HEAVY WITHOUT APPEARING TO BE SO AND THE WHOLE ATMOSPHERE IS THAT OF DELICACY WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST SACRIFICE TO THE SUBSTANTIAL CHARACTER OF THE WORK.

THE NEWEST NOTE IN AMERICAN SILVERSMITHING

BY W. FRANK PURDY

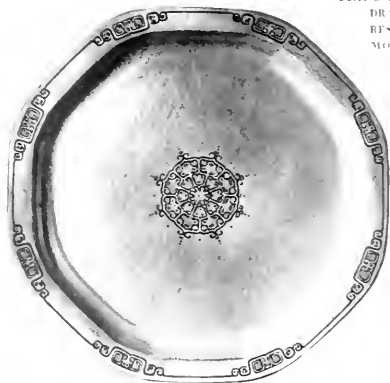
EXQUISITENESS and refinement of detail is the predominant note in the most recent manifestation of the careful and loving study that the American worker in the precious metals has been giving to the development of his art. Many of the crudities and half-digested truths of, perhaps, overenergetic study and a too insistent research into the past are becoming smoothed out, as it were, and—forgotten. The truly sincere and progressive craftsman-designer is now showing, for example, in his very newest products, a radical departure from that mid-Victorian influence of full-chased decoration, with its ancestral shields, profusely floral scrolls, and heavy, romantic bosses which has had for so long a period, in many particulars, a distinctly retarding influence on the spontaneity of his work.

In sharp contrast to this, as well as to the purest and best, even, of any of the ornate styles, this master silver-craftsman of ours is, just at the moment, carefully feeling his way beyond every old influence and giving birth to ideas and designs of a clear, clean, crisp quality that, in their purity and refreshment, can only be likened to a long, cool draught from a mountain spring of his native land.

Sincere in all that stands for beauty, satisfying, delightful, there now obtains, in this most recent effort, a harmony of form and decoration that is entirely new, that is completely different from all that has been achieved in the past.

The particular examples selected for illustration are redolent of this atmosphere, and give us not only reason to believe that this fresh, sweet vision of the American silversmith is, perhaps, the truest and best artistic accomplishment that has as yet come from his hand, but, at the same time, courage to hope that such results as these are destined to foreshadow those highest ideals in art which we are determined, some day, to put before the world as truly ours. The pieces pictured are entirely the product of one organization, and at least one example is designed by the head of this organization—a man who is undoubtedly one of the greatest, if not the greatest, decorator-artist of our day. Trained in color, form, decoration, interpretation almost from boyhood, certainly brought up in the odor of sanctity as far as art matters are concerned—in glass, mosaic, bronze, as well as the precious metals—he has worked and wrought wondrously.

HAND-BEATEN SERVING-TRAY WITH FLAT INCISED CHASING. THE DRAFTSMANSHIP SHOWN IS MOST UNUSUAL AND THE RESERVE AND THOROUGH GOOD TASTE OF THE TREATMENT MOST PLEASING IN EVERY DETAIL.



FLUTED BERRY OR SALAD-BOWL WITH PIERCED AND APPLIED DECORATION. PIERCED FOOT OR BASE. GREAT CLARM AND INDIVIDUALITY ARE INSURED BY THE INTERIOR DECORATION, WHICH IS CHASED IN LOW RELIEF.

It might be of interest to the student of design to endeavor to decide which one of the articles shown is the particular child of this master brain and hand.

The Communion Service selected is an exceedingly clever adaptation from the antique Colonial in form, with all its immaculate charm and fine æsthetic simplicity and dignity, to which has been added a carefully studied leaf and berry decoration, arranged with just sufficient conventionalization, in the theme of the modernist school, so as to enhance rather than modify the original purity of form. The atmosphere of the whole is appropriate for a Protestant, almost Puritan, in fact, churchly environment. Surely, the exquisitely perfect taste with which this unusual artistic combination has

all for pure originality of conception and execution. The individuality of the decorative treatment, with its exquisite outline strengthened by the fluting of the bowl itself, is distinctly one of the things which must be seen in the concrete in order to be fully and properly appreciated, while the pierced and applied decoration about the outside edge, and the delicately pierced base or foot to harmonize, have been handled with an artistic reserve and a finality of decorative inspiration which is most convincing of sound art. The final triumph of genius and originality, however, is attained by the low, chased relief decoration on the interior, an extreme touch which produces an artistic satisfaction that quite baffles description.

If only for the charming draughtsmanship shown

COMMUNION SERVICE, AN ADOPTION FROM THE ANTIQUE, COLONIAL IN FORM, WITH THE APPLICATION OF A CONVENTIONALIZED MODERN DECORATION

PURE IN DESIGN AND FULL OF A QUIET CHARM. PARTICULARLY AND PECULIARLY APPROPRIATE FOR THE USE OF A PROTESTANT CHURCH



been accomplished is worthy of present comment, as well as that hope for the future which we have dared to accord to this work.

Although extremely massive as to weight, one does not feel this quality in the least in studying the form and decoration in the case of the three-piece coffee service and tray. The chaste, beautiful and unusual inverted prism treatment is a form of decoration both unique and interesting, and inspires a most delightful feeling of refinement. The chased applied borders, modeled with the most skilful delicacy, increases this feeling of high-class satisfaction, giving additional charm where it would seem, at first glance, that nothing more could possibly be desired.

The fluted berry or salad-bowl, though possibly less important in size than the other piece already referred to, is almost the most important of them

in its decorative motif throughout, the hand-beaten serving-tray, with flat incised chasing is remarkable. As an example of perfect taste, as a really quieting influence, in a comparatively small article of practical, every-day use, it speaks volumes in favor of these two rare qualities in our hurried, modern existence.

Suave, subtle, exquisitely conceived as a whole, haunting in the desire it creates in one to possess it and fondle it, the three-piece set consisting of chocolate-pot, sugar-bowl, and cream-pitcher, deserves particular attention and comment for that wondrously conventionalized lotus bud that tops the lid of the pot. So perfect is the whole in outline, so marvelously finished is its surface, so flawless in every technical detail that it needs no other decoration than this one last, lovely thought to strengthen and bring out its full, rare beauty. In

THREE-PIECE SET, CONSISTING OF SUGAR, CREAM AND CHOCOLATE. THE CREATOR OF THIS DESIGN WAS CERTAINLY SUCCESSFUL IF HE DESIRED TO CREATE A FORM AND DECORATION ENTIRELY ORIGINAL. IN FORM AND DECORATION IT WOULD PLEASE THE MOST CRITICAL.

SEAVE, SUBLTLE AND INDIVIDUAL, TO POSSESS IT WOULD BE A COMPLETE ARTISTIC SATISFACTION. PARTICULAR ATTENTION SHOULD BE CALLED TO THE CONVENTIONALIZED LOTUS BUD ON THE TOP OF THE CHOCOLATE POT



all of the work of this nature one will find this ever-ascending scale of artistic endeavor bringing ever-nearer the perfect evolution the long-sought and much-desired school of American design.

Clear, bird-like and thrilling is this new high note, which our American silversmith has at last

succeeded in reaching, musical almost, in its purity of line and "color" of draughtsmanship, and—best of all—its conception and execution so purely American that its debut in the art world of America should be welcomed by every sincere beauty lover and patron.

JAPANESE CORAL CARVING

BALKED of \$500,000 yearly revenue from exports of crude coral, Japan is now turning to a new industry, the carving of coral, with such success that she hopes to substitute a revenue of \$35,000,000 yearly for the lost half-million. Before the war about half of Japan's production of crude coral was exported to Italy and there the workmen carved it into the various forms popular with the tourists.

Since the war there has been much difficulty in making shipments from Japan to Italy. This coupled with the decrease in the demand for Italian-carved coral has seriously impaired the trade. There is no lack of skill among Japanese artisans, long famed for their small carvings, but they lacked knowledge of what sorts of carvings were wanted in western lands. Now the artists who have previ-

ously worked with wood and ivory are producing most attractive brooches, bead necklaces and many other personal adornments from the coral.

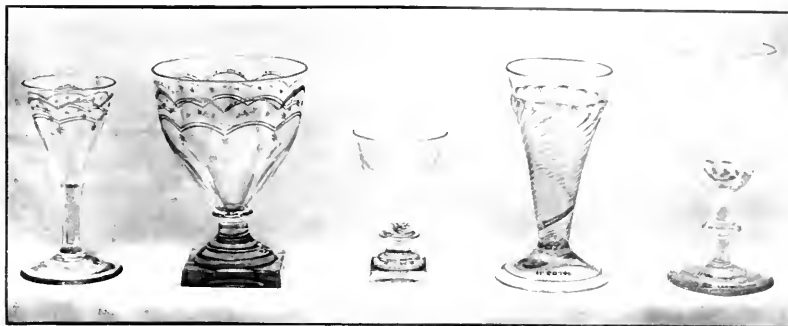
The coral beds are worked by divers in the employ of a master diver, who receives the take as it comes in, grades it and when a sufficient amount has been obtained, asks bids on the lot of each grade. Representatives of the leading exporting and wholesale firms are always at hand during the season to inspect the take. The color of the coral has a great deal to do with the value placed upon it. The most expensive is "boke," a pale quince color. Single beads of this color, suitable for manufacture in ornamental hair-pins, brings from ten dollars to fifty dollars each. The next color in value is pink, followed by white, light red and dark red.



Photos by Press Illustrating Service

EXAMPLES OF MODERN JAPANESE CARVING IN CORAL

JAPANESE ARTISANS ARE MAKING FASCINATING DESIGNS IN THE VARIOUS TINTS OF CORAL



BLOWN, CUT AND ETCHED GLASS IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

THE ROMANCE OF GLASS

BY VIRGINIA ROBIE

Author of "By-Paths in Collecting"

TO the art of glassmaking each nation has made important contributions; Bohemia for color, France for design, England for clarity, Austria for decoration and Italy for high technical skill. Yet the grace of English design, the brilliancy of old Spanish specimens, the art of early Bohemia, the charm of Russian examples, and the beauty of nearly everything marked "Venetian," cannot be denied. Rather, each country has given something unique in the way of outline, color and ornament.

Glassmaking in common with other crafts has waxed and waned, reaching high degrees of excellence and dropping to low standards of taste. When furniture showed simple, beautiful lines glass closely followed. When wooden surfaces were covered with jig-saw carving, glass kept equal pace.

Imagine a Sheraton sideboard set forth with half a dozen contemporaneous pieces of glass. Picture a mid-Victorian sideboard similarly decked. The decanters of the latter would be nearly as heavy as the marble top, and every inch of surface would be embellished.

"Feel the weight" the proud owner in the eighteen sixties probably said, and "How light in the hand" the happy possessor in the seventeen eighties. Each to his taste, but later standards have always been in favor of severe lines and restricted ornament.

So in choosing old glass for our cabinets or new for our tables,

we seek designs which turn back for more than a century, rather than those which by a stretch of the imagination we almost remember. There may be engraving and cutting and even brilliant color, but there is also purity of form, refinement and fitness. If for table use there is transparency—the distinctive quality of glass, never a substance which raises a question as to its composition.

The beautiful opaque pieces now offered for sale in the shops have value for decorative purposes. Their color range is extensive and the designs are unusually attractive. But for drinking-glasses of all types, whether for "pain water" as they say in Scotland, or for what Artemus Ward called the "more important fluids," the clearest crystal qualities are expressed. Such pieces may be pure white or ruby red, pale green or dark amethyst, the limpid characteristics demanded by Ruskin are conspicuous.

The author of "Stones in Venice" denounced the cut-glass of his day in no uncertain terms and lauded the blown and spun specimens of Venetian origin. Later critics have agreed with Ruskin in the main issue but call attention to the charm and

refinement of English and Irish designing in the eighteenth century.

The origin of glassmaking is lost in obscurity and buried in legends. Very old examples exist in our museums and in many private collections. The taste of a few distinguished collectors has turned to prehistoric examples, iridescent with age and the action of sun and



DINING-ROOM IN COLONIAL STYLE, SHOWING OLD GLASSWARE ON SHELF



SPANISH GLASSWARE AFTER THE VENETIAN MANNER

air. The beauty and importance of the Cesnola collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art are well known and other and smaller collections could be mentioned, more or less familiar to the public.

The attention of many people is now directed toward American glassware or to those pieces imported during the Colonial period. Another group is interested in the best examples of Continental Europe, still another in English and Irish glassware of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, while a few far-sighted individuals are gathering fine modern pieces and reverently placing them behind the traceried doors of corner cabinets. Collections a hundred years hence will be the richer thereby, and Favrele, Nancy and other beautiful creations may bring prices now paid for Waterford, Stiegel and Derby Spar.

There are specialists among the specialists and many subdivisions. One person may care only for Stiegel of the green flint variety, another devotes time and energy to amber Bohemian, a third buys purple glass and places no limit on age or country, a fourth makes early American bottles the objective point, a fifth seeks wine-glasses of the late seventeenth century, a sixth discards everything but Jacobite drinking-vessels engraved with Stuart emblems, a seventh hunts enameled glass of undoubted Teutonic origin, an eighth prefers cloudy Bristol with overglaze decorations, a ninth grows reckless over Derby Spar, a tenth swears by Waterford, an eleventh sees beauty only in rare Venetian, a twelfth hoards old French cut-work, and a thirteenth gathers in glass paperweights of the early Victorian period. Nor will a baker's dozen dispose of the specializing or the hobbies within hobbies. No matter from what angle the quest is viewed, the pursuit is

instructive, absorbing and frequently expensive.

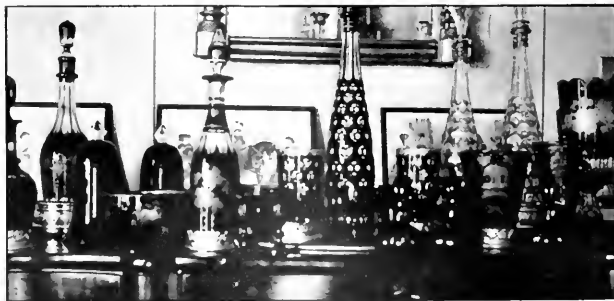
Glassmaking affords a fascinating study with its varied chapters of prehistoric, early Roman and Medieval achievements. To Venice belongs not only the honor of producing the most perfect glassware of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance, but of exerting a wide influence on all glassmaking countries. Venetian artisans carried the secrets of their craft into Bohemia, Spain and France. As early as the twelfth century Seville, Valencia and Caspe in Aragon had their "glass houses" in which were produced articles of many colors. The guild of glassmakers founded in 1445 at Barcelona is mentioned by a contemporary historian, who enumerates "vessels of varying quality and shape competing with the Venetian are exported to Rome and other places."

One hundred years later the inventory of the Duke of Albuquerque includes "a white box with four bottles of Valencia glass containing ointment for the hands, also a large glass cup with two lizards for handles and two lizards on the cover, and a large cup of Barcelona glass blown with gold." Spanish documents contain many references to Valencia and Barcelona glass usually adding the highest praise which could then be bestowed—"as fine as Venetian," or "as good as that which comes from Venice," etc.

America's chapter begins with the date 1608, when a primitive industry was established near Jamestown.

America's part in the great craft story can never be ignored. From the earliest crude bit of blown glass to the latest achievements in Favrele every link in the chain is important. Not that everything made in America has express beauty — far from it.

Within the memory of many people are baskets of opalescent glass lined with cold



OLD BOHEMIAN IN RUBY, SAPPHIRE AND AMBER TONES

STIEGEL TUMBLER
ENAMELED DECORATION

PAPER-WEIGHT OF MILLEFIORE GLASS

RARE DECANTER WITH
MUSHROOM STOPPER

blue or chilly green, vases of milky hue painted in gaudy flowers, and tableware unattractive in design and heavy as lead. Many of these absurdities were inspired by the foreign glass exhibits at the Centennial in Philadelphia when taste the world over was at a low ebb. We expressed ourselves in better terms a hundred years earlier just as did English and French designers.

Long before the colonists made pottery they established glass factories. According to Edward Allen Barber, who has done so much to aid and stimulate the collector, the earliest date of glass-making in the colonies is the one mentioned, 1608, and the second, 1622, when a factory for the manufacture of glass beads for trade purposes with the Indians was founded in Virginia. Convenient dates to remember are 1769, the founding of the Mannheim works in Pennsylvania by Baron Henry Stiegel, that most picturesque of early American craftsmen, 1771, the erecting of the Dyottville plant at Kensington, near Philadelphia, 1775, the Whitney Glass Works, founded at Glassboro, New Jersey, and 1790, the beginning of the glass industry in Baltimore. Kensington, Glassboro and Baltimore have continued to be great producing centers, holding the records among native industries. The Baron's activities ended in 1774, after five years of successful attainment. Stiegel glass brings high prices at present and is growing more valuable every day. A recent collection of one hundred and fifteen pieces sold for fifty-five hundred dollars, a large figure even for rare specimens.

The present interest in everything marked "Americana" has greatly stimulated the quest for old glass. For a long period native pieces were regarded lightly, if regarded at all by the rank and file of collectors, although a few individuals have long gathered and cornered.

"But glass," says the enthusiastic collector of Staffordshire, "looks so insignificant when compared with old blue." Quite true. But why group glass and

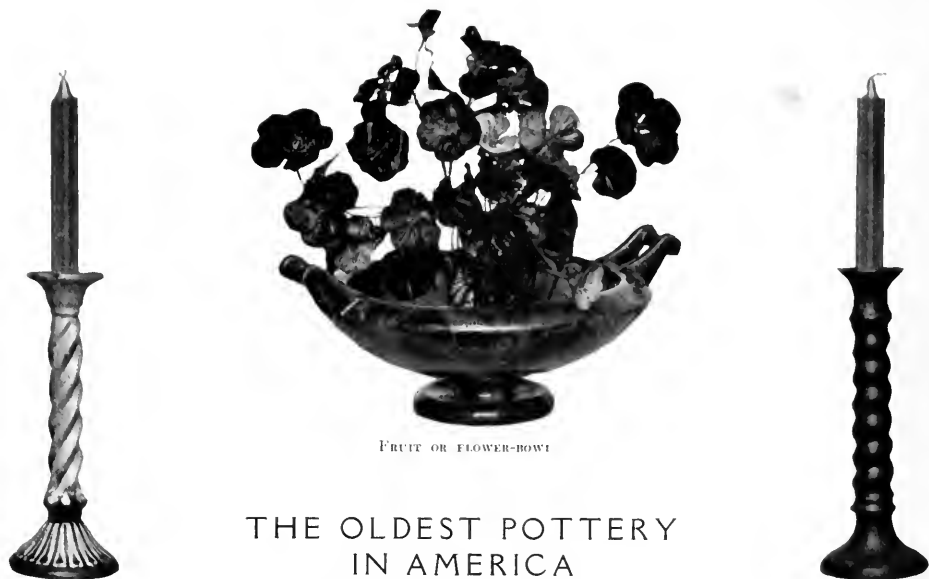
china together? The combination is as incongruous as lace and pewter, brass and ivory, copper and egg-shell porcelain. Glass needs a cabinet to itself, where it will develop a wealth of possibilities.

Even if attention is confined to so-called white glass, there is a wide range in tint. And if old European specimens are under consideration, there is a great variety of tone. Old red Bohemian rivals the most brilliant of ruby lusters. Old Venetian vies with all the luminous glazed ware of Italy and Spain. A collection of old American bottles will contain a color gamut so varied that all the colors of the spectrum are represented in countless gradations.

The glass which one is liable to pick up in the every-day channels is usually pressed, occasionally blown, rarely cut. It often takes the form of salt cellars, sauce dishes, cup plates, etc., with an occasional decanter or goblet. Toddy glasses are among the most interesting things which congregate with old plates and teapots. They suggest the good old days of Colonial cheer better than anything else except punch bowls. They have a fascinating way of never being quite perfect, of having a bubble here and a depression there; a happy accident giving each an individuality. People who devote much time to glass declare that it is far more personal and human than china, and that each piece is a story in itself. There are so many kinds, and each kind has so many divisions, that a small collection, if well chosen, will give great satisfaction.

Seldom is a collection begun deliberately. A sauce dish with a border of strawberry leaves perhaps is the first acquisition, or a cup plate showing Bunker Hill, or a toddy glass engraved with an eagle, or a Waterford honey jar, or possibly a decanter of old Bohemian red with the grape-vine, or a bit of green Stiegel or a sugar basket of deepest blue, set in a silver stand. Any one of these furnishes an excellent excuse to begin. The difficulty is to find an excuse to stop, once interest is aroused.

WINEGLASS WITH
AIR-TWIST STEM



FRUIT OR FLOWER-BOWL

THE OLDEST POTTERY IN AMERICA

Illustrated by Examples of Fulper Pottery

ON the mountainous island of Fayal, one of the Azores group, the natives have from time immemorial fashioned by hand from the common red clay of that region pieces of pottery which were perfect in form and alluring, by reason of their antique shapes. They were of a rich red color, but were unglazed and porous, and therefore could serve no really useful purpose in that state, beyond being picked up later on by tourists as souvenirs of travel. These were among the early forms of an art which reaches far back into ancient history, and which is to-day practised by moderns with wonderful results.

Pottery always had and still has a human interest and no amount of study and experiment has been spared to reach perfection in this most ancient of arts. The potter still works at his wheel, but he has learned the wonders of firing his handiwork, and has found that Mother Nature, after all, must be the one to put the last note of color on the thing he produces.

Grandmother's cookie jar, over a hundred years old, has now an interest something beyond that which was felt when we first made its acquaintance. Then it was to us a container of good things only; now, we look at it with reverence, wondering who moulded it in its almost classic form, and who gave it the rich mahogany glaze, leaving a base of dull unglazed brick-red. It is a little lopsided, but that perhaps was the potter's fault, we can not say,

yet, somehow, that very departure from a true curve, endears it to us as the handiwork of some early craftsman.

Over the river in Flemington, New Jersey, stands the Fulper Pottery, the oldest pottery in the United States, dating back in its industry to 1805. At first there were manufactured there crude pieces of red earthenware, field-tiles and salt-glazed crockery. It is interesting to know that in the designing-room to-day there are the original old hand-hewn timbers supporting the roof, with the marks of the axe still on them, and the wooden pegs, with which the structural parts were first fastened in place, are yet doing valiant service.

In 1805 our people were thinking little about anything beyond producing the necessities of life. Bowls and jars were made, to be sure, but they were for usefulness rather than beauty. There was little time for culture in those days, but with a new freedom came the desire for things beautiful as well as useful, and so the Fulper Pottery, which began by fashioning crude necessities, following by successive stages the needs of the people, came at last to its present important place in the world of Ceramic art.

The Fulper pottery of to-day is very beautiful in finish and color, and it is to be regretted that its outlines only can be reproduced in the black and white illustrations which are here shown.

Perhaps its greatest merit lies in the fact that it is, first of all,



substantial and sturdy, something to be used freely in every-day life, and not set apart as too perishable to enjoy. No two pieces are quite alike, and this is its chief fascination. The very uncertainty of what the firing will produce gives it a constantly renewed interest. Whatever dream of color the potter may have had in fashioning a piece, he can not be quite sure about it, since Nature herself must take a hand in bringing it to perfection, and having brought it through the fire, he will recognize and love her handiwork.

Impure clays are employed, that is, clays in which the native mixture of minerals have not been too much disturbed, and there is but one firing, so that body and glaze are subject to one fierce and final heat. The clay and the glaze interchange, as it were, their personal properties, and so from the same firing come pieces of uniform outline but widely different in markings and coloring.

Nature is a fitful artist, producing always the unexpected, and so you may examine one piece after another of the Fulper pottery, only to find no one just like another, but all fascinating in color and design. Thus much for the new so-called Vasekraft which is here represented, and which is thus described by Evelyn Marie Stewart, a well-known authority on the household arts:

"In this new pottery, known as Vasekraft, we

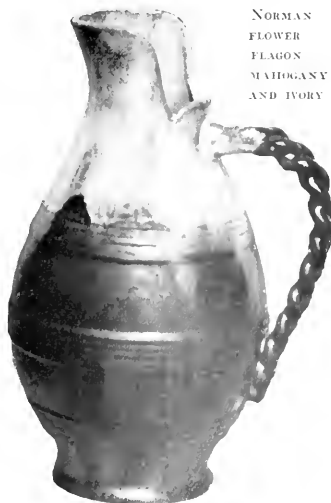


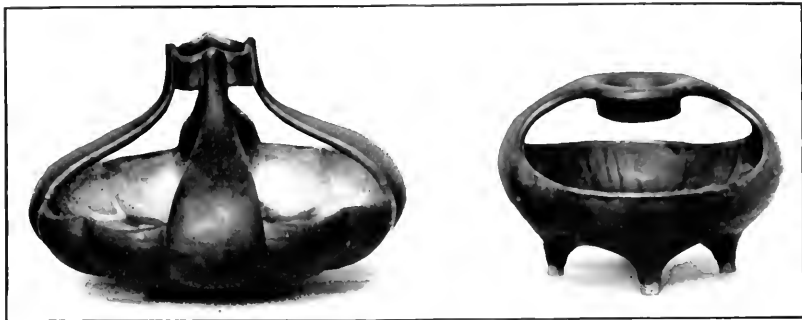
SHELL-BOWL

have come into something rich and brilliant, vibrant with splendid color, yet so mellow of tone and so graceful of line as to seem restrained and restful. It is the ideal of pottery, having gained in beauty from its frank expression of its origin, for, of all ornamental glazed ware, this is perhaps the most truly eloquent of the soil, without a trace of the artificiality of china or porcelain. It is most purely pottery, molded in lines made classic in clay and adorned only by its rich glazes in patterns traced by the fingers of fire.

It is difficult to describe the beauties of Vasekraft because they are as various as a series of mountain sunsets or the everchanging hues and undulations of the sea. There are wonderful velvety wistaria tones, ripe and ashen with bloom like the surface of a plum; brilliant yellows; mirror blues as rich as lapis lazuli; dull chocolates with a soft metallic gleam; cucumber greens and browns, spotted and mottled with crystal; combinations of color that rival the butterfly's wings or the exotic hues of the luxurious orchid.

Then there is a wonderful *sang de boeuf* as rich as any ever achieved by the potters of the Celestial Empire, and a marvelous little group of famille-rose pieces in perfect old Chinese forms. These latter are the treasures of the potter, held above price by their loving creator.

FLOWER
RAINBOW
FLAGON
FLAMÉNORMAN
FLOWER
FLAGON
MAHOGANY
AND IVORY



VAZ-BOWLS

Not only in color, but in quality of crystallizations, there is the widest range of changes imaginable in Vasekraft, for both matte and mirror glazes are successfully achieved and deep and sur-

face crystals appear to lend further variety, while the streaking and running of two kinds of colors or glazes into each other result in effects that can never be duplicated."

THE OLD-FASHIONED SAMPLER

Illustrations of Samplers Are from the Collection of the late A. W. Drake of New York City

BY FRIEDA VAN EMDEN

FINE needlework like other handicrafts threatens in time to become a lost art. Aside from the peasants of different nationalities, who from mother to daughter have kept at the same kind of work, it is only the convent-bred girl in this country and in Europe whose education still includes the making of the fine and intricate work which equals the exquisite products of past generations.

In the Latin countries, where under the old duenna system, girls still are prisoners of convention until they are married, many girls of good family still spend their days at fine needlework, patiently killing time and awaiting events.

The American girl, as a rule, is quite proud and satisfied when she has mastered the simpler forms of sewing, knitting, crocheting and embroidering. The new knitting craze has drawn attention to the fact that young ladies, and matrons also, have had to learn how to knit, which would have amazed our grandmothers, for their very education started with knitting.

The modern woman can justly claim that she has not had the time to perfect herself along these lines, for

life to-day is so much more complicated than it ever has been before. Women have acquired many interests outside of the home, children and clothes. A large percentage has to support itself in the business world and therefore on the educational schedule of the modern girl little or no time has been allotted to needlework.

Two generations ago it still was the chief part of a girl's education. In those days a family used to take care of its spinster relatives, who, in return, made themselves useful in the usually large households, and whose skill at sewing and needlework was their chief asset and means of support. Now the spinster has turned to what then would have been considered man's work.

Our average healthy up-to-date girl looks more natural and at ease on court or course, on horseback or skates, than bent for tedious hours over an embroidery frame.

Though this evolution has meant a loss of good qualities, namely, the infinite patience bred by close application, the dexterity of the hands and the thoroughness which so greatly characterized our great-grand and grand-



AMERICAN SAMPLER: DATED 1807



DUTCH SAMPLER

AMERICAN SAMPLER WHICH IS UNUSUAL IN COLOR:
PREVAILING TONES ARE SOFT PINKS AND
BLUES. DATED 1832

mothers, the gain has been the splendid physical development of our young womanhood of to-day, which after ages of slavery to the routine of an—to our tastes—insipid and unhealthy indoor home-life, has come back to the old Grecian ideal of beauty through physical culture.

That is why our generation and the growing one have considered the making of samplers of so little importance, although they are still being made, and the purpose and methods are the same as they have been for centuries. On a sampler are recorded in patterns and rows the different needlework stitches a girl has learned and wants to remember. The very best work is put into a sampler, in fact, the making of one used to be and still is a girl's final examination in the art of needlework.

The English, Dutch and American sampler of the eighteen and nineteenth centuries are much alike in design and coloring, though the English sampler shows by far the finer and more interesting work. The English sampler is worked on the finest of canvas, and is worked with correspondingly fine materials. Most of them are done in cross-stitch or tapestry-stitch. Some samplers are extremely amusing, aside from being attractive and decorative, because as the crowning glory the little girl has often added a picture in which she entirely followed her own phantasy and inclination. In child-like simplicity and generally with the most painstaking care a house, a flower-basket, a pasture, a couple of people or some animals have been worked in. Or maybe a religious quotation and then the name and age of the maker and the date have been added.



The German sampler presents, in addition to the cross-stitch and tapestry-work, lace-insertion, damask-darning, bird's-eye-stitching, etc.

The Spanish samplers, which were on view at the Metropolitan Museum a little while ago, are remarkable for their beautiful bright coloring. They show fine open and drawnwork in connection with embroidery and are often worked in bullion-thread. Whereas, American, Dutch, English and German samplers are generally worked in worsted or cotton, silk is used to a great extent on the Spanish sampler. At the same time the Museum also had some charming Mexican and Indian bead-work samplers on view.

In studying old samplers we are astonished at the extreme youth of the makers of this exquisite work.

Most girls have proudly added their age and this varies from seven to twelve years. How they must have been kept at it to the exclusion of play and healthy outdoor life, these little premature ladies, for in the thwarted opinion of the times this did ill-become a young lady of quality. However, their early training seems to have instilled in them a great love for needlework, for from the time of the earliest Middle Ages beautiful work abounds in clothing as well as in furnishings of the home. In creating with the needle most women had their only way of expressing their artistic feeling, it was their one



ENGLISH SAMPLER: MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES



TWO EARLY AMERICAN SAMPLERS
DATED 1793

and only diversion and pastime, in short, their main interest in life. To excel in it was woman's chief distinction, and mainly on account of the early training their needlework attained such a high grade of perfection.

Interesting samplers may still be picked up in this country as in Europe, although most of them have wandered into collections or are in the hands of art and book dealers. Many a family cherishes the samplers made by their women of past generations, for proud mothers have had them framed, and girls have kept them perhaps with the vague notion of showing them to their own off-spring, as they themselves had been taught to reverently admire their mother's and grandmother's work. Because of the use of the same materials, the following and copying of composition and coloring, the samplers of succeeding generations vary but little. The oldest samplers still in existence go back to the seventeenth century. Many people, and above all, women, have acquired large and valuable collections of samplers, some specializing in the fine English sampler, while the late Mr. Drake, whose samplers are shown in this article, made a specialty of the somewhat coarser American work.

As for the decorative value of samplers, their faint coloring and flatness make them agreeable, inconspicuous and very intimate, fitting equally well in

boudoir or library. The late Mr. Drake said: "For mural decoration they have about the same value as Japanese prints." These faded little samplers have become monuments to girls long since dead and forgotten. Looking at them, we feel more than ever the eternal and relentless progress of life. Comparatively few men and less women of the countless myriads who have peopled this earth, though many may have been well known in their day, have gone on record in history, all the others have passed into oblivion. That is why the unexpected encounter of the name and the proof of existence of some child-woman of long ago brought to our attention through the work of her hands, startles us and tends to make us sentimental. In the room where the samplers hang we fancy we faintly smell the sweet odor of lavender and pot-pourri and our sympathy goes out to the girl-child of long ago whose life was perhaps too serious.

While the young girls of the present generation are more concerned about going out into the world to take up their share of life's responsibilities, yet they are still very feminine and are most of them expert with the needle. In the best schools, the sampler is again seen and is given out as a part of the day's work. Children are learning the old-fashioned cross-stitch and it may be that the next generation will look back on the handiwork of to-day with the same reverence that we experience in the samplers of a hundred years ago.

Nothing brings us into a more intimate acquaintance with the women of earlier generations than the samplers which they have left us as evidences of their skill and patience in needlework.



EARLY AMERICAN SAMPLER, DATED 1793

THE EVENING CLOAK IS MADE OF GRAY CREPE WITH A LINING OF RUSSET SATIN. THE BLOCK PRINTING IS EFFECTIVELY ACCENTUATED BY EMBROIDERED TOUCHES OF RUSSET, TURQUOISE, GREEN AND PALE YELLOW



THE SIDE VIEW OF THE SMOKE-GRAY SCARF-CLOAK ON THE RIGHT SHOWS ITS GRACEFUL DRAPING. THE DESIGN AND ACCESSORY FINISHINGS ARE IN VIOLET

AN INDIVIDUAL CRAFT

BY RUTH K. RICE

STENCILLING and block-printing are among the best known of the many methods for decorating fabrics. They are taught in all the craft schools and utilized by both amateurs and professionals in a variety of ways. Miss Lydia Bush-Brown, who recently exhibited some of her work in Washington, has built up an individual craft by adapting these methods combined with effective embroidery. Bright silks are introduced in such a way that they seem to have the sparkle of inset jewels.

Like the weavers of oriental rugs, Miss Bush-Brown intends her designs to be more symbolic than is at apparent to the uninitiated. A decorative table cover of imported brown crepe lined with an unusual shade of peacock blue, at first impresses one with its rich coloring. But as the motive behind the pattern is revealed the interest is increased. A garden is represented, to be approached by picturesque bridges. Little turtles bask in the blue water beneath. Farther on odd birds perch on low hillocks, while overhead other birds are nesting in the tree tops. A hedge of flowering trees affords an opportunity for many brilliant color spots.

The wonderful curtains shown at the Pan-American Exposition are made of mustard yellow linen, lined with woody green silk to match the stenciling. The center of the lower border is a large tree, in whose branches may be seen a squirrel and several birds. Two deer start from beneath as if frightened by a sudden noise. In the corners are stately cypress trees that blossom as never a cypress blossomed before. A border of birds and flowers runs up each side. All the vivid color is introduced with a needle after her own inimitable fashion.

For the last two years she has also been creating some unusual garments that are a happy combination of utility and beauty for women who desire to be individual without being freakish.

There are blouses that suggest a smock in line, but are cut by an exclusive pattern. From a small yoke, cut in one with the sleeve, they fall in graceful folds when combined with a cord or sash. Every detail has been planned so that it has its part in completing the general effect. Little bone buttons are dyed gay hues to use with contrasting loops to fasten the cuffs. The neck and sleeves are



A SPRING-LIKE SCARF-CLOAK THAT HAS A BORDER OF ARBUTUS FERNS AND PARTRIDGE BERRIES. ON THE TABLE IS A VARIETY OF OTHER CLOAKS



PORTIERES DESIGNED BY MISS BUSH-BROWN. THEY ARE MADE OF MUSTARD-YELLOW LINEN LINED WITH WOODY-GREEN TO MATCH THE STENCILING. THE HOUSE WORN BY THE ARTIST IS ALSO OF HER OWN DESIGN

finished with a cord of emerald, blue or burnt orange cord. Next, is worked a narrow band of embroidery in colors that harmonize with the block printing on the bottom of the blouse and up each sleeve. A terra cotta one, stamped in black, is finished with just the right shade of dull purple cord. A touch of green-blue needlework completes it.

Another model is developed in bisque crêpe de chine, which afford a happy background for a skilful handling of autumn colors. A slightly warmer shade of tan chiffon is made up into an interesting blouse for informal evening wear. The low neck and elbow-length sleeves are finished with a turquoise cord. Blues and dull reds brighten the bands of brown printing.

To wear over afternoon or evening gowns are chiffon scarf-cloaks in many fascinating shades. They are caught up under the arms in a way that makes it impossible for them to slip from the shoulder and trail behind their wearer as a straight scarf has a tendency to do. Some are stencilled



A WHITE SCARF-CLOAK WITH A SPRING-LIKE BORDER. ON THE TABLE ARE RUNNERS AND BAGS OF UNUSUAL COLOR AND DESIGN

with abstract flowers, while others have borders of block printing. A dainty white one suggestive of spring has a border inspired by some plants found growing all together in the woods. A vine of partridge berries trails under a band of ferns and coral-tinted arbutus. A background as blue as the April sky has been painted in.

More protection is afforded the wearer of one of her picturesque evening wraps. A cloak of stone-gray cotton crêpe has an unexpected lining of russet satin. The background of the block-printed Egyptian pears is embroidered in a lighter shade of the same color. Touches of green, blue and lemon are also worked into them and spotted through the decorative blocked border.

Every article differs somewhat from all the others as Miss Bush-Brown is always developing ideas for enhancing the beauty of models already designed, and planning new ones for other people and other occasions.

A CHILD'S ROOM

By NINA TACHAU

THIS has most truly been called the century of the child and we are not satisfied any longer to furnish his room with all the odds and ends of antiquated furniture which used to find their way there after being discarded in other parts of the house. Mothers now realize the value of environment and so they try to make of the child's room a place of simple, artistic beauty which will meet all his requirements, both physical and mental.

Of great importance is the location of the room.

It should, if possible, have southern and western exposures, for the ideal child's room is always flooded with sunshine.

Having made our selection we turn our attention to the treatment of floors, woodwork and ceiling. The floor covering should, of course, be of a neutral tint, carrying out the general color scheme of the room. Napless carpets, such as are now available in the cotton wash rugs and art squares, are very good, or a good quality of Wilton rug will last for years. Scotch rugs are also very durable. A small,



HERE, PLAYROOM AND BEDROOM ARE HAPPILY COMBINED



THE SIMPLE LINES OF THE WHITE ENAMELED FURNITURE ADD TO THE ATTRACTION OF THIS CHEERFUL ROOM

self-toned figure shows much less wear and tear than a plain rug, and stains, too, are not as noticeable. The generally accepted idea is that a portion of the wooden boards, stained to harmonize with the woodwork, should always form a border around any room. Many mothers, however, object to this in a child's room, thinking that it is cold and draughty when he is playing on the floor, so in these days of vacuum-cleaners it is perfectly permissible to let the carpet cover the entire floor.

White enamel paint is most appropriate and hygienic for the woodwork, as it can always be wiped off with a damp cloth, a consideration of great importance in this combination playroom and sleeping-room. The ceiling is tinted a pale buff or deep cream, whichever will blend in best with the walls.

The decoration of the walls is a very vital part of the color-scheme, for they must be of just the right shade. In a sunny room a warm tint of green or blue or a rich, deep cream will do well, while in a cool, northern light a glowing yellow and, though it may seem unusual, a lavender tint in which pink predominates, forms a most attractive background. If it is at all feasible and the plastering permits, the walls should be painted. Not only is this best artistically, but it is of great practical advantage, for if the need arises they can be wiped down with a disinfectant. If the walls must be papered, there are a great many waterproof papers which can be subjected to the same treatment. Perhaps

you will find that the wall-paper already in the room is in good condition but has an objectionable design and does not harmonize with the general plan of decoration. It is very easy to lay a flat wash of a cold-water paint over the whole wall, blotting out ugly patterns and impossible colors and making an attractive, neutral-tinted background in perfect accord with the rest of the room.

A very practical idea is to have a surbase of burlap, perhaps three and a half to four feet high, extending around the four walls. The height, of course, will vary according to the proportions of the room. The burlap serves as a protection to both walls and furniture, receiving quite unharmed many a bump and buffet. It may be painted a deeper shade of the color used on the walls above. Fortunately the time is almost past when the decorator feels impelled to have a dado of dancing,

skipping children reaching around the room, or to have all of the Mother Goose stories confronting the child day and night, week in and week out. Such decorations make him restless and nervous and tend to retard his development, for no matter how fond he may be of his Mother Goose at a certain age, he is bound to outgrow this interest in a year or two, and when his imagination is filled with the beauty and imagery of fairy stories or of the chivalry of the knights of old it is irritating and annoying, to say the least, to have to live with Jack and Jill eternally tumbling down the hill. And few people can afford to redecorate a room to meet each stage of a child's rapidly changing development.

Always keeping in mind

that windows are constructed primarily to admit light and air, one should select only the simplest white Swiss muslin or plain scrim curtains. They should be fitted close to the glass and be of a type that can be laundered easily and often. To add a note of gaiety and bright color to the room, a plain valance of dainty chintz can be employed—and some designs in Japanese toweling are both artistic and practical, for they can be washed often.

The furniture for a child's room should not be too fine to stand the constant wear and tear to which it will inevitably be subjected, but at the same time it should be graceful and well proportioned and it must be satisfactory from a hygienic standpoint. A small white enameled wooden bed is most serviceable as it meets all the requirements and yet is not

nearly so cold and draughty as an iron bed would be. The chest of drawers or bureau, desk and table, and at least some of the chairs should be selected to match, and should be strongly built and of simple design. Wicker chairs and tables can also withstand much hard usage, and if they have small cushions of chintz to match the hangings they are very attractive. An interesting way to add to the decorative quality of the room is to select a simple motif from the chintz hangings and paint it upon the various pieces of furniture. But it will be found a great mistake to have too much furniture in the room. The child should have plenty of space in which to play and exercise, especially on rainy days when his exuberance must find an outlet within doors.

All children love nooks and corners where they can "play house" or pretend all the games so dear



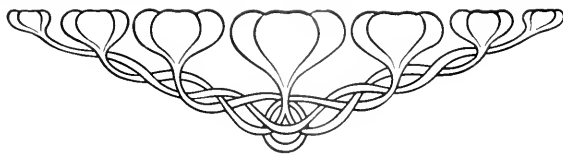
A WINDOW OBSERVATORY AND PLAY NOOK, BY LOUISE BRIGHAM



PLAIN WALLS AND PLENTY OF SPACE FOR PLAY ARE ADVANTAGES OF THIS ROOM

to their childish hearts, and such a place can be constructed in a sunny window, particularly where the sill is so high that the child cannot look out with ease, for there should always be one window where he may sit and see all that is going on; the passing people, autos and carriages, and best of all, a vista of trees and lawn. A small platform is built just below the window-sill and railed against possible accidents, and even the steps leading up to this little enclosure serve their purpose, for the bottom one contains the necessary sand-box and the second step, which makes a deep compartment, will hold, O! so many toys, and this is very essential in any room where a sleeping-room is combined with the play-room. For if a child takes a pride in his possessions he will want to keep his domain looking tidy and clean, and this impulse should be fostered in every way. First, of course, a place must be provided where he can conveniently stow his things away. A window-seat, opening in front, with plenty of space beneath, is another contrivance for hiding away the boxes of toys and collections, but if these are not possible a folding screen is a simple and sensible device. The toys and games can be neatly piled up in one corner and then surrounded by a gaily colored screen so that all air of confusion is done away with. No room is completely equipped without a blackboard where the child can find expression for all his passing moods, or just scribble to his heart's content.

The framed pictures should be few in number and only good copies of the best in art. They must be pictures that he can appreciate and will yet hold ever deepening and new meanings as he comes to fuller understanding. A well-known and beautiful Madonna should grace one wall and there are ever so many studies of children by the old masters, and a large-size portrait of George Washington should find a place there. Then there are all the different pictures, which meet his needs at each stage of his development. Mother Goose pictures, while he is interested in these rhymes, but they can later be put away to give space to charming illustrations for fairy tales—these can be very inexpensive copies which serve their purpose and then are discarded. An excellent plan is to use one corner of the room for the "picture gallery" and here the child can arrange his pictures as he pleases and fasten them easily to the burlap surbase. Arthur Rackham's illustrations always appeal to the childish imagination, as do the rich colors and striking forms in Maxfield Parrish's decorations. For the boys, the Western scenes by Remington are full of action and life while the lovely Japanese prints of flowers and beasts impart the necessary quiet note. And as old favorites are replaced by newer and more absorbing interests, the room and its decorations do, indeed, fulfil their proper functions to keep pace with his development and grow with his growth.



DEVONSHIRE LACE

BY MIRA BURR EDSON

OF the making of lace and of the different kinds, the American women, it is said, know less than other nations and are consequently less appreciative of its artistic value. Certainly the knowledge and appreciation of it is not as universal as it should be of such an interesting and beautiful handcraft.

An opportunity to learn something more of lace is offered by Miss Marian Powys in the Devonshire Lace Shop in Washington Square, where there are on view examples of many sorts but largely from the hands of the women of Devonshire, England; women who have made this their occupation for generations and who seem likely to lose some of their regular patrons abroad because of the present conditions there due to the war.

Devonshire lace has a style of its own, distinct and beautiful. It is a form of the Point d'Angle-

is made by the creation first of each detail, separately, upon a pillow upon which the design is placed and over which the bobbins play. In one detail, that upon the cushion in the illustration, twenty bobbins were in use, each with a thread of great fineness, making a cobweb texture as seen in the pattern. When the details of the pattern are complete they are assembled upon a background of net. Open spaces are filled in by needle-webbing and there are several recognized patterns of these, each having its appropriate name. The amount of background varies from practically none at all to being the space upon which a delicate ornament plays.

Buckingham point can be found at the lace shop also. It is fine in texture and the patterns vary greatly as to detail. This also is pillow-lace but is made, detail and ground, together; and this affects the style of the pattern. There is more the effect of weaving, the curves being made by very minute steps instead of in the long freedom of Devonshire.

One interesting thing in considering modern lace is that it may be had of the very best and compares favorably with the old. New designs are constantly being made, and articles can be made to order when



MISS POWYS AT WORK: ON THIS CUSHION TWENTY BOBBINS WERE USED, EACH WITH A THREAD OF GREAT FINENESS

terre, a variation of French workmanship which was introduced by Katherine of Aragon to England during the sad time of her dethronement. The English design in this field of lace-making, like that in other departments of craftsmanship, has a forceful and sturdy quality combined with its beauty which distinguishes it at once from the work of other nationalities.

One feature of the shop mentioned is the giving of lectures upon the making of lace, the kinds, and how to distinguish them, and something of the history of each style which serves to invest the subject with charm, to fix the instruction in a pleasing way, and bring home to us anew the interrelation of all the nations in everything that constitutes a real interest of mankind. The methods of making the lace have an interest for her who wishes to distinguish one kind from another, because the method has a very direct influence upon appearance, of course. For example, the Devonshire lace



EXAMPLES OF DEVONSHIRE LACE

desired. The designs are then sent to a little town in Devonshire, England, from which the work is distributed to women in the neighboring countryside, and returned, either complete or to be completed here; that is, all details are worked out by these women, the assembling of them to be either here or there as may be convenient.

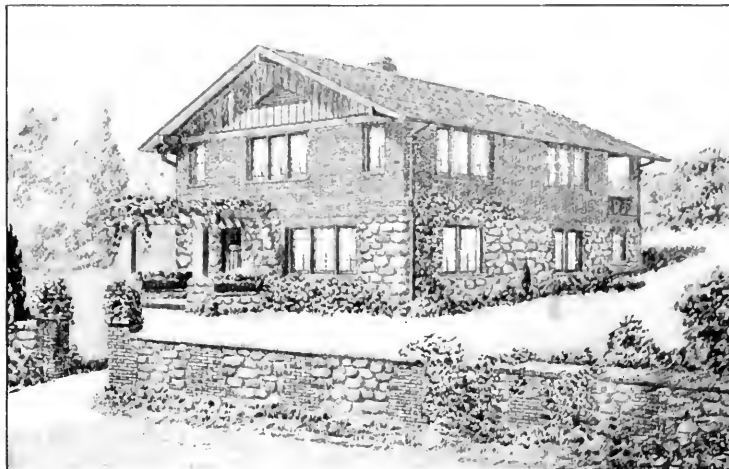
The making of lace itself is a beautiful art for a girl to acquire. Miss Powys in charge is a lace-maker and received a gold medal at the Panama Exhibition.

Of the history of lace we have but hinted. It is full of most delightful and intimate stories which include family histories, individual ones, and often the relations of nation to nation, religious ostracism and the mingling of national ideas and tastes.

POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

"WHERE can I see the Craftsman house designs?" In answer to this persistent demand, we are publishing each month some of the most popular Craftsman houses. This will be continued until we have reproduced the two hundred house designs which we have on file. A front elevation and floor plans will be shown on each page. We will furnish tentative estimates and cost of complete plans upon request. Address: Home Department, THE ART WORLD, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.

Craftsman
House
No. 143.



Planned
for a
Hillside

HOUSE Number 143 here illustrated was originally designed for a hillside site, which determined to a great extent the nature of the building and the arrangement of the rooms. As the exterior view shows, the foundation and walls of the first story are of field-stone, which is also used at the side of the entrance porch and for the base of the pillars. The walls of the second story are of brick, and this is used for the pillars which support the roof over the rear sleeping-porch as well as for the tops and sills of the windows

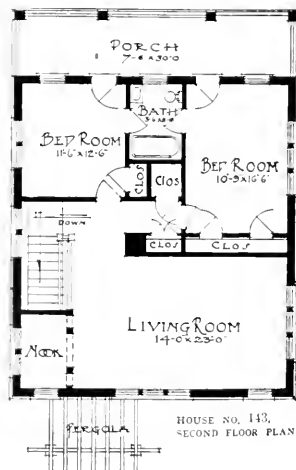
which are laid in soldier and header courses.

A glance at the floor plans reveals some unusual features. It will be seen that the house is practically divided into two distinct parts, the lower floor being devoted to the service part of the house and the upper floor being for family use. The convenience of this arrangement will be readily appreciated for it is one of mutual comfort.

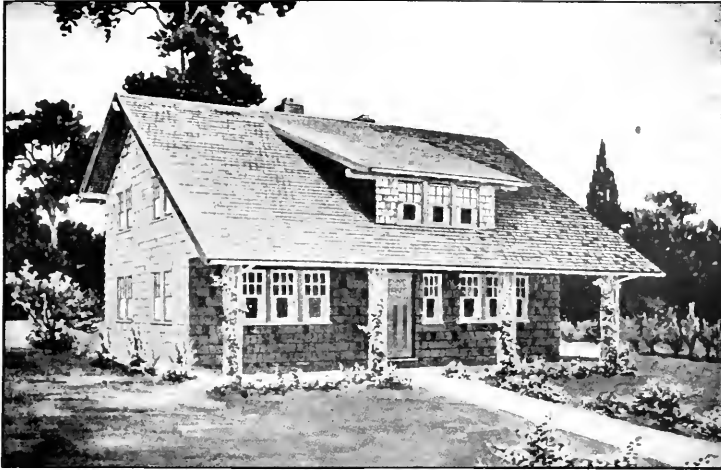
Downstairs the maid has practically a little apartment of her own with sleeping-room, bath, kitchen and porch, sufficiently isolated from the rest of the rooms to give her a sense of privacy and at the same time being conveniently near the dining-room and stairs. The second-floor rooms, on the other hand, constitute an equally private suite, and the living-room is large enough to fulfil all the demands of hospitality. At the same time, the household arrangements are simplified to such a degree that in the absence of a maid, the mistress could readily assume the task of house-keeping.

The plans and lines of Craftsman house Number 127 are extremely simple, but it will be found a most convenient and comfortable dwelling, one which in later years will bring back remembrances of a true home.

A study of the upper and lower floor plans will show that no space has been wasted and that



CRAFTSMAN
HOUSE
No. 127



TO BE
BUILT OF
SHINGLES

the proportions of the rooms have been so well planned that there is a sense of roominess hardly to be expected from the cozy appearance of the exterior.

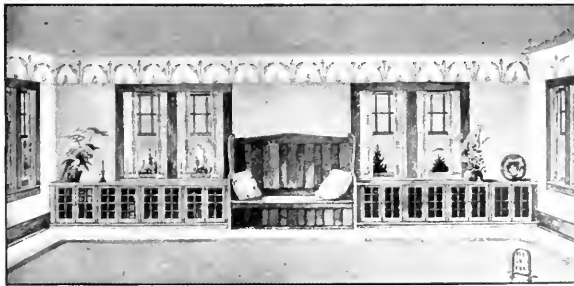
Such a house, providing four bedrooms and bath upstairs, large living-room, dining-room, kitchen and hall downstairs besides commodious closets on each floor, will be sufficient for quite a family.

A view of the living-room is given that includes the decorative use of a high seat between the windows and low bookcases. As this seat faces the open fire, it will prove especially comfortable and cheerful in leisure hours, where one may read with the light from the windows coming directly over the shoulder, while at the same time the nearby fire will add its note of cheer and comfort.

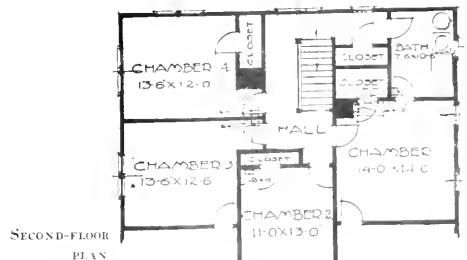
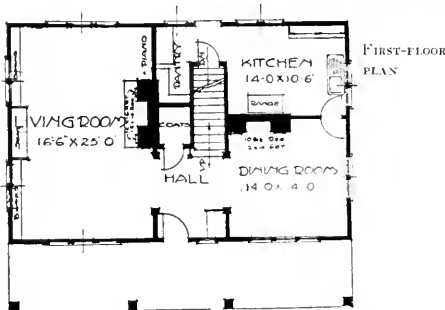
It has been planned that this house shall be

built of shingles with double-hung windows. No particular shingle is specified, since there are several kinds equally suitable, and the decision as to selection is governed almost always by the available wood of the locality. The shingles may be hand-split or sawed of cypress, cedar or redwood, as may be preferred. The pillars which support the porch are of rustic, squared so that the curve of the tree is kept as rounded corners. A pillar hand-hewn in this manner is extremely suitable for shingled houses and adds a note of interest.

The exterior trim must also be decided upon by the necessities or advantages of the locality in which the house is to be built. As to floors, maple is the customary suggestion, because it can be so easily and satisfactorily finished.



ONE END OF THE LIVING-ROOM



The
Caracara
Eagle in Nest
Photograph by
O. E. Baynard



A Rare
Find for
the
Photographer

CARACARA, THE MEXICAN EAGLE

By T. GILBERT PEARSON

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, when the plundered and harassed Aztecs were fleeing southward over the great plateau of Central Mexico, their priests told them that in due season a spot would be found where they might build a city and in time become a great people.

The tale runs that the priests united in the further prophesy that when the time should come that an eagle should be seen to alight on a cactus with a serpent in its talons they would know that their wanderings were over, and that on this spot the city should be founded.

At length they reached a great valley between high mountains where a powerful nation, called the Toltecs held domain. Here by a shallow lake they tarried, but while fishing one day some of the people saw an eagle with a snake alight on a cactus on one of the islands. Here then was founded Tenochtitlan, to-day known as Mexico City, and the eagle, snake and cactus are emblazoned on the Mexican national shield and on every Mexican peso.

It is a rather curious fact throughout history that in so many widely separated countries the eagle has been chosen as the national bird.

The legions of Caesar followed behind the Roman eagle. Then there is the German eagle, and the double-headed eagle of the Dual Monarchy.

In the United States we, of course, have the American eagle, which, by the way, is in no sense a strictly American bird, being found as abundant in northern Europe and Asia as it is here.

Nor strictly speaking is the Mexican eagle really an eagle, that is to say, it is as much of a vulture as it is an eagle. It is known to the naturalist as Audubon's Caracara. It is very common in Mexico, where it feeds on lizards, snakes and other delectable morsels that inhabit that interesting country. They are very abundant in many sections. Usually several may be seen in the course of a day's run over the Mexican Plateau. In the State of Nuevo Leon I remember seeing six at one time from a car window.

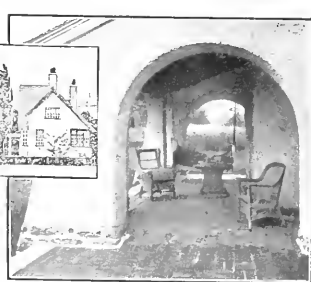
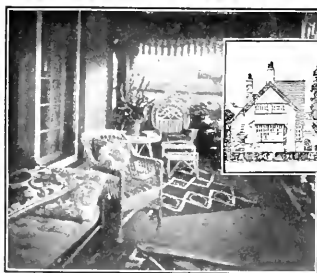
A few of these birds cross the Rio Grande and over a limited area of southern Florida they are now and then met with. Recently one of the Audubon Society's wardens came upon a nest of these unusual birds perched in the top of a cabbage palm. In order to make a photographic record of this rare find, he temporarily removed the nest to the ground and made what is believed to be the first photograph of a young Caracara taken in the United States.

During the days when the millinery trade was at its height there were great demands for "eagle feathers." Most of us can remember when for two or three seasons nearly every woman one met on the street seemed to have one or two long quills sewed on her hat. Now there were not enough eagle quills obtainable to supply this demand, so brown pelicans in Florida were shot and their wing feathers sent to New York and sold under the trade name of "eagle feathers." Along the Gulf Coast of Mexico and some of the regions of Lower California, the plume-hunters plied their trade.

The Caracara ordinarily is remarkably easy to kill. At times, probably after they have just had a good meal, or when they appear to be profoundly wrapped in thought, the gunner may easily approach within shooting distance.

In South Florida I have on more than one occasion approached within fifty feet of these odd-looking birds before they would begin their laborious flight.

However, the plume trade has received such severe blows as a result of legislation prohibiting the importation of feathers into the United States and barring the sale of feathers in many cities, that it would appear for the present at least the Caracara as a species is safe. As a matter of fact there are far more of these birds in Mexico than there are bald eagles in North America. The young Mexicans therefore are far more familiar with their national bird than are the young Americans with their emblem of national independence.



THE HOME WITHOUT AND WITHIN

GUARDIANS OF THE THRESHOLD

BY GEORGE EVERETT KENT

ONE of the engaging and very personal qualities of art objects, of works of art in any medium, is just now brought into evidence again in New York, incidental to the removal of an old-established art house, following the inevitable Gotham trend, to a house further up "the Avenue." It is the quality or character or characteristic that makes an intimate impression, and leads to a desire to repossess, if in the course of events ownership has been relinquished.

Nearly two years ago, or on February 7, 1916, sitting in the American Art Galleries, Mr. E. I. Farmer was the successful bidder of a pair of gigantic Fusions which were in the Yamanaka Oriental collection of that winter. Visitors to his galleries at 5 West 56th Street who have seen them there will now miss them, for Yamanaka and Company have bought them back again, paying an agreeable profit to place them in their new establishment next to St. Thomas's Church.

The Yamanakas, entering a new home which is to be Oriental, wanted these "guardians of the threshold" to maintain the established order, as they are used in temples and in nobles' houses and gardens in China, where their traditional function is to warn away evil influences. In paying an advanced price the Yamanakas were but compelled by the laws governing worthy works of art here, which appreciate with a consistent regularity.

The lions are the largest ever brought to this country, and came from a Peking palace yard. The Yamanakas wanted them again, and Mr. Farmer allowed them to have them.

These two "Guardians of the Threshold" are comparatively young for their kind, dating back only about two hundred years. They are of cloisonné in a wonderful blue, gigantic in size, and sufficiently fierce in aspect to frighten away even the evil spirits if need be. The threshold over which they now stand guard faces upper Fifth Avenue where an unceasing procession of human beings young and old passes by quite unconscious that fearsomeness is so near.

How good it would seem to believe now and then in the protecting power hidden within some image of strength and might, to feel that no harm could come, no evil spirits try their power while the great lions stood at your gateway. One cannot but envy the simple faith that moved the craftsmen of these great works to put the

best of their art into these figures.

Cloisonné is an art that is fast slipping away from the Japanese. It requires a lifetime to be skilful at it and the true master of the art must begin his craft at a very early age to bring it to perfection by the time he has come to manhood. One cannot think how these great figures could have been constructed in

so difficult a medium but with the beliefs which were held by the Japanese craftsman of two hundred years ago, no work of the hands, no toil of the brain were too much to lavish upon these fierce images who were to stand forever as protecting spirits for the home.

To us they are curious. To those who fashioned them they meant something real and vital. They would stand before somebody's home—to guard it from evil.

IT is now possible to greatly extend the already successful work of THE CRAFTSMAN, bringing the readers of this magazine, and the members of the Art Society of America, into closer touch with our advertisers through this and other service departments. Architects will advise on the design, construction, decoration and furnishing of small or large residences and co-operate with local architects and decorators in this work.

For prompt assistance, address
GEORGE EVERETT KENT
The Art World and Craftsman Service
2 West 45th Street New York City



THE GIANTIC FU-LIONS GUARDIANS
OF THE HOME

ART IN THE FURNITURE REPRODUCTIONS of TODAY

SELECTIONS BY C. MATLACK PRICE
TEXT BY MARGARET MEADE

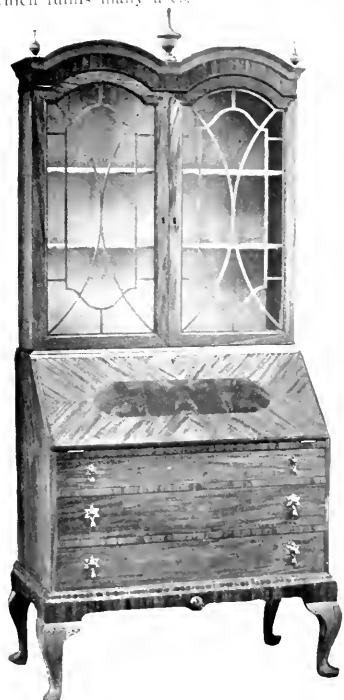
Readers of "The Art World" are cordially invited to write to this department concerning the furniture shown, enclosing return postage. This is part of "The Art World's" service to its readers.



A WRITING-DESK of selected walnut, in a graceful version of the William and Mary style, showing Spanish influence in the carved bells and feet. A desk chair is made to match this.



FEW pieces of incidental furniture are more attractive than the well-designed bench, which fulfils many uses.



A FINE mahogany reproduction of the characteristic Queen Anne secretarial desk.



A SINGLE piece of decorative furniture may lend character to a whole interior. During the reign of Queen Anne tall clock-cases were often decorated in lacquer, like much other furniture of the period. Current reproductions of historic furniture have not neglected this opportunity to revive the lacquered tall clock.



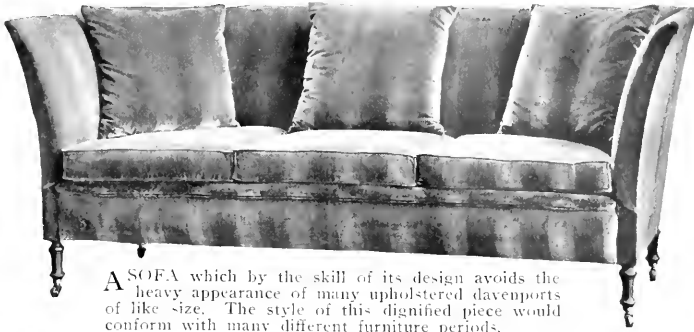
SUITABLE fabrics selected for coverings of upholstered furniture may be made an effective factor in interior decoration.



AN unusual hall group of mirror and console table, fine in execution and dignified in appearance.



ONE of the oldest of historic furniture forms, the chest, is now enjoying a revival in many styles.



A SOFA which by the skill of its design avoids the heavy appearance of many upholstered davenport of like size. The style of this dignified piece would conform with many different furniture periods.



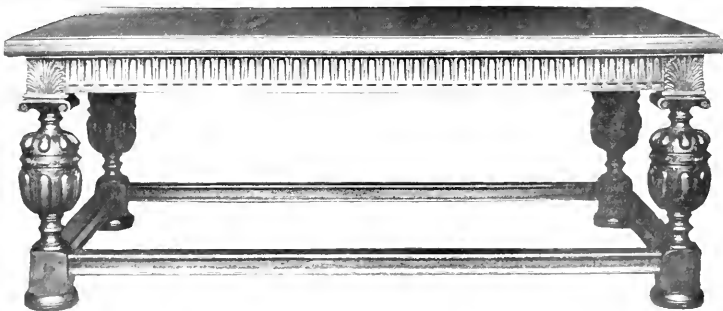
SUBSTANTIAL FURNITURE *for the HOME in GOOD TASTE*

A MODERN utility, rendered in historic lines. The telephone stand and bench which is well designed is seldom seen.

NOTHING contributes more to the creation of the truly livable living-room than good upholstered furniture. Two recent designs for upholstered armchairs are shown at right and left.



A SMALL stand beside the reading-chair is an ever-ready place for magazines and newspapers, or for one's smoking things.



OF all revivals of historic furniture types none seems destined to fill so welcome a place as the Jacobean refectory table. The refectory table was originally a dining-table, but has come into wide favor as the ideal table for any large living-room, library or studio. This example shows the richly curved bulbous legs. True to the period, this great table is staunchly built of oak.

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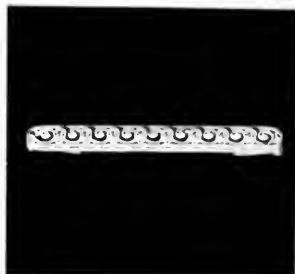
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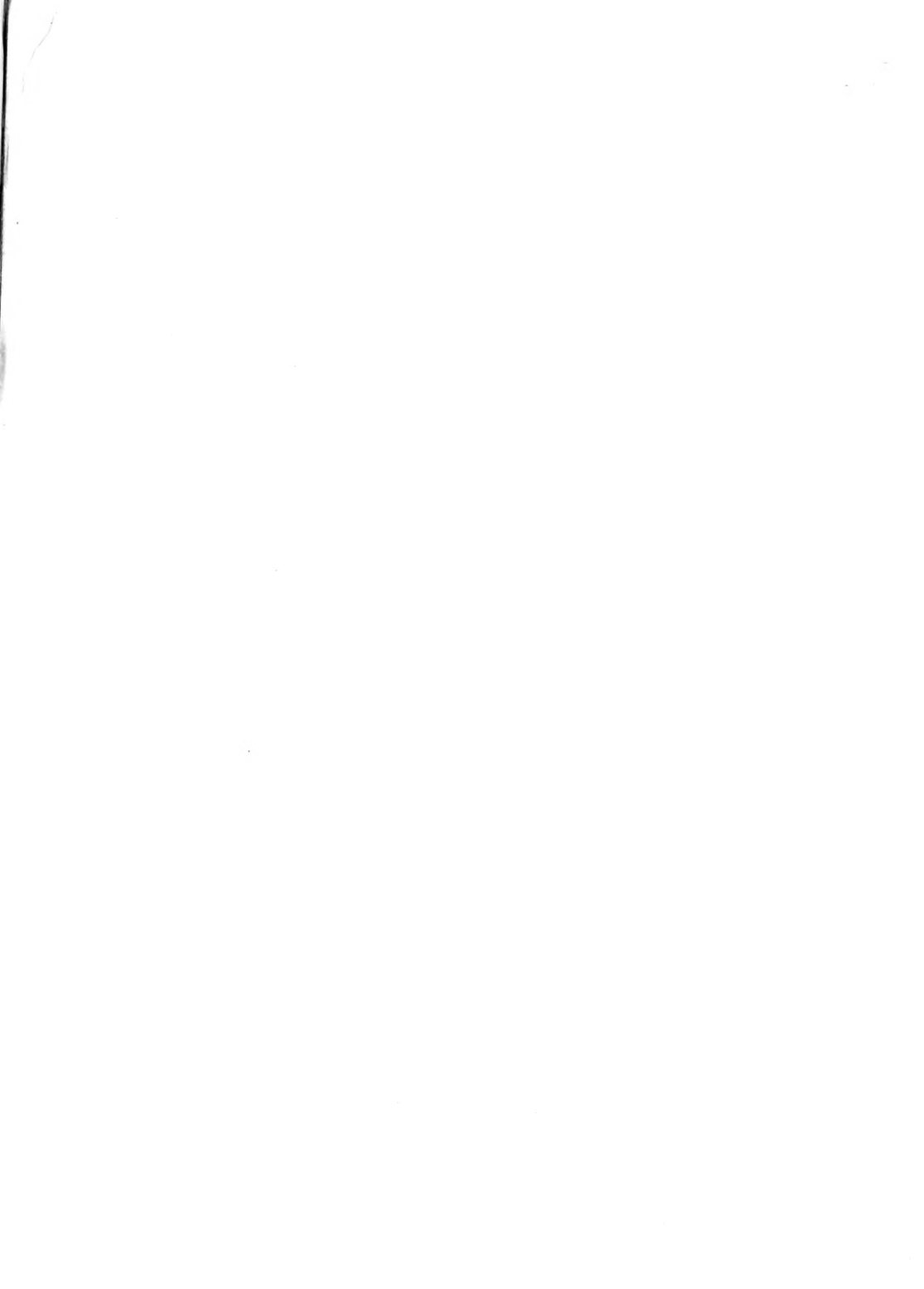
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George Everett Kent

**The Art World and Craftsman
Reader's Service**

2 West 45th Street

New York





PAINTED BY EDGAR DODER

"AVE MARIA"

ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE

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EDITORIALS

HOW TO GIVE EUROPE A WORTHY LINCOLN MONUMENT

THE public must not tire of this Lincoln controversy, because it is of profound significance. It is no longer a matter of placing in London and Paris a statue worthy of Lincoln and the American people; it involves this supreme question: Shall we in America go further than we have towards tolerating degenerate art and all the immorality and anarchy that has been back of it during its rapid growth since 1890?

Art is dynamic. It is acted upon by its creators and reacts upon them. Like the fabrication of a Frankenstein monster, if art becomes monstrous it will eat up the creators by a slow or rapid corrosive degeneracy. Art and life are Siamese twins, an inseparable duality; kill one you kill both, degrade one you degrade the other.

When will the American public open its eyes to this portentous truth?

When will the American people wake and grasp the simple principle that all degenerate art is based on a deliberate lie? First, on the deliberate *distortion and deformation of the form*; second, on an immoral conception of a chosen subject?

When will the American public begin to see the menace of degenerate art? These are becoming leading questions among those who are anxious about preserving in a healthy condition our civilization.

We wish to warn our people most earnestly that neurosis is on the increase not only in the world at large but also in the world of art.

There are hundreds of thousands of artists. It is fair to claim that among these the percentage of insane and near insane, of criminally inclined, is nearly the same as in society in general. But even though the percentage may be less, it is still sufficiently near to justify us in saying that there are in the world of art more than enough men who are half-sane and half-insane and whom we may call "The Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes of art," who will insure the production of an appalling crop of works half-insane or totally insane, partly immoral or totally vicious, unless society stamps upon the slightest manifestation of intellectual or moral abnormality or pornographic intentions. It behooves the public to instantly resent all extravagance of form. No matter what neurotic artists or critics or editors may say, such works of art should be brushed aside like pestiferous flies if the public is anxious to keep our civilization surely, even though slowly, progressing from the animal toward the spiritual.

All those neurotics in the world of art who are either complete or near degenerates are crying out

for absolute liberty of choice of subject and expression, not only in their manner of saying things but in what they crave to say. They are clamoring for "liberty in art," the old slogan of the moral Helots who since the days of Pausan whom the Greeks called "rhyparographer" [dirt painter] have aided the filling of the Augean stables with moral and intellectual filth. These are being helped by all the *individualistes à l'outrance* who judge art only by its "originality" no matter how bad it may be.

Here we have Mr. MacMonnies coming to the aid of Mr. Barnard's "Lincoln," at the request of Colonel Harvey, editor of the *North American Review*, and in a manner utterly incomprehensible to his friends:

"In response to Colonel Harvey's request to write my views on Barnard's 'Lincoln' I feel called upon to say before doing so that I consider a *nation-wide organized attack* upon the serious work of any intellectual—whether scientist, musician or artist—with the object of preventing its being carried out, is a dangerous precedent." Either this is intellectual rot or the attack on Barnard's statue has really become a "nation-wide organized attack." Well, if the attack has grown to that, it is proof that the nation condemns the statue. For you cannot organize a nation-wide attack against anything unless the nation responds quickly to an appeal to stop a dangerous thing—because a nation is too busy to respond to trivial disagreements. Did this occur to Editor Harvey, or was he nodding from too much brain-fag when he passed Mr. MacMonnies' letter? If the normal nation has condemned Barnard's bronze, this is the greatest proof that it is a crime against the nation; it will be a double crime to set up two such bronze hoboes in London and Paris and dub them "Lincoln."

As for its being an "organized attack"—this is a figment of Mr. MacMonnies' imagination. If he will show even the beginning of any organization of a nation-wide attack he will do a greater public service than he does by retailing fraudulent gossip before investigating its truth.

May one be permitted to ask Mr. MacMonnies: "How about the organized attempt by a small clique in the A. P. C. Committee to sneak this despised statue over to Europe without giving the American people a chance to see it, to discuss it and to approve or disapprove it?"

Mr. MacMonnies says further:

"As I told my friend Barnard: had his statue been the work of an unknown artist and it seemed

to me hopelessly bad, my defense of it against a *barbarous boycott* would be identical. I believe in liberty of action and freedom of expression, in speech, in sculpture, in everything. I could envy the man who had the courage of his opinion to shed encumbrances and live in an ash-barrel." This is the language of all of the anarchistic and immoral Bolsheviks in the world of politics and of art. "We want freedom of expression and action! We artists are gods—do as we please—and the public be damned!"

One of the greatest architects America has produced lately recounted his amazement at the bestial immorality he had seen in 1912 at the art exhibitions of Berlin, Munich, Vienna and Rome—worse even than in the Salons of Paris and London; and how the late Professor Carter, Director of the American Academy in Rome, said to him that immorality in the world of art had become so extreme that nothing but a great cataclysm like a consuming world-pest or earthquake could do it justice. He predicted a world-war in consequence of all the prevailing vice in high places, of which the contemporary Modernistic Art was a reflex. This was in 1912. The war came in 1914. This immorality and debasement in life and art were the direct result of "*liberty in action and freedom of expression in speech, sculpture and in everything!*"

Now this immorality has been slopping over from Europe into America for some ten years. Unless we garrote this anarchistic license in speech, in action and in art, there will be no use for President Wilson to ask his fellow citizens to get together to stem this soul-leprosy of social anarchy in the name of Democracy.

By what right do we restrain the "liberty in speech and action and everything" of our youths, from twenty-one to thirty-one, and constrain them to go into the trenches three thousand miles across the sea—many of them against the will of their families? By the right that every man must contribute his share to the life of the state—or get out of it!

Why this silly yelping for "Liberty in art!" when there is no liberty in life? We have no such things as fundamental liberty. We have only the liberty which the majority says we can enjoy. And the majority can take away any liberty we have, even the lives of the entire minority—if the preservation of the majority makes it necessary. Therefore every human being is a slave to the fundamental laws—necessary to preserve society from sliding into Tophet. These laws were in part suggested by the Cosmic Volition and adopted by the majority of men, and he who deliberately violates one of them should take his punishment like a man and reform, or get off the earth.

One of these laws is: "Thou shalt not Lie—in life or in art!"

Another is: "Thou shalt not pornography—either in life or in art!"

By the same law every artist has the right to flay every other artist whose intellectual or moral depravity becomes sufficiently great to allow him to express it in his art.

We are happy to say that this point of view is sustained by the United States Supreme Court in a

brief made public on December 9, 1917, in regard to the Selective Draft Law in which the Supreme Court says: "There is no absolute freedom in civilized societies."

"Illustrations might be cited without number to show that in order to protect the liberties of the people as a whole the individual citizen may incidentally or temporarily be restrained of his liberties."

"The few who are compelled to serve (in the military service) do so that the many who remain at home at the present time, and the generations to come in the future, may enjoy those blessings of freedom which this government was established to secure."

The same principle holds good in morals and in art. In order that society shall not be fundamentally corrupted into a mass of putrid sensuality the "individual" artist who is bent upon committing spiritual "hari-kari" by indulging in license "in speech and in everything" must be restrained and deprived of his liberty or license.

Mr. MacMonnies seems to think we have criticised Mr. Barnard's statue because of its *manner of surface modeling*, his technique, his *craftsmanship*, for he says: "Every great *Craftsman* freed himself from conventional formulas." Had he learned how to think straight instead of "smart," and read THE ART WORLD carefully, he would know that it has not blamed Mr. Barnard as a *modeler* or craftsman in attacking his "Lincoln." It is not a question of *craftsmanship*. It is a matter of *proper characterization* of Lincoln, of the truthful representation of the man and of American civilization in two of the leading capitals of the world. It is not a question of Mr. Barnard's technique but of his *conception of Lincoln*, which is not only absolutely false but degrading. Mr. Barnard did not give us the "real Lincoln" as he thinks. He gave us his whining, weeping *idea* of Lincoln, an idea charged with the silly pest of patheticism—the fundamental source of the dangerous pacifism-at-any-price which has been manifested by the pathetics of the country even in the face of the world-crisis in which—if we are to conquer—we require the united support and every ounce of force of every virile inhabitant.

Will it ever filter into Mr. MacMonnies' brain that Craftsmanship is not art—that it is merely *skill* and only a part of a work of art, of which the elements of Conception, Composition and Expression are the most important parts by far? Just now he is so obsessed with the supreme importance of mere surface technique and "handling" that he thinks only in terms of craftsmanship—which no one despises when it comes to properly finishing a great conception and composition. It is not at all a matter of an artist's surface manner of saying a thing but the supreme question: *What does he say?* Is it True, is it Good, is it Beautiful? That is the question!

Mr. MacMonnies refers to Michelangelo as one who had "freed himself from conventional formulas." What "formulas"?—of technique or morals?

Certainly not the latter. And his greatest works are those in which he approximated closely to the "conventional formulas" set by the Greeks. Did he not in his old age and when half blind caressingly fondle the Greek "Torso Belvidere"?

When Mr. MacMonnies intimates that Michelangelo did not severely criticize his contemporary rivals, he simply shows his ignorance of history. When Bandinelli set up his deformed "Hercules and Cacus" in front of the Uffizi, who was the most severe in his denunciation of it?—Michelangelo! He was one of the most vociferous of those who joined a "barbarous boycott" against it. He said: "It looks like a sack of melons." Moreover, Michelangelo was fiercely jealous of Raphael and other artists of his day and lampooned many of their works. Did he believe in "freedom of expression, in speech, in sculpture, in everything"? Not he! He mercilessly attacked all works which appeared to him intellectually or morally bad. And did not Velasquez go on record as attacking Raphael? Did he not say: "As for me, I do not like him! It is at Venice that one finds good painting, and Titian holds the banner!"

Mr. MacMonnies also makes the childish cry: "Of all stagnation standardization is the most sordid." This is a fling at Our Standard, the one we use, the one we did not create but *adopted* because it was adopted by every great artist of the Greek, Renaissance and modern epochs from Homer down to Emerson. No artist since the world began ever made a truly great work of art who did not follow this standard. Because it is based on common-sense and the fundamental constitution of man. Of this standard the formula alone is our own, and we take the liberty of gently whispering into the ears of all those who hate this standard, that the further they depart from it the surer are their creations destined for the scrap-pile in succeeding epochs.

Every tyro in aesthetics knows that variety is the spice of life as well as of art. But he also knows that *variety* does not mean *monstrosity*, which two ideas both Mr. Barnard and Mr. MacMonnies seem to have confounded. Nature's first aim is to create variety, and the second is to kill all monstrosity whenever it appears—by a departure from normal types, even when it occurs in her own handiwork in her efforts to create variety. Whenever nature wills the creation of a man and there appears a cross between a Hottentot and a chimpanzee she destroys it. In art the same should occur. In art we expect a statue of Lincoln to represent Lincoln, not a whining, weeping hobo, made according to the insane formula of the "deformation of the form" so popular in neurotic circles.

The rule of THE ART WORLD is: Praise a good work as much as you can; ignore a mediocre work as much as you can; hit a bad work as hard as you can!

We take a final issue with Mr. MacMonnies when he says:

"Mr. Barnard has given his vision of Lincoln, personal, human, absolutely sincere; doubly interesting, as presenting another point of view than the

majestic Lincoln of Saint-Gaudens. A distinguished Committee has decided to present the statue abroad, as it *conveys their idea of Lincoln*, and they have a *perfect right to do so*, even if other American citizens, equally distinguished, prefer another statue."

The incurable trouble with this is that the Barnard bronze so far as the distinguished Committee is concerned, absolutely does not *convey their idea of Lincoln*. Why? Because the distinguished Committee—sad to say—first offered to England and France "the majestic Lincoln of Saint-Gaudens"! It was only when they found that they could not dig the money out of their own pockets or out of the general Committee's pockets—so it is reported—the few promoters of this scheme in the Executive Committee asked Mr. Charles P. Taft to help them out of a hole and pay for replicas of Mr. Barnard's "Lincoln," to which request he generously acceded. So these few gentlemen recalled their offer of the Saint-Gaudens statue—which does really "convey their idea of Lincoln"—and offered as a substitute the unmajestic Lincoln of Mr. Barnard, which, we have solid reason to know, does not "convey their idea of Lincoln." This proves that Mr. MacMonnies is simply a victim of the mania to "butt in" where angels fear to tread, since he is ignorant of the true inwardness of the whole case which, so far, has not yet been all told.

But what makes his intrusion silly is his saying that the distinguished Committee *has the right* to send the Barnard statue abroad. He seems to be ignorant of the fact that this statue is offered, not in the name of a private committee to another private committee, for a private garden in Europe, but by a small clique of an executive committee, running a large public committee, and which main committee is ignorant of what is being done in its name, and that this small clique is offering this statue, not in the name of a private individual, but in the *name of and as representative of the civilization of the American people!* That's where the shoe pinches. If this were a private affair we would—after our June article—have treated Mr. Barnard's Hobo in Bronze with contempt. But when this atrocity was offered as a gift of the American people to the people of England and France it became a matter of supreme importance to this nation—and this justifies us in the attacks we have made upon it.

A public monument is not a "private snap" for the parading of the neurotic stunts of an "individualist"; it is a public avenue for the public expression of public emotions, hopes and aspirations. As such it is the most sacred thing in any society. The sooner Mr. MacMonnies and his sympathizers grasp this fundamental truth the sooner shall we have something more than merely clever art.

Since the A. P. C. Committee has plunged the country into an *impasse* in the Lincoln statue matter; and assuming that no replica of any existing statue but an entirely new statue is to be sent abroad, how are we going to get out of this muddle with honor and credit to ourselves and to a proper apotheosis of Lincoln abroad?

The first thing in order to obtain a worthy statue of Lincoln—above all for Europe—is to get back to the common-sense slogan current in the world of

art since Plato's day: the True, the Good and the Beautiful—away from the untrue, the bad and ugly, which have been increasingly tolerated since the triumph of an anarchistic "individualism" consisting in a silly art for art's sake doing what we please and "the public be damned"! That is bad enough in a man's private work but—it should be flayed when manifested in a public work of any kind.

The second thing to obtain a fine statue of Lincoln is to make a true estimate of Lincoln's fundamental characteristics.

To do this we must get away from the Pathetic Fallacy. Patheticism is a soul-leprosy, a mixture of neurosis and of lacrimose sentimentality. It has led many literary fellows astray to write things about Lincoln, his "sadness" and "melancholy," his "ugliness," "ungainliness," his "Christlikeness," etc., etc., so untrue that they no doubt have made Lincoln's spirit groan in the Beyond! For if there ever was a man who was the incarnation of common-sense and was not sad, nor melancholy, nor a "wistful weeper of tearful wetness"—it was Lincoln. If ever there was a man who could have been in Emerson's mind when he said: "A serene face is success enough in life and the end of nature attained!"—it was Lincoln.

It is excruciatingly funny to see literary men, and women especially, overlook the chief and salient characteristic of Lincoln—his ever-present sense of humor and a leaning toward the funny. Had he not been a wise politician he would have gone the way of Sunset Cox and Proctor Knott, who destroyed their chances of becoming President by indulging too often in wit and "funny business." For the world does not elect "funny" men to the offices of King or President. What helped Lincoln to look serious and save him from the fate of those two brilliant men was the lack of plumpness in the face and his generally sallow complexion when in repose—which, when he was in deep thought, even when he was digging up a funny fable or joke, made him *appear* melancholy. But this was instantly changed, according to all witnesses both living and dead who knew Lincoln, into the fascinating alertness and serenity of a conqueror the moment he got animated in a conversation. He *looked* sad when he was *preoccupied*—even when he laughed internally. Query: did he not often laugh internally when he looked the saddest? And even though he did write some immortal poetry he would have scorned the "pathetic fallacy" which neurotic pathetic writers have built round his personality. As to this, his friend Rankin says in "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln": "Writers of sensational biography and fiction in their many pages have done their worst and exhausted the resources of historic fiction to write him *down to their level* and to the level of persons and associates among *whom he lived* but to whom *he never belonged*—never was one of them in *active sympathy*." And thus the comparing him to the "Hero on the Cross" and to the "Man of Calvary" is blasphemous drivel; the mere fact that Lincoln had some bad days of trouble and sadness and was assassinated did not make him "the saddest of men."

We have reproduced a score of photographs of him and in not one is there a glimmer of sadness or melancholy. All these show a strikingly serene,

even smiling face. How childish therefore all this mushy woefulness about him, the effect of sloppy "patheticism."

Lincoln was a conqueror, physically, intellectually and spiritually. Else he would never have been elected President by the American people. Nor could he have held out against the idiotic "patheticism" of the cowardly copperhead pacifists-at-any-price of his day. Had he not conquered them and their pathetic twaddle, there would be no United States to-day!

Mr. Barnard was also a victim of this patheticism. Listen to him:

"People say who saw: 'Lincoln often looked the Christ.' This face is infinitely nearer an expression of our Christ character than all the conventional pictures of the 'Son of God.' That symbolic head, with its long hair parted in the middle and features that never lived, is the creation of artists, Lincoln's face the triumph of God through man and of man through God. One, fancy; the other, truth at labor. Lincoln, the son of democracy written by God. His face the temple of his manhood we have with us in the life-mask." Shade of Michelangelo, do not smile! How Lincoln's spirit must haw-haw as it listens to this epistolary camouflage! This yellow streak of patheticism runs all through his thinking about and modeling of his statue. Was this written to inveigle the sympathies of all the old women, victims of the lacrimose patheticism, which like a leprosy has been slowly gnawing away at the souls of many semi-neurotics, hook-worming their minds and pelagraing their moral energy? Mr. Barnard says:

"I found the many photographs retouched so that all form had been obliterated. This fact I have never seen in print. [This, for the simple reason that it is not true.] The eyes and mouth carry a message but the rest was stippled over, to prettify this work of God, by the photographers of the time. Nearing election, they feared his ugly lines might lose him the Presidency. So the lines were softened down, softened in cloudy shades of nothingness—this man, made like the oak trees and granite rocks. To most, the life-mask is a dead thing; to the artist life's architecture."

What downright bunco camouflage this is, is proven by the fact that Lincoln was never thought of for the Presidency by any one until after his Cooper Union speech, February 27, 1860, and that the finest beardless photographs we have of him and the priceless life-mask were taken long before that speech in Chicago and were absolutely untouched, as even the half-tone reproduction on page 271 proves. Moreover, no intelligent sculptor dreams of following, entirely, any of the photographs—since we have, not a death-mask, but a *life-mask* to go by in order to check up the absolute correctness of the best photographs. Why all this cuttlefish balderdash? to throw dust in the eyes of the unthinking?

A silly poet, we will protect his name, who jumped in to celebrate Mr. Barnard's debasing apotheosis of *rough labor*, rants thus:

"Unshapely feet—but they were such as trod
The wine-press of God's judgment on a land."

"Ungainly hands—but they were such as plucked
Thistles and planted flowers in their stead."

* * *

"Uncomely face—but it was such as wore
The prints of vigil and the years of grief."

* * *

"Unightly back—but it was such as bore
The bruises of a nation's chastisement,
For see the double-cross welter thereon
The emblem of the statesman's Calvary!"

Well, Mr. Barnard surely did "double-cross" Lincoln when he made his hobo in bronze and called it "Lincoln," as did the poet when he engendered this screed in which he puts the stigmata of desecrating untruthfulness, deformity and ugliness on the poor statue as well as on poor Lincoln. Barnard might truthfully say: "Oh, Lord, save me from my friends; I can take care of my enemies myself!"

Another poet, grown silly, and who should know better, and whose name we will also protect, said:

"Am I offended by the big sturdy feet? Not at all. He had acquired those feet plowing the fields and trudging the wild country roads. (*Sic.*) Am I offended by the big, sturdy hands clasped tenderly over his body? Not at all. Lincoln earned those hands with honest toil. Those hands represent the whole struggle of his life, his tragic struggle with the long poverty that beset his way."

In view of the fact that photographs on page 274 of this issue show that Lincoln had small, narrow, slender feet—in proportion to his size—and not the flat-boat contraptions of Mr. Barnard's bronze as was shown in previous photographs that Lincoln had already, as early as 1860, hands of a womanly delicacy and grace unusual for a man of force, the above demagogic appeal to the "laboring man" is moonshine. Even in his flat-boat pushing days Lincoln never had such chimpanzee hands and dromedary feet (see page 275 and the last issue of *THE ART WORLD*).

Moreover, after he took up law at 22 years of age he did not do a day's work of manual labor. Nor could the toil of his boyhood days have left their imprint upon his hands and feet and form. There are any number of men in New York to-day who are elegant in hands, feet and form who worked longer on farms, in lumber camps and in mines than Lincoln ever did. They have no trace of that labor left anywhere on their persons!

We belong to those who give Lincoln the utmost possible sympathy. We give him our homage and admiration, but no tears, because he himself would scorn them. Henry Ward Beecher said:

"Pass on, thou Victor!

"Four years ago, O Illinois, we took from you an untried man, and from the people; we return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's!"

Kenyon Cox tells a story about Douglas Volk, the painter, son of Leonard Volk, who made the life-mask of Lincoln, and which story is confirmed by Mr. Douglas Volk himself:

"The younger Volk was a pupil of Gérôme in Paris and thought that a copy of the life-mask his father had made might be an agreeable gift to his master. Gérôme had probably heard, as every one has, that Lincoln was an ugly man, and he expressed his delighted surprise at the real face as shown in this authentic reproduction. My recollection is that, as given me, his words were to the effect: 'But this is a beautiful head—a magnificent head. It might be the head of a Roman general.'"

Lincoln conquered in every important enterprise he ever undertook—for guiding a flat-boat down the Mississippi to New Orleans to guiding the nation through the Civil War to a reunion. Therefore the serenity of soul, the self-confidence of a victor and the wisdom of our President should be the triune point of view from which the sculptor should approach a statue of Lincoln—above all when it is destined to represent him and this nation in the capitals of Europe. The Saint-Gaudens "Lincoln" was made from that point of view and ended in a majestic statue. The same high result, but in different form, can again be obtained from this point of view.

The third thing to remember in making a statue of Lincoln—for Europe above all—is that he must be shown as the President and as nothing else than the President, therefore with a beard. And the sculptor should not copy a mongrel, white-trash, gnarled and deformed rail-splitter from the backwoods of Kentucky as Mr. Barnard confesses he did, but use all the photographs shown in *THE ART WORLD* from the June issue forward—and of course the life-mask.

For a public square in Europe the statue should be a standing statue, in bronze. If it is to go inside some hall, it should be a marble statue—standing or seated.

The sculptor who receives the commission should be under the control of a large committee of architects, sculptors and writers in addition to the National Commission of Fine Arts sitting in Washington and backed up by Congress and the President. This, in order to hold him down to avoid all "artistic stunts" in the direction of the "deformation of the form." He should be held to do as Shakespeare said:

"To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature,"

that is—be as true as possible to the chief characteristics of Lincoln's body, face and spirit.

Finally, let him burn into his mind Tennyson's splendid lines:

Dost thou look back on what hath been,

As some divinely gifted man
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar
And grasps the skirts of happy chance
And breaths the blows of circumstance
And grapples with his evil star.



Fig. 1. (a) and (b). He is of Springfield, Ill., June 1860. Notice the severity of this face, the total absence of melancholy; observe, rather, an all pervading sense of humor. Note the contraction of the head, like that of a Roman general, and also the expression of calm confidence, such as we look for in the face of a general. The photograph was retouched "to slip off" a single line.



One of the earliest pictures of Lincoln, reveals the wonderful bust of Caesar in the National Gallery in London, radiating the supreme courage, self-reliance and serenity of soul we look for in a natural leader of men. Kindness, no sadness nor slave-spirit here!



Taken near the close of his career, after four years of fighting, the spiritual characteristics we observe in the other picture. Poverty and the through no driving pathologist weakens this face. He looks as if he dominated his time.



On top of 2 pages excellent photographs, all untouches. Show how Lincoln looked at the beginning and near the end of his public career. The photograph of a bust by Mr. Edmund which certain magazines have printed as the head of the replenis proposed for London and Paris. This is not the head of the "Lincoln" erected in Cincinnati; it is even worse; showing Lincoln as an aged, sullen, defeated, frightened man, or as he might have looked had he been condemned to the gallows. An attempt to realize the false-pathetic fallacy created by certain writers. Had he looked like this in 1860 he would never have become President because he could never have roused the confidence of the people. Note exaggeration of the depressions in the cheeks; also the wrinkles on the side of the nose, no suggestion of which is found in any photograph or in the life-mask.

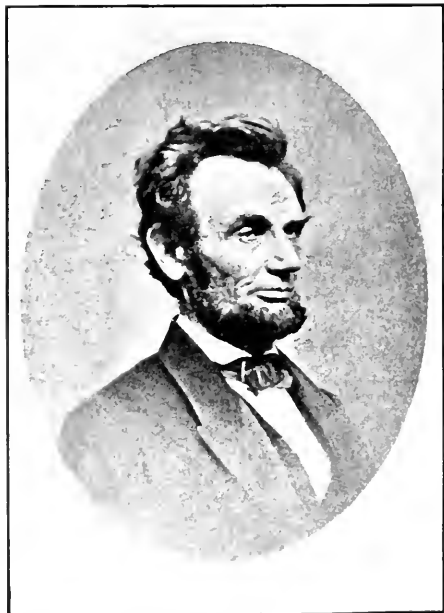


From the H. W. H. Co. photo.

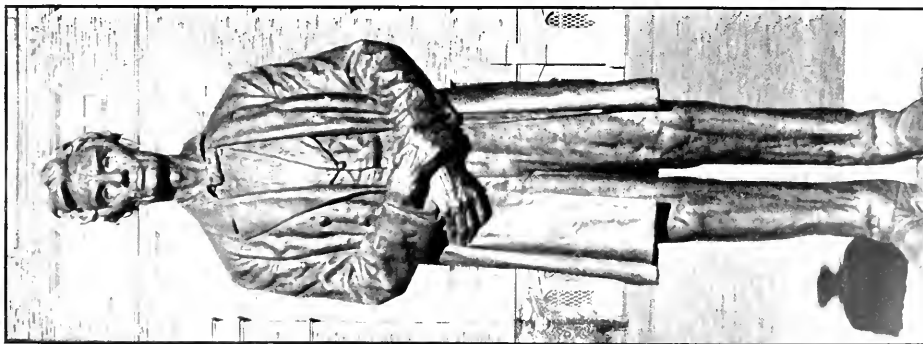
Photographs taken November 1863 on the Sunday previous to his Gettysburg address show that Lincoln had slender, well-shaped and proportioned hands and feet for a man of his size. Note the habitual expression of perfect serenity even in the midst of the war.



Photograph by Brady in 1864, unretouched. No sadness or melancholy in this face. A fine picture.



From photographs made by Brooks on the Sunday before the Gettysburg address. No melancholy in this face but an expression of supreme confidence of a man knowing that he is master of the situation. In many respects the finest picture ever made of Lincoln.





Courtesy of the Life Publishing Co.

THE GIFT

John Bull: I think I'll get Barnard to make one of Lord Nelson and give it to Sam and see how he likes it.

Reproduced from *Life* of November 29th, 1917.

We wonder if this capital cartoon by Mr. Marcus will stimulate the American people to look at the project of sending the "Lincoln" by Mr. Barnard to London and Paris from the standpoint of its political significance and consequently of the importance of sending statues over there which will represent the sentiments and ideas the American people entertain towards Lincoln.

Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The center of a world's desire.

We publish more photographs of Lincoln, all showing the abounding serenity of soul and the never-failing sense of humor of a man who feels sure of his leadership and ability to overcome any crisis, all without a trace of sadness or melancholy.

We publish also two photographs of the new head of Lincoln by Mr. Barnard which—so it seems—either has been or will be *substituted* for the head now on the Cincinnati Lincoln and placed on the replica intended for Europe. These photographs show a head that is a libel on Lincoln. Not only is it totally false as to construction and character, but the spiritual mood expressed is a reflex of the neurotic patheticism that seems to haunt Mr. Barnard and his spiritual congeners. The face looks as if Lincoln had been a sullen malcontent and was facing a court to be sentenced to be hanged, or like a man who was about to see the world explode. It is a whine or a whimper solidified in plaster. Moreover, on the side of the nose are three wrinkles, such as one sees in a snarling beast, which every physiognomist knows are found permanently only on the noses of moral crooks. After having carefully examined the photographs, which we did not have before, and having reconsidered the matter, we consider this new head worse than the one on the Cincinnati statue.

But when will the people who are trying to force this statue on an innocent world see the point—that it is not so much the foolishly idealized face of the statue, nor the clothes, that horrify people as the conception, composition and expression—as a whole—the slavish attitude, the slave spirit, the slave's hands and feet? Do they think this effigy of a hobo—slave—will appeal to the sturdy, virile working man of the world? If so, they dream!

The attitude of Sir Alfred Mond, Commissioner of Works of London, in this matter—that “a gift-horse should not be looked in the mouth” would be correct, if the statue were the gift of the American people through its duly accredited representatives. But this is not the case. The statue is to be the gift of a private individual responsible to, and representing, no one. And the prospect of seeing this degenerate statue lampooning for centuries our most beloved President in the capitals of Europe is positively hateful to Americans. Hence we take the liberty of warning Sir Alfred that his attitude is incorrect, and that, if he does not change it, if he allows or helps the statue to be finally erected in London against the opposition of the overwhelming majority of the citizens and press of America, he will assume a heavy responsibility.

For, just as surely as this atrocious libel on Lincoln is erected in London, there will be developed in this country a suspicion—that the English people

are secretly not averse to seeing a caricature of Lincoln set up in London “for jackdaws to peck at.” And should the English committee not—by a veto of this *private scheme*—save America from being humiliated and Lincoln from being calumniated in bronze, slowly but surely there will be developed a feeling of resentment in this country which will continue as long as the statue remains on a pedestal, and the admiration we positively now feel for them will begin to evaporate. Because nations like individuals do not love those who have either through calculation or indifference assisted in their humiliation. “The only way to have a friend is to be one” said Michelet. And a friend will protect his friend—above all from a calumny such as this statue would be on Lincoln and the American people.

In fact the English people morally have no right to accept as a gift from the American people a private donation of any statue of any of our Presidents and allow it to be erected in London, above all when the statue is denounced by the son of that President, and the majority of our citizens as a monstrous libel.

Of course we are sorry for the A. P. C. Committee. They have made a colossal mistake, as is proven by Mr. Randall Blackshaw in his letter to the *New York Times* of November 30th, 1917, in which he says:

But “public sentiment” has never approved this particular work of art. The American “Hundred Years of Peace” Committee promised to give a statue of Lincoln to London, the understanding being that it was to be a replica of the St. Gaudens monument. When it appeared that the necessary funds could not be raised, the committee's representative asked Charles P. Taft, who had given the Barnard statue to Cincinnati, to furnish a replica for London and got a favorable and generous reply. There the matter stands.

Unless Mr. Taft can be induced to cancel his consent or London can be prevailed upon to ignore a “public sentiment” which does not exist in connection with Mr. Barnard's work, the truth as to a great man's appearance and attributes is to be perverted in the minds of every Londoner and visitor to London in the next 500 or 1,000 years.

They all made a mistake, including Mr. Barnard and Mr. Taft, and if they will only have the courage to admit it and withdraw that statue, and let the American people provide the statue—through its chosen representatives—all will be well.

We dare the A. P. C. Committee to show the moral courage to confess having made a mistake (nothing more noble and comforting); to come out in the open; to unbox the statue and place it on exhibition in this city; and to abide by the *written* vote of the combined literary and art societies and social clubs of this city and of the National Commission of Fine Arts of Washington, which they also know are overwhelmingly against the statue.

Also we dare the Committee to produce letters from the artists John S. Sargent, Charles Dana Gibson and Daniel C. French, declaring that they approve—not *some* of Mr. Barnard's work, but his present Lincoln statue. Certain friends of Mr. Barnard have printed that these artists did approve the statue. We have good reason for believing this

not true and the Committee has never denied the statement—thus, by silence, endorsing what to us appears a fraudulent claim.

THE PUBLIC ON THE LINCOLN MATTER

FROM HON. ANDREW D. WHITE, CORNELL UNIVERSITY

November 22, 1917.

E. W. RECKSEITH, Esq.

Dear Sir, Returning home after an absence of three months in a distant part of the country during which I have been obliged to neglect my letters, I find yours of August 21 regarding the proposed replica of a Lincoln statue for England. I have a strong feeling that when the form and face and attitude of Lincoln can be represented by a replica of such a statue as that by St. Gaudens, it is monstrous to send the figure to which you refer.

I saw Lincoln once and listened to him during his lifetime and I also looked upon his form after death, and my remembrance of him is of a man far more noble and impressive in appearance than the statue to which you refer. The statue of St. Gaudens at Chicago brings him back to me as he was and brings out the rugged grandeur of the man as we saw him in those great days of his life.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

ANDREW D. WHITE.

FROM THE "WASHINGTON HERALD" (1 NOVEMBER 21, 1917)

BY WALDEMAR TOWNIER

In a recent editorial, commenting on the Barnard statue, the *New York Times* says: "The Barnard statue may present the legs and feet and the awkwardness of the poses, but not what shone through. It is what shone through that should be perpetuated; for this was a part, the most important part, of Lincoln, the man as he seemed to those who saw him. The portrait that leaves it out leaves out the chief thing and is an untrue portrait. The picture of him as he rose to answer Douglas at Alton was printed on Francis Grierson's memory—and the 'ungainly mouth,' the 'long bony limbs,' they were not Abraham Lincoln, nor did they take the most prominent place in the memory of him that Grierson carried away from Alton."

On Tuesday evening, November 21, at the Lincoln Memorial dinner in New York, the subject of Lincoln's personality was again discussed, this time by some of the greatest speakers in America, headed by United States Attorney-General Gregory, who, in a masterly speech, held the close attention of his hearers for more than an hour.

After Mr. Gregory had finished, Francis Grierson was called on for a speech, he being the only one who heard the epoch-making Lincoln-Douglas debate. Mr. Grierson said, in part:

"Among the many good things the war has brought us not the least is the keen interest in the personality of Abraham Lincoln manifest by English students of American democracy. So great is this interest that Mr. Lloyd George has quite recently found time to read a work which describes Lincoln as he appeared on the public platform. Never has the personality of the great President been discussed with such an ardent desire to understand the man, his work and his ideals.

"This interest has been brought to an acute point by the presentation of a statue of Lincoln to be set up in London. Unfortunately, there is a superstition that has taken root in the minds of many well-meaning people that typical democrats must of necessity be ugly and unlovely. There is a delusion that if a man believes in democracy he must feel like a dyspeptic and look like an imbecile.

"Some of our sculptors are obsessed with the notion that great ideas must produce colic, great sincerity liver trouble, and great political perplexity a collapse in the region of the solar plexus. In one statue Lincoln is depicted as a hungry hobo with his hands holding his stomach. Must a man lose all appearance of nobility because he possesses an original mind? Must a man look forlorn because he thinks clearly, reasons logically and feels profoundly? Lincoln, perhaps more than another, possessed the distinction that belongs to supreme personality; and personality is composed of four things: absolute sincerity, absolute self-confidence, an invincible moral courage and a comprehensive intelligence.

"I object to democracy being typified as devoid of distinction. Lincoln, as we saw him in the last debate with

Douglas at Alton, presented a wonderful picture of the difference between assumed dignity and the dignity imparted by the grace of God. The 'Little Giant' had to face a mountain of sincerity which could not be shaken by political sophistry. Lincoln, as we saw him then, was simple, calm and unaffected, his face stamped with that serenity that implies power without fear and wisdom without folly. For these reasons it is not permissible to depict this genial giant as one restrained by meekness, hampered by humility, rendered tractable and negative by adversity and opposition.

"When he rose to confront his formidable rival it seemed as if he combined in his very presence the tablets of the fundamental laws of justice, common-sense, progress and democracy. As a condor is greater than a sparrow, so Lincoln's genius carried his hearers to heights unknown to the restricted vision of Douglas.

"To look at some of the statues of Lincoln one would suppose he lacked a sense of humor as well as a sense of repose and power. Humor was the balance-pole with which he crossed the Niagara of Civil War without once losing his power, and I for one object to seeing this man represented as a weak sentimentalist who had a violent reaction after every speech and a collapse after Ball's Bluff and Bull Run. It is an unpardonable blunder to depict him as a sentimental dreamer, a visionary invalid or a man without will, and the time is at hand when a statue of Lincoln as he looked, without adding to or taking from the head and body, should be sent to London and to all our Allies. The Lincoln Memorial University could do no greater work than to become spokesman for such a movement, and I suggest that Dr. John Wesley Hill, Chancellor of the University, is the right man to undertake such a task.

"After Francis Grierson's speech ex-United States Senator Charles A. Towne offered a resolution in conformity with Mr. Grierson's suggestion, calling upon Chancellor Hill to undertake arrangements for life-like statues of the great Emancipator to be placed in all the leading capitals of the nations allied together in defence of democracy, which resolution was unanimously adopted."

FROM THE "LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH"

To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph":

Sir, When I first saw the Barnard Lincoln I did not, of course, even know that it was meant to be a Lincoln. I wrote in my notebook: "Interesting medical exhibit—village drunkard, caught in deliberate lie, and beginning to suffer from ulcer of the stomach." And it was not until long afterwards that I realized what a bull I had made. It isn't that I do not admire Barnard's work. It is unique. It is doubtful if Michelangelo or Phidias would even have thought of making a statue like this one. But it must not be shown in London—not publicly anyway—anyway not now, just when all of us are trying to be friends. It may be that we Americans deserve to be punished for not coming into the war two years ago; it may be that we deserve to be punished for not being prepared to come into it now; but we do not deserve to have our sense of the ridiculous doubted. We do not deserve to have our Lincoln caricatured to make great London laugh.

Our Lincoln? Your Lincoln!

It was at Gettysburg that he said in effect: "Let us here highly resolve that these heroic dead shall not have died in vain." And it was not only the dead of Gettysburg that he had in mind. Surely, in his prophetic soul there was also some premonition of that road to Calais which, with their bare breasts, men of the very blood from which he was sprung were to block at Ypres. Your Lincoln and our Lincoln needs no graven travesty of himself to be empedestaled in London town. Let us rather, if there is any decency in us, vote upon that high resolution of his, and throughout the whole world make it a law.

Yours, etc.,

GOVERNMENT MORRIS

Claridge's Hotel, Brook Street,
October 30th, 1917.

MEDICAL ASPECTS OF THE BARNARD BRONZE

115 Johnson Street, Brooklyn,
December 2nd, 1917

EDITOR THE ART WORLD.

Dear Sir, The enclosed contribution to the Barnard statue controversy I think makes clear the whole unfortunate situation.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) ARTHUR C. JACOBSON, M.D.

Dr. Jacobson enclosed with this letter a copy of a full-page article printed in the *New York American* of December 2nd. We quote from this article the following paragraphs:

BY ARTHUR C. JACOBSON, M.D.
Associate Editor of the "Medical Times"

In the bitter controversy over the statue of Lincoln made by George Gray Barnard for the city of Cincinnati a very definite medical phase is involved that has not heretofore been pointed out. The wrath of the statue's distinguished critics has a sound scientific basis in the fact that Barnard's model was undoubtedly a victim of a rare disease possessing most unpleasant characteristics, and that many of these characteristics have been unwittingly produced by the noted sculptor in his bronze figure of the martyr President.

Mr. Barnard has told how he selected as a model for the statue an uncouth Kentuckian with abnormally large hands and feet. These and other of this man's physical traits are strongly suggestive of acromegaly, a disease which while rare is quite well understood and quite easily recognized. A study of the many illustrations of the statue which have appeared confirms the diagnosis and makes certain that the model for the statue was one whose body had been hopelessly distorted by the ravages of this disease.

The Barnard Statue is nothing more or less than a clinic in sculpture in no wise representative of the great President. Lincoln's hands and feet were not disproportionate to his size, as an acromegalic's are, a fact amply proven by his photographs and by the casts in the Smithsonian Institution.

The proposed erection of replicas of this statue in Paris and London threatens an outrage against art and truth and a sacred memory of the American people that would not be possible for perpetration, were it generally known what the statue connotes to medical science.

Acromegaly was first described in 1886, and later it was demonstrated that the disease is due to changes in the hypophysis, a glandular structure at the base of the brain, the secretion of which has much to do with the body's growth. . . .

Dr. Jacobson then describes the disease. He then says:

"Art's virtue is to reveal, not to obscure. It is a power to make plain hidden things," writes Mr. Barnard. In this case an acromegalic Kentuckian has been dragged into the open.

"The mystery of this whole form nature alone knows—man will never fathom it. To the medical profession it ceased to be a mystery in 1886.

"An imaginary Lincoln is an insult to the American people, a thwarting of democracy. No imitation tool of any artist's conception, but the tool God and Lincoln made—Lincoln himself—must be shown." If an imaginary statue is an insult, what shall be said of this real one, representing an uncouth Kentuckian with a diseased hypophysis who in life is not a tool of any kind, and in the bronze made by Barnard nothing but the hospital clinic crystallized? . . .

George Gray Barnard's genius and power are conceded. He has simply been a victim of the legend that is responsible for the conception of the great President as a grotesque gawk, and he must not be permitted to cast a disease in bronze, mount it upon a pedestal and call it Lincoln. For such a sacrilege there can be no justification in art.

The following open letter is from Mr. Raymond, formerly Professor of Oratory, Aesthetics and Criticism at Princeton College. It appeared in the *American Art Magazine* for December.

Washington, D. C.

November 1917

To the Editor of the "American Magazine of Art":

Please allow me to thank you for your endeavor to prevent having Mr. Barnard's statue of Lincoln copied and erected in London and Paris, grounding your plea upon the request of Mr. Lincoln's son.

Besides the discourtesy to Mr. Robert Lincoln which the erection of this statue would involve, there is an objection

to it, of which, owing to its being somewhat less obvious than are others, I have not yet seen any mention. It involves the violation of a principle that I happen to have been trying for many years, especially in my book on "Painting, Sculpture and Architecture as Representative Arts," to get artists and art-critics to recognize more clearly than they do. The principle is that, especially in the human form, but also in natural scenery and architecture, every color and outline, as well as "Every little movement has a meaning of its own." One need not carry this principle to extremes in order to realize that while Mr. Barnard's statue would be interesting and important if presented as an ideal with another name, to attach Lincoln's name to it is artistically as well as historically, and, in a sense, morally wrong. Lincoln, when living, was a man who had high square shoulders and habitually carried his head in a bending attitude with the brow forward. The Barnard statue is that of a man with sloping shoulders carrying his head erect with the brow thrown back and the chin, if anything, forward. One who has read even carelessly works like those of Lavater, Gall or Delsarte will recognize that these different effects in form and pose are necessarily significant of different mental characteristics. An expert, too, would feel justified in saying that, by accurately reproducing the exact appearance of Lincoln the statue of St. Gaudens at Chicago had represented a man whose broad sympathy, humility of spirit, and feeling of responsibility to and for others were so balanced by independent, advanced and, at the same time, comprehensive thinking, that he could become just the conservative yet radical leader of public opinion that Lincoln was. The man represented in Mr. Barnard's statue might have had excellent qualities for work of a different kind from Lincoln's. But unless these qualities had been counterbalanced by traits not indicated in his appearance, he would have joined the popular cry and made war upon England over the Mason and Slidell affair; and would have followed his own conceptions and emancipated the slaves long before the pro-slavery party of the North had been prepared to consider the measure an act of justice.

The clothing in the Barnard statue is also misrepresented. Lincoln was a man of great common-sense, flexible to the effects of outward influence, as shown in his superlative taste and was at all times a master of details. All these traits would have prevented him at any time in his life from being so heedless of the impression that he might convey to others as to allow himself to suggest the untidiness and unthriftness depicted in the Barnard statue.

I happen to be able to back this theory with reference to what he would do with the testimony of fact. In 1856, I think—at least long before the debates with Douglas—my father was a member of an Illinois State Convention. He came back to Chicago, which was then his home, full of admiration for a man named Lincoln, from whom he had heard a speech. "That man," he said, "will be President some day—at least, if I can bring it about." My father was a very conservative old-line Whig, inclined to be aristocratic in his tastes. He never would have supposed one who looked like Mr. Barnard's statue a fit candidate for the Presidency. In fact, the country has never chosen such a man for its highest office. It has had millions of men who have risen to prominence after starting out as "trail-splitters" or "canal-drivers." It is the glory of our country that this is the case, that our institutions, to an extent not possible in most monarchies, make it so. But this fact does not justify erecting the statue of a "trail-splitter" and labeling it an "American President." By the time a man has become a President he has also become a presentable, if not, in every regard, a cultivated and finished gentleman.

Some time after the convention of which I have spoken, Mr. Lincoln visited Chicago, and my father took me to see him. In that visit, curiously enough, in view of the testimony that I am trying to use now, I noticed particularly how Mr. Lincoln was dressed; and, curiously enough, too, the reason for this was that the newspapers of the day had stated—very likely as an advertisement for one of the city's best tailors—that he was to wait in the city a day or two for a new suit of clothes that he had ordered. Many times after that, I saw Mr. Lincoln at the White House, and I stood within a very few feet of him when he delivered his second Inaugural. He was always well-dressed.

The truth seems to be that Mr. Barnard has taken at their surface value the political misrepresentations of him that were made at the time of his first political campaign. It is unfortunate that have them revealed now in such a way as to influence certain people—though, of course, not all of them—to discredit him, and the institutions that produced him. When I was in Germany in 1906 and found myself

standing before its many statues of Frederick the Great and Bismarck. Two of the latter immense figures of the man almost as high as a church steeple. I found myself even at the risk of proving to be something of a Pharisee, thanking God that in my country we had no statues of men who had openly acknowledged their willingness to be mendacious, unjust, and personally doers of evil in other regards, in order to promote the supposed good of their nation. That thankfulness of mine was owing to a conception that I had with reference to the influence of public statues upon the ideas of a people. Recent events have proved that my conception was right.

Any statue of Mr. Lincoln would call attention to democracy and to the good done by a man who succeeded in securing its benefits for an oppressed race. But a statue can do more than this. It can show what democracy is fitted to do for the man himself whom the statue represents. Some may doubt this. They may think that only an expert bothers himself by trying to interpret the meaning behind form. But an expert can read only what is there; and whatever is there, millions of the people can feel and apprehend, even though they may not be able to comprehend it or the reason for it. Small boys cannot explain the meanings of gestures; but if you shake your fist at them, or point your finger, or push with your open hand, they will have no difficulty whatever in understanding what they are expected to do. Besides this, moreover, a statue of a great man should, if possible, inspire admiration and fame for the spectator and ideal.

Strange as it may seem, this Barnard conception has already led to the disparaging of Lincoln as an ideal. The *Outlook* for October 17th, in defending the statue, says: "Lincoln had a gentler and tenderer nature than Cromwell, but although he had benignity he cannot be said to have had charm."

I wish that the writer of this could have seen Lincoln. He certainly charmed my father and myself; and I had a friend particularly sensitive to æsthetic influences, who, after an interview with him, never, to the end of his life, got over expressing his admiration for the refined and delicate outlines, and the beauty, as he termed it, of Lincoln's face. But such opinions are matters of taste, and, perhaps, of opportunity. In repose, Mr. Lincoln's face was not what it was when interested.

There is no justification whatever for a statue of the Great Emancipator that—not to speak of other traits—suggests no trace of "gentleness, tenderness or benignity." How any one should want to have such a misrepresentation erected anywhere is as inconceivable as is the strange inconsiderateness of those who are willing to see it erected

in spite of the requests and protests of Mr. Lincoln's own family.

Very sincerely,

GEORGE L. RAYMOND

WANTS PUBLIC TO PASS ON BARNARD'S "LINCOLN"

UNION LEAGUE CLUB ASKS THAT REPLICA BE SET ON VIEW
BEFORE COPIES GO ABOARD

Controversy over the statue of Lincoln by George Gray Barnard was revived yesterday by a resolution of the Union League Club asking that a replica be shown in a public place in the city before copies are sent to London and Paris as expressions of American friendliness.

The statue was made by order of Charles P. Taft, who presented it to Cincinnati, where it has been placed in a park. Mr. Taft afterward offered to give replicas to England and France, as from the American people. Previously, at the time of preparations for the centenary of 100 years of peace among English-speaking nations, it was proposed to supply replicas of the Saint Gaudens statue of Lincoln in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and the British Parliament voted a site for the gift in Parliament Square, London.

War suspended the project, and as the site in London was available, Mr. Taft suggested that a Barnard replica occupy it. A similar offer was made to France. Preparations to ship the gifts raised a storm of protest that the Barnard statue was unlike Lincoln and unworthy as a gift. It represented Lincoln as a gaunt, uncouth figure. Robert T. Lincoln, the ex-President's son, was one of the most strenuous objectors to it.

Harry W. Watrous, Chairman of the Committee on Art, offered the Union League Club resolution and Judge Mortimer C. Addoms seconded it at a meeting Thursday night, at which it was adopted. It reads, in part:

"While it is true it (the Barnard statue) was shown a year ago in the courtyard of the Union Theological Seminary, 120th Street and Broadway, this was before it was generally understood that replicas were to be offered England and France. Since then the only means of judging this statue have been by photographs, which at best are unsatisfactory. Therefore, the Union League Club considers it due our citizens that this request be granted.

Resolved, That the donors or the committee in charge are hereby requested by the Union League Club to give our citizens an opportunity to view this statue by erecting it temporarily in some out-of-door place in the City of New York which is easy of access."

Reprinted from the "New York World," December 15, 1917.

THE BARNARD "LINCOLN"

I look upon this monstrous figure, cast
In bronze, designed for centuries to last
And represent to ages yet to be
The noblest scion of Democracy;
Whose lucid mind and daring spirit gave
The blessed boon of freedom to the slave
And to our nation, torn in awful strife,
A new sure hold on unity and life.

I scan this dull grotesque, and turn away
In painful doubt and wondering dismay.
Shamed by the thought of Lincoln thus belied
Here in the land for which he lived and died
And in the world's great capitals as well!
Is this the ringing story art should tell
Of that outstanding life which bound again
At frightful cost of wealth and life and pain
A Sundered nation? Can we let him be
Thus travestied for all futurity?

It may be true that Lincoln would have grown
Into the stolid clown who here is shown
If nature had withheld from him the gift
Of mind and spirit which availed to lift
Him from the level whereto he was born
And split the rails to fence his growing corn.

But he rose high above that low estate;
He took his place among the wise and great.
A grateful people reverence him to-day,
Not for the things from which he broke away
But for the splendid stature he attained.
Him would they reverence not, had he remained
A stupid yokel, wedded to the soil
And bowed beneath the weight of crushing toil.
His mind, his spirit, the great deeds he wrought,
The throes he suffered—did they count for nought?
Making no impress on his outward shell?
No accent in the tale which art should tell?

But even had he been a lumpish lout
Which there is ample reason we should doubt,
There were high moments when the light of truth
Shone on his person, though it were uncouth
And gave rare meanings to its common clay,
Eternal values to the passing day.
So art should manage, somehow, to suggest
The man illuminated, at his best,
And to interpret to futurity
The massiveness of mind, the majesty
Of soul, which made him tower above his time
A character unique, supreme, sublime!

Rayman F. Fritz

WINTER SHOW, ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK

PAINTINGS in oil and sculptures, all of them together less than 400 in number, stand for the most important exhibition held during the winter 1917-1918 in the United States. It is held in New York and includes 72 works by National Academicians, 69 by Associates and 221 by artists not of the Academy. The reason the collection is so small belongs to a local and peculiar situation in matters financial; this has so worked out, under the management of the artists, that a fund has never been raised to build and endow an Academy suitable to the demands of the world of American art which has its center in New York.

Whether the failure is due to the inferior business instinct of the artists in control of the Academy or to the keenness of the moneyed men of the country who resent in artists any tendency to monopolize the market by excluding others may be put to one side, the facts being as they are. Black clouds, however, it has been noted, are sometimes equipped with a silver lining and the relief in the case of the Academy, the silver undertone, consists in the very limitation of space that comes through lack of funds. For if analogies hold, the Academy, had it big palaces to dispose of like the Royal in London and the Salon in Paris, would instal as enormous, as dull, as weltering and boresome exhibitions as the British and French artists do in the capitals on the Thames and the Seine.

If restriction of wall-space does not automatically produce quality instead of quantity in exhibits, at any rate it has a tendency to limit the amount of desperately stupid work!

This winter's Academy may be cited as proof; for the general air of the exhibit is alert, if not positively brilliant, alive, if not marked by much imagination and certainly superior as to technical methods. As the peg on which the large Vanderbilt gallery hangs there is the seated portrait of Mr. Rockefeller, Senior, by John S. Sargent. It comes up to one's expectations—and that is a good deal to say when we have in New York an example of Sargent's work very difficult to rival, his portrait of the late Mr. Marquand at the Metropolitan. The painter limns the aged oil magnate seated in an inconspicuous chair in profile, with hands folded on his lap, but the face turned forward and eyes raised. The gesture of hands and arms as well as the expression of the face suggest age, not at all the helplessness, rather the resignation of old age. Here Mr. Sargent repeats his triumph with the portrait of Marquand though he uses more colors. Notwithstanding that he has been refusing portraits of late years there is no indication that his brilliant technique and delicate judgment have suffered.

It happens that another portrait of Mr. Rockefeller by Sargent is to be seen at the Knoedler Galleries in New York and comparisons are interesting. The other figure is profile throughout and the legs are not wrought with care; even the hands are not so lovingly painted; but in the painting the flesh tones of face and hands surpass the likeness at the Academy. While the figure is not so agreeably placed on the canvas—something seems needed behind the chairback on the left of the canvas to balance masses—the carnations are superior.

Indeed it would be difficult to mention any living painter who can paint flesh as well. Taken as a whole the Academy portrait is the better, as portrait, but in respect to the flesh tones it must yield to the other.

There are other portraits at the Academy deserving praise. Miss Cecilia Beaux exhibits one of the President of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, in which she depicts Mr. Robert W. de Forest excellently and in genial mood. Smedley has a good upstanding likeness of Mr. Thomas Thatcher and De Witt Lockman a likeness of Eliot Clarke. Associate, while August Franzen presents a striking "Admiral of the Fleet." Mr. Karl Anderson receives the Altman prize for a family group, "Mother and Five Sons," in which one regrets the studied awkwardness of composition, as if he had tried to reflect the natural naïveté we find in old pictures. "Portrait of My Brother" by Sidney E. Dickinson fails terribly in color, for the painter has given his unlucky relative a tinge of cadaverous green. Mr. Mielziner has a head of Mr. William H. Shelton under the title "The Judge," an excellent likeness, and Cecil Clark Davis one of Mrs. Rufus Granger, remarkable for its intent gaze and charm.

Our Indian brothers, descended from the oldest families of North America, elicit an uncommon attention this year from a dozen or so among the artists. Mr. Luis Mora generously presents us with a group of men, women and children ahorse and afoot "Somewhere in Arizona." What this bunch of red and Mexican brothers and sisters is doing we cannot guess and Mr. Mora does not tell us, but we can admire the variety of head and wildness of feature in the assemblage and note the gay, strong colors of garments and marvel how like Spanish gypsies and Moriscos these brethren and fellow voters are. Then there are Mr. Wm. F. Kline, to show us the Aztec sculptor who wrought in hard granite the reliefs on the Calendar Stone found in Mexico City, and Mr. Blumenschein who shows a leaf taken from "An Indian's Life" and Mr. Eanger Irving Couse who depicts a single denizen of Taos pueblo, alternately fishing with a home-made rod and cooking at an open-air hearth. Here comes Mr. Ufer from Chicago with two Indian women marching profile, bearing bravely decorated vases of pueblo manufacture on their heads—not comely women exactly, but apparently portraits, to which the artist has appended the somewhat cryptic title "Her Daughter."

Mr. T. van Soelen presents a couple of old Mexican dames, "Gossips," imparting social news one to the other across an adobe wall, and Mr. Mathias Sandor shows us one façade of the pueblo of Wolpi in Arizona. Mr. Berninghaus sends "A Shower on the Mesa" and "The Sage-Brush Trail," while Mr. Rungius, the painter of animals, gives us landscape and bear in "The Haunt of the Grizzly" and as usual Mr. Albert Groll, N.A., does not fail us, for he sends "Cathedral Spires, Colorado," and an Arizona view called "And the Sun Went Down." So that perhaps never before has an Academy exhibition contained so many canvases representing Indians and the Indian-haunted corners of the republic.

Nor are the sculptors behind. Look at the fierce

redskin of Mr. Paul Manship, with his broadly modeled face and hair like a primitive Chaldaean or Hivite or Etruscan, bending his bow against an American prong-horned antelope the other side of the room, ay, and hitting the poor little beast, too, winging it behind the right upper foreleg, the antelope itself, in the archaic style of its modeling, being a direct offshoot of primitive Lydian or Ægean sculpture. Mr. Manship is full of go and humor, so that his excursions back into the dawn of sculpture are pleasant indeed! See in his "Dancer and Gazelles" the quaint charm of the dancer's gesticu-

lation and the way in which the composition forms a silhouette quite delightful after its own kind! Miss Malvina Hoffman takes the Shaw Memorial Prize for two figures rushing along like Cot's famous lovers in the old painting. Mr. Aitken's "Pan" has seized a mermaid who agonizes in the fearful grasp of the goat-footed god. Mr. Sanford offers a dancer poised on tiptoe with one leg out in the Prussian goosestep. Mr. Grady is represented by an excellent head of Paul Bartlett, the sculptor. The sculpture this time forms a decided element in the general excellence of the Winter Academy.

"AVE MARIA" AND "DR. FELIX ADLER"

BY DOUGLAS VOLK, N.A.

(See frontispiece and opposite page.)

THE question whether one should paint always directly from the life or from the object inanimate, or whether, having possessed oneself of the exact appearance of the matter to be painted, one should retire to the studio and paint from memory with the aid of such data as the sketch-pad may supply, is one that leaves a good many artists cold. They are more inclined to paint than to speculate, act than theorize. They are apt to be robust, enterprising, downright; no friends of painting to show off profundity in the painter or of attempting to make people believe they are path-breakers in art who have a god-given genius to see through mountains and around the corner as no others may. Of such wholesome, direct and energetic artist folk comes Douglas Volk, painter, son of Leonard Volk, sculptor. His "Ave Maria" will be found as frontispiece in this number, together with the portrait of a man as a further example of his manner. It is a remarkable example of profundity of expression. It connotes the rapture and religious adoration the chosen subject suggests.

Mr. Volk was born "down East" in 1856 and studied in Paris where Gérôme was not only a successful painter but a teacher of art and the principal defender of the good old Dutch and French and German fashion in pictures called *genre*, especially of that section called historic *genre*. Anecdote, historical or otherwise, seemed worth while, more especially because the naïve public liked it 'passing well. But it was not necessary to follow Gérôme to the point of imitation, since the host of teachers and critics and pupils provided the antidote; but at any rate the young American learned, in the school where Gérôme came to quiz, that the ordering, the lay-out of a canvas is one thing, the relation borne by figures one to the other or to certain well-worn backgrounds is another thing important for the production of a good picture. He was initiated into the traditions of sound drawing; in practice as well as in the course of his activities as a teacher of art he has always upheld the slow but careful progress of student and canvas instead of the short cuts to perfection offered by impatient men.

Returning to America in the seventies, Mr. Volk shared with many other artists a feeling against the Academy of Design because of its narrow views,

a view shared by a handful of Academicians, so that the starting of the Society of American Artists in 1880 as a more liberal organization of the painters and sculptors met his approval and he joined the new guild. But the protest that Society embodied having had its effect, he became an Associate of the Academy in 1898 and in the following year Academician.

As the son of a sculptor Douglas Volk leans toward perfection of form rather than showiness of color and instinctively turns away from the shadowy, the romantic, the dramatic effects produced by the mysterious and obscure. He likes well-defined, clear-cut outlines and figures firmly detached from the background.

Interested in the Colonial days, he has painted such anecdotes as "Accused of Witchcraft," now at Washington in the Corcoran and later on "The Fur Trading Period," mural in the court house at Des Moines, Iowa, also attractive compositions in which fair Puritans, stern, lanky-jawed settlers and the Indians of Fenimore Cooper figured; likewise ideal figures like "Reverie" in the art gallery of Montclair, New Jersey, "Among the Lilies" for the National Arts Club, New York, "Maiden's Reverie" at Pittsfield, Mass., the town where he was born. It would be a long list to specify all the medals and prizes awarded for his many simple, straightforward and agreeable compositions from 1893 to the present time. One may note three gold medals in 1907, 1910 and 1915 from the Carolina Art Association, the Arts Club of New York and the National Academy of Design respectively, and a fourth from the Panama-Pacific Exposition. At the same time he was more or less occupied with portraits. Thus in 1915 he won the Maynard Portrait Prize at the Academy. In all likelihood the portrait of Dr. Felix Adler reproduced here is the most successful of all those he has done hitherto, not excepting that of his young daughter in the Memorial Art Gallery at Rochester, N. Y. This is not only a remarkably good likeness of a remarkable man who is known as a thinker and educator but as a piece of painting it represents high-water mark for Douglas Volk, since it shows the uncommon ability of the artist not only as a psychologist but as a masterly wielder of the brush.



DR. FELIX ADLER
PAINTED BY DOUGLAS VOLK

SPECIAL ARTICLES



THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS
PRESENT CONDITION

THE CLASSIC ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE

BY EGERTON SWARTWOUT, F.A.I.A.

The following is the first of a series of articles on the classic orders which will appear monthly

I. INTRODUCTION

IT is universally accepted that the term Classic in architecture is limited in application to those temples and monuments which date from the best period of Greek and Roman art—a comparatively short period, as history goes, lasting in Greece only about one hundred and fifty years, from the time of the Persian invasion to the time of Alexander the Great, and approximately double that length of time in Rome, from the time of Julius Caesar to that of Diocletian. That the monumental temples of Egypt and the palaces of Assyria and Persia are refused the distinction of classicism is possibly due to the fact that they did not appeal to the taste of the Renaissance writers, and possibly also to the fact that at that time they were comparatively unknown. Whether to this empirical classification can be attributed the general neglect of Egyptian art by the architectural profession, or whether this neglect has been due to a feeling that the Egyptian is less adaptable to modern purposes than Grecian or Roman, it is not within the province of this article to discuss; still, there is so much that is monumental in the Egyptian plans, interiors and methods of lighting, and so much that is fine in the simplicity of their orders,

that it is strange and to be regretted that no serious effort has been made to adapt—to the requirements of the present—a monumental grandeur that has never been equaled in the past.

It has been said that the history of a country can be read in its architectural remains, and this is preëminently true of Greece and Rome. The developments of the Doric temple from the crude forms of the Eighth Century to the marvelous proportions and subtle refinements of the Periklean age are coeval with the advancement of Greece in wealth and learning, as well as in the allied arts of painting and sculpture. The glory of Greece in commerce and in art was a gradual development from Mykenæan civilization, just as the squat columns and overwhelming entablatures of the early temples are the stepping-stones to the proportions of the Parthenon. This gradual development and ultimate perfection were possible in Greece to an extent achieved seldom in Rome and scarcely at all in modern times. The Greek architect was working along the simplest lines and with the simplest forms, and practically with one order, the Doric; and by all succeeding ages it is acknowledged that he alone of all architects has approached the

absolute. No one has ever built a better Doric exterior than the Parthenon, nor is it probable any one ever will.

If, then, it is true that the history of a country can be read in its architecture, how regrettable it is that we cannot read more thoroughly the history of that architecture itself! How regrettable is the almost total destruction of these ancient monuments, not so much by the ravages of time as by the ignorance and greed of man; and how equally regrettable is the fact that the written records of Classic Architecture are almost negligible! and it is because of the paucity of these records that we must needs build up our present-day knowledge of that architecture from the buildings themselves; and this knowledge must rise phoenix-like from the ruins, for, unfortunately, these monuments are in such a ruinous state that their restoration is not only difficult, but in some cases problematical or impossible. Of the older temples many have completely disappeared, and our knowledge of their existence is confined entirely to a few straggling inscriptions and to references in the works of early Greek and Roman writers. Others have been uncovered by the excavations in recent years, and there has been found only enough of the foundations and fragments of columns to make their restoration a source of contention among archaeologists. In places the structure has been entirely overthrown by earthquakes, and nothing is left but a mass of weather-beaten stones, piled in confusion round the site; and in such cases as these it is almost an impossibility even to determine with exactitude the height of the order. Had the columns of antiquity been constructed in accordance with our modern method, with drums of equal height, their restoration would be comparatively simple; but with unequal drums the only method of arriving at this height is by a careful computation of the entasis, a method which on account of the flatness of the curve is difficult of application, and has on occasion resulted in divergencies of nearly two feet.

The extreme difficulty in taking accurate measurements under such circumstances can be appreciated by any one who has attempted to measure carefully buildings that are in a fairly completed condition. Almost invariably the drums that have been found are so weather-worn and broken that the only way that accurate measurements can be obtained is from the depth of the fluting and these measurements are naturally not as accurate in determining the entasis as those taken from the arris, for on account of the diminution in depth the line of entasis taken on the depth of the flutes is not the same curve as the entasis taken on the arris, and further, as the arris alone gives the outline of the column, usually less care is expended on the cutting of the depth of the flutes; and as even in the Parthenon none of the columns are exactly the same in size, a comparison of the entases of several columns becomes of questionable value.

Another disconcerting fact is the utter absence of any remains other than stone, or in some instances terra-cotta. The bronze and more precious metals have long since been stolen, and the wood, which formed a greater part of the roof and ceiling, has absolutely disappeared; and as in many of the very ancient temples it is probable that not only

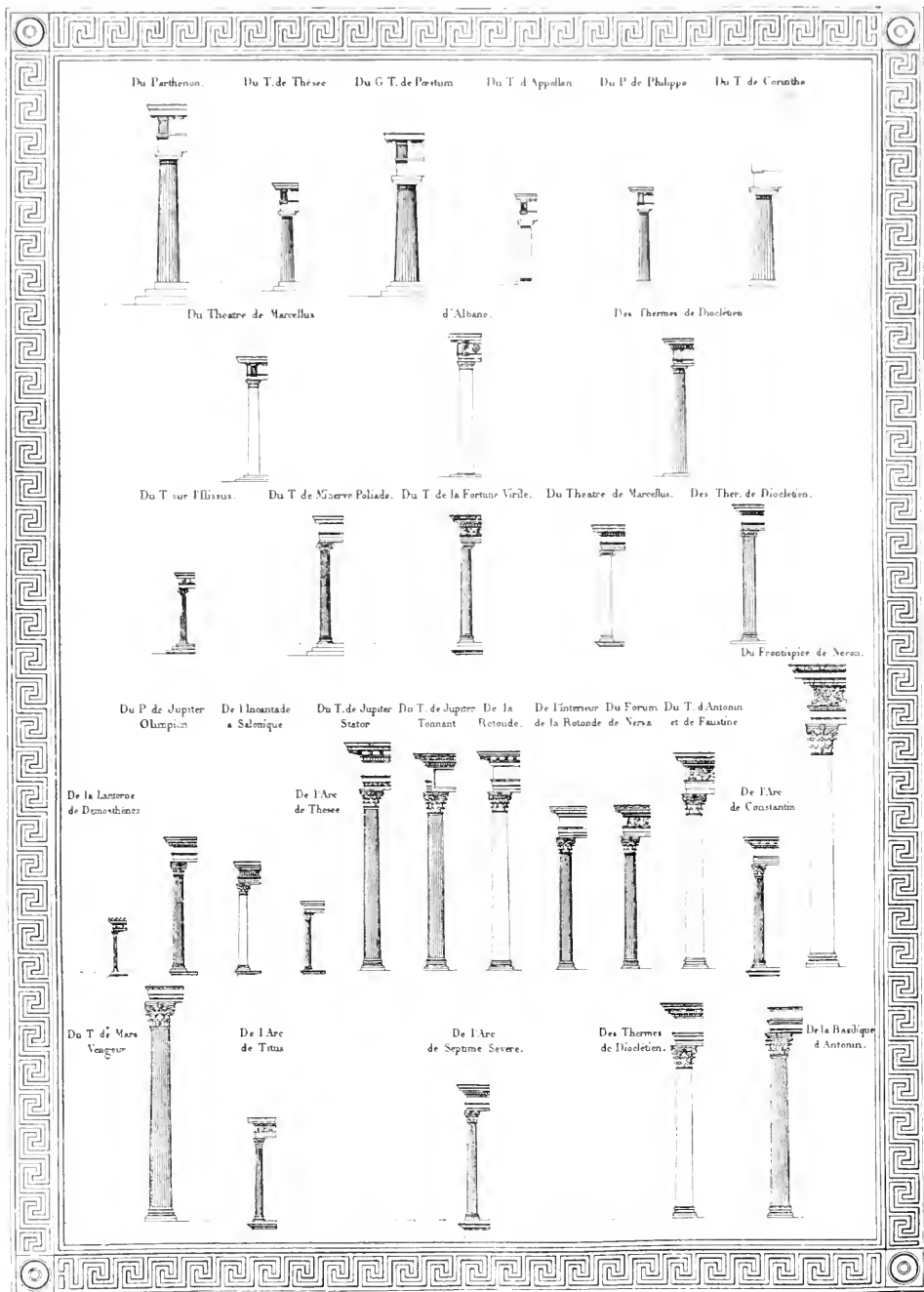
was the roof and ceiling of wood, but that also the entire entablature was formed of this material, any restoration becomes entirely a matter of conjecture and individual opinion.

Fortunately, much of the remains of the more important temples are standing, and their restoration can be accomplished with more or less certainty. From the measurements made by Penrose we can with confidence restore the columns, entablature and walls of the Parthenon, the Erechtheion, and the so-called temple of Theseus. Other monuments in Athens, as well as certain temples in Sicily and Magna Græcia can be restored with general accuracy. In no case, however, has there been a positive agreement as to the roofing and method of lighting, the latter especially having been the subject of greatest controversy for the last century and a half.

In this most interesting, but little-pursued, study of the remains of antiquity, a study which unfortunately has been confined chiefly to archaeologists, two most regrettable facts present themselves, the first that until a few hundred years ago these monuments, especially in Greece, were in a fairly perfect state, and secondly, that there exists no contemporaneous description which can be followed as a guide in their restoration. We know that it was often customary for the architect to leave written records of the buildings he had erected. We know that Iktinos wrote a monograph on the Parthenon, and possibly on his extremely interesting temple at Bassai. There were descriptions of the Erechtheion and of the Propylæa and of some of the later temples, and yet none of these records have been preserved to us, with the exception of some inscriptions which refer to the cost and construction of the Erechtheion, and a fairly complete specification of an arsenal built much later in the Peiræos.

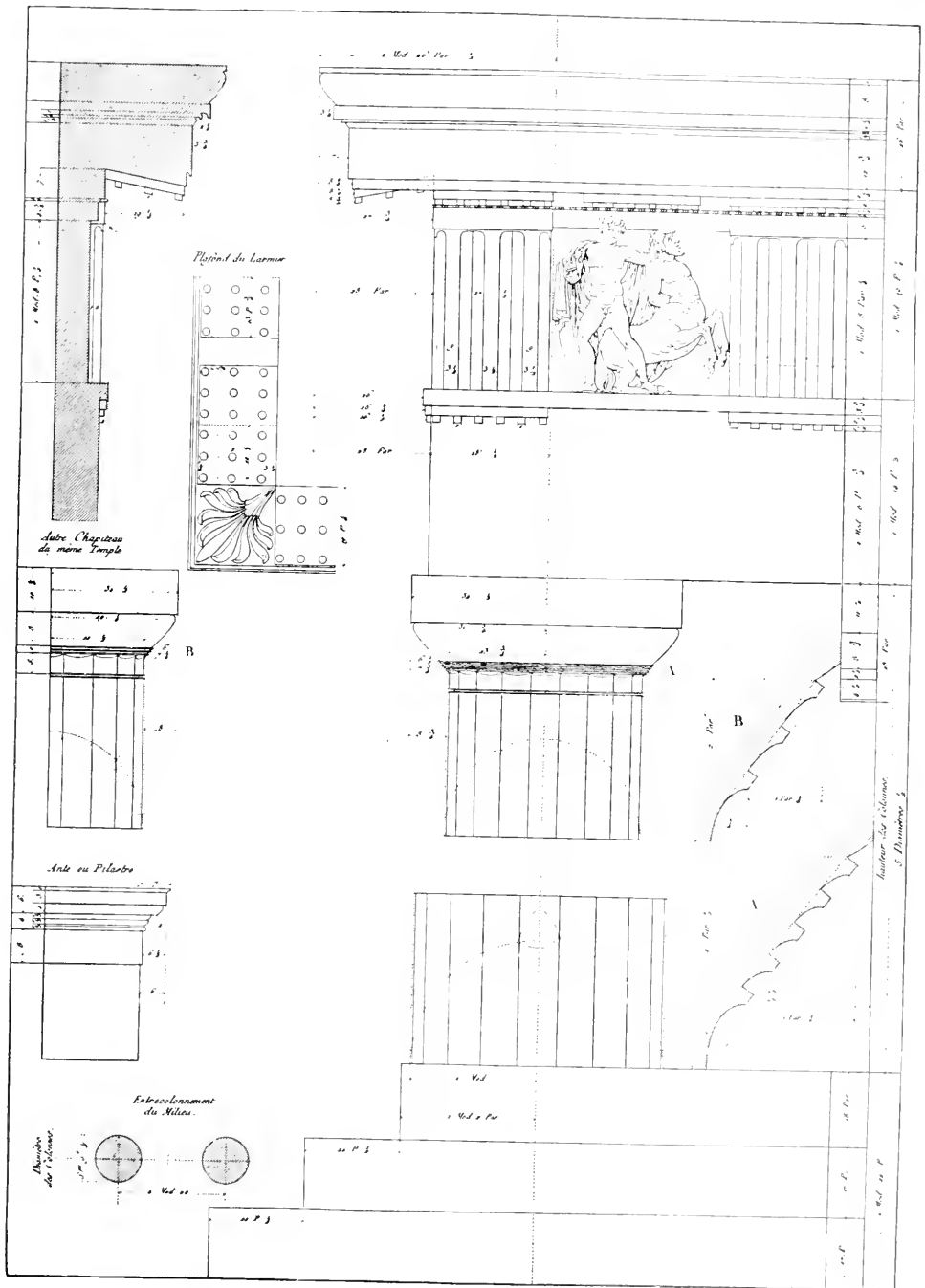
If we could imagine that the writings of Iktinos were personal records or that they covered in detail the now disputed points in the construction of the Parthenon; if we could imagine them his own account of his struggles and achievements, of his first conceptions of the work and of the changes that were undoubtedly forced on him by those in control; if we could learn at first-hand his reasons for the adoption of a proportion for his columns and his entablature slightly different from those of their prototypes, his ideas regarding entasis and the inclination of the column, his study of the lighting problem, and the extent of the color decorations, all this would make the most fascinating reading and would prove of incalculable benefit to the architectural profession now. The only consolation that is left to us is that these descriptions were probably impersonal; they may have dealt only with the history of the construction of the building, its progress and probable cost; in other words, they may have been merely reports which were submitted to the officials in Athens, similar in many respects to the reports submitted by architects of modern times. If this is the case, we can only feel that we have lost an interesting document, and not a priceless contribution to the literature of architecture.

It is true we have an occasional reference to contemporaneous buildings in Herodotus or in the Greek poets of the Periklean age. These references, however, are slight, and have chiefly been used by archaeologists to combat the views advanced



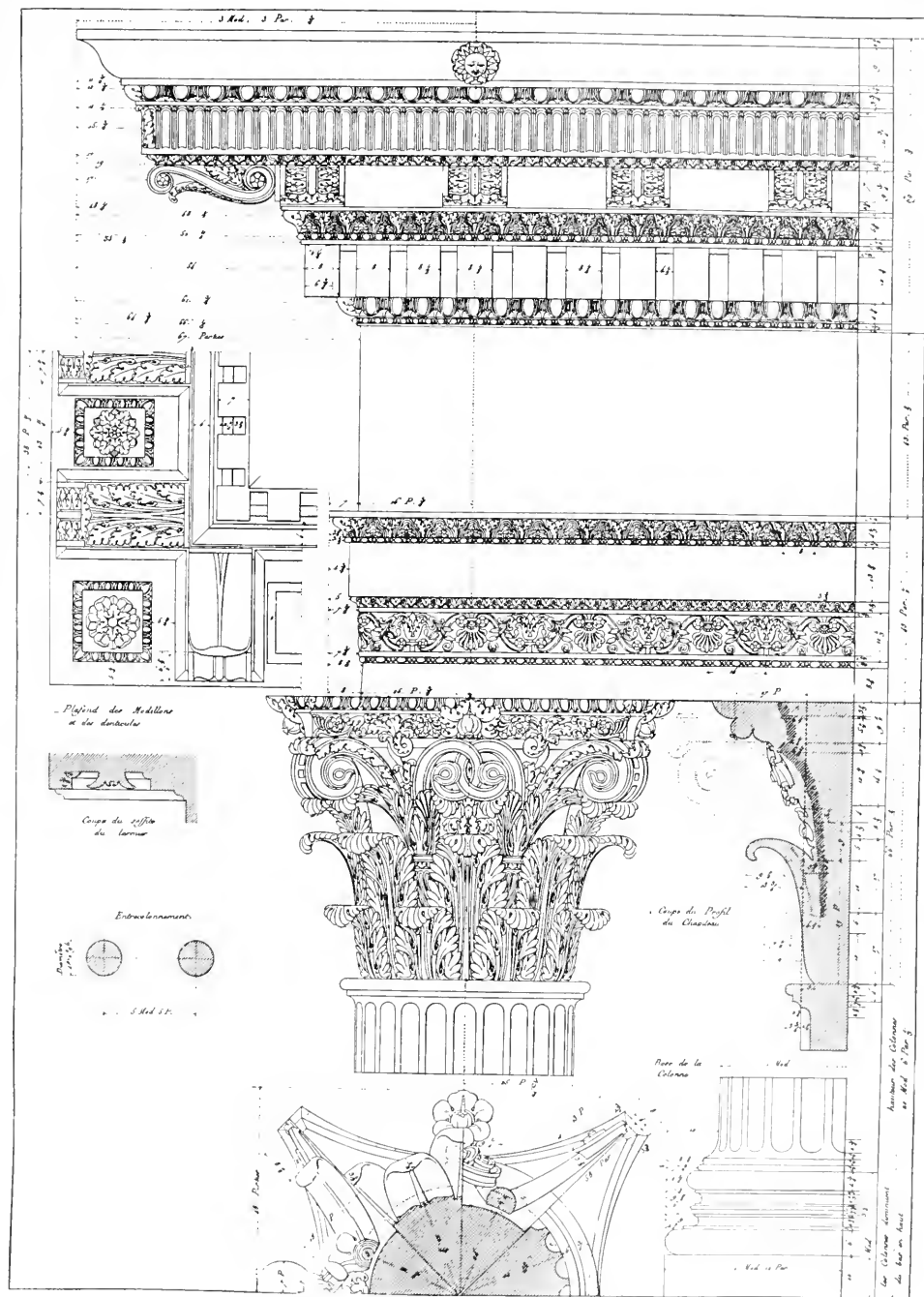
PARALLEL OF THE CLASSIC ORDERS

SHOWING THE RELATIVE SIZES OF THE COLUMNS OF DIFFERENT WELL-KNOWN TEMPLES



THE DORIC ORDER OF THE PARTHENON ON THE ACROPOLIS

THE MOST PERFECT OF ALL DORIC COLUMNS



THE CORINTHIAN ORDER OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER STATOR IN ROME

PERHAPS THE FINEST OF ALL CORINTHIAN COLUMNS

by some one else, and have no real architectural value. At a very much later date we have the writings of Pausanias, a Greek from Asia Minor, who in the time of Hadrian made extensive travels and observations throughout the then known world. He was not an architect, and although his observations of localities and buildings are valuable and interesting, they are not of very great service to the archaeologist.

Practically the only classic author whose writings on architectural matters have come down to us and who was himself an architect was M. Vitruvius Pollio, who lived and wrote in the time of Julius Caesar and Augustus, and is better known as Vitruvius, sometimes called the Father of Architecture. Vitruvius seems to have been more of an engineer than an architect; in fact he does not seem to have made much of a success at the latter profession, although his book is a palpable attempt to bring himself to the favorable notice of Augustus. This he admits, and instances the case of a Greek architect named Deinokrates, who was extremely anxious to attract the favorable notice of Alexander the Great, and "having divested himself of his garments, anointed himself with oil, and clad in a lion's skin, with a wreath of poplar on his head and an enormous club in his hand" created such a sensation that he was promptly awarded the commission to build the city of Alexandria. However, Vitruvius felt that this strenuous policy of the big stick was not suited to his physique for he says: "But to me, O emperor, nature hath denied an ample stature; my face is wrinkled with age and sickness hath impaired my constitution." Later, in Book VI, there is an indication of disappointment not unmingled with jealousy at his non-success, which he attributes to his high ethical standards. The passage is interesting because it shows that the modern method of obtaining work is a distinct inheritance: "But I, O Caesar, have not sought to amass wealth by the practice of my art, having been rather contented with a small fortune and reputation than desirous of abundance, accompanied by want of reputation. It is true that I have acquired but little, yet I still hope by this publication to become known to posterity." "Neither is it wonderful" he says "that I am known to but a few. Other architects canvass and go about soliciting employment, but my preceptor instilled into me a sense of the propriety of being requested, and not of requesting to be intrusted, inasmuch as the ingenuous man will blush and feel ashamed in asking a favor."

His book is indeed a most remarkable production. He describes in detail how to lay out a city to take advantage of the most salubrious breezes, how to make ballistæ and other engines of war, how to apply stucco in damp places, and how to manufacture colors, how to lay out sun-dials, and what kind of water is best adapted to the cure of internal ills; and indeed, he has a great deal to say about water, for he says in Book VIII: "Some springs appear to be mixed with wine, as that in Paphlagonia, which when taken, inebriate as wine," and again: "In Arkadia, at the well-known city of Kleitorion, is a cave flowing with water, of which those who drink become abstemious." It is encouraging to know that there was an antidote, to which, however, the distance between Paphlagonia and Arkadia was somewhat of a deterrent.

Pursuing still further the same subject, he says: "On the contrary, in a champagne country much water will not probably be found"—although it may be that the aptness of the latter allusion is an unconscious contribution of Mr. Gwilt, the translator.

He then proceeds to give explicit and minute directions as to the proportions of a temple, the acoustics of a theater and the modular height of a column and its entablature. In its general range of information his book was not dissimilar from the "World Almanac"—an Augustan prototype of "Kidder's Handbook"—no Roman home was complete without it. And this is the book on which, in default of better authority, the architects of the Renaissance based their dogmatic ideas of Classic proportions! Everything was to be done according to rule, and there was a rule for everything. The module was king; and generally speaking, this idea has been adopted with more or less fervor ever since. If we wish to use an order in these days, it is quite customary to take a copy of the "Grand Vignole," and the thing is done.

Personally, I do not think that in the Classic period such things entered into the design of a temple, any more than I think Homer anticipated that some of his lines would be held to express ideas that I feel certain were never intended. Neither his poetry nor any one else's was composed by rule, notwithstanding Mr. Poe's contribution. *Ἰκτίνος ὀνόματι* was written without a thought of onomatopœia, and only because it was a beautiful expression. Similarly Iktinos developed the subtle proportions of his architecture, not by rule or by module, but by years of study of what had been done and patient effort to improve on the masterpieces of the past. A module is unquestionably a valuable method by which to express columnar measurements, because, being in terms of the lower diameter, or, as some prefer, the mean diameter of the column, it is capable of application in showing proportion without regard to actual linear dimensions. Naturally a careful investigation into these modular dimensions will develop certain mathematical proportions which can be carried to an almost infinite degree, as may be seen in the remarkable tables published by Mr. Watkiss Lloyd in connection with Penrose's measurements. Speaking of these proportions established for the temple at Priênê, Mr. Letheby says: "They are monuments of pure mathematics, their only inaccuracy being in the data on which the calculations are based." In other words, aside from the fact that they are based on measurements which were afterward proved wrong, they are perfectly good proportions.

In modern times there have been numerous extremely valuable contributions to the literature of Classic Architecture, and roughly, these contributions can be divided into two classes, the first consisting of restorations intended to show, by means of carefully engraved plates or half-tone reproductions of renderings, just how the temples of the immortal gods probably looked. Some of these, as Penrose says, are done with extreme care and are trustworthy. Others, unfortunately, seem influenced more by the imagination of the restorer and by his anxiety to make a fine *rendu* than by actual facts or exhaustive study. In the second class may

be included the various histories of architecture and of art, and monographs relating to the latest excavations and discoveries. These publications are many and valuable, and in most cases authoritative, but unfortunately they are not consulted by the modern architect after he has left the classroom, and oftentimes not even in the class-room, while plates of Buhlmann and Normand, and the wonderful restorations in D'Espouy, and the works of our old friend of Vignola, are in most architects' offices, and are continually subject to painful search and unscrupulous and indiscriminate copying.

Personally, I am a most profound admirer of Classic architecture, and I would be the last one to regret the publication of these books, to underestimate their value or to criticise their use. What I do criticise and sincerely regret is their indiscriminate and unintelligent use. It is of the greatest possible advantage to us to know what the ancients did, how they used the Orders, and why they did certain things under certain conditions. If we had not this knowledge, we would be under the necessity of attempting to develop new orders of architecture of our own. Gaining nothing from the experience of the past, we would be led into the wildest vagaries, and our architecture would rival the atrocities of cubism and futurism.

But the great trouble with the books that we have is, that in few of them is there any indication of why things were done. We either find some elaborate plates showing one man's idea of Classic Arch-

itecture, or we find a certain rather dry account of excavations and their results, speculations as to the possible antiquity of certain remains, and how they were placed in reference to certain other fragments which have been discovered; but there is no attempt, or scarcely none, to explain the real principles which governed the Greeks and Romans in the development of their architecture. There seems to be no attempt on the part of the author to try to put himself in the position of the designer of the building and to work out the reasons which probably led him, under certain geographical or climatic conditions, to do certain things. This seems not to have been attempted by any of the restorers who were architects, and is naturally impossible to the archaeologist who is not himself an architect. Even though he may have acquired a certain technical knowledge of architecture, he lacks the imaginative qualities which are a necessity to the real architect and designer, and can, therefore, only state his facts and prove his dates; and it often happens that some of his ideas of restoration, although possibly justifiable from an archaeological point of view, are ridiculous from the point of view of design. I have always hoped that the fruitfulness of this field would be realized by some experienced architects who had leisure enough to devote themselves to a long and exhaustive study of these problems, and it is with the hope of arousing some interest in this field that this series of articles has been written.

Egerton Swartwout

(To be continued)

THOMAS EAKINS

BY WILLIAM SARTAIN

(See page 292)

THOMAS EAKINS was born in Philadelphia July 25th, 1844. Graduating from the Philadelphia High School the year before the Civil War, he commenced the study of art at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. After several years he was sent over to Paris to complete his studies and entered the studios of Léon Gérôme at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. I was his intimate friend from twelve years of age at grammar school, college and the Pennsylvania Academy, and later I joined him in Paris where we had many friends in common, meeting Rosa Bonheur, Le Comte de Noy and Dagnan-Bouveret in constant intercourse. When near the end of his Paris studies, just before the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, Eakins and his classmate, H. Humphrey Moore, went for a six months' sojourn to Seville. I joined them there shortly afterwards, and if little completed work is to be shown for our painting there, we had an inspiring study of the great Spanish art, and many fine excursions on horseback, including one of nine days to Ronda and the wilds of Andalusia. Shortly after our return to Paris, Eakins went back to America to practice his art in Philadelphia.

Fond of rowing and sailing and interested in athletics, he made a number of racing and hunting pictures as well as boxing contests. One of these he sent over to me in Paris which I showed to Gérôme, who highly praised it. I then took this

painting to Goupil, who immediately purchased it. Yet it was some time after this before he ever sold any of his paintings in America.

Having always been a very serious student, he remained as much interested in this as in producing pictures. No one was more devoted to anatomy, dissecting many subjects and interested in all the scientific problems connected with art. He was sincere and exact in his rendering of form and movement, and in these essential studies interested the numerous students that gathered round him. For over a score of years he taught painting and sculpture in life classes—first in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and afterwards in his own school, as also in the Brooklyn Art Students' League and the Brooklyn Guild, and lectured in Philadelphia and New York on anatomy and perspective.

On his more particularly specializing as portraiture, his most important subject was the "Dr. Gross' Clinic," a most notable work, which, however, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts would not hang. About this time the Society of American Artists was formed in New York. La Farge, who had been badly treated in the Academy exhibitions, Samuel Colman, George Inness and other National Academicians were among the founders. To its first exhibition Eakins sent his "Dr. Gross' Clinic" and it produced a profound impression. This exhibition was such a decided success that the



DOCTOR GROSS

PAINTED BY THOMAS EAKINS

A masterpiece of Realism showing an operation on a child. The mother on the left is a creation of the artist.

Pennsylvania Academy asked that it be sent to them to form a section of their spring exhibition—and thus—somewhat against their wishes—was Eakins' masterpiece seen in his native city. Exhibited lately in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in a collection of his paintings, this work has been again seen and its place accorded a high rank in the art of our country.

The following year he sent "Wm. Rush Carving His Allegorical Statue of the Schuylkill River." Rush was a very talented carver of figureheads for ships in Philadelphia. His statue of Washington is in Independence Hall; it is seen in the background of the picture. Rush had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War and was a friend of George Washington and held an honorable position on the Water Works Board of the city; the daughter of one of the Board consented to pose nude for the statue. In the catalogue of the exhibition this painting, and Will Low's picture of the decoration of the graves of the dead in a French cemetery on All Souls' Day, each had some explanatory text below the title. By an error of the printer these texts were transposed and that printed under the Rush painting read: "Following the pious custom of the country," etc., which caused much consternation and amusement to the public!

Eakins then painted "The Agnew Clinic," now owned by the University of Pennsylvania as the "Dr. Gross Clinic" is by Jefferson College. His "Cello Player" is in the collection of the Pennsyl-

vania Academy of Fine Art and the Metropolitan Museum owns his admirable "Chess Players" and one of his sporting scenes. His "Zither Player" is an admirable work. He also painted his father's portrait, lately shown in New York, and many portraits of well-known men.

In no case did Eakins deviate from a truthful rendering of his model as he saw it for the purpose of gaining popular favor. It was fortunate that his father was possessed of some property and Eakins in a way was comfortably placed. His sincerity immediately impresses you at sight of his work, and it is this that gives it a distinctive character and assures for it a permanent value and esteem.

Personally, Eakins impressed one as to character a sincere, unaffected man and a thinker. No one could doubt his being a man of originality and convictions, distinctly apart from the mass of his contemporaries.

His wife was a lady of talent who was a painter in her youth and whose portrait of Professor Schussele was a very notable work. Devoted to her husband's interests, she was an ideal companion to him. For several years before his death he was in a state of health that precluded his doing any painting. But his whole life had been one of untiring industry and he has left us numerous important canvases that will be more and more appreciated in the future. He died in June 1916, lacking one month of completing his 72nd year.

William Sartin

TWO SONNETS

LEONARDO DA VINCI

EL GRECO

The strangest man the world has ever known—
A super-mind as restless as the sea—
Oidipous striving with a Mystery—
Nature, the Sphinx, who turns the bold to stone!
He seems as drunken with some violent wine
Which goads him on and on to fathom deeps;
He seeks in dreadful caves to find where sleeps
The Primal Secret—blessed or malign!

Can you not see him with his wild, black eyes
Playing his harp shaped like a horse's skull?
Evoking souls with brush and pigments dull—
The Renaissance's most effulgent prize?
Or at his sciences, vouchsafed to cull
Ideas whose truth his age did not surmise?

The damp and putrefaction of the tomb
Hover about this wild Toledan's work:
An irresistible sable seems to lurk
About these ebon canvases . . . The bloom
Of poisonous asphodels fresh from the gloom
Of haunted Ennas! Not for him the perk
Of Fra Angelico's cheeks—rather the murk
And ghastly mystery of the Lands of Doom.

The flowers Venetian and the Florentine,
The faint, red blushes and the iris eyes
Wield to these charnel blacks a prior claim,
For in these paintings tenebrous there lies
The Apocalypse which face to face was seen
By this Unknown—who had not even a name.

David Gordon



THE DRAMA BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

BY PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS

THE French critic Sarcey once sought to ascertain the actual basis of the drama by seizing upon the essential conditions of this art which differentiate it from all the other arts. And he found this actual basis in the fact that "the word *play* carries with it the idea of an audience. We can not conceive of a play without an audience." All the accessories of performance, the scenery and costumes, the stage itself and the footlights, these the drama can get along without; but the audience is indispensable. "A dramatic work, whatever it may be, is designed to be listened to by a number of persons united and forming an audience; that is its very essence; that is one indispensable condition of its existence. The audience is the necessary and inevitable condition to which dramatic art must accommodate its means."

As it is almost impossible to gather exactly the same audience two or three times in succession and as no audience can be kept interested for more than a few hours at a sitting, it is a principle of playmaking that the dramatist must devise a dominating action and that he must condense his story, dealing only with its most interesting moments and presenting it shorn of all negligible details. And as an audience is a crowd composed of all sorts and conditions of men, the dramatist must deal with subjects appealing to collective human nature and he must eschew themes of a more limited attraction.

Other critics before Sarcey had suggested that the playwright had always to pay attention to the desires and to the demands of the playgoers. In the sixteenth century Castelvetro had had more than a glimpse of this truth. In the seventeenth century Molière had boldly declared that the one duty of the dramatist was to please the public; and Corneille had said the same thing but characteristically with more caution. In the eighteenth century Marmontel, a playwright himself as well as a theorist of the theater, had asserted that the first duty of the dramatist was "to move the spectators, and the second is to move them only in so far as they are willing to be moved" which will depend "on the disposition and the manners of the people to whom appeal is made, and on the degree of sensibility they bring to the theater." And in the nineteenth century—and after Sarcey had started his inquiry—Brunetière insisted that "a play does not begin to exist as a play except before the footlights, by virtue of the collaboration and of the complicity of the public, without which a play never has been and never can be anything more than a mere literary exercise."

Sarcey had made his declaration of faith in 1876; and ten years later Bronson Howard, wholly unfamiliar with the French critic's articles, expounded a doctrine almost identical, in the lecture which he entitled the *Autobiography of a Play*. He called attention to the fact that Aischylos, Sophokles and Euripides "did not create the laws of dramatic construction" since "those laws exist in the passions and sympathies of the human race. They existed thousands of years before the Father of the Drama

was born—waiting, like the other laws of nature, to be discovered and utilized by man." The American playwright declared that the dramatist could succeed only by obeying these laws although "no man knows much about them. . . . When all the mysteries of humanity have been solved, the laws of dramatic construction can be codified and clearly explained; not until then." It is true that "a few general principles have been discovered by experiment and discussion"; and yet every playwright is under the imperative necessity of obeying all the principles of the art, even those he has not discovered. Fortunately "the art of obeying them is merely the art of using your common-sense in the study of your own and other people's emotions."

In the epitaph proposed by Pope we are told that

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

But Newton's Law is only one of Nature's laws; it declares only one of the principles which control the visible universe; and no Newton has yet arisen to declare the principles which control dramatic construction. These principles however have been obeyed unwittingly by all the great dramatists, ancient and modern, endowed with intuitive perception. All the rules laid down now and again by the theorists of the theater are but groping efforts to grasp the undying principles which we can seize only unsatisfactorily, which "exist in the passions and sympathies of the human race" and which are never completely disclosed to any one—not even if he is possess of the piercing insight of Aristotle. No doubt this is just as true of painting and of sculpture as it is of the drama. The principles of the pictorial art and of the plastic art have been declared with certainty and with finality by no critic, not even by Lessing.

Yet there is a certain value in the rough and ready Maxims, the bread-and-butter Precepts which the old stagers are forever impressing upon the young playwright. These precepts and these maxims, handed down from generation to generation—studio-traditions so to speak—are valid as far as they go. They are efforts to codify the practice of contemporary playwrights and to put into useful words the common-sense of these playwrights and their study of their own emotions and of the emotions of their fellows. They may not be adequate expressions of the eternal principles of playmaking, which exist and have always existed "in the passions and sympathies of the human race"; but they stand on a solid foundation, whatever their incompleteness, than any of the alleged Rules of the pedantic theorists ignorant of the actual theater with its actual audience.

No one of these rule-of-thumb admonitions is older than that which advises the dramatist to show everything that is important and to make it take place before the eyes of the spectators. We can find it set forth in the shrewd epistle of good counsel

that Horace wrote to the son of a friend when that youth began to develop literary ambitions:

The events which plays are written to unfold
Are either shown upon the stage or told.
Most true, whatever's transmitted through the ear
To mind and heart will never come so near
As what is set before the eyes and each
Spectator sees, brought full within his reach.

Yet do not drag upon the stage what might
Be much more fitly acted out of sight;
Much, too, there is which 'twill be always well
To leave the actor's well-graced speech to tell:
Let not Medea kill her boys in view . . .

If things like these before my eyes be thrust
I turn away in skeptical disgust.

There was no living Latin drama when Horace made these suggestions; and he was proclaiming the practice of the Greek dramatic poets when he warned the youthful playmaker not to let Medea destroy her children in view of the spectators. The actors of the Attic drama were raised aloft on thick-soled boots and they wore towering masks; and therefore they could not indulge in any violent gestures, they could neither kill nor be killed without danger of tripping and of thereby disarranging the mask, a misadventure which would be unseemly. Yet this reservation, scarcely more than suggested by Horace, was by the Italian theorists tightened into a rigorous restriction of action. In England for example the first five-act tragedy in blank verse is "Gorboduc," in which little or nothing happens before the eyes of the spectators, although the story itself is filled with violent horrors, all of which are decorously, and dully narrated by subsidiary characters, messengers of one sort or another. And in France the classicists came in time almost to eschew visible action and to abound in rhetorical description of things not seen.

In Victor Hugo's famous preface to his unacted and unactable "Cromwell," an essay which may be accepted as the Declaration of Independence of the Romanticists, he protested against the deadening results of obedience by the feeble followers of Voltaire and Racine. "Instead of actions, we have narratives; instead of pictures, we have descriptions. Solemn personages placed, like the ancient chorus, between us and the drama, come to tell us what is being done in the temple, in the palace, in the public square, until we are often tempted to cry out to them: 'Really?'—then take us there! It seems to be amusing; it ought to be interesting to see! To which they would no doubt reply: 'It is possible that it would amuse and interest you, but that is not the question: we are the guardians of the dignity of Melpomené in France!' And there you are!"

Yet the French classicists might have avoided getting themselves into this tight box if they had paid less attention to the later critics and even to Voltaire himself, and if they had gone back to Pierre Corneille, the father of French tragedy. Corneille was a born playwright, if ever there was one, with an instinctive apprehension of the principles of play-making. He was a very mitigated classicist; in fact he was plainly a classicist against his will and only in consequence of the strictures of the French Academy on his earliest masterpiece the "Cid," criticism which put the Fear of the Law in his heart. In his third "Discourse on Dramatic Art" he showed a

clear understanding of the principle which Horace had declared: "The poet is not obliged to put on the stage all the subsidiary actions which bring about the main action; he ought to choose those which it is most advantageous to have seen, from the beauty of the spectacle or from the vigor and the vehemence of the passions which they produce, or from any other advantage they may have. And he ought to hide the others off the stage, letting them become known to the spectators, either by a narration or by some other device of the art."

Here, with intuitive certainty, Corneille laid his finger on the reasons why certain parts of the story should be shown in action—those which are interesting to the audience "from the vigor and the vehemence of the passions they produce." Here he was anticipating Robert Louis Stevenson's assertion that the drama was most dramatic when it set before the spectators the great passionate crises of existence "when duty and inclination come nobly to the grapple." Here he was justifying in advance Brunetière's Law that the stuff out of which drama can be made most effectively is the stark assertion of the human will and the collision of contending desires. Here once more he was on the verge of discovering Sarcey's most significant contribution to the theory of the theater—that in any story there are certain episodes, interviews, moments, which the spectator must see for himself, and which if not shown will leave the audience dumbly disappointed by their absence. Sarcey called these the scenes that must be shown, the *scènes à faire*; and Mr. William Archer has called them the Obligatory Scenes.

There is no characteristic of the born playwright more obvious than this, that he makes an immediate and an unerring choice between the Obligatory Scenes, which the spectators will expect to have placed before their eyes, and the less significant parts of the plot, as to which the audience is quite willing to be informed "either by a narrative or by some other device of the art." In the drama, as in all the other departments of poetry, the half is often greater than the whole. Indeed since the Middle Ages the dramatist has never sought to put on the stage all the details of his story; he has felt himself forced to make a choice and to focus the attention of the audience upon the moments which are really worth while.

In the first of his Discourses on Dramatic Art Corneille had plaintively remarked "It is certain that there are laws of the drama, since it is an art; but it is not certain what these laws are." And even when we have good reason to believe that we have at last laid hold of an indisputable principle, we can never be quite assured as to its proper application. The playwright must at his peril show in action the significant moments of his story; but in thus obeying Horace's Law he must also heed Horace's warning not to

drag upon the stage what might
Be much more fitly acted out of sight.

But how is the playwright to know for certain what is more fitly acted in sight and out of sight? Horace advises the avoidance of the offensively horrible:

Let not Medea kill her boys in view.

For the reasons already suggested the Greeks had

to refrain from the exhibition of any murder, although they seem to have had a mechanical device for bringing into view the gory corpse after the victim had been slain behind closed doors. The French, governed by the decorum of the court of Louis XIV, were content that all scenes of murderous violence should be left to

The actor's well-graced speech to tell.

But we who speak English do not turn away in sceptical disgust when Richard and Richmond cross swords or when Macbeth and Macduff at last stand face to face to fight to the death. Nor are we revolted by the murder of Desdemona, painful though it is to witness, nor by the suicide of Othello. To some of us, no doubt, there comes a feeling of satiety in the last act of "Hamlet" when the stage is littered with the bodies of man after man removed from this life by battle, murder and sudden death; and there are other plays of Shakespere's in which some of us are a little annoyed by the prodigality of assassination. We are well aware that this or that character is doomed to die; but we would not object if we were spared from beholding the deep damnation of his taking off, and if his necessary demise had been made known to us "either by a narrative or by some other device of the art."

It is because Aischylos and Shakespere were born playwrights, masters of all the devices of the art, that they were each of them enabled to move us more powerfully by an unseen murder, by an assassination behind closed doors, than we could have been moved if we had been forced to see the fatal stroke descend and the smitten victim drop. In the Agamemnon we know that Klytemnestra has gone within, resolved to slay the husband who has wronged her and whom she has wronged; and in dread suspense, not daring to hope that she will abandon her deadly purpose, we wait until we hear the wailing outcry of the betrayed hero, taken unawares and treacherously stricken in his own house. The only other moment in all drama which surpasses this in thick intensity of expectant horror is that when Macbeth, goaded by the stern purpose of his ambitious wife, takes up the daggers and creeps into the inner chamber where Duncan, his king and his guest, lies sleeping the sleep from which he is never to awaken. It is the outcry of Agamemnon which tells us that he has been slain; and Duncan makes no outcry. We know that he has been murdered, only when Macbeth comes out from the room which he entered a brave man and which he leaves a craven from that time on. That an unseen murder which we are made to feel impending and inevitable is more effective dramatically we discover, when in the same play we are witnesses of the later assassination of Banquo which discloses itself merely a brutal and vulgar killing, untouched with either horror or terror.

The late Jules Lemaitre once wrote a criticism of Maeterlinck's tragedy of childhood, the "Death of Tintagiles" and he began by quoting Horace's

what'er's transmitted through the ear
To mind and heart will never come so near
As what is set before the eyes, and each
Spectator sees, brought full within his reach.

Then the brilliant French critic declared "This is true—and yet it is not true. Yes, often, what is set before our eyes, strikes us more forcibly than what is merely told; yes, action is ordinarily more moving than narrative. But what is infinitely more pathetic than an action told or seen is an action which is divined. Victor Hugo has said that nothing is more interesting than a wall behind which something is taking place." And here Lemaitre and Hugo suggest to us the explanation why the deaths of Agamemnon and Duncan, which happened out of our sight, are more moving than if we had seen them with our own eyes, because in each case we divine the dire event about to happen behind the wall. Lemaitre remarks that he found this blank wall in play after play of Maeterlinck, and he found also in Maeterlinck an unfailing power of forcing us to divine what was taking place out of sight. Poor little Tintagiles has fled up the stairs of the tower till he comes to an iron gate. His feeble voice calls for his sister, whom we see trying in vain to open the gate. At last, we hear the sound of the little body falling on the far side of the door. "And this is terrible, because we have seen nothing, not the child shivering with fright, not her who is not even named, the wicked old woman whose hundred-year old hands strangle the child so slowly that he has time to glue his mouth to the iron bars."

Plainly enough, when Horace asserts that what is heard is less effective than what is seen, and when the old stager bids the novice to "show everything important and let the spectators see it themselves," they have neither of them been able to do more than draft a rough-and-ready Rule, which is true and yet not true. They have not succeeded in laying firm hold on a principle so certain that it is true in all cases, indisputable and inexorable. They only confirm Bronson Howard's saying "when all the mysteries of humanity have been solved, the laws of dramatic construction can be codified and clearly explained; *not until then.*"

Yet the rough-and-ready rules that the old stagers lay down for the guidance of the beginner contain a large share of truth, even if they do not contain the whole truth. Nine times out of ten they are to be obeyed—perhaps even ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

There is an anecdote pertinent to this point in the memoirs of a leading French actress. She had a pupil of high promise whose chief fault was excessive gesticulation, against which the teacher warned her again and again. One day when the pupil had to recite an impassioned speech in public her instructor took a strong thread and tied the girl's hands to her side. Then the pupil spoke the piece, making frequent and ineffective efforts to raise her arms, until finally, at the climax of the fiery declamation, she snapped the bonds that fettered her. When she had bowed to the applause, she came contrite to her teacher to beg pardon for having broken loose, explaining that she really could not help it, since she was then completely carried away by the passion of the words she was uttering. The older actress smilingly told her not to apologize: "You were quite right to break the thread when you did. The time had then come at last when you ought to make a gesture."

Brander Matthews



THE BELGIAN GRATITUDE MEDAL.

C. DE VREESE, SCULPTOR

BELGIUM IMMORTAL

Is Belgium dead? Shall coming ages seek
 Her ancient place on Europe's chart in vain?
 Where blackened skies o'erhang a wasted land,
 Despoiled and weighted down with heavy chains
 She prostrate lies. Speak low!—This must be death:
 Why else these myriad graves?

Is Belgium dead? Then whose the right to live?
 The onward rush of trained brutality,
 Blind in its mad desire to dominate
 The World—blaspheming as it burst her gates
 Of peace—was halted by her sons. The wound
 They dealt will never heal.

Why then should Belgium die? Her tocsin bell
 Hath tolled the knell of military sway,
 Her shafts have pierced the heel of armed might.
 As slavery fell through noble sacrifice
 So is the doom of subjugating war
 Red-sealed in Belgian blood.

Why then should Belgium die? The right survives.
 The metal fist doth threaten all in vain—
 Henceforth must Nations keep their plighted word,
 Henceforth must honor over might prevail;
 Her day shall come again—founded on
 Her service to the World.

No, Belgium is not dead—the Heavens forbid!
 But where are they who dealt that checking blow?
 So Grecian heroes stemmed the Persian tide,
 So died the Christ to vanquish death. Not for
 Themselves alone, for all the human race
 Their glorious sacrifice.

No, Belgium is not dead, nor can she die!
 Not while the planet in its orbit rolls
 Or mothers bring forth sons or salted winds
 Blow freedom ever from the open sea
 Can iron greed a friendly world subdue—
 Can hatred conquer love! They do not die
 Who, falling, lift mankind.

Howard Russell Butler

BELGIAN GRATITUDE MEDAL

BY WILLIAM C. EDGAR

IN March 1915 I was in Brussels, where I went at the request of Mr. Hoover to witness the distribution of a ship-load of flour which, through the efforts of *The Northwestern Miller*, the American millers had given for the relief of the Belgians, and incidentally to report on the work being done in that country by the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

While there, Mr. Josse Allard, a Belgian gentleman connected with the Commission and formerly

a director of the mint, took me to call upon the sculptor, Mr. C. de Vreese. Among many other things of great interest, including a medal of our minister, Mr. Brand Whitlock, which was being made, Mr. de Vreese showed me a medal which he had just finished commemorative of the relief given by America to Belgium.

Its obverse was a medallion of the King and Queen of Belgium; the reverse, a group in which America was extending to a Belgian family her

gift of grain. Below was the date 1914, when the war began with the ruthless invasion of Belgium. In the background was a suggestion of an American relief ship bringing food to the stricken people; the motto encircling the medal was "Générosité-Amérique"—"Belgique-Gratitude."

It was proposed to manufacture a large number of these medals, send them to the United States and sell them for the benefit of the Belgian Relief Fund, and I was so sure that such a souvenir would be eagerly welcomed that I placed an order with the Commission for several hundred of them to be sent to me as soon as possible for distribution in this country.

On my return to London some weeks later, Mr. Hoover informed me that the German authorities had forbidden the manufacture of the medals, as they desired to use all available metal in Belgium for more sinister purposes. He stated that before the undertaking had been thus interdicted, a few

of the medals had been shipped to him and promised that out of this lot some would be sent to me.

Owing to the exigencies of war it was nearly two years later that this delayed shipment, consisting of a comparatively few medals in two sizes, reached me. Through the columns of *The Bellman* they were quickly disposed of for Belgian relief, the gross proceeds, amounting to more than nine thousand dollars, being turned over to the Commission for Relief in Belgium and used in relieving the necessities of Belgian children.

From the few medals which I purchased and retained for myself, I presented one to Mr. Augustus Thomas and the reproduction shown herewith was made therefrom.

WILLIAM C. EDGAR,

Editor of *The Northwestern Miller*
and *The Bellman* of Minneapolis

Non. Mr. Thomas has presented this medal to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, of which he is a member.

EARTH

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

Grasshopper, your fairy song
And my poem alike belong
To the dark and silent earth
From which all poetry has birth;
All we say and all we sing
Is but as the murmuring
Of that drowsy heart of hers
When from her deep dream she stirs:
If we sorrow, or rejoice,
You and I are but her voice.

Deftly does the dust express
In mind her hidden loveliness,
And from her cool silence stream
The cricket's cry and Dante's dream:
For the earth that breeds the trees
Breeds cities, too, and symphonies,
Equally her beauty flows
Into a savior or a rose—
Looks down in dream, and from above
Smiles at herself in Jusus' love,
Christ's love and Homer's art
Are but the workings of her heart;
Through Leonardo's hand she seeks
Herself, and through Beethoven speaks
In holy thunderings around
The awful message of the ground.

The serene and humble mould
Does in herself all selves enfold—
Kingdoms, destinies and creeds,
Great dreams and dauntless deeds,
Science that metes the firmament,
The high, inflexible intent
Of one for many sacrificed—
Plato's brain, the heart of Christ:
All love, all legend and all lore
Are in the dust forevermore.

Even as the growing grass
Up from the soil religions pass,
And the field that bears the rye
Bears parables and prophecy.

Out of the earth the poem grows
Like the lily or the rose;
And all man is or yet may be
Is but herself in agony
Toiling up the steep ascent
Toward the complete accomplishment
When all dust shall be—the whole
Universe, one conscious soul.

Yea, the quiet and cool sod
Bears in her breast the dream of God.

If you would know what earth is, scan
The intricate, proud heart of man,
Which is the earth articulate,
And learn how holy and how great,
How limitless and how profound
Is the nature of the ground—
How without terror or demur
We may entrust ourselves to her
When we are wearied out, and lay
Our faces in the common clay.

For she is pity, she is love,
All wisdom she, all thoughts that move
About her everlasting breast
Till she gathers them to rest:
All tenderness of all the ages,
Seraphic secrets of the sages,
Vision and hope of all the seers,
All prayer, all anguish and all tears
Are but the dust, that from her dream
Awakes, and knows herself supreme—
Are but earth when she reveals
All that her secret heart conceals
Down in the dark and silent loam
Which is ourselves asleep, at home.

Yea, and this my poem, too,
Is part of her as dust and dew,
Wherein herself she doth declare
Through my lips, and say her prayer.

From the "Yale Review"

THE LITTLE BROWN BUNGALOW

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD

"WHAT on earth has come to you, Donald? I can't have forgotten the look of you a few months back. Here I have been, studying you the whole way from the station—a goodish pull, you must admit—and blest if I can make it out!"

The speaker paused in the middle of the grass-grown uphill road, looking his friend over with affectionate curiosity. Donald's sensitive face, clean-shaven and finely cut, had taken on some subtly new and exquisite character altogether past his comprehension. He had never imagined anything in the least like it. It amounted to a transfiguration.

"This is corking air to be sure, but it isn't just physical—the change in you, I mean," he resumed, still searching the beautiful face for its secret. "I came up to learn how your scheme worked—getting off so entirely by yourself in these woods. We fellows thought it a freakish experiment, you know. And I vow it beats me—this new look of yours. Of course a commonplace architect like your humble servant is no good at analyzing a poet. Still——"

Donald's deepset eyes shone brilliantly.

"It's all right, Bob, never you fear!" he interrupted jubilantly. "I have what I came for—all that I came for, and infinitely more!"

"You mean that the epic, or whatever it is, is coming out on top?"

Donald laid an arm closely around his friend's shoulders.

"Bob, I can't begin to tell you what this place is doing for my work!" he answered, almost with solemnity. "It is a continuous inspiration. The result is—forgive me, no other word fits—is magical—*magical*. I never dreamed—none of you fellows ever dreamed—that I had it in me. And I hadn't it—not till I came here!"

"Well, this is certainly solitude with a vengeance!" Robert said with a good-humored laugh. "The only house that we've passed must be all of a mile back. But if it's solitude that is giving you this sort of beacon-light look, stick to it for goodness' sake for the rest of your life. And the bungalow, Don? Is that a success, too? How did your builder get on with my little plan?"

Donald hesitated perceptibly.

"O, there was no difficulty as to that," he replied presently with forced carelessness. "You never drew anything simpler, did you? Burton—that's the builder—he followed it exactly. But——"

"Anything wrong?" Robert inquired interestedly. "What does the 'but' stand for? Does the roof leak? I confess I was afraid of that slope."

"No, no—nothing's wrong" Donald interposed hastily. "Everything is right—right to the very last shingle. Only—— Well, wait! You shall see for yourself."

"I say—what's up?"

The two young men were again walking briskly on, with an easy swinging gait. Donald now struck off from the road into a narrow side path that mounted to the crest of the hill and there plunged blindly into a forest.

"I don't say anything's up" he called back over his

shoulder. "Look sharp! We're there. Just a step now."

There was a suppressed excitement and exhilaration about him that roused an invigorating expectancy in his friend and Robert sprang eagerly on after him up the grassy incline till he came to an abrupt stop.

"Here we are. Do you see it? Can you see it? Between the trees—there! At your left."

Robert looked in the direction indicated and gave a sharp whistle of astonishment. The interlacing forest branches formed a thick screen, jealously concealing a small white building whose incomparable beauty he divined, from tantalizing glimpses between the boughs, of gleaming walls and harmoniously curved lines. An exquisitely modeled tower reached high above the trees, however, and at once riveted his fascinated attention. Its delicate grace and slenderness were beyond anything that he had ever seen, and gave it an almost ethereal aspect, enhanced by the lingering glow of the western sky in which it shone as if fashioned of diamond-studded silver.

"Well? You see it, don't you?" said Donald well pleased.

"See it?" ejaculated Robert. "The dickens I do! Where in creation have you brought me? Whose place is this?"

Donald was watching him keenly.

"My place, of course. Why? Do you see the bungalow?"

"Bungalow nothing! Man alive, you don't pretend for a moment that this is yours?"

"Mine assuredly. Didn't you see the deed for the land? Why? What do you think of it?"

Robert was staring open-mouthed.

"But you certainly said . . . I certainly expected . . . What possessed you to play off on us like this? None of us conceived that you had Fortunatus' purse tucked up your sleeve. What did you make me draw you that fool plan for?" He bent his head to bring his eyes on a level with a gap between the trees. "What in thunder are those walls built of? I declare, in this crazy light I could swear that they were translucent!"

"Clouds and shadows can make odd effects" Donald returned. He spoke very quietly, but there was a quivering elation in all his bearing that belied the calm of his voice. "Come round to the front. Keep your back to the woods."

Taking a still narrower path that was scarcely more than a line through the grass, he led Robert hurriedly along for some little distance, then came to a triumphant standstill.

"There! How about my view? What do you say to this?"

Robert broke into disconnected exclamations of delight. They stood on the edge of a plateau lifted high above a luxuriant deep-bosomed valley, through which a lake, with picturesquely indented shores and richly wooded islands, wound irregularly like a river. About it from horizon to far horizon rose cliffs, hills and mountains, slope upon slope, rock upon rock, height upon height, luring the eye on and on from

one peak to another, farther and farther, till all sense of vision was lost in a confused realization of illimitable spaces beyond. The sunset was barely over, a deep red glow remaining on the under side of a cloudy band that stretched dusky half across the heavens. The plateau and the surrounding heights were still bright with day. But beneath the crimson-lined cloud the low-lying valley was filled to the brim with a mystery of mingled mist and shadow indescribably beautiful and awesome. As far as eye could reach, not a dwelling, not a roadway was in sight! Mankind seemed eliminated from the world. Water, woods, rocks, mountains, sky and twilight composed the universe. There was a grandeur of loneliness in the scene that silenced speech, and for a long time the two onlookers stood spellbound. At last Donald turned:

"Let us go in."

Robert turned with him—only to draw back in amazement.

"Great Heavens! Have I gone daft?"

Donald was watching him fixedly as before, but expectantly and joyously.

"What do you see? Out with it! What do you see?" he asked breathlessly.

"Why—didn't we come this way just now? Surely it was over turf. How on earth—these terraces! that seat!—a veritable Alma Tadema!" He looked around wide-eyed at the low, broad, flower-bordered terraces leading in stately fashion to the front of the white temple-like building here clearly visible in unsurpassed loveliness, though its complete contour was still partially hidden by encircling trees, as if the forest stretched loving arms of protection about it. "In the name of all that is incredible, Donald Blaine, what millionaire schemes have you been indulging in?"

"Ah, you see it!" Donald cried exultingly. "You see it! A dream made visible, isn't it?"

"See it? Am I blind? What did you expect me to see?" Robert asked in bewilderment, looking about with a puzzled frown. "What absolute perfection of design! And what a jewel of a tower!" He advanced a step, narrowing his gaze. "How extraordinary! I seem to see a pine tree just there, too—and what a pine, by Jove!"

Without answering Donald moved on. Robert following stopped again.

"Damn it, Don!" he said irritably, "you certainly told me you were building that little one-storied, two-roomed affair that I drew for you?"

"So I did."

"O, chuck it! What's the use of bluffing it any longer? I can't guess what architect you gave the job to, but he's done you a gem. One could fancy, save for that single tower, that he had had the Taj Mahal in mind. O, that tower! It's a miracle of lightness and delicacy! What a glorious view there must be at the top! How do you get up it? A spiral staircase?"

A shadow passed over Donald's glowing features. "That's the one disappointment of the whole thing" he answered reluctantly. "I don't get up it. If I could, I should write a poem that would set the world ablaze."

"But why can't you? Has your distinguished architect accidentally left out the staircase?"

"It's nothing to jest about, Bob. I'm heartsick

over it. To get to the top of that tower would mean——"

"Pshaw!" Robert interrupted, rubbing his eyes vexedly. "Is it the mountain clouds? Smoke from your chimney? What's gone wrong with my eyes? I see the bungalow now—I surely do—yes, the very same little brown bungalow that I planned for you! There it is, right in the middle of this divine building! There it is—for all the world like an X-ray picture! . . . No, it isn't. It's gone! I must have imagined it. But how inconceivable! How impossible! What did I really see? What is this devilish obsession?"

Again Donald made no reply but moved silently on, and the stupefied Robert presently found himself crossing a veranda whose wooden floor resounded convincingly beneath his tread. Entering an open doorway, they passed from the brightness without to a softly tempered light that was like a gauze veil held before their faces. Donald drew forward a wicker chair, flinging himself into another beside it. "Sit down, Bob, and rest. I'll get us some supper directly."

Robert remained standing, however, his eyes widening more and more with perplexity.

"What in the world have you been talking about, Donald, with your preposterous bungalow plans?" he broke out. "Look at that superb ceiling—why, it's a work of art—of first-rate—of unequalled art, I tell you! And it's two stories high, if it's a foot." His voice changed. "What in the name of indecency are those pine beams doing half way down under it? Rip them out, Don! They ruin it. What's this good smell? As I live, a conservatory! A conservatory! Palms—blossoming plants—exotics! *exotics!* up here!" He sniffed the air ecstatically. "May the devil take me if I understand any of it, but this is the most entrancing spot I ever put foot in."

"That's where I write" said Donald dreamily. "I turn out my best work there—my very best."

Robert went impulsively in the direction of Donald's gaze, bringing up disgustedly against a writing-table covered with scattered sheets of paper.

"Confound it, Don, what trick are you playing off on me? How can the angled corner of that little living-room that I planned be plumb across the centre of this conservatory? I see them both—*both*, man! Each is as distinct as the other. I *smell the flowers!* They are intoxicating. Am I taking leave of my senses? Which is real? Both can't be. Did you build the bungalow, or didn't you? For Heaven's sake, man, explain! *explain!*"

Donald shook his head.

"I can't, Bob. It has been like this ever since I came."

"Like this? How like this? What did you put up here? What are you living in?"

Donald leaned forward, his face singularly alight.

"I built the bungalow here as I told you I would" he said with slow distinctness "the bungalow that you planned—nothing else—no terraces, no conservatory, no tower. And I am living in the bungalow—in the bungalow, Bob! Yet I seem to be living at the same time in this marvelous alabaster temple that you see as clearly as I do. I am coming not to be sure which is real—which is substance—which

shadow. The bungalow encloses and hampers me—shuts me in—confines me. The other—the other gives me space—gives me freedom—gives wings to my spirit—fills me with a rapturous consciousness of powers such as I never dreamed that I could possibly possess."

Robert drew nearer, scrutinizing his friend anxiously.

"Donald!—do you think you may perhaps be going a little mad?"

Donald's beautiful sane eyes looked into Robert's reassuringly.

"If I am mad, are not you mad, too? No, no. I was never clearer-brained—clearer-visioned. It is as if the fogs of my life had all been swept away, and for the first time I saw rightly."

"Rightly? When the bungalow is what you built—only the bungalow? This other, then, can be nothing but an illusion—a miraculous dream—an impossibly beautiful dream—made visible, as you said, but only an illusion, after all!"

"Granted. But *you* see it, Bob, the same as I do! And don't you *feel* it, too—what I feel here? I am lifted out of myself—lifted above myself into an atmosphere of noble exaltation—of inspiring ideal-ity. Don't you feel that, too?"

"No" said Robert bluntly. "I don't. I feel the same as I always feel—only bothered and skeptical. I don't understand illusions. They are not along my line."

"But how can you help feeling as I do, Bob? If you see the material side of the ideal, why don't you feel its spiritual side too? This place has been the re-creation of me. Wait till you see what I have written here! My pen has become a thing of fire—of genius. O Bob, if I could reach the top of that tower, it would prove such an inspiration as has never been known in the world yet!"

"But there it is—your stairway!" Robert exclaimed in sudden excitement, pointing to the end of the room. "I never saw anything more real. That can't be an illusion? Look at the carving on it—the intricate pattern. It's a masterpiece! It's the bungalow that's the illusion—not the rest of it. What in creation hinders our going up that stairway now? Come on! Let us see the view again from the top of that enchanting tower! Come!"

Donald did not stir.

"Try it" he said very gently. "I can't. Perhaps you can."

Robert was staring down the room.

"You don't mean that that other is the actual thing, do you?—that shadowy partition that I see between us and that magnificent stairway? It can't be, you know! It simply *can't* be!"

He strode impatiently toward it, stopping short with an oath as he reached it. No. The wall was palpably not an illusion. Blank and solid, it barred his way impassably. He kicked it angrily along its entire length, then, wheeling about, retraced his steps to Donald's side.

"There's sorcery in it" he pronounced soberly. "The place is bewitched. What under the canopy do you make out of the whole damnable business?"

Donald sat perfectly still with locked hands, his rapt face so full of light that it fairly startled Robert.

"Dear old Bob, what can it be but the real and the ideal struggling together for supremacy? Isn't the ideal always greater than the real? And isn't the real always at the heart of the ideal as a foundation?"

"Rot!" said Robert crossly. "That doesn't explain how I see through a solid wall, and then see something that isn't there!"

"But isn't that precisely what the ideal is, Bob?—a glimpse of something perfect beyond and above the imperfect?—something unreal that might become real if only we strove for it persistently?"

"Rot!" said Robert again conclusively. "Nobody can try hard enough, and there's no good seeing a perfection that you can't ever reach to!"

"But to be able to conceive the ideal—actually to see it?—that is Life's one best inspiration" Donald exclaimed fervently. "So much I have learned living only on this plane. And I know that from the top of that tower higher capabilities, vaster purposes, still more liberating truths, would surely reveal themselves to me. Bob, I *must* get there. I *must*."

Robert looked at him indulgently, his momentary ill-temper forgotten in the wish to spare Donald an inevitable disappointment.

"All right, old fellow. Of course, it's only an hallucination, you know—this sort of temple around you and all your talk of its being the ideal! It's nothing on earth but an hallucination—an extraordinary hallucination that you have somehow roped me into, though I don't want you to believe for a moment that I really see anything that I think I see. Go ahead all you like, though! Climb as high as you can. Only don't leave the rest of us too far back."

His voice had its old affectionate ring and Donald looked up with the smile for which everybody loved him.

"I'll not leave you behind, Bob. I'll take you with me—all of you—every one of you! Isn't that the privilege of the idealist? What are the soul's wings for, but——" He broke off with a sudden wild outcry. "Heavens! *What is happening?*"

With the words he sprang to his feet, convulsively clutching at Robert's arm. As instinctively Robert caught at him for support, and the two stood holding fast by each other in consternation. The whole place was rocking and swaying about them as if in the throes of an earthquake, though the floor beneath their feet remained rigidly firm. There was not a sound anywhere, nor as much as a ripple of air against their faces; but the bungalow was become a transparency through which they saw the temple walls tear violently asunder and split up into long floating ribbons that faded away on the ether like blown-out smoke. The vaulted ceiling cracked apart, and breaking into a thousand ragged splinters fell in a glittering shower about the young men's heads. They lifted their arms involuntarily to protect themselves from the jagged edges, only to pass their hands through empty air. The stairway with its elaborate carving dissolved into nothingness before their eyes, step by step, from the bottom up. The conservatory vanished as in the sweep of a gigantic scythe. Not a breath was left of the bewildering perfume that had filled the place but a moment before. In the twinkling of an eye the entire outer structure had disappeared, leaving no vestige of the

magic beauty that had been, nor so much as a particle of drifting dust above its unseen ruins. And there, prosaic and unmistakable, were the opaque wooden walls of the little brown bungalow with its low-raftered roof and its meagre household furnishings!"

Robert was still gripping Donald fast.
"Good God!" he breathed. "What was it?"

Donald made no reply, and looking at him Robert saw that he was incapable of speech. He seemed indeed suddenly to have become but the lifeless image of his late self. The something that had transfigured him had been snatched from him in that moment, wholly obliterating in its withdrawal the strange new exquisiteness of his beauty. He was again only what he had been in the past, save that every feature now expressed a stricken consciousness of an irreparable loss.

They stood thus together in dismayed silence, until at last, as if in some sudden undefined sense of revulsion, Donald disengaged his arm brusquely from Robert's, and moving away, stood looking drearily about him. Out of the gathering dusk the narrow walls of the little bungalow confronted him pitilessly—dark, bare and antagonistically real.

"The ideal lost in the actual" he murmured tonelessly. "Imagination—revelation—poetry—genius—lost—lost forever in the shackles of the real! Heaven forgive!"

Breaking off abruptly as if awakening to remembrance, he turned back to Robert, lovable and charming again, but with the late transfiguring glamor irrevocably gone.

"It's getting late, Bob. Do sit down" he said, gently apologetic. "You must be both tired and hungry."

Grace Denio Litchfield

THE SWANS OF FIONOLA

Swans you are beneath the sun
But when his bright race is run
And along the skies afar
Comes the calling vesper star,
Then, remembering all you were,
In your breasts old fires flare . . .

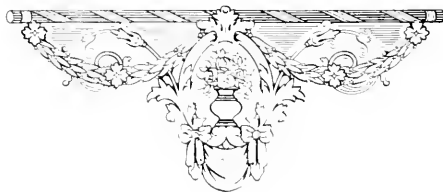
And when midnight Druids steep
Mortals in the mists of sleep,
Rising up from lake and stream
Softer-pinioned than a dream,
Whiter than the drifting spray
Past the Moon you stream away. . . .

Queens whose eyes like sapphire lamps
Fed the tumult of dead camps;
White princesses whose red lips
Drew great captains from their ships,
Ladies in whose morn-kissed hair
Death for men laid gin and snare!

Silent all your silver words,
Silent as the golden birds
That in isles where no life gleams
Still keep watch where Ængus dreams. . . .

Waiting, waiting for the morn
When in Death's despite and scorn
He shall rise up in his might
Lord of loveliness and light!

Eleanor Rogers Cox





THE AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME

BY HELENA VAN BRUGH DE KAY

"I WANT to make something beautiful!" In how many young hearts of our great United States this thought is born. First scarcely heard, it seems but a whisper or a caress; but soon the knocking becomes louder, more importunate. It disturbs us in our dreams; it takes possession of our waking hours; it leads us to ponder and to read, to make daubs of line and color on our copy-books, to plan a playhouse all our own. Our parents are proud of us. They say: "Well, you know Harry is certainly a clever boy! I have never seen a child of his age show so much talent." They send us to school and later to a school of art in our city. We feel happy and important. We do good work.

But one day as we close the door of the school behind us (we have just been looking over those photographs of murals in the Sistine Chapel that Miss Brown keeps so neatly in a drawer there and find ourselves once more in the street) we are overcome with a terrible fit of depression—we don't exactly know why. But those photographs stick in our mind.

"My, what lucky fellows those Europeans are!" we suddenly ejaculate. To ourselves, of course. But we look so irritated that the passersby are convinced something very dangerous is in motion. "To think of being born in a place where the masterpieces of human creation are spread about one, like the sea about a ship! O, I wish I were a Roman

. . . what wouldn't I be able to do then! . . . Hang it all, I want to see something beautiful—see it with my own eyes—not just turn over photographs . . ."

Then one day (we are quite old by this time, well past twenty) we find ourselves actually in a competition for a prize. We work and slave at our statue, our plan, our painting. We "sweat blood" over it. And with good reason. For doesn't this prize mean a scholarship for three years' residence and work at the American Academy in Rome?

Why is it that so few Americans know about this beautiful Academy, this little artistic America, this temple of endeavor? or can picture it as it looks down from the hill of the Janiculum upon the vast panorama of eternal Rome? What a superb location! What an inspiring fact! America may well be proud of it. And to whom does she owe it? To a small group of artists working together for the World's Fair at Chicago. These, under the leadership of Charles F. McKim, founded the American School of Architecture in Rome in 1894. For it included, beside architecture, painting and sculpture and was modeled after the French Academy of Fine Arts in Rome at the Villa Medici.

It had its residence first in the Villa Aurora, where during one year the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, another institution founded about the same time and modeled after the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, resided as well, though independently. This school



THE COURTYARD
AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME

then moved away to the Villino Bonghi, via Vicenza, and the American Academy continued in the Villa Aurora until a generous friend enabled it to move to the Villa Mirafioré, via Nomentana, where it stayed for a number of years.

In 1910 Mrs. Clara Heyland, an American lady who had lived long in Rome, left to the Academy her Villa Aurelia, a beautiful big house on the Janiculum, with exquisite gardens about it. What a joy to beauty-lovers the thought of this new home! The most superb situation in Rome! A movement was then started for uniting the two institutions, viz.: the American Academy and the American School of Classical Studies; for it was felt that the students of both institutions or Fellows, as they are called, the producing artist and the historian, would be naturally benefited and broadened by close contact one with another. And this hope has been amply justified.

In January 1913, the union came into legal force and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan having presented to the Academy a piece of land directly opposite the Villa Aurelia, preparations were at once begun for the erection by McKim, Mead and White of New York of the edifice which to-day, along with the Villa Aurelia and two other villas of less importance, also purchased by Mr. Morgan, forms the permanent home of the institution.

Spacious, sunny, of solid fine proportions, this

building is a dignified and delightful residence. It is both bright and imposing in aspect and follows the arrangement of a Renaissance palace, being built about an open court with arcades and their intersecting vaults. The Fellows live as well as work here, the directors having rooms in the Villa Aurelia whose gardens are used by the students and it is an inspiring sight to make the rounds of the studios and see the seriousness and joy with which they labor.

The organization in Rome has also developed and now comprises three officers. A General Director of the Academy represents the Board of Trustees at home and there is a Director for each of the schools. The first to be chosen General Director was the painter Frank Millet, but on his death in the sinking of the *Titanic*, the late Professor Jesse Benedict Carter was chosen his successor. Mr. Gorham P. Stevens was Director of the Academy before the union and is now Director of the School of Fine Arts, and Professor Charles Upson Clark, formerly of Yale University, was appointed Director of the School of Classical Studies a year ago.

The Villa Mirafioré, the old residence, is being lent by the Academy to the Italian Government during the war and is now used as a home and school for maimed soldiers.

The chief works required by the Academy from sculptors as contributions during their three years

of fellowship consist of a relief containing three figures or more, a single statue and a group, all at least as large as life. Painters are asked first to make a copy of an old master and then pass to original compositions. Architects make an extensive study, the first year, of the Renaissance period and the third year of a group of either classical or Renaissance buildings. In all three works the architects must represent the buildings in their restored state, in plan, elevation and section.

A Fellowship in Landscape Architecture was added to the scheme two years ago and the Academy hopes to establish one in Music as soon as funds can be procured.



ENTRANCE VESTIBULE
AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME

What is called the yearly collaborative problem forms one of the most interesting features of the school. An architect, a painter and a sculptor work together, as did the old masters, on some fine imaginative scheme for the beautifying of their country. In 1913 it was a Hall of Fame for America. In 1914 a National Conservatory of Music and this year it is the designing of a small but beautiful room intended to enshrine the papers of the Constitution of the United States. As there are three or four different teams who work out the same problem in various ways, the resulting competition is of extraordinary interest.

Traveling is also one of the requisites of the Academy and naturally that is taken eager advantage of by the students. The third year's program demands that at least seven months be passed in other cities of Italy and in foreign lands. Of these Greece of course is particularly favored.

The work of the architects includes many first-hand observations, studies of the important buildings in Rome. That is a labor which involves a considerable amount of physical bravery as well as

patience, as can be seen by the accompanying photograph of Director Stevens and some students in the act of taking the measurements of Bernini's famous colonnade in the square in front of St. Peter's. At the end of the three years the works of the Fellows are sent to America to be exhibited in various cities. In New York the exhibition has been held annually at the Architectural League.

Two things that strike one particularly about the American Academy in Rome are, the atmosphere of earnestness and the superior work accomplished there. One reason for this lies in the fact that all



ARCADE OF FOUNDER'S COURT
AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME

the Fellows are generally men between twenty and thirty-five years of age, the majority over twenty-five, men who, before entering the Academy, have arrived at a certain intellectual poise and a knowledge of how to work. But there is another and more important one and that is the very limited number of students. The Academy provides only ten fellowships in the School of Fine Arts and that causes competition to be keen, with the result that only those about whose talent there is not the slightest doubt are received; and the standard among the young artists at home is thus raised year after year.

America so often makes the mistake of preferring quantity above quality. Often she is awed by numbers. The big, the colossal, the obvious impress her as grand. And so there is in this thought a grandeur. But in the American Academy she has shown her appreciation of quality, for in art it is quality that counts; it is the fine, the perfect, the well-discerned; the infinite care spent upon detail, the sense of harmony that exalts a work of art and produces that grandeur which is spiritual.

What is it about the little city of Pompeii that satisfies, that elevates, that thrills to such an extraordinary degree, if it be not the sense of perfection, of balance, of harmony that clings to every stone and slab of it, that breathes as an aroma from its courtyards, roofs and walls? Any one who has stood for a few moments in one of these houses—say in that of the *amorini d'oro* (the little

toward this gallant little institution, and will bring it all the aid it sorely needs, particularly in these difficult times of war.

The artists of America, some of whom have had the privilege of the three years in Rome offered by this Academy, and the architects in particular, are the guardians of Beauty's reign in our country. Do they fully realize, one wonders, that never since the Renaissance has there been such an opportunity for the development of a National architecture as is offered to-day by the unlimited land and boundless wealth of America? And how much longer will they compromise with the Beast? Alas, the Prince is long in coming and how he must suffer as he gazes into the soul of Beauty, how he must wince at his own frightfulness and long for the magic day when all will be changed!

What, one asks oneself, lies at the source and root of the appalling lack of beauty in our country? Materialism? Yet the Americans are the greatest



MEMBERS OF ACADEMY IN ROME MEASURING THE CAPITALS OF THE PORCH OF THE PANTHEON

golden loves) will remember how one is swept away by the utter delight of this sensation of perfection, rightness, fitness, that is the very essence of the place. And yet the rooms are very small: a little courtyard often has only a third of the area of an ordinary backyard in New York and the whole city, composed of what seem innumerable little perfect houses, could probably be put inside of many of the most primitive American villages—so compact, so well ordered are its spaces and proportions.

The competitions for fellowships in American Academy in Rome are open to all and the Fellows hail from every part of the Union. But the prizes are reserved for the few. For America feels that one first-rate artist or scholar will do more for the future of art and learning in our country than a hundred second-rate men. And the Academy is slowly proving this. Let us hope that generous Americans will not let "out of sight" be "out of mind," will remember the national responsibility



MEASURING THE BASE OF THE COLUMN OF TRAJAN IN HIS FORUM, ROME

idealists in the world. But I know of no experience more heartrending to a beauty-lover than to travel in our glorious country where nature wears such large, such noble aspects, where her garments are so regal and so various, only to be met, as he is, at every city and village, at every turning where man has passed and left his imprint by such a conglomeration of ugliness that he stands mute with discouragement before what seems an insuperable problem.

Yet insuperable it cannot be. The time must come when the Beast will disappear. He is not the real America but only a passing form. The two great defects of modern American architecture, monotony on the one hand and a horrible heterogeneusness on the other, must give place sooner or later in the evolution of the country to a clearer vision. The time will come when Beauty will bind together all the various elements of race that make up the United States, and when a serene and majestic art will flourish there befitting the soul of a great people. Unity will then be the law as in the ancient

times and with her scourge she will drive out monotony, that drab daughter of materialism who is masquerading in her place. Variety, law's handmaid and the twin-sister of imagination, will destroy heterogeneusness and will color with her myriad tints the temples of her mistress, while the music of proportion makes harmony in the land.

That which is born of the spirit will have come to stay and it will be not only "rich," not only "generous," not only "powerful," but *beautiful* America.

Helena de Kay

THE MAPLE LEAF

'Tis never the need of tears for you!

You went as you wished to go—

When the skies of France were April-blue

As the northern spring your boyhood knew—

With your forehead toward the foe!

Under the rim of the red barrage

Where the tall colonials came

You found the Grail of your questing, lad—

And your soldier-soul was only glad

In the mist of mortar-flame!

'Tis never the need of tears for you

Nor the wistful words of grief!

For death—ah, hush to the heart of me!—

But bound with the golden *fleur-de-lis*,

The bronze of the maple leaf!

For death who reaps for the shining sheaf

Of the symbols which are best

But stooped, in a splendor breathless—brief,

To seek the sign of the maple leaf—

Which I wear against my breast!

'Tis never the need of tears for you!

With your face set toward the foe,

While the clear colonial bugles blew

Your last charge, lad—for your last adieu!

You went as you wished to go!

Kadra Maysi



ART AND CITIZENSHIP

BY IAN B. STOUGHTON HOLBORN

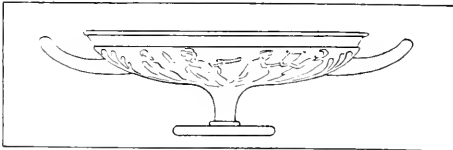
PART IV—BEAUTY AS THE PURSUIT OF THE HIGHER

THUS far we have seen that the generality of mankind does not aim at the highest, mainly because men do not realize what is the highest. Their seeming knowledge is not true knowledge: they do not realize: there is no compelling conviction. Our task therefore is to translate what is not generally understood into terms that are understood—to show what is the relation between this higher that is not known and the lower that is known. Even if this be not altogether possible, we may be able to show that there is a higher, which is at least ultimately translatable and which we needs must seek.

We ask—for what should men live? What is the higher, what is the lower? May we not rest content with some form of happiness? Why should the higher be sought in beauty—in design? Have we not here only another of the arbitrary goals preached by infatuated prophets—or is there actually something in the nature of things as such?

Now to explain the nature of a work of art or indeed to explain how anything is what it is, means at least the understanding of those four elements which Aristotle called the causes of its being. These are—the material cause, the efficient cause, the formal cause and the final cause. The material cause is that out of which the thing is made—the given. The efficient cause is the agency of its making. The final cause [Latin *finis*, an end] is the end or aim of the thing—that for which it exists. The formal cause is the form or design that the material takes so as to embody that end.

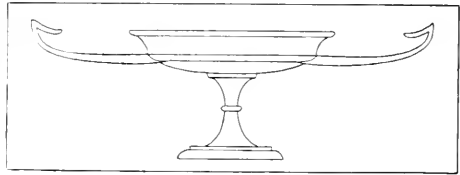
Before considering any of the difficulties, let us take an example. Here is a spade. The material cause is iron and wood—that out of which it was made—that which was given. The efficient cause is the maker and his tools and processes. The final cause is man's desire to dig, or more simply digging. The formal cause is the shape that the material takes, so as to embody the digging quality: it is the design that makes so much mere iron and wood into a spade. It is what makes a spade a spade.



Like all abstractions, these distinctions seem at first to be simple and clear, but afterward they become elusive and even hazy. It must be so. An abstraction is something abstracted from a whole and that cannot really exist apart from that whole. It is only the mind that abstracts it and the mind can never completely abstract anything. Nothing can be thought of as existing entirely without relation to anything else. An outside, for example,

except as related to an inside is not really thinkable. Even in the most concrete instances the same is true. In this Greek vase, it is not easy, particularly apart from the surface decoration, to say where the bowl ends and the stem begins, that is—to say exactly what is bowl and what is stem—although we distinguish the bowl from the stem.

Because of the mental necessity for abstraction, the artist endeavors in designing objects to separate elements in a manner that is rare in natural objects. But even then, a fillet, an astragal or a line itself can never be absolutely without thickness; and even in such a highly developed piece of differentiation as this bronze vase, there is still a possibility of variation in our division of it, in addition to the difficulty caused by the thickness and indefiniteness of even the sharpest junction or line; while in the first example the touching point of the reversed curves is mathematically determinable in a way that could not be done in the case of a hand and a wrist.



For this reason one mind will attempt to make the division here and another there, according as this or that connection is thought the more indissoluble. This is the difficulty of all thought and is not peculiar to our subject; it is fundamentally what we mean by knowledge. The universe of experience is a continuity, a *continuum*. The first process is to cut it up—to analyze; and the second is to grasp its relations and continuity again—to synthesize. There is always a danger of overemphasizing the abstractions, the differences; but if we do not resolve the *continuum*, the identity, we cannot think at all. It is well, therefore, that the thing itself be not confused with any of the four causes, as has sometimes been done, particularly with the final cause or end. If they were the same there would be but the three causes and the thing itself. The confusion arises from a certain ambiguity in the use of the word "end." We may in this instance say that the *end* is a spade that fulfils the *end* of digging; but the two *ends* are easily distinguishable.

Every example shows variation in the line of division and only by the consideration of numerous instances can the relationship of the four causes be fully understood. We may say that the material cause of a statue of liberty is marble, the efficient cause is the sculptor, his tools and the chiseling.

The final cause is the conception of liberty and the formal cause is the shape or design that the given marble assumes in order to express that conception. Here the distinction between the formal and final is more elusive and may be said to be analogous to that between the particular and the universal. The previous example of the spade may be brought into line with this one, if we regard the end—not as digging, but as a thing that can dig. But for reasons that will shortly develop, it is better to leave our analysis as it is.

One difficulty in making a clear abstraction is that the material elements have their own causes. The material cause is only the given, the marble has its own material cause in the rhombohedral crystals of which it is composed; and these in their turn have their material cause in the calcium, carbon and oxygen of which they in turn are composed. Similarly the efficient cause that makes the statue has nothing to do with the efficient causes that make the crystals or the marble, while the tools and agencies that make the statue are themselves the product of other tools or agencies.

Now the artist or poet [Greek *poietes*, creator or poet] is essentially a creator; he causes something to be that was not before; he produces being. He is generally considered merely a part of the efficient cause. But let it be suggested that he be considered a fifth and distinct cause; since he is not merely efficient for attaining the formal and final, but he it is who both conceives the end and carries it out. He is designer and executant. It may be noted that where no consciousness is apparent behind the efficient cause it is often difficult to discover the final cause, as in the case of a moraine caused by a glacier or an island caused by the sea.

Further difficulties arise from the fact that most of these causes may be deemed capable of being either within or without the thing itself.

Examples where the efficient cause is within the thing are what we call life. In the case of a mechanical device made by man, there is no life, because the efficient cause there present is not the cause of the thing itself. In such cases, curiously enough, what is hard to discern is rather the thing than the cause. Here are a spring and clockwork—clearly an efficient cause; the marking of the hour is equally clearly the final cause. The material is not the metal, any more than the calcium was the material cause of the statue. The material cause in this case is seen in such elements as the completed hands and figures. What is the thing itself? Not, surely, the clock? The efficient cause of that was the clockmaker and his tools; but the efficient cause here is the key and the works—and the clock-winder, if we consider the agent. In this case the danger is that of confusing the thing with the formal cause as before with the final.

An example of the final cause within the thing is one of individuality or *autarkeia* (self-sufficiency) which is the primary essential of design—of beauty. A design, or that which is beautiful, is essentially that which is complete in itself and is valued for itself. This is the fundamental distinction between the beautiful and the useful. In the case of the useful the final cause, the end, is outside the thing. It is, as we say, useful for something. As I have emphasized elsewhere, the beauty, for example, of a flower, lies in the fact that it is of no use, but a

very wonderful world of relations within itself. Nor need it here be stressed that the flower does not exist for the sake of the seed, but the seed for the flower, or, if we prefer to say so, for the sake of the whole plant. Moreover, although beautiful individualities may themselves be parts in a wider beauty, that is not wherein their own beauty and individuality consists. The lack of the power to appreciate individuality, the value of a thing in itself for itself, is perhaps the distinguishing characteristic of our day. We cannot say, as Perikles did of the Athenians, that we do not put on sour looks when our neighbor's individuality thinks differently from our own. It is the incapacity for disinterested admiration that makes it difficult for us to understand the beautiful, that makes true admiration and worship almost impossible for us. Probably, if we go still deeper, the root of the difficulty is the inability to abstract, that is, to think. We do not get beyond the concrete and we cannot abstract anything apart from the self.

It is convenient not to call mere distinctness of form or end, individuality; and it might be well to confine the term, character, to such cases.

When the creator is within the thing, and it is as we say, self-created, we have a personality. Life as we understand it is not necessarily personal: for mere life, it is not necessary that there should be a conscious grasping or determination of its own final cause. Personality, even of men, may be of a very low order.

Last, if we are realists and hold that the universal has independent reality, then the thing can exist apart from, or without, the material; and the triangle of the geometer may be taken as an example. This short survey of familiar distinctions with such new suggestions as it has been possible to offer, clears the way for the main question in our enquiry—what is the higher and how is it to be explained in terms of its relations to the lower?

In looking again at the four original causes, it may be said that the material and the efficient together constitute what is commonly known as the means, and the formal and the final are that which the means bring about, namely the end, in the broadest sense of the word. The two former exist for the sake of the latter. It may then be said that provided the end is attained, the means themselves, as means, are of little moment. The piece of sculpture is essentially the same work of art, whether in gypsum or marble—that is the material cause. Or, as I remember an art-master remarking "I do not care how you do it, you can do it with your boot if you like, so long as you get the result." This was the efficient cause. In other words the end is higher than the means. This does not really imply that the means can in any way be neglected, but it does imply that we should understand means and end in their right relations.

However, it may be argued that the end itself may be a low one and that there are means for deliberately obtaining the lower, which might give a descending scale rather than an ascending scale. Doubtless this is true and the most important part of our enquiry is yet to come, when we ask what is the highest end. But even in such a case it

would be a poor kind of salvation, if such it could be called, that saved us from reaching the worse, because we thought that in reaching the means, we had already arrived there. However, putting aside for the moment these more difficult problems and others that arise with regard to them, we have already seen enough to begin to apply our principles to life; and, provided we have any conception at all of the right end, we may say that to substitute the means for the end—materialism or efficiency for design or the goal—is the worst of errors, the greatest of disasters.

Yet is this not exactly the danger of the present hour? Men are failing to see any end and are obsessed by the material and the efficient; in a word, they are lacking in vision, in *theoria*, the clear view ahead. We have misconceived the practical and the theoretical. Few phrases are more characteristic of our day than "Oh, he is a mere theorist, he is not practical." But what do these Greek words mean? for the Greek, who presumably understood his own words, used them in exactly the opposite way, while giving the same slightly scornful intonation "Oh, he is merely practical, he is no theorist."

Now *praktikos* means fit for doing or acting, *theoretikos* means for clear viewing, for understanding. This is almost exactly the antithesis that we are considering; and what we need is to grasp the vision, the end in view and the fundamental principles of things.

The practical man then, is the man who can do and the practical thing is the thing that can be done. The theoretical man is the man who can understand and see the end. Of course what we really need is to be both practical and theoretical; but, as antithetically used, the words mean one as opposed to the other and not both.

Now what is the man who acts without understanding, without a vision of the end? He is the fool, as the Greek knew very well. Indeed that is all that is meant by the fool. The fool is not someone of absolute inertia, who does nothing at all; he is the man who acts stupidly without any vision or understanding of the end. He is the kind of man who, when he should make a mortise and tenon makes two mortises, or the woman who makes two excellent right-hand sleeves instead of a right and a left. He is a man who makes a key that will not fit the lock, or anything that, however carefully made in itself, will not fit into life and progress. The artist, on the other hand, is essentially the man with a vision. Antithetically, may we not define him as the one who builds castles in the air? That however is the way that all real castles begin. There is no other way. The man who never has a vision must be content always to live in a shack. We must have a vision or we shall remain where we are and never have anything at all.

Again, the practical thing is the thing that can be done; but the most fatal of all procedures is to be guided by the merely practical. That is to put the cart before the horse. We want not merely what can be done, but what should be. If we cannot do it, then we must set our wits to work and find out, even if we die in the attempt. To be limited to what can be done is practical, but it is the end of all progress. The whole glory of our destiny is to seek, not what can be done, but what cannot be done.

But the tendency of the practical man in this direction is to do what can be done at the moment. He neither looks at the end, nor does he grasp the value of the thing he is doing as an end in itself, a problem that we shall discuss later. He is either, in the first place, like the man lost in a London fog, who said to the cabman "Drive on, for goodness sake, drive on somewhere"—a very typical case of the modern mind that forgets that there is an infinite number of wrong directions but only one right one, and whose only thought is to "do something" to "get busy." There are actually many people who think that "doing something," when the end is not understood, is better than doing nothing. They are the people who have landed the cab of human progress in the ditch. Or, in the second place, he is a dealer in makeshifts; because he sees such a little way ahead, or fails, as we have said, to make the thing done also an end in itself and is blind to the fact that he might have had a castle when he only has a shack, an Athens or a Venice, when he only has a Manchester or a San Francisco. He lives, so he says. Exactly so, but does he live well?

The consequence is—to borrow a beautiful American phrase—what he does has always to be "scrapped." But the whole aim of the artist is to make a thing of beauty that is a joy for ever, a thing in itself. To set about making a thing that has to be "scrapped" is about the most stupid thing that one can conceive. Nobody but a practical man or a lunatic would, if he could possibly avoid it, make a thing that had to be "scrapped." This may be a rather extreme way of putting it, but that is the spirit in the air. We make a thing that will serve its time; it is practical, but we do not expect that what we build will last. Try and imagine whether we should act in the same way that we do, if, when we were putting up an advertisement hoarding or a workshop, or even many of our modern dwellings and business premises, each were to say to himself "this has to last for ever; for all time this corrugated-iron shed, this shack, this blatant advertisement will confront mankind; as long as the world endures men shall suffer for what I have done." But we all have to live in this world; we are born, we live and die, and, temporary as these things may be, we in our lifetimes never get away from them. The world for us, all that we can ever see or know of the world, is spoiled by these practical people. As far as we are concerned, it might just as well be for ever. We shall never see anything else. Oh, the colossal selfishness of the practical man, the fool! We know no else than that man lives on this world but once; and it is the spirit of the artist, who would make a thing that might last for ever and yet always be a delight, that must be the spirit of any man who would call himself a citizen at all!

The whole spirit is bad and it leads to worse. The shacks, the factories, the tenements, the advertisement hoardings have made our cities horrible and our children have to be brought up in these surroundings—and at last perhaps we begin to think a little. It is providential for mankind that children exist, or veritably we should soon have no souls at all. So the practical man suddenly wakes up to the horror of what he has done. Never mind, he says,

I will build a railway so that we may get out of the city. And some do, but most do not. Even for those who do, how typically practical! Many of them even live, as they call it, outside; and every morning they spend an hour in a stinking, ill-ventilated, germ-laden car, foul with each others' breath, hanging on to a strap; and then they proceed to do the same thing in the evening—a quarter of their working lives. The theorists pointed out seventy years ago that it would be better to build a city fit to live in than to build ways to get out of it. But the practical man had to be doing, he had to be busy—that is to say, he had to be a fool, he could not stop to think! He was too busy to think, that is, too much of a fool—we must never forget that they mean the same thing—and so the bulk of our cities as they were built by these practical people during the past fifty years have had to be, or are being, "scrapped."

But the worst of it is that we like this type of man; he is very dear to our hearts. "It is so easy to act, so difficult to think" as the French say. Save us from the terrible labor of thinking, we cry, from the time that we go to school onwards; O, anything but that!

The author was visiting an American city and met the librarian of the public library. The city water-supply had become polluted and there was great danger from typhoid. After a time the practical men were made to see that they must forget their moneymaking and party politics and face the problem. One of the councilors (let us call him) came into the library and the librarian seized the opportunity to tell him that the library had recently acquired some of the best and most up-to-date books, dealing with the purification of water-supply, and suggested that it was a fortunate circumstance which should prove opportunely useful. "O, we have no time for that sort of thing," said the practical man, "we have got to settle this matter first." Luckily the others were not so practical; yet the sad thing is that the case is typical.

They elected him again!

We are lacking in breadth of outlook, we are busied with the material, with the mere means, rather than the end and we do the thing that comes to hand. It is an age of efficiency, without asking the question—efficiency for what? Efficiency without insight is only practical and we may be efficient at what is better left undone. Suppose for instance that we were only efficient at making dollars—the material—it would be hard to sink lower than that. To confuse the efficient and final cause is ruin. We need both, but the gospel of efficiency for efficiency's sake is about the most deadly of soul-destroying doctrines that has ever been preached. What we need is in some way to make men realize the worthlessness of their aim, or lack of aim, not to make them feel that they must seek after these higher ends as a duty, but to quicken their spiritual insight, so that, having once seen how the nobler is nobler, they cannot help but follow it voluntarily as a delight. Once the inner spirit is changed the outer expression will follow of itself. The true citizen is no mere creature of circumstances and practical possibilities; he stands at the wheel and knows whither he is going; he sees indeed in a vision the city to which he will bring us, not practical, perhaps—not yet; but to attain the unattain-

able is just what we are here for. That is art. You and I may never see the city beautiful, but we may build our castle in the air, we may see it afar off.

There she rises in some spot beautiful by nature and made yet more beautiful by the hand of man, marked by sympathetic consideration for the charm and possibilities of the site, a thing which some of the old builders knew so well—some such place as Edinburgh or San Francisco might well become, did we but care about these things. The dominating buildings are not factories and hotels, things that are no ends in themselves but have come to be thought so in the fever of our modern blood. No, this nervous mechanical hustling to and fro of things that are largely worthless in themselves will in that day be a mania of the past; and a saner, steadier action of greater sweep and power like the movements of a facile swimmer compared with the hurried pantings and futile strokes of the beginner will carry us forward on a surer, swifter course.

In that dream city it will rather be great libraries and universities, temples of worship, civic halls and concert halls that will dominate the town; or perhaps museums, art-galleries and guildhalls, if such things be any longer required and do not savor too much of means. In any case it will be the higher that will dominate the lower, the spiritual that will dominate the material, the inner that will dominate the outer. A glance at our city will reveal that mind and spirit have come into their own and that the body and the material no longer determine the issue; and yet the body will never have been so lovely nor the material so refined. They will even gain by being put into their right place. What we need is to spiritualize the flesh, what we do is to carnalize the spirit. Beautiful *gymnasia* will repeat again the glories of Greece and the pure in heart will delight in the most exquisite and inspiring of all created things.

Here is some noble piazza or square surrounded by glorious buildings; there, another more secluded with quiet foliage and restful calm. Here is some gleam of water in the city's heart, there a glowing spread of color and the wealth of fragrant flowers. Thick groves of trees offer enticing mystery and sunny swards tempt us to drink the unpolluted air. Every street, every quadrangle has its own charm, its own character and individuality; so that the walking of the ways is a never-ending joy. Day after day, week after week, year after year will provide ever-varying fascinations, ever-unexpected turns and byways, vistas, surprise-views and magic sights. How boundless are the possibilities of straight and curved, of low and high, of architecture and vegetation, of earth and water, of picturesque and formal, of simple and ornate! Nor must we forget the charm and individuality of the houses where the citizens dwell, each revealing some new and beautiful expression of citizenship. In the intensity of the individuality of its parts, while perfect in their interrelations, will be the fulness, the height, of its end and being. And there will be no fashions in that city. Every sheep will no longer desire to do the same as every other sheep, but will be desirous of using his higher human faculties; but there will be no extravagances of extremes, because of the spirit of *harmonia*; yet the endless

forms of furnishings and of costume will be a kaleidoscopic wonder.

There will be no poor and no rich. Nevertheless there will be considerable range, lending color and contrast to life and some incentive even to economic energy, although no longer will that be one of the fields held in highest esteem. And children's laughter will resound through the city, not in the street, but in garden, pleasance, field and court, just where the children dwell; and the tragedy of the child, ill-fed, ill-clad and ill-trained shall be no more. Nor will there be any more beautiful sight in that city than to see the children come in happy dance



of graceful lines, singing sweet songs of loveliness and decked in brave attire, or even as of old when Sophokles, the loveliest boy in the fair city of the violet crown, led the choral dance, naked and unashamed, while he made music on his ivory lyre. For childhood is the yet unsullied beauty of the race, the infinite possibility of what is all unknown, the inspiration of our highest longing and our own successor when the hands fail and the of something nobler than we ourselves outlook grows dim—the future's hope have been or done, and here and now the dearest of all visions for the heart's delight.

Ian B. Stoughton Holborn

(To be continued)

THE SONG OF THE WEST WIND

I have come from the regions afar, little maid,
I have come from the blue, sunny sky,
I have breathed on the uttermost star, little maid;
There are few that are wiser than I!

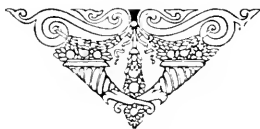
I have magical songs on my lips, little girl,
I have wings that can carry me high;
I have drunk where the Pleasure-Stream slips, little girl,
There are few are more joyous than I!

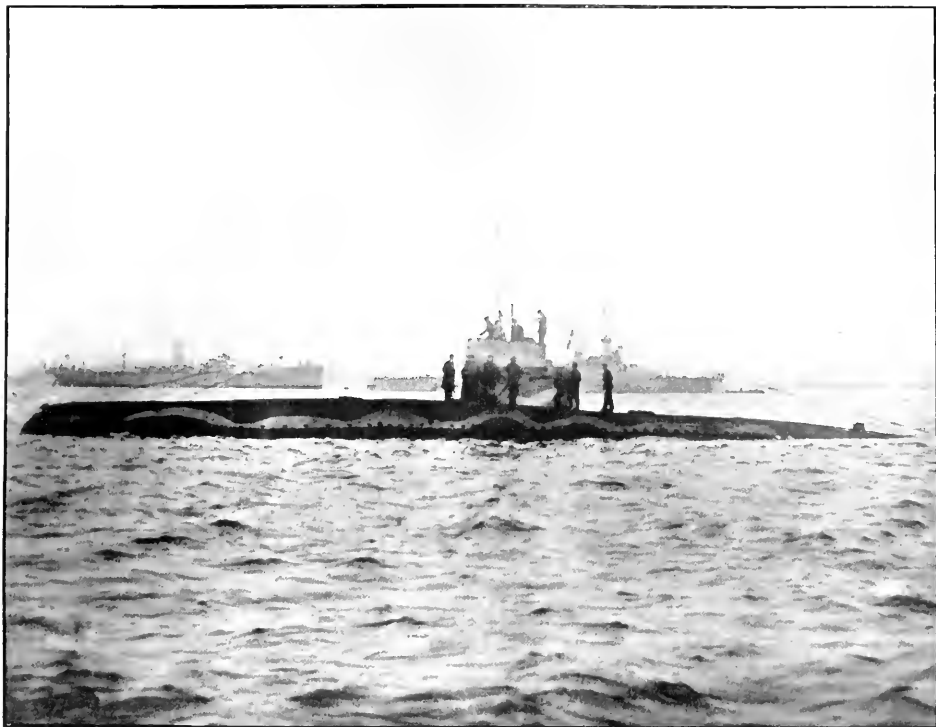
And the kingdoms of Earth are all mine, little maid,
And they call me, wherever I fly,
From the rulers in garments that shine, little maid;
There are few that are richer than I!

I breathe on the flowers and they grow, little girl,
I sing to young birds e'er they fly;
I can foster, or crush at a blow, little girl;
There are few that are stronger than I!

But your face and your heart are so fair, little maid,
And your eyes they dance blithely and true;
I have come from the Every-where, little maid,
Just to loiter—to linger—with you!

Marie Welch





CAMOUFLAGE—WAR'S HANDMAID

BY LIDA ROSE MCCABE

THERE is a brand-new word in current parlance—Camouflage! You will not find it in dictionary or encyclopedia, for like the art it defines, which is figuratively "throwing dust in the eyes of the enemy" by rendering objects on land or sea invisible through break-up of their outline, it is born of the Great War.

Camouflage, the word, is of French and Italian root. At this writing it is slang, and doomed to be overworked in speech and print before war's end. With the Allies' Victory and Honorable Peace however, it will assuredly be of the dictionary's elect, if not of "English undefiled." As for the art's *raison d'être* and its contribution towards a world safe for democracy, there will eventually be a distinctive literature; but for the moment libraries have nothing to offer.

Meanwhile, in this oldest of arts ingeniously enlisted for the service of Mars, where does America come in?

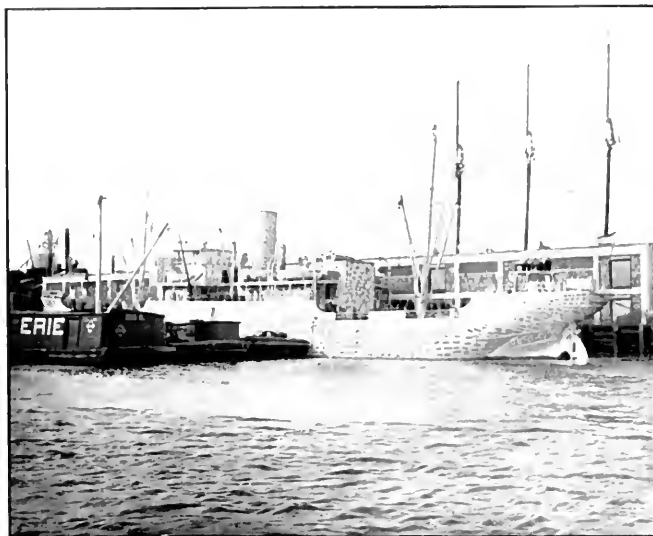
France, America, Art!

Greater opportunity to serve this invincible triumvirate was never given American artists—so ran in September the United States War Department's call for service in the Camouflage Corps recruited under the Department of Engineers, United States Army, the service to be in France.

This mobilization was precipitated by Paris cable from Major-General John Pershing to the War College, recommending Camouflage Corps to accompany each unit of the Army to France.

Harrowed by loss at the front of more than three hundred artists of achievement and promise, early in the war France set about the conservation of the specialized talent of her conscripted army. Painters, illustrators, sculptors of note were winnowed out of companies where they were serving from commissioned officer to common soldier, and sent with military rank and pay to the front or aboard battleships as pictorial war historians.

From the ranks the Government then mustered into Camouflage Corps scene-painters, sign and house painters, stage carpenters, scene-shifters, "make up" men, designers, plaster modelers and casters, moving-picture scene builders, paper-hangers, blacksmiths and like crafters. In happier days these conscripted soldiers had plied their *métier* in the theatres, hippodromes, circuses and moving-picture studios of Paris and the provinces. In the army, as exposure of battery, fort, bridge or railroad focused the enemy's guns, these men, individually, put their crafts to work in the effect to outwit the foe and virtually save their own skins! Their success was not slow to reach commanding officers



A FREIGHTER GIVEN THE SKIN OF A LEOPARD, ACCORDING TO THE IDEAS OF
W. A. MACKAY

with vision to match their efficiency. The result is the Camouflage Corps as an integral part of the army, each company officered by a master designer and a virtual stage director.

It took French imagination and initiative to spring camouflage as a handmaid of war. For long its value escaped the British, while the Germans, I am told, continue to ignore it as not worth the candle! "Germany" to quote an American war correspondent of Hindenburg taint "hasn't time to waste over a few lives or guns. It reckons by hundreds and thousands!"

The success of the French camouflagers in faking a village street through the medium of paint-pot and canvas into confounding the enemy to believe that it was an empty street; erecting muslin walls behind which troops marched without detection; concealing moving or standing trains by painting out the landscape; modeling a plaster horse to replace a dead horse familiar to the enemy's trenches and stationing an observer inside the clay substitute, where he watched by day, vacating it at night to report to headquarters; destruction of scenic outline until it is impossible for an aeroplane to locate French batteries—this and much more percolated, despite censorship, to America to kindle a responsive chord.

With the declaration of war by the United States two winners of the American *Prix*

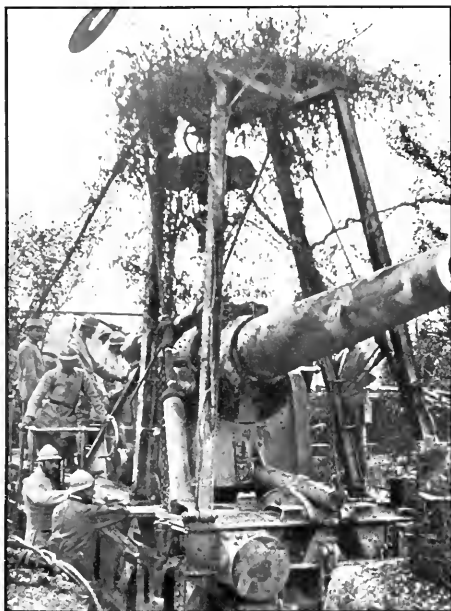
de Rome Sherry E. Fry and Barry Faulkner, mural decorators, rounded up the American Academy of Design, Architectural League, Society of Illustrators, Society of Scenic Painters under the Chairmanship of Edwin H. Blashfield into the Camouflage Society of New York. To Monadnock, New Hampshire, the home of Mr. Abbott H. Thayer the painter and naturalist, Barry Faulkner hied for instruction under that recognized authority in concealing colorature. On his return, seventy-nine members of the Camouflage Society "signed on" to work for the War Department, which at this crisis was as ignorant of the basic principles and usage of camouflage as were the signers-on. President Nicholas Murray Butler is likewise credited with offering to the Government in the name of Columbia University a training camp for

camouflagers under the direction of Professor Borning of its Architectural Department, the University to furnish *gratis* camp, instruction and materials.

Of these and like offers upon the part of institutions and individuals the War Department wisely fought shy. Nevertheless, in the interval, camouflage was being industriously pursued at our various army posts through the far sight of individual officers and wide-awake artists. The work in some instances was momentarily financed by private citizens, so reluctant was the War Department to recognize its need. One coast post for example whose tile roofs were visible far out to sea, was effectively camouflaged by planting hardy vines that



GENERAL PÉTAIN, THE KING OF ITALY AND PRESIDENT POINCARÉ IN THE CAMOUFLAGED
OBSERVATION POST ON THE FRENCH FRONT



BIG GUNS PAINTED TO LOOK LIKE FOLIAGE

transform the whole into an indefinable part of the landscape. But it took as has been stated the Pershing cable to precipitate camouflage into an integral part of the Army.

Major Evarts Tracy, United States Reserves, Engineer Corps, who acquired military training and commission at Plattsburg, is head of the Camouflage Corps of the United States Army in France. Architect and engineer of European training and experience, Major Tracy quickly recognized the practicality of French procedure in securing camouflage skill. The Government's first advertised call for recruits for the Corps significantly stipulated it was not to be confounded with the "so-called Camouflage Society of New York." This was no reflection upon the Society's skill, patriotism or personnel. The War Department's October call in New York for recruits for the First Company of the First Camouflage Corps followed the French method. The want then, as it will be to the end of the war, was for men skilled in crafts, France specified. Men so skilled who previously enlisted will be mustered as need rises from their regiment into the Camouflage Corps, while the order stands for a company raised wholly from moving-picture plants.

To enlist in the Camouflage Corps is to embark into mystery. The training and work are under seal of secrecy. Not until the recruit arrives at Headquarters of the Engineer Corps near Fort Myer, Washington, D. C.—the chief training camp—is the veil rent.

"Camouflage" said to me a Government official of foreign experience "demands quick action. Concealment of a fort, battery; transformation of street or building, effacing outlook station or troops is the work of designers, draughtsmen, painters

trained in deceptive colorature. There is no time to ponder over schemes or try them out. The stage director, as it were, marks off unerringly on a hasty sketch so many feet or yards of such-and-such a color, and hands the execution over to men of lightning speed. Scenery builders of out-door movie pictures, theatre-scene painters, men who set up and pull down one-night circuses are the bone and sinew of war camouflage."

The origin of camouflage is waggishly credited to Mother Eve! Its usage in the French and American armies is largely based upon discoveries and deductions made by the painter-naturalist Abbott Henderson Thayer as embodied in his authoritative work: "Concealing Colorature in the Animal Kingdom."

Twenty-five years study of the virgin forests of his native New Hampshire revealed to this distinguished painter nature's purpose and method in the coloring of animal, bird and insect. To make an object seemingly invisible by breaking up or wiping out its outline, according to Thayer, is camouflage in a nutshell. It is outline-silhouette, not bulk or surface, that renders an object visible to the eye. By breaking up, obliterating the outline an object is visually non-existent. Thayer found this basic fact demonstrated everywhere throughout nature in the coloring of animals, birds, insects. The Master Painter of the Universe, he discovered, contrary to Darwin and Wallace, colors for protection, to render brute creation invisible to its enemies.

In the popular mind the zebra is a flagrant example of conspicuousness by virtue of the boldness of its stripes. Thayer cites it as taking the palm in nature's scheme of deception, so effectively do the stripes cut the animal (to the eye of the observer) into pieces as it stands against reeds and sky near the watering-places of its *habitat*. The zebra coming to drink at dusk is seen by the crouching lion against the reeds and sky which his stripes simulate.

Thayer claims that all animals with few excep-



A NEAR VIEW OF A COW ACTUALLY STANDING ON THE ROOF OF A CONCEALED BATTERY TO CAMOUFLAGE IT FROM THE ENEMY

tions are equipped with full obliterative shading of surface colors. In birds counter-shading and surface-marking combine in the highest and most effective degrees to produce invisibility. It was from his study of nature's devices in protecting animals through coloration that he deduced the principles making good to-day in the training of Camouflage Corps.

It is summed up in counter-shading, averaging of backgrounds and obliteration of outline. Shading, so Thayer maintains, is more important for concealing than color, because primarily it is an attribute of form, while color is second. By counter-shading he means a gradation of shading counter to that which light would produce when thrown upon the object. The result is a perfectly flat surface, the object retaining its length and breadth, but losing all appearance of thickness or roundness. For this reason he contends that animals are painted by nature darkest in those parts that tend to be lighted by the light of the sky and *vice versa*.

Long before the world war Abbott Thayer demonstrated this counter-shading discovery (now known as "Thayer's Law") in the museums of London, Oxford, Cambridge and Florence, where he set up models at his own expense. He also lectured before scientific societies in Europe and America, his original ideas meeting with more or less opposition. For it was then no less difficult for the followers of Darwin and Wallace than it is to-day for the "man in the street" to accept the fact that the North American Indian, for instance, paints one side of his face green, the other red for self-protection in order to lose his identity in the forest and thus approach or escape his enemy—and not, as we were taught, to indulge barbaric love of color to the end of captivating a capricious squaw!

In Fate's legerdemain it remained for the most inhuman of wars to vitalize into humane service the discoveries of this American painter-naturalist known to art exhibition visitors only as the creator of easel pictures of high ideality and master technique.

Camouflage, as we are coming to know it, while new to our Army, is old to our Navy, which to-day is credited with being abreast, if not in advance, of the rest of the world in its usage. Despite this efficiency it does not form to date an integral part of Navy service. The artists engaged in nautical camouflage are not uniformed and serve without rank or stipulated government pay. There is radical difference between land and sea camouflage. While much of the paraphernalia of land war is stationary, not a little of it moves—tanks ("To spew forth death to the crazy Hun") motors, horses, men, occasionally cannons.

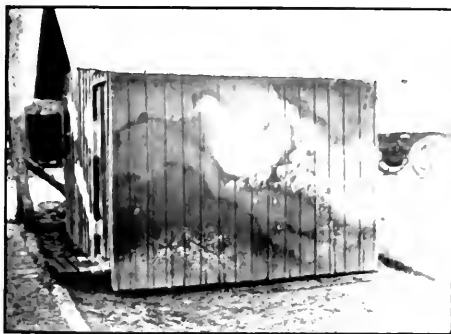
Land objects like land birds, Thayer maintains, need sharply contrasting pattern. Pattern suggests one object seen beyond another—the sky seen

through trees, a tree trunk amid foliage. Ships on the other hand have shifting sky and sea for constant background. Neither sky nor sea has strongly contrasting pattern. They are characteristically nonchrome. Then there is no dependence upon the havoc of sunrise or sunset. Gulls, whose locomotion suggest the concealing color for ship—white (except on their backs) to match the sky—gray to match the sea.

American nautical camouflage harks back to the Civil War when the Confederates adapted various shades of gray and painted their blockade-runners bluish tints that simulated the lower sky coloring or prevailing haze overlying water. "Battleship gray"

however, in light of to-day's scientific camouflage is more of an advertisement than a concealer. Mississippi River gunboats were camouflaged by tying trees to smokestacks and covering the decks with boughs, so that the boat when at anchor fell in with the wooded shore.

Four years after the Spanish-American War, which added nothing to nautical camouflage, Gérôme Brush and Abbott Thayer took out a patent for the counter-shading of ships to make them less



RAILROAD SECTION HORSE MADE TO LOOK LIKE A HEN AND HER FAMILY

visible. This was before Thayer had learned by experiment that it takes the whitest white, when *vertical*, to match the horizon sky. The patent process paints the ship or object so as to obliterate contrast of light and shade. A ship so painted, when on the open sea, appears transparent. The observer seems to look through it as if it were not there. Normally light surfaces are painted dark, and the darkened are lightened, while the shaded portions are painted with a color to neutralize shadows and blur their definition. When viewed by flying airmen a ship so painted would merge with the sea, but the vividness of its silhouette against the horizon, experts claim, would not be materially modified. A counter-shaded ship makes a gray silhouette, too dark to match the sky except when the sun shines nearly perpendicularly on its side. Desiring to help the Allies two years ago, Abbott Thayer went to England where the British adopted for the coloring of their snipers that which Thayer had dictated for their soldiers. They also colored their tanks in accordance with his method.

Before the German submarine atrocities our merchantmen took to camouflaging, which became obligatory with the Treasury Department's decree (October 1, 1917) that "every ship leaving this port should be camouflaged or insurance rates increased accordingly." New York harbor, these days, is in consequence a veritable floating salon of Cubist, Futurist and Vorticist color-feats significantly emphasizing the passage of the one time derided culturists from theoretic into actual warfare!

"I lie awake nights" confided an expert merchantman camouflager "and chuckle over how I am able with brush, color-tubes and a bit of brains to



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES CONCEALED BY A CLOAK
OF EVERGREENS

cheat U-boats, and without bloodshed get a freighter with 15,000 barrels of oil safe through the "war zone!"

The nautical problem of the hour is to confuse the submarine commander, who is taking observations through the periscope, calculating how to get close enough to strike with his torpedo. In the vanguard of camouflagers working to this end is William Andrew Mackay, the mural decorator, who bases his process of ship camouflage upon scientifically approved theories of light and shade. Mackay before the world war proposed a camouflage scheme to Lieut.-Commander J. O. Fisher, United States Navy. As a divisional of submarines, Lieutenant Fisher accepted it and experimented with Mackay, who with a handful of fellow artists and navy officers of professional zeal have since then brought the art to high efficiency.

Paradoxically, it was while decorating Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's Chinese tea-house at Newport with tiles lacquered to meet America's atmospheric con-

ditions, after a process of Mackay's invention, that this gifted protégé of the late Frank D. Millet stumbled on nautical camouflage. A destroyer anchored one day in the harbor in close range of the tea-house. Mackay hastily sketched it. Next day when he returned to finish it, the destroyer had disappeared. Chagrined, he recklessly daubed the cardboard with colors until the destroyer's silhouette disappeared. Suddenly it came to him: "What if a real destroyer were daubed over with like colors? would it merge in with its background at sea and be lost to the eye?" As our army camouflage recruits now turn to Thayer's "Concealing Colorature in the Animal Kingdom" in his subsequent experimentations so Mackay came in his own library upon "Modern Chromatics" by Ogden N. Root, a professor of physics—in the seventies—at Columbia University.

It was the scientific facts gleaned from this book, Mr. Mackay tells me, that suggested to him that camouflage for our ships should be based upon

color scheme almost diametrically opposite to that heretofore accepted as likely to promote concealment in low visibility.

"Daylight is not of uniform clarity" he explained, recalling tentative experiments "according to hour and clearness of the air one or another of three dominating colors prevail. The dominating colors are not red, blue, yellow so long accepted, but red, green and violet. Instead of starting out with gray coats I use colors bright when viewed near by, colors upon which atmosphere would work metamorphosis as distance increases."

This color scheme, to quote one authority, does not *conceal* a ship, but if the color areas are large and strongly contrasted in value, they make it *harder* to accurately *point* a gun.

Contrary to Mackay's or Thayer's method is that of Henry Reuterdaahl, the famous marine painter,

who, at the zenith of his skill and earning capacity, is now voluntarily serving the Government, with rank and pay of a Lieutenant, in the Navy Recruiting Bureau.

"There is no science that I know of in my ship camouflaging" said Reuterdaahl who camouflaged the submarine chaser *DeGrasse*, "I am guided wholly by feeling acquired through twenty-five years more or less buffeting with the sea." The eye does not focus alike for different colors. With this scientific fact Mackay now aims to bewilder the U-Boat observer by presenting to his vision an indefinite form, and thus hasten fatigue and quicken error in range-finding.

Lida Rose McCabe

NOTE: The above article is approved by the Navy Publicity Bureau and by Abbott H. Thayer, who wrote the authorship: "We greatly appreciate your wish to get the truth published, so much is error."

A SONG FOR AMERICA

How comely is our motherland,
With joy for every eye!
O'er sunlit vales her mountains stand,
Her prairies kiss the sky.
From many an autumn-bordered lake
Her fair streams seek the shore,
We love her for her beauty's sake,
But most for something more.

What vigor in her throb and tread!
How dauntless is her mind!
She plants that continents be fed,
And never looks behind.
The magic of her lamp and tower
O'ermites Aladdin's lore,
We love her for her bounteous power,
But most for something more.

We love her for her tender heart,
That thrills at Pity's call,
Her will that Freedom's goodly part
Shall be the share of all.

Lord of the stricken world, we ask,
(Proud peace or holy war),
Renew her might for every task
And guard her as of yore.

Robert Underwood Johnson



TOWN AND COUNTRY EMBELLISHMENT



BASILICA OF ST. GREGORY THE GREAT AT BROOKLYN AVENUE AND ST. JOHN'S PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

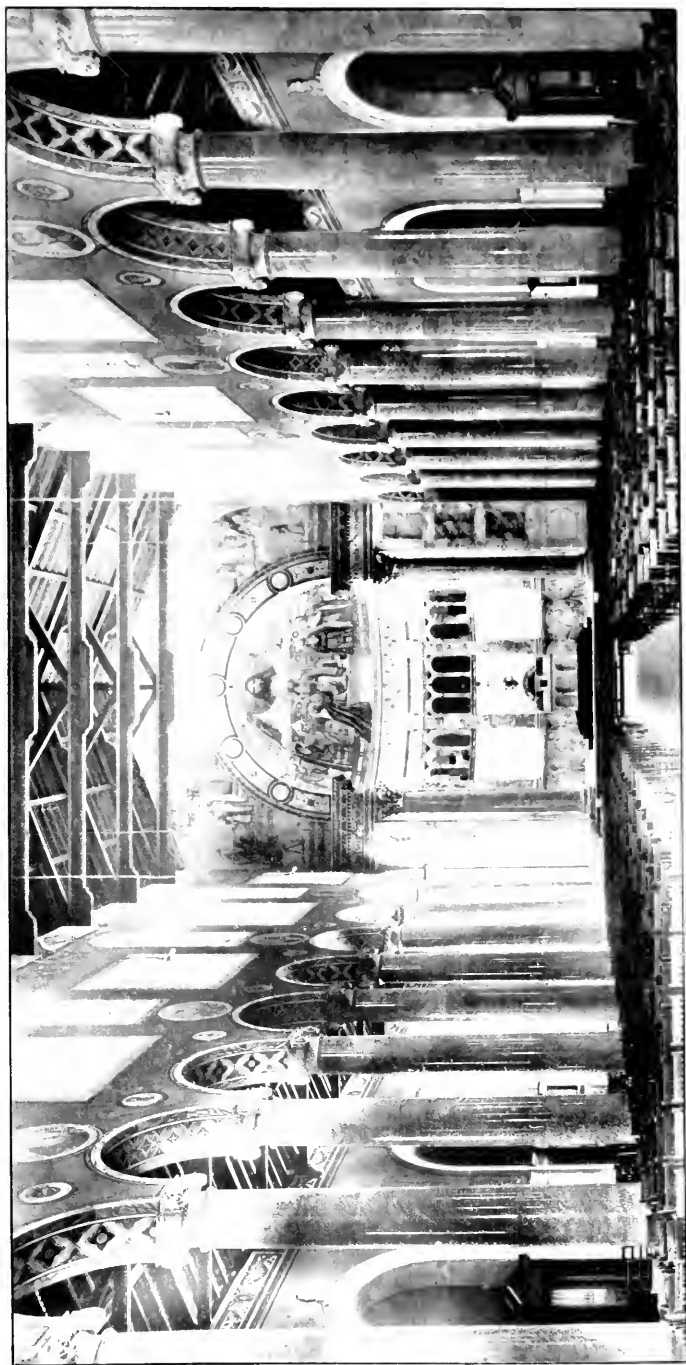
ST. GREGORY'S BASILICA AND MODERN FRESCO BUONO

BY HENRY TYRRELL

A PILGRIMAGE to the newly dedicated church of St. Gregory the Great, which is somewhat remotely situated at Brooklyn Avenue and St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., is recompensed by the unexpected sight of a beautiful basilica of purest Roman type whose interior decoration is carried out in *fresco buono*—that ancient and noble mural process, all but lost to-day, which, as employed by the Renaissance masters Michelangelo, Raffaello, Luini and others, produced some of the most splendid results known to the annals of art. The architects of St. Gregory's, Messrs. Helmle and Corbett of New York, have taken for models the two oldest existing basilicas in Rome—those of San Clemente and of Santa Maria in Trastevere, supposed to date from the fifth century. They have not so much copied literally as embodied the spirit

of these typical early Christian churches, including the graceful campanile and adding to the main body of the structure all the familiar appurtenances of a complete Catholic church in modern times. But the crowning glory of St. Gregory's is its interior decoration in true antique fresco by Maximilian F. Friederang, of whom more anon.

It is an architectural principle generally conceded that no church can be considered complete or thoroughly successful which is not decorated throughout in color. This is especially true of a Roman Catholic church of the basilica type, which also has more unbroken wall-space than any other and consequently offers better opportunity for large design and figure composition. In the pre-Romanesque churches like those of San Apollinare and San Vitale at Ravenna such opportunities were utilized



INTERIOR OF ST. GREGORY THE GREAT
NEWLY FINISHED FRESCO PAINTINGS ON PREPARED PLASTER BY MANILIAN J. EDDERANG



STUDY FOR THE MAIN DECORATIONS

ST. GREGORY DISPATCHES ST. AUGUSTINE OF CANTERBURY TO BRITAIN TO CONVERT THE SAXON KING ETHELBERT

mainly in mosaics. Even in the sixteenth century, after Michelangelo and Raffaello had rediscovered the art and craftsmanship of true fresco (tradition says they achieved it by minute analysis of materials used by the ancient fresco painters) the mural work of St. Peter's and the Vatican was controlled by a league of conventional decorators who persistently opposed the large, austere method of Michelangelo. He was not, in fact, a painter, but essentially a sculptor and architect. For that very reason he held out for *fresco buono* as the only true architectural painting, because pictures properly executed in that medium become an integral part of the building they beautify, their mineral colors crystallizing into an unalterable marble-like surface as permanent as the adamant wall itself.

So Michelangelo was "sidetracked" as we say to the obscure, bare and rectangular Sistine Chapel—where alone and in proud secrecy he produced those titanic records which are the unfading and unmatched wonder of the world to this day. With his passing the art swiftly fell from its zenith into desuetude and decay. No frescoes worthy of the name have come down to us unimpaired in the last three hundred years—unless we except the work of Puvis de Chavannes, which technically is not fresco at all, but only painted canvas shipped across the seas (in the case of the Boston Public Library) to be fixed upon the walls of a building which the artist had never seen. True, these panels by Puvis are a magnificent success in their way—and their success is precisely that of the degree in which their color, texture, surface and whole general *factice* has been forced by a unique genius of artist-craftsmanship to approximately imitate genuine fresco. As for the so-called "mural paintings" of our contemporary Kenyon Coxes, Blaschfields and Max Bohms, and of all their school—with due deference to these worthy and capable artists—they are simply magnified easel-pictures, or the good old

traditional studio oil-paintings, adapted to their destined walls by their measurements alone.

Enter St. Gregory's from the columned portico, which is a modern version of the classic atrium, and you come directly into the nave. Somehow you have been transported in the twinkling of an eye from Long Island to Italy. From the clerestory windows aloft, the light fills the vault of the timbered roof, descending softly upon the tinted walls and two rows of stately columns of warm purplish Connecticut granite, which, by every architectural device of line, color and illumination, lead up to the glorified apse and semi-domed sanctuary, in which is set a baldachino altar of exquisitely wrought Carrara marble inlaid with rich mosaic medallions.

The principal fresco—representing St. Gregory surrounded by the Fathers of the Greek and Latin churches, despatching St. Augustine of Canterbury on the mission to Britain which was to convert the Saxon King Ethelbert to Christianity—fills the domed space of the sanctuary, above which is figured Christ triumphant; while below, the walls of the apse are covered with rich and intricate ornamental designs of symbolical nature. The brightest of pure colors are used here—blue, orange and red, but they are so craftily balanced, broken and interspersed that the whole fuses into a mellow golden mist, a magical effect that is enhanced by the lighting from little windows in the roof. And all the time the modeling and detail of the figures in the pictures are perfectly distinct, due to the peculiar pigments and surface of the fresco, luminous without glitter and smooth without being hard or unduly flat. On a sunny day this light changes with every passing cloud in the sky, from celestial radiance to mystic shadow, as though the imaged walls were imbued with sentient life and emotion.

In this work of true fresco in its right architee-



MAIN DECORATION IN PLACE. VAULT OF APSE

tural accord Maximilian Friederang sees the culmination of a lifetime's courageous ambition and self-sacrificing toil. He is a character unique in our time—a sort of belated mediæval, combining the attributes of artist and artisan, chemist and colorist, scholar and religious zealot. German born, he spent the years of his youth studying in Rome, and then came to America, where the whole of his professional life of over a quarter of a century has been spent. His work in various churches and public buildings has been known all along to the leading architects, from Stanford White to Cass Gilbert. But it was not until he completed his marvelous frescoes in the Byzantine dome of the Church of St. Joseph at Babylon, L. I., that he

came into prominent notice as the one man capable of leading the modern revival of *fresco buono* and placing its great decorative possibilities on a solid foundation.

This high estimate is more than confirmed by the enthusiastic praises that critics of authority who have visited St. Gregory's thus far have bestowed.

If any mistake has been made, it is in the placing the *baldachino* where it is. It is certainly too large for the frescoes because it competes with them and shuts off the view for those seated in the front rows of seats. A beautiful altar flat against the wall might have been better.

Henry Tyrrell

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Say, Painter of pictures, you Painter
Whose deeds on the canvas are wrought,
In line and in color and so forth—
Why is it you don't include thought?

Why make every effort to master
The object all artists should seek
In what is the highest expression,
By striving for perfect technique?

If a message you have to deliver,
Say, why will you not understand
You can do it a thousand times better
With your head than you can with your hand?

By the late W. J. Lampton



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"THE BATHERS,"
BY CÉZANNE
A Degenerate Work of Art
(See page 326)



"THE DOCTOR"
BY LUKE FILDES, R.A.
A Great Work of Art
(See opposite page)

ANALYSIS OF WORKS OF ART

By *Petronius Arbiter*

OUR STANDARD:

The logical Standard of Art Measurement for a sure evaluation of works of art is based; on rare examples of the highest manifestations of the Six Elements of Art Power.

That is to say: The greatest work of art in the world is that one in which we see manifested:

First: A Subject which is Socially the most beneficent, of interest to the greatest number of people, and the noblest in Conception.

Second: In which the Expression: on the faces of the figures, in the details, and in the work as a whole—expresses profoundly that which the work is supposed to express.

Third: In which the Composition is the most sublime.

Fourth: In which the Drawing of all forms is the most true and effective in rendering Life, above all—Ideal Life.

Fifth: In which the Color is the most varied and rich.

Sixth: In which the surface Technique is the most vigorous, appropriate, and unoffensively individual; the whole work of such a Quality, and so coordinated, as to insure a result, in which a Subject is expressed with the greatest Completeness and Harmony; so as to stir the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

We consider a work of art great or trivial in ratio of the degree to which it measures up to this standard.

A GREAT WORK OF ART

"THE DOCTOR" BY LUKE FILDES, R.A.

WHEN this picture, now in the Tate Gallery in London, was painted Luke Fildes worked better than he knew. It is one of the most universally popular pictures painted in the latter half of the 19th Century. Thousands of reproductions have been sold in all parts of the world, engravings large and small, plain and colored photographs of all sizes, in fact by every kind of known translocation. It is found in the houses of the rich and poor, the highly cultured and those making no pretense to culture. Many who are easily stirred by pathos or poetry have wept before it; others not so easily emotioned have been exalted by it to new resolves of duty and a broader sympathy for humanity. Many times one has heard people of all degrees of culture and feeling say "It is wonderful!" In short it meets the final condition of Taine—that a great work of art must appeal to both the high and low, the learned and unlearned. So that here we have a brilliant proof of what we have been trying to make the public see: there are endless ways of conceiving a given subject, on a lofty or commonplace plane.

It has been stated before: Art is not style, nor technique, nor form, nor drawing, nor color, nor ideas; it is a combination of all these elements.

It has been said; we are a combination of body, mind and soul; we experience physical, mental and spiritual emotions; our first desire after we do experience an emotion is to communicate that emotion to one or more of our fellow-men; art begins when we express an emotion, no matter how crude the form of the expression may be, but a work of art becomes great and immortal in ratio to the loftiness of our emotion and the enduring power with which the work of art keeps on rousing that emotion in others and across the ages—be it a drama, a picture, a statue, a poem, a temple or an oratorio. Therefore we must judge works of art by the following definition:

Every human work made, in any language, with the purpose of expressing or stirring human emotion is a work of art; and a work of art is great in

ratio to its power of stirring the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

The subject is "The Doctor." What an every-day subject! We are so used to seeing the doctor do his diurnal chores in his rounds that we have become blunted to his lofty mission, his frequent self-sacrifice, often his heroic ministrations in tight places full of personal danger, not seldom at the expense of his own life. In fact, some of us have become so dulled to the mission of the doctor that he is now and then the subject of comic pictures, witness Ter Borch's "The Doctor" or Hogarth's picture of the same subject.

In this picture Fildes has conceived the subject on the highest plane ever reached by any artists who ever handled the subject—on the epic plane—showing phases of human suffering and sympathy which lend to life at once a dark and a generous color. Every string of solemnity in the gamut of life is being played upon here and with dramatic intensity.

How completely the picture tells its story! The beautiful child of the farmer is sick—so sick that the mother, seeing the perplexity on the face of the great-hearted doctor, realizes that her beloved darling is in imminent danger and, overcome by her fears, gives way to a wave of maternal emotion and seeks surcease in tears.

The strong, fine farmer affectionately puts his hand on her shoulder with a reassuring touch while scanning the face of the doctor who is trying to penetrate the veil of the child's mysterious condition, searching in his mind for a remedy—or as if waiting for a suggestion from a higher power that might direct him to the best method of saving the child.

Having fixed the plane of his conception, notice the splendid types he has chosen—the magnificent head of the strong and vigorous physician who would inspire confidence in the sick room of a king; the characteristic English farmer; the truly beautiful child; we feel that the hidden face even of the

sorrowing mother must be beautiful. These selections are all a matter of the conceiving of the subject of the story, on a lofty plane of thought. But how beautifully it has been told!

Having conceived his subject on a lofty plane he composes it perfectly. In fact it is monumental. Let the student draw a line from the farmer's head to the head of the doctor and then to his hand, then to the left-hand corner of the picture and he will have one side of a triangle; then draw another line from the farmer's head to the handle of the pitcher and to the right-hand corner, and he will have a second line of a triangle—the floor line making the base of his triangle or pyramid. Again, the doctor's head is the apex of another pyramid. It is this double-pyramidization which gives the work that monumental character. In fact there are five pyramidal masses. It is these that heave or lift the mind upward. Yet this pyramidization is so skilfully concealed that only the experts in composition note it.

Then through all these *pyramidal* lines which lift the mind we have smaller *curved* and graceful lines—the following of which *cradle* the eyes and mind back and forth in a pleasurable manner; and then the bench and the square window give just enough *angular* lines to *jostle* the eyes and mind. So that here Fildes has used all three elements of beauty of line-composition—angular, curved and pyramidal.

The rabid modernist will say: "Yes, these are all 'conventional accessories.'" Of course they are. But there is a decree of nature, that only by the use of these three elements of line-beauty can an artist make a really beautiful composition—albeit he must do it with infinite skill as Fildes has here done so as not to make it too obvious.

Having composed his work monumentally, how consummately he has expressed in each face and in each body that which the drama admitted of being expressed! How intently and sympathetically the doctor seeks a clue to save the life of that child, even though it is only the child of a poor farmer. How astonishingly he has rendered the sickness of the child even though she be asleep! In fact the drawing and rendering of the child is one of the great masterpieces of skill of the 19th Century—

equalled only by that other masterpiece in the Luxembourg—the sick child in Geoffroy's "A Visit" (See January ART WORLD 1917, page 268).

Then note the stern self-control of the father as he "stands by" his beloved wife to support her soul in the hour of trial. He is majestic in his simple devotion to the stricken wife. And last but not least, study the profound dejection and surrender to her heartache of the poor mother! Nobody ever did express soul suffering more completely than has Fildes on this small piece of canvas. All this intense drama is reinforced by the profound expression with which the light from the lamp and from the window and every scrap and object is painted. Finally notice the expression of all the hands!

In short it is a triumph of the power of adequate expression in face and of form, line and movement. All this has been achieved by a drawing so perfect, a color so appropriate—but it must be seen in the Tate Gallery to be appreciated—a technique so effective yet so modestly personal as to be universal in its appeal, without missing the "personal" note. No "individualistic" ego-maniacal technical stunts here of drawing or painting! All is simple, powerful, lifting and poetic in the highest degree.

Then, what a social sermon—in what was never intended to be a sermon! We have the whole range of human love—affectionate love of mother for her child, loyalty of the husband to the wife and the great-hearted sympathy of a powerful man for a helpless child; all at the close of day, with perilous night stealing on, more dreaded by the wise mother than the morning; and that no doubt makes her ask herself: "Will she survive the witching hour when life's energy runs low?" So that we are justified in saying, this is one of the greatest works of art created during the Nineteenth Century and as immortal as the canvas upon which it is painted.

It is such works as this that English artists produce now and then—which, in the mass of mediocre English art, are apt to be passed over by mediocre critics dulled by the general commonplaceness of output; but this is true of the mass of output in every nation, even France, but there it has always one redeeming quality: cleverness—even when spiritually common.

A DEGENERATE WORK OF ART "THE BATHERS" BY CEZANNE

HAVING read our praise of Luke Fildes's work would the reader expect to find a writer capable of saying—it is not art at all? But, as Napoleon said "The unexpected always happens."

A supra-pretentious aesthetician named Clive Bell says in his "Art," the most ambitious book yet written to bolster up the waning movement called Modernism, above all that branch of it called Post-Impressionism: "Of course 'The Doctor' is not a work of art. In its form it is not used as an *object* of emotion but as a means of suggesting emotions. . . . Not being a work of art 'The Doctor' has none of the immense *ethical* value possessed by all objects that provoke aesthetic pleasure." [Italics are ours.] Such a verdict is simply stupefying to a normal man.

For the guidance of those readers who are not expert from long experience in catching the "joker"

in any book, above all in art books issued by financially interested European art dealers, and by publishers and writers in the world of art who are often associated with them in the delightful game of fouling waters by methods of the cuttle-fish in order to unload their wares on the public—we will say the joker in this book is found in the first chapter "The Aesthetic Hypothesis," written in the most cryptic pseudo-erudite style with intent no doubt to becloud the reader. Why an "hypothesis" at all in so simple a thing as art? Why not a clear definition, seeing that everything of which we have a really *clear notion* can be defined? But throughout this book there is not one clear sentence as to the fundamentals. No definitions, no explanations, the reader is left in the air as to his real meaning about every basic thing.

On page 6, with exquisite effrontery, Mr. Bell

says: "The starting point for all systems of aesthetics must be the *personal* experience of a *peculiar* emotion. . . . This emotion is called *aesthetic emotion*; and if we can discover *some quality* common and *peculiar* to all objects that provoke it, we shall have solved what I take to be the central problem of aesthetics." This is the first joker in Mr. Bell's book.

On page 7 he says: "For either all works of visual art have some *common quality*, or when we speak of 'works of art' we gibber. . . . There must be *some quality* without which a work of art cannot exist; possessing which, in the least degree, no work is altogether worthless. What is this quality? What quality is shared by all objects that provoke aesthetic emotion? What quality is common to Santa Sophia and the windows at Chartres, Mexican sculpture, a Persian bowl, Chinese carpets, Giotto's frescoes at Padua and the masterpieces of Poussin, Piero della Francesca and Cézanne? Only one answer seems possible—*significant form*; 'significant form' is the one quality common to all works of visual art." [Italics are ours.] This is the second and most dangerous joker in the book.

If you swallow these baits, reader, you are lost! But luckily for art, not only does Mr. Bell nowhere explain what he means by "significant form" but the whole statement is absolutely false and a Mephistophic trap cunningly fabricated and enunciated to catch the unwary.

Who did ever agree to these two grotesque assumptions? Certainly no writers of any authority. They are Mr. Bell's own *ipse dixit*s, issued with all the imperturbable cheek characteristic of the Cagliostro of the ages in the expectation that the world is foolish enough to swallow this bait as the fat carps at Fontainebleau swallow anything that is thrown to them. Cunningly enough he nowhere in his book clearly explains what he means by "significant form," and this in itself is sufficiently significant—either of an intention to becloud the issue or of the fact that Mr. Bell does not size up to his first paragraph: "He who would elaborate a plausible theory of aesthetics must possess two qualities—artistic sensibility and a turn for clear thinking."

As we painfully wade through this book we finally grasp that perhaps by "significant form" Mr. Bell really means "style," but that word does not once occur in his book. If he does not mean that, he means mere moonshine. But assuming that he does mean style; style is not the *common quality* of all art nor is "significant form," whatever that might be. There are many works of art that have no style whatever. Others have much style. Some have a universal style, others a purely personal style. But in any event to make style the basis of a definition of art is silly or a charlatan's attempt to throw things topsy-turvy in the ancient art world of common-sense.

If some one should to-day preach: "Copper and not gold is the basis of a dollar!" because copper enters into the making of a gold dollar, the Government would call in an alienist.

To preach that style or "significant form" is the one common quality of works of art, and that such works of art as have not this peculiar style are rubbish; and to make style, or significant form,

the basis of a system of aesthetics, also calls for an alienist—or if not that, then the ostracism we give to all charlatans.

In all things majorities rule. And the vast majority of thinkers, from Plato down, have long ago agreed that the basis of all art is the *expression and the stirring of human emotion*. Delsarte put the matter in a nutshell when he said "Art is an emotion passed through thought and fixed in form." And it makes no difference what the emotion is or what the form is. A child trying to express an emotion, no matter how crude, creates a work of art. It may be a childish work of art, but it is a work of art nevertheless and the only difference between a childish work of art and the greatest work of art is that, in the greatest work of art the greater emotion is expressed in the greatest manner.

This is so axiomatic that the attempt of Mr. Bell and his fellows to allure the world cunningly to shift the basis of art and accept his impudent dictum that "significant form" or style is the basis of art, would be exasperating, were it not so screamingly foolish and funny. The reader who reaches the bottom of page 8 in Mr. Bell's volume may as well throw the book in the ash-barrel, for he will only wade through a mass of more or less mushy, insolent and anarchistic twaddle, and at the end have met with not one constructive idea.

But to expose one more of the "aestheticians" who is either a lunatic or a fraud we will analyze his book in which, for support of himself, he now and then drags in Mr. Roger Fry—another pretentious art prophet and twisted soul lost in a jungle of auto-deceptions, easily up-gobbled half-truths and exploded notions floating round in the Modernistic Bohemia like the algae and rotting wrecks in that fabulous aquatic maze the Sargasso Sea.

According to Mr. Bell works of art are such as have "Significant Form." Those which have not *his* "significant form" are not works of art, according to him. Why? Because "They leave untouched our *aesthetic emotions*—because it is not their forms, but the ideas or information suggested or conveyed by these forms, that affect us." And according to him works of art should not "suggest ideas or information." Yet the suggestion and *representation* of ideas has been the main object of every *expressive* artist since time began!

Moreover, according to Mr. Bell, *representation*—that is, the naturalistic and rational representation of an idea, in naturalistic forms—is taboo in "Art." Ignoring Shakespeare's famous advice to the players in "Hamlet" he has the ineptitude to say: "The thing that Shakespeare set himself to realize was not a faithful presentation of life. The creation of illusion was not the artistic problem that Shakespeare used as a channel for his artistic emotions." This, in view of the fact that Shakespeare emphatically instructed the players: "To hold, as 't were, the *mirror up to nature*!"

Further Mr. Bell says: "*Representation* is not of necessity baneful. . . . Very often, however, representation is a sign of weakness in an artist." . . . Every sacrifice made to representation is something stolen from art."

But we might ask: what is the fundamental basis

of the visual drama? Representation, is it not? Representation of life in all its phases? Take representation out of art, and dramatic art from Aischylos down would have to be wiped out as not art at all, but "nasty realism"—as Mr. Bell says good representative art is.

We repeat, according to Mr. Bell, art consists of "significant form," "creative form," "pure form"—"imagined form"—that is: all such form as is not realistic, representative or naturalistic, but *imagined form*, that is: such form as all the *primitive* or *savage* artists created or bungled into because they could not do better with the material they had to work with. Such was—according to him—the art of the Sumerians, Chaldeans, archaic Greeks, the primitive Byzantines and primitive Italians down to Cimbuë, and then the brutalized and simplified forms of a Matisse, a Cézanne, a Gauguin and the whole crew of Post-Impressionists—far removed from even relatively true natural forms!

Says Mr. Bell: "Very often, I fear the misrepresentation of the *primitives* must be attributed to what critics call 'wilful distortion.' Be that as it may, the point is that, either from want of skill or want of will, primitives neither create illusions, nor make display of extravagant accomplishment, but concentrate their energies on the one thing essential—the creation of form (we should say the bungling of form). Thus they have created the finest works of art that we possess." (*Sic.*)

Again: "Go to Ravenna and you will see the masterpieces of Christian art, the primitives: go to the Tate Gallery or the Luxembourg, and you will see Christian art at its last gasp." And further: "Though I cannot rate the best Byzantine art of the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth Centuries quite so high as I rate that of the Sixth, I am inclined to hold it superior, not only to anything that was to come, but also to the very finest achievements of the greatest ages of Egypt, Crete and Greece!" And then he goes into raptures over the "significant form" of the malformed and deformed works of Cézanne of which we give a good example on page 323.

But the most neurotic doctrine of this aesthete's "Æsthetic Hypothesis" and "Metaphysical Hypothesis" is that art should be *utterly detached* from life, and not represent life, nor arouse the emotions of life, but stir only what he, with a new-fangled notion, presumes to call *aesthetic emotion*, whatever that may mean. Hear him: "Art transports us from the world of *man's activity* to a world of *aesthetic exaltation*." . . . "What I have to say is this: the rapt philosopher, and he who contemplates a work of art, inhabits a world with an intense and peculiar significance of its own: that significance is *unrelated* to the significance of *life*. In this world the emotions of *life* find no place. It is a world with emotions of its own." . . . "What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? No more than this, I think. The contemplation of pure form leads to a state of extraordinary exaltation and *complete detachment* from the concerns of *life*: of so much, speaking for myself, I am sure." . . . "And of one thing I am sure. Be they artists or lovers of art, mystics or mathematicians, those who achieve ecstasy are those *who have freed themselves from the arrogance of humanity*." . . .

"Because the *aesthetic* emotions are outside and above life, it is possible to take refuge in them from life. He who has once lost himself in an 'O Altitude!' will not be tempted to overestimate the fussy excitements of action." . . . "That is why poetry, though it has its raptures, does not transport us to the remote *aesthetic* beatitude in which, *freed from humanity*, we are upstayed by a musical and pure visual form." [Italics are ours.] But nowhere does he explain what is "pure visual form."

That is: this Hegelio-metaphysical, *aesthetic* Münchhausen has lifted himself by the boot-straps of his "transcendental ratiocination" to a point of detachment so far above his fellow men and from life such as all normal men see it, that he has, like a Mandarin of art in his "Ivory Tower," reduced all art to his petty piddle of a conception—"significant form"!

And the nearest he comes to telling us his idea of "significant form" is by the following footnote: "When Mr. Okakura, the official editor of *The Temple Treasures of Japan*, first came to Europe . . . it was not until he came on to Henri Matisse that he again found himself in the *familiar world of pure art*"! And further: "Primarily it is as a period of fertility in good artists that I admire the Post-Impressionist movement." And further: "Cézanne carried me off my feet before ever I noticed that his strongest characteristic was an insistence on the supremacy of significant form." On page 329 we give two examples of the art of Matisse and on page 323 one of Cézanne. They speak for themselves.

That we are not doing the latter injustice by selecting this work of his we will state that in the sumptuous volume "Paul Cézanne" by Vollard, art dealer of Paris, page 122, will be found a photograph of Cézanne seated before this very picture. Also we do not give it a skimpy quarter of a page but a full-page illustration, so that the reader can study this work, one of those which took Mr. Bell "off his feet."

Here we have, then, what he calls "significant form"! For us it is significant with a vengeance of Cézanne's lunacy. For did any sane artist ever attempt to pass off such deformed forms as *artistic* or *beautiful*, or at all *human forms*?

But Mr. Bell says: "We are familiar with pictures that interest us and excite our admiration, but do not move us as works of art. To this class belongs what I call *Descriptive Painting*—that is, painting in which forms are used not as *objects* of emotion but as *means* of suggesting emotion or conveying information. Portraits of psychological and historical value, topographical works (does he mean landscapes?), pictures which tell stories and suggest situations, illustrations of all sorts belong to this class. . . . According to my hypothesis, they are not works of art. They leave untouched our *aesthetic* emotions because it is not their *forms* but the *ideas* or information suggested or conveyed by their forms that affect us." [Italics are ours.]

This is either the metaphysical hypothesis of a madman or the endeavor of a cynical, commercial charlatan to "put over" on mankind a new "hypothesis" as he calls it—that of "aesthetic emotion," and

opposing it to spiritual emotion and to set himself up as the prophet of an entirely new *basis* of art. But nowhere does he tell us what constitutes "aesthetic emotion"—the *basis* of his new hypothesis and cornerstone of his system of art valuation.

He goes on to say: "Few pictures are better known or liked than Frith's 'Paddington Station': certainly I should be the last to grudge it its popularity. Many weary forty minutes have I whiled away disentangling its fascinating incidents and forging for each an imaginary past and an improbable future. But certain though it is that Frith's masterpiece, or engravings of it, have provided thousands with half-hours of curious and fanciful pleasure, it is not less certain that no one has experienced before it one half-second of *aesthetic* rapture—and this although the picture contains several pretty passages of color, and is by no means badly painted. 'Paddington Station' is not a work of art: it is an interesting and amusing document in which line and color are used to recount anecdotes, suggest ideas and indicate the manners and customs of an age: they are not used to provoke *aesthetic* emotion."

"About the middle of the Nineteenth Century art was nearly dead as art can be. The Pre-Raphael-



A PAINTED PORTRAIT
BY MATISSE

Example of "creative form," "imagined form" according to the Post-Impressionists. In normal people it creates astonishment and disgust and an unaffected hilarity. Yet Mr. Bell considers such things "pure form," such works a fit basis for an "Aesthetic Hypothesis" and the only kind of works worthy of the name of Art.



A PORTRAIT IN BRONZE
BY MATISSE

Sample of "significant form" which, for Mr. Clive Bell and the Post-Impressionists, is the basis of art. Significant of the incapacity of a child or savage, or of a charlatan hoping to unload such works upon cunningly deluded people or semi-insane neurotics.

ites had the taste to prefer Giotto to Raphael, but the only genuine reason they could give for their preference was that they felt Raphael to be vulgar. The reason was good but not fundamental."

"The Seventeenth Century is rich in individual geniuses; but they are individual. Rembrandt, indeed, perhaps the greatest of them all, is a typical ruin of his age. For, except in a few of his later works, his sense of form and design is utterly lost in a mass of rhetoric, romance and chiaroscuro. . . . It is difficult to forgive the Seventeenth Century for what it made of Rembrandt's genius." Why this cry? Because Rembrandt was rational and drew and painted close to nature.

Such insolent assumption of superiority might be tolerated if Mr. Bell would say that some other rational, naturalistic artist pleased him more than Rembrandt, such as Titian or Velasquez. But to trot out the undeveloped, still childish Primitives, who worked during the intellectual night of the Middle Ages from the Fifth to the Fourteenth Centuries and say that those artists and the savages of Africa alone produced art is so exasperating that it is not possible to treat him with respect.

This "thinker" reminds one of the Parisian distiller who, every now and then, would bring out a new concoction and say: "This alone can give you real joy! What you have been experiencing from other liquors since Adam is not joy but a sham joy—only as yet you do not know it. Only I and a few adepts can now really taste the joy of this new drink—later, when you have tired of your ancient source of joy, this new source will appeal to

you as giving you the only real joy!" For Mr. Bell says: "It is a pity that cultivated and intelligent men and women cannot be induced to believe that a great gift of æsthetic appreciation is at least as rare in visual as in musical art (but the latter is not rare) I do not say that they cannot understand art—rather I say that they cannot understand the state of mind of those who understand it best." And so this new æsthetic pundit lets us gradually know that all the art which all the normal thinkers of the world have for thousands of years regarded as great is to him simply rubbish, and only such art is art, to him, as is archaic or degenerate or abstract or metaphysical and detached from all the concerns of life and utterly unrepresentative of human emotions!

Such a book as this by Clive Bell is a pernicious poison. For the inexperienced and those who do not quickly see the "joker" in any argument or system of thinking, brought forward to defend bad or degrading art in order to catch the shekels of the crowd, are caught by its specious and pretentious "learning."

Art which detaches itself from life, has no concern with life or the emotions, hopes and fears and aspirations of men, has no warrant for existence. For the most perfect art is that which not only deals with life but does it the most profoundly and expresses and represents it the most completely. And all art like the example by Cézanne we here reproduce, in which the forms are either underrealized through awkward incompetence, or overrealized through sophisticated deformation, are the works either of undeveloped children or incompetent maniacs or of cynical charlatans deliberately bent on bucooning the public by turning rational form, full of spiritual emotions for us normal people, into "significant or imagined form" full of "æsthetic emotions" which no one comprehends except the artistic crooks who fabricate it to swindle the cunningly bewildered portion of the world.

This picture by Cézanne which we reproduce, appears to all normal artists—those who have not been made neurotics by hashish, absinthe or vice—to be a mere sketch. As such, nothing can be said against it. For "a sketch ends where criticism begins!" Moreover it is a fine example of what the cynical modernists call a "conventional beaux-art composition"—well-balanced and architectonic. But for these Modernists it is not "conventional"—only because Cézanne made it! Had Boulanger or Gérôme, two rational and great artists, made it, it would be for Mr. Bell, the Modernist, a despicable "academic convention." Placed in the hands of a master like Ingres or Holbein or Velasquez, not to speak of Rembrandt, Giorgione and Raphael, it might be made into something really fine. But since, for the Modernists, nothing counts in art except a shrieking, ego-maniacal "individuality," an unheard-of stunning novelty of technique, "significant or imagined" form, Cézanne went just so far in the *twisting* of his forms, of his heads, tree-trunks and branches, etc., went just so far in his deformation of the form, and then said: "*Voilà! un chef-d'œuvre!*" and at once the candidates for a sanitarium fell down and worshipped!

The fact is Cézanne did not know how to draw. In Vollard's book on Cézanne there are scores of

drawings—but not one of them is above the skill of one who "never took no lessons!" Therefore since this work is deliberately left badly drawn, in a state suggesting either primitive archaicism or the end-of-an-epoch degeneracy, it is "creative form" and therefore "æsthetically emotioning" Art!—to Mr. Bell, whatever that may mean. To talk of creative *composition* is common-sense, but to talk of creative *form* is nonsense, it is only another word for the "deformation of the form." It is this *deformation* of natural human forms when making a statue or a picture which is the essence and degenerating element of extreme Modernistic art.

Was not Zola, the Frenchman and intimate friend of Paul Cézanne, a better judge of his works than Mr. Clive Bell the Englishman? We think so. And Zola said of Cézanne:

"Our comrades willingly held him for a *Raté* (a failure) but I did not cease to tell them: 'Paul has the genius of a great painter!' Ah! Why was I not a good prophet at that time? My dear big Cézanne had the spark. But if he had the *genius* of a great painter, he did not have the *talent* to *become one*. He *lost himself* too much in his *dreams*, dreams which did not have their *accomplishment*. According to his own words he had given himself out to be *nursed by Illusions!* It gives me too much pain when I think of what he *might have been* if he had been willing to *control his imagination* and also to *carefully work over his forms* because, if one is born a poet, one has to *learn to be a good workman*."

"Everything that Cézanne wrote was *unexpected* and original, but I did not keep his letters, because I did not for anything in the world want that they might be read by others—because of their *more or less loose form*."

"I remember, however, after receiving one of his missives from Provence having said to him: 'I like these *strange* thoughts of yours like young Bohemians with their bizarre glances, their dirty feet and their heads in flowers.' But I could not help adding: 'Our sovereign master the Public is more difficult to satisfy. It does not care a snap for princesses dressed in rags. To find grace in its eyes we must not only say something, *but we must say it well!*'" [*Italics are ours.*]

But Mr. Roger Fry says in the *Burlington Magazine* of August 1917: "The thought of a Cézanne having to earn his living is altogether too tragic. But if life spared him in this respect his temperament spared him nothing—for this rough Provençal, country-man had so exasperated a sensibility that the smallest detail of daily life, the barking of a dog, the noise of a lift in a neighboring house, the dread of being touched even by his own son, might produce at any moment a nervous explosion. At such times his first relief was in cursing and swearing, but if this failed, the chances were that his anger vented itself on his pictures—he would cut one to pieces with his palette knife or failing that roll it up and throw it into the stove."

Does not all this tend to prove that Cézanne was crazy? And that Zola sensed this and gradually dropped Cézanne? For this Mr. Roger Fry chides Zola, saying of him: "His own practice of literature led him further and further away from any concern with pure art and he failed to recognize

that his own early prophecy of Cézanne's greatness had come true, simply because he himself had become a popular author and Cézanne had failed of any kind of success. Unfortunately Zola, who had evidently lost all real aesthetic feeling, continued to talk about art, and worse than that, he had made the hero of *L'Oeuvre* a more or less recognizable portrait of his old friend," etc.

We repeat, according to this latest pretentious "aesthete," there is no art unless it is made of

overexcited through hashish, absinthe or other vices, plus ego-mania to show off his personal grace of style, so that no living soul should mistake him, as he and his "significant and creative form" strut by, then he is in the pathological state which appealed to Mr. Bell and lured him on to say: "Be they artists or lovers of art, mystics or mathematicians, those who achieve ecstasy are those who have freed themselves from the arrogance of humanity"—a detachment that smacks of the sanitarium!



From "Art" by Clive Bell

"LANDSCAPE" BY CÉZANNE

Example of "significant form" according to Post-Impressionists: to a normal mind significant of childish incompetence.

"significant form," that is "pure form," that is "creative form," that is "imagined form," that is "stylized form," that is—Style! This brings us back to the vicious half-truth of Chateaubriand: "A book lives only by virtue of its style!"—a slogan the foolishness of which we have already shown. Mr. Bell does not mention the word *style* once in his book—a most significant proof that by "Significant Form" he really means "style" in form, that is: a departure from photographically exact nature, by either taking away from or adding to nature's forms. But this is not new. Bacon had already said: "Art is man *added to nature*." By which he meant—style is—man added to nature, with which we agree.

But the question is always, how far shall an artist depart from nature, in his overstylization of form, before we are justified in calling him insane?

"Significant form" is not art, style is not art; they are a part of art. Simple art means the expression of one's emotions; higher art the expression of an emotion so as to communicate that emotion to others; great art means to express great emotions so grandly that by this expression the same emotions will be roused in the greatest number of people across the ages. How to do this is difficult but not mysterious. We have been explaining the process in the last two years and will keep on doing so.

We repeat, the primitive, with an intellect not yet fully developed, incompetently overstylizing his form through childish awkwardness is only half-awake intellectually, only half-insane. And the extreme neurotic Modernist, oversophisticated and overstylizing his forms—because of overdevelopment of the mind and twisting of his soul—is no longer sane. But when he becomes



From "Art" by Clive Bell

A CABALISTIC PICTURE BY PICASSO

According to Mr. Bell an example of esoteric transcendental "significant form" and "creative form" which gives him and his friends "an aesthetic emotion" bordering on the sublime!

bog, saying: "In a sense all art is anarchical; to take art seriously is to be unable to take seriously the conventions and principles by which societies exist. It may be said with some justice that Post-Impressionism is peculiarly anarchical because it challenges so violently the conventional traditions of art and, by implication I suppose, the conventional view of life."

"Why should artists bother about the fate of humanity? If art does not justify itself, aesthetic rapture does. . . . Rapture suffices."

"To bother much about anything but the present is, we all (Post-Impressionists) agree, beneath the dignity of a healthy human animal."

"The one good thing society can do for the artist is to leave him alone. Give him liberty. The more the artist is freed from the pressure of public taste

and opinion, from the hope of rewards and the menace of morals, from the fear of absolute starvation or punishment and from the prospect of wealth or popular consideration, the better for him and the better for art, and therefore the better for everyone."

Finally we come to the crux of the matter as far as Mr. Bell and his Post-Impressionists *seem* to be concerned: "It is unthinkable that any Government should ever *buy* what is *best* in the work of its own age; it is a question how far *purchase by the state*, even of fine old pictures, is a benefit to art." "As for contemporary art, *official patronage* is the surest method of encouraging in it all that is most stupid and pernicious." "As I shall hope to show, something might be said for supporting and enriching Galleries and Museums if *only the public attitude towards, and the official conception of, these places could be changed.*" [Italics are ours.]

That is: Rational art, made in the interest of and inspired by normal society, is pernicious; but Post-Impressionism, inspired by abnormal Modernistic artists is holy! Therefore take your normal art out of the public galleries and put our abnormal art in its place! That is as the French say: *Ote-toi de là que je m'y mette!*

This is the attitude of the whole gang of futuristic anarchists, who have threatened to burn and dynamite every Museum in Europe, in order to have "a new deal" and to begin all over again, simply to please these hectic, restless, impatient men with an insane desire for setting topsy-turvy the world of art: in order to quickly have something they call "New!"

Those who are *au courant* with the secret masonic significance of modernistic works know perfectly well, that those who are the initiated in the cult understand the meaning of certain symbols which are used in them. If the true facts of this meaning were known to those who are led astray by the sophisticated, metaphysical, altitudinizing verbiage of the æsthetic pundits of this whole Futuristic movement, they would pause, and perhaps retrace their steps toward normal ways of thinking and feeling. The police of Europe, familiar with the purlieus and cloaca of their cities and with the portentous ravages there of sex-perversion, understand these symbols and suppressed much of this modernistic art—when it went too far. And after this war, much more will certainly be suppressed by an awakened public opinion.

In this book, so full of misstatements as to make the judicious wonder at the moral obliquity of Mr. Bell, he uses much energy in insulting the public by claiming that it knows nothing about art. He caps his system with these edifying sentiments: "Art Schools do nothing but harm, because they must do something." . . . "However wicked it may be to try to shock the public, it is not so wicked as trying to please it." . . . "The least the state can do is to protect the people who have something to say that may cause a riot."

This is the language of every anarchist. For the public knows all that the greatest artist knows about the function of art, i. e.: whether a work of art has the power of emotioning either the body, mind or soul of normal human beings. And that is all the

public needs to know. It does not need to know anything about the mysteries of technical causes. It knows nothing about the technical processes the Creator uses in producing flowers. It needs only to know that flowers do stir our emotions and it does know perfectly well that, in the last analysis, to the vast majority of people on the globe, the Rose comes nearest to being the most beautiful of all flowers and is generally the first choice of all men, even though they may be charmed by many others.

The laws of beauty were fixed by nature. They are known and were analyzed in our November 1916 issue. The public need not know these laws. But it is affected by the various kinds of beauty according to these simple laws; and that is all that is necessary. And these laws will dominate art for all time to come as they have in the past.

Tolstoi was a great story-teller and an erratic philosopher. But he said a few profoundly true things. One is in substance; whenever a charlatan or a semi-madman invents a "new art" he or his protagonists invent a new "system of æsthetics" with new definitions and new hypothesis to justify this new art. The 300-page screed of Mr. Bell is a striking proof of this implication of Tolstoi.

In conclusion, we may say of Mr. Bell what Carlyle said of Coleridge: "His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The moaning sing-song of that theosophico-metaphysical monotony left on you, at last, a very dreary feeling . . . but in general you could not call this aimless, cloud-capped, cloud-based, lawlessly meandering human discourse of reason by the name of 'excellent talk,' but only of 'surprising'; and were reminded bitterly of Hazlitt's account of it: 'Excellent talker, very—if you let him start from no premises and come to no conclusion.'"

"The truth is, I now see, Coleridge's talk and speculation was the emblem of himself: in it as in him a ray of heavenly inspiration struggled, in a tragically ineffectual degree, with the weakness of flesh and blood . . . he preferred to create logical Fata Morgana for himself on this hither side, and laboriously solace himself with these . . . and he had not valiantly grappled with it, he had fled from it: sought refuge in vague day-dreams, hollow compromises, in opium, in theosophic metaphysics . . . And so the empyrean element, lying smothered under the terrene, and yet inextinguishable there, made sad writhings.

"For the old Eternal Powers do live forever; nor do their laws know any change, however we in our poor wigs and church-tippets may attempt to read their laws. To *steal* into Heaven,—by the modern method, of sticking ostrich-like your head into fal-lacies on Earth, equally as by the ancient and by all conceivable methods—is forever forbidden. High-treason is the name of that attempt; and it continues to be punished as such. Strange enough: here once more was a kind of Heaven-scaling Ixion; and to him, as to the old one, the just gods were very stern! The ever-revolving, never-advancing Wheel (of a kind) was his, through life; and from his Cloud-Juno did not he too procreate strange Centaurs, spectral Puseyisms, monstrous illusory Hybrids, and ecclesiastical Chimeras,—which now roam the earth in a very lamentable manner?"

MISCELLANY



"WEST WIND"



"EAST WIND"

DECORATIVE PANELS BY ANTHONY DI FRANCISCI
POLYCHROME TERRA-COTTA, FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A HOUSE

THE TWO WINDS OF DI FRANCISCI

TERRA-COTTA for architectural use is fortunately increasing in favor and one may perhaps forecast a time when the present timidity of architects and builders toward the use of strong positive colors will give way before examples that appeal to those who long to see our towns enlivened with vigorous hues. Unlike stone and painted plaster, terra-cotta is able to maintain its color in spite of the soot and dust that accumulate on house-fronts and shroud the most delicate color-schemes of architects in one deadly pall. It is well to find a sculptor allowed to work out a decoration in colored faience; such an opportunity Mr. Joseph Day of Short Hills, New Jersey, has given the young artist Anthony di Francischi, whose studio is in New York.

The two panels carried out in polychrome terra-cotta are to decorate the entrance to Mr. Day's house where they have been placed by Mr. W. W. Renwick, architect. One panel shows the West Wind like an infant Herakles throttling the serpents—he is engaged in combat with the dragon of the upper firmament. In this part of the world the west wind generally brings good weather along with it, so that the scheme is not amiss. The other panel is the East Wind symbolized by a young Ethiope riding in the old classical way upon the grateful, the legendary dolphin, a sea beast concerning whose kindness of disposition and readiness to bear youths of beauteous form or musical skill on its back a hundred stories have been told.

The Orient is told in this figure and the flying crane suggests the birds that seek shelter before the coming tempest.

While the half-tone cannot reproduce the colors of these panels, one may admire their composition and the clever employment of line and mass by the sculptor. He shows himself here an eclectic like several other young sculptors one could mention, here and abroad. Ancient Greek, old Indian and Chinese art have left their touch and the result is a pleasing combination full of liveliness and grace.

Mr. di Francisci is a young sculptor who was born in Italy, but for many years has been resident in New York where his skilful modeling and quick, effective work has recommended him as assistant to a number of older sculptors. Of late he has been striking out for himself. Beside his technical attainments he has imagination—and gives high promise of even better work in the coming years.



Courtesy of Scott & Fowles

LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT OF HILDA KRISTINA
BY SALVATORE LASCARI

MISS BAYLOS ON ART AND PREPAREDNESS

Editor THE ART WORLD:

Sir From writers on occultism we learn that it takes ages to evolve art. With this in view, we begin to feel its significance in the world—that it is put here for some great purpose. We make and we also hear from historians the false statement that art at its climax shows marks of degeneration in the country and people where it has the most followers. The last war has fully contradicted this statement. Did we not think France, the Mecca of Art, a degenerate country? Is its patriotism not soaring to its highest pitch? Every one who has followed this conflict of powers in Europe notices that "degenerate" France showed undaunted courage—each man a hero, and *en masse* willing to die for the country if needed. What is nobler than self-sacrifice, paid with its own life? Is heroism a quality of degeneration? Did any country do more for art and its followers than France—the only country whose government endorsed Art?

We all call for great preparedness. We are apt to bring doubt and mistrust in our make-up. We must cultivate pleasure which is derived from the Arts. We think of music, of all the arts, first. Even in time of our greatest distress we turn to music first, as it appeals to our primeval emotions. Next is literature, or the art of writing, as that portrays our emotions. But sculpture and painting are regarded as something beyond and later to be acquired by the people.

Let me say to our Government and to our country at large that we should endorse the arts of painting and sculpture for our great preparedness, which should be called efficiency. Soon our soldiers will question: what has Art to do with the preparedness of our country? It is to cultivate love, hope and faith, as these three essential qualities of life are the whole make-up of an artist, a painter and a sculptor, since they have all other arts combined with Spirit, the creative element of Love and Beauty portrayed and visualized.

Love is the first quality, but Love and Beauty go hand in hand. Where there is Love, there is Beauty; and Art is founded primarily on Love, which is the active form, while Beauty is the passive form. Cut Love out of your existence and you are dead for the universe. It is Love that stirs every fibre of our being for the good of mankind. It is Love for our country which creates patriotism. We can trace Love to the primeval existence of the cosmic, the law of attraction which holds the universe and rules it by its laws. It is Love that stirred us to take part in the great war. But the most active element in us must recoil at times and become passive, and it must give room to pleasure and beauty which are rest. Even for brief moments Art becomes a necessity.

The next quality of the artist is Hope. Hope is all we have to take us through life, in search for the ideal. There is nothing which was not born by this vital force, and while we live on this planet we hope, and many of us even beyond this existence.

Faith is the third, but a great fundamental quality, cultivated by the artist, and in our preparedness scheme also not to be overlooked. Could we undertake anything without Faith? Do we not have faith in our men to do their share? Do not most Europeans have faith in us to help them out of diffi-

culties? We must even have faith to overcome enmity. The artist begins to cultivate faith as a student, and it is that faith for a better future which keeps up his courage to the end. It is faith in our make-up that makes us do things with the greatest endurance. We must have undaunted faith, otherwise the spirit, which is founded on love and beauty, will disappear. As spirit, the creative and imaginative part of us will be stunted in its tender growth by doubt and mistrust. It is spirit, the very essence of patriotism, which has stirred us into action now, and faith will make us become what we want to be. Let us hope for a better future, where love and beauty will take the lead, and let us show the world that we are a nation of great æsthetic qualities, and not willing merely to destroy but to build up.

In order to become an efficient nation, we beg the Government and the people to endorse Art and the cultivation of it, as a means of preparedness in our growing power.

Zelma Baylos

CRAFTSMEN AT THE ARTS CLUB, NEW YORK DECEMBER EXHIBITION

The annual showing of objects of industrial and applied arts by the Society of Craftsmen of New York was held at the Arts Club galleries with more than the usual variety of exhibits—pottery and porcelain, textiles of many kinds, carvings in the way of furniture and wall-decoration, silver and brass in pieces fashioned with the hammer, cartoons for stained-glass and mosaic. It is the most important single exhibition of the kind in New York for the workers in studios; here craftsmen like to show any new thing they have made during the past year and get the benefit of the Christmastide. Basketry of course is represented and among the more novel pieces are hanging lamp-holders of basketwork for electric bulbs, draped with covers of light stuff embroidered in bright designs either floral or geometrical; these are used in country homes and on piazzas, where they harmonize with wickerwork furniture. In textiles a new wrinkle, possibly an old one revived, is the plaiting of colored *chiffons* into rather elaborate picture designs, neither loom-weaving nor embroidery with the needle in the main, but in some cases finished here and there with colored silks or yarn and the needle. In pottery also there are some charming combinations of yellow and rose designs in relief on a dull-surfaced green that show a sense for color in the potter, a rare enough case. At one end of the long gallery a chapel interior with a large reredos was installed, the reredos painted by Frederick S. Lamb. This religious picture represents a mosaic already installed in a city church.

Of course objects of personal adornment hold their own, especially jewelry with semi-precious stones in novel and sometimes beautiful settings of silver, platinum or gold. The Society keeps up the tradition very well, notwithstanding the awkward state of affairs at present.

A GUEST FROM CANADA

A score of paintings by Archibald Browne of Canada have been hanging in the Babcock Galleries, New York, for several weeks, diffusing a pleasant

odor of woods and meadows, flood and field, of spring and autumn. Mr. Browne is one of the leaders in landscape in the Dominion. Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa and Regina have his canvases in public and private collections while very flattering things have been printed with respect to the artist and his artistic standing. Views about Toronto and Quebec, on the Island of Orleans in the St. Lawrence, carry such titles as "Autumn Moonrise," "Evening Glow," "Golden Afternoon" and "Solemnity." One of his admirers has written: "He appeals directly to the emotions, but to noble emotions in the manner of music. In fact his manner is precisely a musical one. His canvases literally sing." His colorful pictures are indeed gentle and poetic; they bear witness to his love of nature and the sweetness and kindness of his temperament. If we accept the singing simile, we may consider Archibald Browne in the light of those minstrels who go from farm to farm performing in a sweet throaty voice the simple songs learned from the master bards.

ARTIST-ARTISANS AT WORK

The temporary exile of certain departments of the Tiffany Glass Company of New York, while the new building on Fifty-seventh Street West is taking shape, gave occasion for a peep behind the scenes and a glimpse of clever artist-artisans at work. That section of the company which has to do with church decoration took up quarters in a roomy loft on Twenty-third Street West and last month invitations went out for an exhibition week. Stained-glass windows of course, along with mosaics, are the most notable exhibit in a department under the more particular care of Louis C. Tiffany, from the scintillating gem-like glass in the style of the thirteenth century to the modern window suited to secular rather than religious interiors—windows built cunningly of favrile and opalescent and plated glass in many a plane and wrinkle and then played upon with light of different hues—the new "movie" glass if that term be allowed.

Glass however is by no means the only material that gives interest to a visit at these studios. There are the galleries and shops for the production of rugs and hangings, the studios devoted to bronze work for memorial or temple use and those where tablets and monuments are designed and produced in the plaster or wooden model. It is always a pleasure to the layman to see artisans in the act of planning and carrying out the designs, a greater pleasure than to watch a painter at work on his canvas, perhaps because the handling of an object which may become a lamp or a chalice or a bronze relief appeals more directly and physically to one's sympathy with an act of creation—you cannot touch, handle and turn in your hands the thing reflected on a canvas.

CONTRIBUTORS TO ACADEMY SHOWS

Mr. George E. Lothrop has observed the obstacles in the way of artists far from New York who wish to offer their work to the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design and in a letter addressed to the Council sets them forth with some vigor. But, what is rarely found, he makes certain suggestions

to the Academy in the way of a cure. At his particular request the Council of the Academy has forwarded his letter to THE ART WORLD which publishes it with a hope that a way be found to make the matter effective. A plan of the sort that Mr. Lothrop has outlined may do something to improve the average of work at the spring and winter exhibitions; in any case it should get the painters and sculptors who live in other cities of the Union in closer touch with those who work near or in New York.

Boston, November 25.

TO THE COUNCIL OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN:

Gentlemen: We would like to make a few suggestions to your Academy from our side of the fence.

First: We would suggest that your Academy appoint one or more Judges of Art for Boston and other prominent cities who should act as preliminary Judges for their respective districts. They should be allowed to select a specified number of paintings for guaranteed specially allotted spaces for the work of such districts. Each applicant might be charged a small fee for such inspection of their work—if such charges are needed. This plan would save the distant artists large bills for freight, expressage, agents, etc., which are now often lost expense. Express companies have shown themselves very evasive of financial obligations when they have smashed up crates of paintings, frames, etc. In three cases we could only collect once for our charges. In two other cases they fought disreputably and in one paid only five dollars on a fifty-dollar claim, despite a powerful fight for the rights of the artist.

Many artists of the first class will not ship their work under present conditions. I have known of many refusals by old experienced artists.

Second: Judges who are to pass on paintings under any system should be assisted by fair scientific Printed Standards of measurements and percentages. A painting should be rated scientifically by some recognized Art Standard and not be the football of whims, caprices, etc. Often rare paintings made after months of labor are thrown out and some cheap dabb of a "Ma and Baby" is handed bouquets of honor. We believe that if your Academy adopts some national system of division of territory, or of area, population, etc., and gives to each such district its quota (if securable) in fair proportion; it would protect the artists in each district by local Judges; these could guarantee some form of security and have forms printed which would rate paintings as to originality, quality of colors, harmony of design, color, etc., defects or imperfections. Proper allowance should be made for size, permanency of colors, to guarantee compliance of works to recognized standards of permanency, strength, etc. Judges might visit local studios or residences and save the artists large sums of money. Under the present system it costs about ten to twenty-five dollars to ship and reship a small 2x3-foot painting from Boston to you, not to mention the value of the painting or the time of the artist. Even at that—the Exhibition may be too crowded to exhibit the most meritorious works, and the artist is "stung" all round and naturally "gets sore"! Many artists would prefer to pay small sums for local inspection and thus save costs of transportation, etc.

Third: Fugitive and transient colors should be outlawed by all art associations. No prizes, medals, awards, cash donations or even honors should be given to art works of this low order. We believe the time has come when decisive steps should be taken to place inferior, defective and fugitive canvases in the outlaw class. Many art associations have placed themselves in wrong with the art-buying public and with art museums and rich art buyers by allowing them to be robbed and deceived with such fugitive and transient colors; they are inferior art works. Many high-priced paintings are to-day hopeless art wrecks after only twenty or twenty-five years of service. They were sometimes awarded fine medals, big prizes and high prices, but the paintings were really lumbags and the buyers defrauded. We believe that the honor and prestige of your Academy is at stake and that all artists should be given printed lists telling what are the fugitive and transient colors and why their use is prohibited in the Academy work.

The London firm of Winsor & Newton publish such lists and will supply them to any art association upon request. The fact is that bombastic and loud-mouthed artists have been allowed to get away with some rotten work. Your

association, other museums and millionaire buyers have been "stung" badly by these swindlers. We believe that the stamp of efficiency should be placed on art works and no painting should be granted any honors which does not stand the said test of durable painting colors which will be just as good a hundred years from now as thirty days from now. We ask that these art standards shall be made an official system of all art academies, associations, museums, etc. By no other system can we guarantee the perfection and the permanency of American Art.

Yours truly

GEORGE E. LOTHROP

TURQUOISE MOSAICS OF THE INDIANS

The Indians of North and South America are often gifted with a strong, intuitive sense for color and even to-day surprise one with their success in making pottery, textiles and other objects beautiful. At an early date those of Mexico discovered the qualities of opals and turquoise. At Los Cerrillos in New Mexico there is a mountain they called *Chalchihuitl* after the precious material found there. From the workings it is evident that the natives resorted thither for many ages in order to get the brilliant green or blue mineral and the result is that great numbers of wooden objects studded and set with turquoise have been found for welcome exhibits in the museums. In the September bulletin issued by the Pan-American Union at Washington an illustrated paper by Prof. J. E. Pogue of Northwestern University allows one to see what a varied use was made of the turquoise as personal ornaments and for incrusting objects with color, even to the point of decorations of temples. In addition they used jadeite, malachite, garnet, obsidian and shell. Masks as well as other objects carried in their dances were inlaid very richly and when further decorated with tufts of feathers must have offered an example of barbaric magnificence not lightly to be ignored. Dwarfed by their surroundings and their education in the matter of color-sense the whites do not compete with many of the less civilized races whose feeling for color is fostered instead of being repressed by their religion and modes of life. Turquoise is a favorite adjunct to the decoration of charms, amulets and fetiches. The Navajos, we are told by Prof. Pogue, "have a pretty belief that turquoise is particularly sacred to the wind spirit and they offer many stones to this deity whose anger must thus be appeased in order that the wind may stop blowing and rain result. When the wind is blowing the Indians say it is searching for turquoise."

SUBSTITUTES FOR WOOD IN HOUSES

A report made by Mr. Rolf Theland to the Department of Agriculture on materials such as steel, concrete and hollow tiles which have been taking the place of wood for houses and furniture contains facts that will surprise many people who have not followed the drift of home-building. The use of cement for concrete houses has increased 290 per cent. since 1900, that of fired clay 170 per cent. "At the best" he reports "the wooden building is no more than holding its own while the total building curve is rising. Retail lumber dealers estimate the decrease in sales of lumber for construction

purposes due to substitution to have been in the neighborhood of 13 per cent. between 1907 and 1914 alone." Even roofing shingles of wood are taking the downward trend compared with other materials and the tendency is to make the wooden trim of interiors give way to metal and concrete. This change must favor not merely greater safety from fire but favor health, because wood absorbs and holds dampness and microbes.

We should be still more impressed if this exchange of wooden for concrete and hollow-tile homes were accompanied by a better understanding of the capabilities of these materials for beautiful and original work; but architects and home-designers are few and far between who can get it out of their heads that concrete construction is the same as wooden. Of course this is not so. Yet we see costly villas put up which are literal translations of wooden architecture, just productions for wood uttered in concrete. Such architects and designers lose great advantages because they have failed to study the points wherein the concrete house can be made artistically as well as practically superior to the frame building. Concrete can be handled with the utmost ease; at little cost it can follow the most imaginative design. Costly brick-work for chimneys is practically suppressed. Space is given on exterior walls for sculptures in low relief or for mosaics in color; on inner walls for mural paintings, architectural motifs; on floors for tessellated pavements.

We are very slow to take advantage of all these points in practically non-destructible buildings on which decoration can be lavished with a certainty of permanence, perhaps because we cling unconsciously to wood with all its weaknesses and perishability, its liability to leak, its inability to keep out the heat and the cold. We have the wooden house in our ancestry. Half a century has gone by since the advent of "armored concrete" yet only now is a preponderance of safe and sane materials over wood to be recorded and, unable to adjust ourselves to the new stuff, we are timid under the spell of tradition—lame on the art side. The practical superiority of the material has finally forced concrete upon us, but where are the signs that we realize what a chance this material gives for greater beauty in house and home?

SOME RECENT BOOKS

Ancient Times. A History of the Early World. By James Henry Breasted, Ph.D. The attempt to comprise what is known of the past history of mankind in Europe from the first appearance of human beings down to the ruin of the Eastern and Western Roman Empires within a handy little octavo of some 700 pages is an undertaking that requires a very uncommon knowledge of the latest discoveries in Asia, Africa and Europe, as well as the facts and fictions handed down by the historians of Greece and Rome. Materials are so abundant that such a plan might appear impossible except by the use of dates, lists and barren statements too dry to contemplate. The problem was complicated by the necessity of producing a text-book that would meet the requirements of schools, each chapter being followed by a series of "questions"

intended to supply a review of the main points of the chapter. This was the task: condensation and thoroughness without loss to the reader and student of freshness of interest.

Fortunately in Dr. Breasted of Chicago University, well-known for certain delightful volumes on ancient Egypt, the person was found to produce what may be termed a model text-book of the sort, in which the curious student can never complain of dryness of style or that impression of lack of proportion which is often made by able and excellent works that deal with kindred subjects. Indeed it is the marshaling of his materials and the reference of them to certain big lines of thought—migrations of races, nations and tribes, distribution of mankind through the centuries and over the continents—that offer one of the most attractive features of the book. The reader is not allowed to forget, because of the complicated facts presented, the larger traits of the whole, viz.: the evolution of the white races that now hold Europe, Africa, America and other parts of the globe. Particularly illuminating is his division of the old habitats of the races and nations of Western Asia into the *grasslands* of the South and the *grasslands* of the North and his reference of the old wars before the Romans to the struggle of tribes and nations to win and hold these favored lands. By such means he gives the reader a set of larger lines on which to range the multiplicity of facts that make up the history of the Oriental past.

On page 271 one reads that the Phœnician alphabet had no vowels but the chart on page 272 includes A, E and O in the list the Greeks received; is not this a mistake? Page 278 the cardinal office of Apollo as *healer-god* is overlooked and the fierce side of Athena pointing to her origin in a demon of the night symbolized by the owl is not brought out. Page 292 the allusion to the use of wigs by the Greeks in imitation of the Egyptians has a reference which fails to refer. Page 408 the gesture of the statue of Apollo with the lizard is taken to be that of a boy throwing a stone at the lizard; but it has been better explained by an arrow or tickling-straw.

The volume is a model of compact information, with plenty of attractions for the eye, to illustrate and fix in memory the facts so far as we know them. Eight color-prints and half a hundred maps, for the most part colored, and several hundred cuts in the text furnish a brave show and help to make a bright text still brighter. Dr. Breasted has not neglected hints as to religions, literatures and arts, enough to whet the curiosity of students and send them to the books that are given in the ample bibliography at the end. He has been helped in the production of this little guide to the Aryan and Semitic past by various scholars to whom he gives his thanks in the preface. (*Boston and New York: Ginn & Company, \$1.60.*)

West Point, an Intimate Picture. By Robert Charlwood Richardson, Jr., Captain, 2d Cavalry, U. S. Army. The writer was Assistant Professor of English at West Point and had occasion to renew his acquaintance with his *alma mater*, so that he does not call on reminiscences of cadet days alone to describe the famous military academy from inside and as it exists to-day. With the aid of some three dozen illustrations from photographs

one gets a reasonably good idea of the place from an outside view, but the text strives to inform us concerning the life of a cadet, cooped up as he is in one spot—albeit a wonderfully beautiful and romantic spot—through four long years, with rare opportunities allowed him to visit the world outside. If what Captain Richardson tells us concerning the feelings of a cadet during these years of internment is not exactly the same as those experienced by others, he does the best he can by giving his own—and trusting that this may apply to most of his fellows.

West Pointers have made history in a military way for the United States for one century at least and while the Academy has suffered at times from the incurable suspiciousness of a republic in its view of a school for officers of the army, it is a truism to observe that whenever the republic gets into trouble there is a sudden change—the same people who have been ready to curtail appropriations for the army in every way they could, are foremost in demanding and expecting prodigies from the forces toward which they were so grudging and intolerant. Something of this deplorable attitude is due to the necessity of holding the students far from the public eye, so that the public itself is not kept informed and easily falls into a frame of mind well-suited to the purposes of the demagogue, ever ready to flatter the Demos by telling it that severe training is not necessary, that Demos has merely to stamp the earth and a million soldiers will be ready overnight to "mix it" with the hordes of a carefully educated *soldatesca*! Just now Demos has had another eye-opener, as in 1812 and 1861.

West Point is of particular interest so far as its outside is concerned to those who care for architecture. After a great deal of difficulty it was obtained of Congress that a thoroughgoing plan for the enlargement and rebuilding of the Academy should be entrusted to one firm of architects, this to supersede the old way of adding one building of incongruous design to another.

The presence of two important buildings designed in a modern form of Gothic, the Library and the Barracks, decided the style to be followed when the Government agreed to remodel West Point some decades ago. These buildings of course were only Gothic skin deep, lacking the essential bones and structure of the great evolution in building in France during the Crusades, but perhaps no better style could have been selected and it remained for the new architects to secure to the new buildings more of the qualities possessed by the genuine article. At the same time the needs of modern life and the peculiar needs of a military training school for officers had to guide the designers. They were Messrs. Cram, Goodhue and Ferguson, while Col. John M. Carson, Jr., represented the Government in the carrying out of the plans. As one travels

north from New York by train or boat the great Riding Hall and Administration Building with the Chapel high above on the hillside, all in a granite not unlike the hills about, form a combination of structures picturesquely grouped and impressive like many of the medieval cathedrals and walled towns which survive in Europe. Sculptures and paintings are not lacking on the grounds and in the buildings of the Academy. (*New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$2.00.*)

Young France and New America. By Pierre de Lanux. The writer is a young Frenchman who has been spending some years in America because his health has forbidden all active work in the war. He belongs as a writer to the younger brood of French authors and has produced several books concerning the southern Slavs and interested himself in the aspirations of the writers in Slav languages toward a future unfettered by the tyranny of Russia, Austro-Hungary and Bulgaria, writers who hope for a union among the Slavs of the south in which they can fulfil their own destiny instead of being oppressed by their greater neighbors. After a brief review of literary conditions in France, with quotations from Frenchmen scarcely known by name in England and America, he gives his impressions of this country and considers the prospect of cooperation and literary interchange between France and the United States.

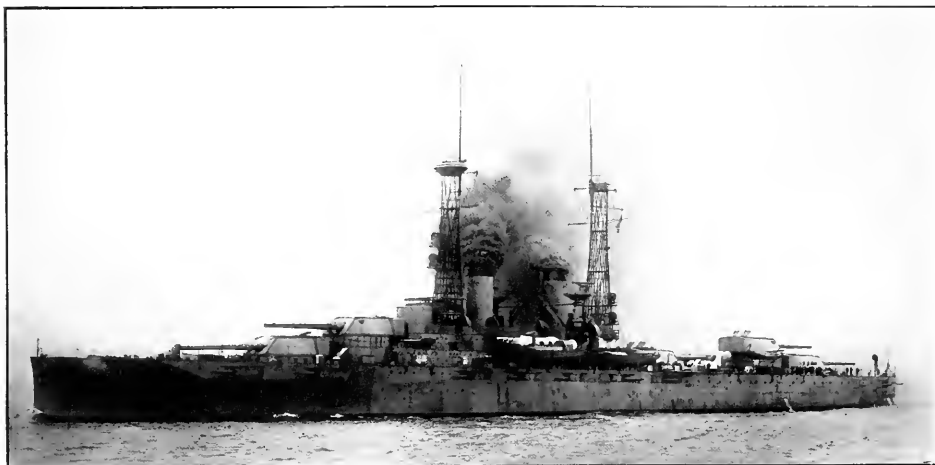
"More and more we are going to see morals becoming 'a branch of aesthetics.' [André Gide.]

"Combined with an increased consciousness in his destiny, man has developed a more powerful sense of the part he can play in it. We live in a feverish and burning period, when the world has become a furnace and all human values are fused like melting metal. And we feel that now is the right time to forge and to hammer—to forge and to coin here and now the figure and form of our alliance." (*New York: The Macmillan Company, \$1.25.*)

The Verdun Medal. By S. E. Vernier, Paris, 1917. In November 1916 the town council of the ancient city of Verdun resolved to issue a medal as a souvenir of the heroic defense of the town against the German hordes and dedicate it "To the high Chiefs, Officers, Soldiers, to all the heroes known and unknown, both dead and living, who have triumphed over the barbarians' onslaught and immortalized her name throughout the world and for ages to come." The medal was designed by S. E. Vernier, a noted medalist of Paris, and a reproduction of it will be given in the February number of the magazine. On the obverse is a young girl's head, helmet and sword, with the words *on ne passe pas* and on the reverse is sketched the old battle-mented gateway to the citadel. The medal is to be had in gold or silver of the French Committee, headed by M. Stephan Lausanne, Room 1518, Hotel Vanderbilt, New York.



ARTS, CRAFTS AND THE HOME



U. S. S. "NEW YORK"

BATTLESHIP SILVER

BY W. FRANK PURDY

IT is a far cry from the bright and sunshiny yesterdays typical of the launching of one of our great battleships to the conditions of to-day. Then, with flags and pennants flying, bands playing, the blue water sparkling, and the favorite daughter of the state to be honored about to christen the latest sea monster, there was scarcely a thought of the grimmer tasks that lay beyond, as if, indeed, the only duty of these floating fortresses was the entertainment and gaiety of which that hour was typical.

To-day, the addresses of our great fleets and these battleships which comprise them is "somewhere"—we know not exactly where—and the glittering romance that formerly surrounded each ship has, for the time at least, faded. They seem, in fact, almost like phantom ships now, so little that is definite is heard of them. Occasionally some great gray form comes nosing its way all rusty and storm-beaten into some friendly port, but then—before any one knows that she has come—on a dark and protecting night she vanishes again—and that is all.

Time was when if the average man-of-war had a handsome punch-bowl and two or three dozen cups to her credit, and these not necessarily sterling silver, she was well-equipped for the social position connected with navy life, and felt very proud, indeed, of her possessions. Early in the history of the new fleet of modern battleships which represented Uncle Sam, however, when the custom of

naming each new ship as it was built after a state in the Union, was inaugurated, these states vied with each other in the elaborateness and completeness of the silver service which was presented to each particular godchild by her stately godmother. Complete in every smallest detail this modern silver service is fitted to entertain kings and princes and statesmen in a manner befitting their station and the honor of the great American navy.

The mode of procedure for obtaining the commission from a state for a battleship silver service is precisely that pursued in obtaining bids for the building of the battleship itself, with the single exception of the fact that the invitations for bids are usually confined, in each case, to the merchants of the state after which the ship is to be named. Of necessity, however, these state firms or individual merchants are frequently compelled to seek the cooperation of some of the large manufacturers of national reputation before the first important question of the amount of the required appropriation can be considered by the finance committee. With the sum of money to be expended thus determined, the artistic and practical features of this interesting competition are then in order.

Each local dealer, in collaboration with the chosen manufacturer and his designers, having made a careful research into the historical records and traditions of the state—noting particularly the points of sentimental and symbolic value—proceeds with the development of his individual



THE BATTLESHIP "TEXAS" HAS THIS FINE SET OF SILVER AS A GIFT FROM THAT STATE

SILVER SERVICE PRESENTED TO THE BATTLESHIP "IDAHO" BY THE STATE OF THAT NAME



THE STATE OF NEVADA PRESENTED THIS SERVICE TO THE BATTLESHIP "NEVADA"



THE STATE NAMED FROM ITS FLOWERS OFFERED THIS GIFT OF SILVER TO THE BATTLESHIP "FLORIDA"

ideas. To a peculiar degree it is the aim to incorporate into the design such elements as shall always promote the feeling of both state and national pride and which shall stand for that most valued attribute represented in the phrase *esprit de corps*, and serve as a perpetual rallying point for all the future

sentimental and social life of the ship and its crew. An interesting detail of competitions of this character is one that might well obtain in some of our monumental competitions. That is, that one representative of each competition, who is thoroughly acquainted with all the details of the work, is



OKLAHOMA GAVE THIS SILVER TABLE-SERVICE TO THE BATTLESHIP NAMED FOR THAT STATE



GIFT OF SILVER SERVICE FROM THE STATE OF WYOMING TO THE BATTLESHIP OF THAT NAME

present at a designated meeting to explain, and defend as it were the details and construction of the proposed design.

In all of these silver services, complete in some instances from saltspoon to punch-bowl, the predominant note of design is the history and achievements of the state each represents, together with some emblem of the state industries, as well as the state seal and some suggestion of the state flora and fauna. In many cases the choice of design and its expression have been a happy one; in others, owing to the inherent lack of beauty in the elements themselves, the results have not been quite so interesting. But whether for better or for worse artistically, the remarkable collection of services now counted among the cherished possessions of our navy will always be valuable as a record of the history of the particular commonwealth each represents, as well as an expression of the artisanship of its period in America silversmithery.

A study of these illustrations will indicate in detail the peculiar blending that exists in these romantically wrought pieces, not only of the sentimental, historic and symbolic interests of each commonwealth itself, but its national place and importance as well. And who shall say how significant this may some day prove to be?

With all the necessary and frequently involved

details of the competition and design once settled, the final award is made in secret session, and it takes from six months to one year thereafter to complete the service. Presentation usually takes place while the ship is temporarily in port, by a committee composed of the Governor, the committee having the work in charge and specially invited guests. This presentation day is usually the occasion of quite as much speech-making as and even more social enjoyment than the launching of the ship itself.

"The navy is the finest club in the world" said an enthusiastic young naval lieutenant to me on the deck of the flagship of one of our greatest fleets. And indeed, the finest club in the world it was at that time, floating from port to port and "Capital to Capital," extending to the friendly nations of the world the hospitalities of our country. Let us hope with all our hearts—indeed let us know with all our heads—that it will be the finest club in the world with which to vanquish our enemies, now that the silver services are reposing ashore in safe-deposit vaults. Let us all hope and pray, too, for the time when this grim business shall be over, when the services now tucked away shall be brought out again and polished up to resume their proper and more gracious function!



CARVED AND GILT
CONSOLE TABLEWITH VERT
ANTIQUE SEAR: LOUIS XV

Courtesy of Charles of London

THE FRENCH DECORATIVE STYLES

II. LOUIS XV

BY WALTER A. DYER

*Author of "The Lure of the Antique," "Early American Craftsmen,"
"Creators of Decorative Styles," etc.*

THE Louis XV period in France extended from 1715 to 1774 and produced a decorative style quite distinctive. During the eight years of the King's minority, Philippe de Bourbon or Philip of Orleans, acted as Regent, and these eight years are often referred to as the Regency Period.

Philip became the leader in matters of French decorative art, and it was he who laid the foundations for the Louis XV style. He took pleasure in upsetting traditions, and established an era of luxury and extravagance. In art as in life, formality was thrown overboard and gaiety took the place of the martial pomp of the previous reign.

Under the Regent, Louis was brought up to a life of indulgence and ease in the midst of a pleasure-loving court, and it was only natural that his should be a gay and extravagant reign. Among his favorites were the Comtesse du Barry and Madame Pompadour, who helped to encourage the gaiety and luxury that affected all the styles of the period with which their names have always been closely connected.

In many respects it was not an effete period, however; it was far from barren of artistic results. Indeed, it was the most exuberant of the French decorative periods. The state ateliers continued to enjoy royal support and were the centers of artistic production.

The list of clever and talented masters of applied art

who flourished during this reign is too long to give in full. Interior decorators, designers, painters, potters, tapestry weavers, cabinetmakers and metal workers co-operated in an extraordinary manner to make this a most productive period. The designers of decorative sculpture exerted a dominating influence. Oudry and then Boucher became director of the Gobelins Tapestry Works, producing wonderful reproductions of paintings in which sylvan and amatory scenes took the place of the martial and classical subjects of the previous reign. Unfortunately for us, many of the delicate colors they used proved not to be permanent. Charles Cressent, who rose to prominence as a decorative sculptor during the Regency, was one of the best designers and cabinetmakers of the

century. Jean Riesener was another Louis XV cabinetmaker of prominence. Jacques Caffieri and Pierre Gouthière, skilful metal workers and cabinetmakers, added their part to the development of the styles. Lancret and Watteau, painters, embellished the walls and furniture of the period. Meissonnier, a designer, was a leader in the dominant rococo school. He defied the laws of balance, often making one side of a console or cabinet quite different from the other without disturbing the sense of harmony. His work is said to have greatly influenced the English Chippendale. And there were many other masters, including a host of interior decorators.

MODERN REPRO-
DUCTION OF
LOUIS XV
ARMCHAIR

Courtesy of S. Karpen & Bros.

In 1753 Louis made a royal institution of the Sèvres porcelain factory, adding a new impetus in this field of applied art. Under Madame Pompadour Sèvres porcelain plaques were much used to enrich cabinets, writing-desks, etc.

It was during this reign, too, that the Martin family flourished, and Vernis-Martin lacquer became popular. The Martins were carriage painters who invented a lacquer finish in imitation of the popular Oriental lacquer, and then developed the more distinctly French Vernis-Martin. Simon Etienne Martin established the Vernis-Martin works in 1744. This lacquer was made in red, brown, gold, speckled bronze, and even black, and was used on many kinds of furniture, such as cabinets and elaborate sedan chairs. Watteau and Boucher painted pictures for these Vernis-Martin pieces and also for Vernis-Martin panels, overmantels and doors.

The later styles of the Louis XIV period gradually merged into those of Louis XV through the medium of the Regency. The taste for curves and rococo details had already made itself felt. The styles of the Louis XV period are marked, in general, by a greater suppleness in the lines of furniture, a more constant use of ornamental metal sculptures, rococo details, and the irregular harmony of related parts.

The Regency style was a medley of mythological, classic and modern, expressed with much parade and ostentation. The austere and heroic gave place to abandon frivolity and extravagance in decorative art. About 1720-25 a strong Chinese influence was felt, both in the increased use of lacquer and in some of the design details.

The Louis XV style proper, however, was a purely French development, built upon the Louis XIV, with very little foreign influence. It was a capricious, whimsical style, exaggerating the late Louis XIV forms, with a freer use of curves and rococo details. It was a less restrained style than that of Louis XIV, more elegant, and in some ways more graceful. Often, however, it lacked the merit of



LOUIS XV
CONSOLE
OF CARVED
AND
GILDED WOOD,
WITH
MARBLE
TOP
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

the previous style when it carried its extravagance too far.

The dominant decorative motif was the rococo or rocaille, used in irregular symmetry with skilful audacity. It was used in combination with ribbon and lace effects, natural flowers and hanging baskets, the broken shell, the twisted acanthus, the curled endive, and the flowing scroll. It was the master metal worker Caffieri who introduced the endive or celery motif to supplant the classic acanthus. Some stripes were employed, but less than in the succeeding reign.

As has been stated, the lack of precise balance in the use of ornament is a distinguishing mark of the Louis XV style. Unbalanced details were introduced during the Regency, and later, under the leadership of Meissonnier, all attempts to have the design alike on both sides of a given center were abandoned. Nevertheless, though the details were different, the effect of balance was retained by skilful arrangement of unlike sections.

These ornamental details were used lavishly in interior woodwork—on cornice, wainscot, mantel, door and window-casing, and panel and picture frame. Furniture was designed to conform with them. Plain surfaces were avoided, everything being profusely ornamented, chiefly with elaborate mounts of bronze and ormolu as well as carving.

Toward the end of Louis XV's reign there was a slight reaction toward greater symmetry and simplicity, foreshadowing the style of Louis XVI.

The furniture of the Louis XV period reflected the spirit of the times both in form and in decoration. Many kinds of woods were used, including mahogany to some extent, as well as cherry and cheaper woods painted and gilded. Marquetry was not employed extensively, though we sometimes find inlay of tulip, rosewood, maple and amaranth on some of the larger pieces. The doors and panels of commodes, cabinets, etc., were often veneered, with the grain of the wood running diagonally. All the larger pieces were embellished with metal mounts and carved appliqué, most of it exhibiting superb workmanship.

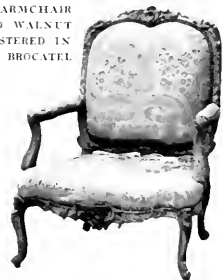


LOUIS XV
CHAIR
MODERN
REPRODUCTION



LOUIS XV
TABLE
OF POLISHED
OAK WITH
CARVING

LOUIS XV ARMCHAIR
CARVED WALNUT
UPHOLSTERED IN
BROCADE



METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



Metropolitan Museum of Art

Courtesy of S. Korpen & Bros.

Metropolitan Museum of Art

Indeed, good workmanship was a characteristic of Louis XV furniture. While the chairs of the period were perhaps its most interesting product, there were many other noteworthy pieces in the typical style—tables and elaborately carved consoles, and wonderfully decorated cabinets and commodes. The boudoir was highly developed as a sort of informal reception room, and much care and skill were exercised in the development of its decoration and furnishing.

There were screens with carved and gilded frames surrounding specially woven floral and pictorial tapestries, also screens painted by Watteau and Boucher. Clocks, candelabra, mirrors, etc., were all designed in the extravagant style of the times.

Mirrors were introduced over mantels in place of the heavy carvings of the previous reign.

Panels were much in evidence on walls and ceilings, sometimes painted, sometimes to frame tapestries from the Gobelin or Beauvais factories, lovely in design and coloring, depicting pastoral scenes and love-making, contemporary life and Arcadian affections. Overelaborate draperies were a feature of the interiors.

The Louis XV chair suggests comfort, ease and luxury. Curved shapes were in vogue, hardly an angle appearing in the chair frames.

A prolific and noteworthy period it was, but somewhat too florid, and from an artistic point of view it was surpassed by that which followed.

THE QUEEN ANNE COTTAGE A STUDY IN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE

BY EDWARD B. ALLEN

OUR vagaries in architecture correspond quite closely with our heterogeneous population—ideas collected from all quarters of the globe are used to form as many styles (or lack of styles) as any one could well imagine.

When the last echoes of the Greek Revival epoch had died away and Classical ideas were forgotten, the Queen Anne cottage, so-called, came into vogue, enduring twenty years after the Civil War. This style acts as a middle or connecting period between the preceding Colonial and the crude designs which followed like architecture run mad.

The style was based on the stone and brick mansions of Queen Anne's time with a revival of the distinctly decorative Tudor arch and window

mouldings; but, reproduced as it was in this country only in wood, and in very diminutive proportions, produced frequently overornamental build-

ings that more resembled huge doll houses or candy houses of Christmas-tree fame than sober and simple dwellings. Still, some are almost beautiful and very effective.

Russell Sturgis says of this style, that quickly came and quickly went—after mentioning the true Queen Anne represented by St. Bride's Church and Greenwich Hospital and the single masterpiece of the time—Blenheim Palace—"the buildings which are especially associated with the style are the minor country houses and many houses in the suburbs of London, built frequently of red brick and characterized by sculptures in relief, moulded



HOUSE AT SOUTHVILLE, MASS.

COTTAGE
WITH TEN
GABLES



AT BURNSDALE,
MASS.

or carved in the same material. A certain picturesque quality of treatment, like a revival of Elizabethan or even medieval styles in mass, in skyline, and in such details as chimneys, gables and dormer windows is noticeable in these; and although all is on the same moderate scale and nothing is very massive or imposing the style has considerable attraction when applied to dwelling-houses. It was this characteristic of the buildings of Anne's reign which caused their acceptance by some architects of the years from 1865 to 1885 in England, as types of modern designing, and country houses of this character were built in considerable numbers. A feeble imitation of these modern buildings was

also attempted in the United States but usually on a very small scale and with such inappropriate materials as those used in the ordinary frame constructions."

Many have heard the name "Queen Anne Cottage" but cannot for the life of them point one out to you, partly because they are unfamiliar with them in all save name and partly because they are not numerous—numbering only one or two in any one town—and then, too, because many ordinary cottages were decorated with carved ornaments on bargeboards, porches, etc., characteristic of this style, and so were erroneously considered Queen Anne. And what things! poor old lady!



NEAR SOUTHVILLE, MASS.



LYNN, MASS.



WESTBORO, MASS.



SALEM, MASS.

The illustrations give one a good idea of several still in a good state of preservation, located not far from Boston, Mass. Doubtless there are many more but these suffice to show what a real Queen Anne cottage is like. Some resemble old English mansions, others, gatekeepers' lodges or less pretentious cottages. There is generally a picturesque square entrance porch with Tudor arches and battlements; a doorway outlined with graceful lines of carving, and an occasional high square tower with battlements. There are the inevitable high-pitch roof, gables with carved bargeboards, and ornamental chimneys.

Some, like the Salem house, have exquisite grace and lightness while others, like the Auburndale house, excel in gables, this one having the unusual number of ten.

The rooms are frequently surprisingly large and high, having almost noble proportions in larger houses.

The east parlor in the one on the North Shore Drive at Lynn, Mass., is of this character, with the added richness of painted landscapes which cover the four walls in a continuous design in deep, rich color mellowed by time.

One important characteristic comprises the windows. These are of numerous shapes and sizes, always very picturesque, varying from straight outlines and square corners with Tudor moulding

above, to the single pointed or trefoil Gothic arch with mullions and quaint diamond panes; while the Westboro house has three windows united in one as the principal feature of its façade.

Around some of these cottages are hedges and clipped dwarf trees, resembling those one sees in rural England. A fine poetic *pièce de résistance*, a unique suggestion of romance in our very material world.



NORTH SHORE BOULEVARD: LYNN, MASS.

THE BURNEY
FAMILY TAKEN
ABOUT 1790



CHARACTERISTIC
EXAMPLE OF
THE PERIOD

THE DECORATIVE VALUE OF THE SILHOUETTE

BY VIRGINIA ROBIE

"SAT to-day for my portrait" runs a line in an old diary. "For the first time I was afraid of my shadow."

To a generation unfamiliar with the snapshot, the silhouette must have seemed painfully realistic. In comparison with the miniature and the oil portrait, it was direct and at times unflattering. Yet the art flourished, and "shadowgraphs," as they were originally called, had a great vogue. To-day they are scarce enough to make collecting interesting and decidedly worth while.

Old miniatures are costly, but silhouettes, unless the rarest examples be desired, may be purchased at comparatively moderate rates. And how well these charming things in black and white fit into the new-old room; preferably one's great, great grandfather in queue and lace ruffles over the old desk, and one's great aunt in the costume of 1830 hung just above it, or, better still, some quaint little kinswoman, aged five or six, in pantalets and pinafores. Lacking these, several picturesque unknowns picked up in unexpected places make an excellent beginning.

My own small collection divides my affections with my bowls and my band boxes and probably gives greater pleasure to friends. The human interest of the silhouette is at once apparent, while the spectacles of George III would be needed by some people in order to see the fascinations of old bowls and boxes.

My first silhouette was a full length portrait of Dr. Thomas Cope of Philadelphia by August Edouart and its purchase was a happy incident. I was hunting

old maps in a little bookshop on Beacon Hill, well known for its rare prints, autographed letters, etc. Once an engraving in color by Paul Revere hung in the window! One never could tell what might happen. I liked the Philadelphia gentleman in tall hat and long coat, although the date affixed to the signature, 1843, was rather late for keenest enthusiasm; moreover I preferred heads rather than full length silhouettes and a costume more picturesque than that of the middle of our own nineteenth century. But the figure was very well done, and the elaborate garden background in pencil quite out of the ordinary. The garden suggested Versailles and gave an imaginative touch in humorous contrast with the brisk and altogether American Dr. Cope. So the 1843 silhouette joined an old map of Boston harbor, a battered "Geography of the Heavens" and a bound volume of *Godey's Magazine* for 1865, the latter fairly alive with fashion plates in color.

And that was the beginning.

To-day Dr. Cope has a place in my regard second only to that of Queen Victoria by Miers. The royal lady is shown riding in Hyde Park and the date is 1845. A youthful sovereign it is and a very charming one. The work of Miers affords an interesting contrast with that of Edouart. The Englishman used India ink touched up with gold; the Frenchman, scissors and a pencil. The details of the Queen's costume are in gold, as are the trappings of the horse, while conspicuous on the saddle are the initials "V. R." True to the period is the flowing mane, long tail, and arched neck; true, too, are the long habit and big plumed hat. This interesting



BLACK AND GOLD ATTRIBUTED TO MIERS



GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT

QUEEN VICTORIA
RIDING IN
HYDE PARK.
1815



BY MIERS
GOLD
EMBELLISH-
MENTS



KEMBLE PAULDING,
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

specimen was the gift of an English friend and gave a new impetus to enthusiasm. But for the youthful Victoria, my silhouette collecting might have halted with Dr. Cope. With her arrival one or two things seemed necessary; either to go on silhouetting with seriousness of purpose, or to build up a different collection around the royal rider, adding a Jubilee pitcher and a fine old luster bowl showing the Queen in her bridal veil with the Prince Consort at her side.

Realizing how things "flock" when once started, I knew that the "Victorian" scheme would hum merrily. The first old shop entered would probably contain a print of John Brown and the Queen, or something else so entirely pat that possession would be instantaneous. Visions of tureens of every known form came to mind, silver soup ladles, covered butter dishes. Eastlake furniture. No! "Victorian" was not a magic word. It might become so in another fifty years, but too soon, far too soon, to go in—mind, heart and soul—for mid-nineteenth century things!

The unexpected find of an American silhouette of a charming child, unnamed, unsigned and undated, seemed to settle the matter. Then came the great event—three thousand and more silhouettes in one New York gallery, silhouettes covering the walls, filling portfolios, signed, dated, sometimes carrying the autographs of the sitters, all the work of one man, and that man—August Amanst Constance Fidele Edouart, none other than the maker of Dr. Thomas Cope.

Up to this time my knowledge of Edouart could be summed up in a few words; born at Dunkirk in 1788, settled in England in 1815, made many distinguished portraits, came to America in 1839; now the life-history of this remarkable artist was at hand, together with an astonishing number of his portraits.

How did it happen that so many examples could be found at this late day and gathered under one roof? The question might well be asked, although the answer is rather simple. The ten years August Edouart spent in America, 1839-1849, were busy ones. At the height of his fame, he was so rushed with orders that engagements had to be made weeks in advance. No photographer of our day is half so popular as was this silhouette artist of French birth and English prestige. A list of his patrons forms a "Who's Who" of the "forties," a "Social Register" of wit, beauty and fashion. In New York, Boston and Washington he met with great success, while his studio at Saratoga Springs, the Newport of that day, proved a Mecca for the summer colony. Some of the most interesting examples of his work in America were made at this watering-place.

With a method seldom joined to the artistic temperament, Edouart cut every portrait in duplicate, keeping one copy for himself. When possible, he secured an autograph, adding the year, the day of the month, the place, and any other interesting detail at command. Thanks to this rare combination of talent and system, the big New York exhibition was possible. The



TWO SONS OF MARTIN VAN BUREN

three thousand and six hundred specimens shown represented a complete record of his American tour.

Where, one is tempted to ask, are the mates of this wonderful three thousand six hundred? Strewn to the four winds or to the four corners of this big country. In family treasure boxes, attics, old book-shops! Who can say. Could they be assembled together, they would doubtless afford an interesting study in backgrounds. Edouart was famous for his interiors and when possible liked to pose people in their own houses. What a graphic picture we would receive of the household art of the forties—a rather hazy period in the minds of most of us. We can but regret that Edouart, careful workman that he seems to have been, did not add backgrounds to his own personal set, thus giving as perfect a record of household art as he did of costumes.

Back of the big New York exhibition is a story, the facts of which sound like romance. Full of honors and somewhat richer in this world's goods, Edouart returned to London on board the *Oncida*, a small Southern vessel loaded with cotton. Off the coast of Guernsey, in a furious gale, the boat foundered, and the twenty-six passengers narrowly escaped death—but the precious silhouettes were saved. Our friend, August, was taken to the house of a man named Lukis, where he remained until able to continue his journey. Out of gratitude for the kind treatment received he presented Fredericka Lukis, daughter of his host, with the entire American series. From a grandson of Fredericka, the collection was purchased by Mrs. F. Nevill Jackson of London, still intact and carefully preserved, and from her it was secured by Mr. Arthur T. Vernay of New York, who made all lovers of silhouettes his debtor by placing the complete set on exhibition. It was Mr. Vernay's first intention to offer the collection *en bloc* to one of our big museums, but the private sale gave to Americans of this generation a greater opportunity. Not only could the work of the most distinguished silhouetteist of his day be studied in a more intimate way, but family portraits could be purchased by hundreds of people. It was interesting and highly diverting, this locating of grandfathers and grandmothers, great-uncles and great-aunts, to say nothing of the pleasure of seeing presidents, diplomats, artists, musicians, the great and the near-great.

Of distinguished artists whose work will some-

times reward the quest of the collector may be mentioned Field, Pearce and Foster. Unlike Edouart, they made no American tours, although Americans in London probably sought their services.

It is known that Abigail Adams visited the studio of Patience Wright in 1785 and described her as "a gifted artist but a shockingly untidy woman." Mrs. Wright had a tremendous vogue in the last decade of the eighteenth century, and anything from her hand may be well considered a prize. She worked with a sharp pair of scissors, chatting continually, sometimes making a family group, sometimes an intricate fruit and flower piece. Wax profiles were also modeled by her and colored by an

ingenious method of her own. She lived when the silhouette was the rage of the hour, when albums were filled with portraits in black and white, even as the plush album of hideous memory was later filled with photographs; when clever amateurs were "cutting each other" with more or less skill, and when the gentle craft was taught in fashionable schools for young ladies, together with music, manners, needlework and French.

Rosenberg belongs to this picturesque day, and several English collections, notably the Wellesley, are rich in examples of his work. He was a painter of profiles rather than an expert with the scissors. On the convex side of a clear glass, a head was sketched in black paint and later protected by a thin sheet of wax or plaster. The wonder is that so many of these fragile things have lasted until this day.

perfect in every detail and with the word "Bath" still faintly visible.

The collector of silhouettes soon learns to make many distinctions and to tell at long range whether black paper or India ink has been used. He recognizes the work of Hubbard of the early Victorian period by his lavish use of gold, that of Pearce by his vellum backgrounds, and that of Rosenberg and his followers by their glass mounts and painted profiles, that of Patience Wright by her own peculiar methods, and so on and on.

Hubbard and Pearce usually signed their portraits, as did Miers, Jordan and Foster. American silhouettes are often unsigned and undated. Here a knowledge of costumes is a great aid in placing the period. Oval backgrounds and oval frames sometimes indicate old specimens. Another early style



of frame is seen in the square panel of wood or pasteboard inclosing an oval or a circle upon which the portrait is shown. Full-length figures, except in groups, usually belong to the nineteenth century. The silhouettes of the eighteenth century suggest the miniature; feet were often ignored, and hands seldom appeared. For real beauty, the profiles of the eighteenth century stand supreme; for quaintness, those of the early nineteenth century lead.

Edouart has his own particular place, perhaps the finest draftsman of all the men who attempted the "shadowgraph." He scorned the use of gold in order to add interest. Black was black, and white was white, and he knew how to draw hands and feet with consummate skill. But with the Edouarts, some of the earlier and more imaginative portraits should be included. One charming style depicts the face of the sitter solidly black and the accessories in a neutral wash of paint. Wigs, laces, caps and hats are wonderfully effective thus treated.

Another, and rare type, shows a white or ivory-colored margin from which the portrait has been cut away. Mounted on black, the effect is that of the ordinary silhouette, until a close examination reveals the fact that the usual process has been reversed. Examples of this character are very scarce, sometimes dating back as far as 1720. They may truly be called "shadowgraphs," as the term "silhouette" did not exist until Etienne de Silhouette became Minister of France under Louis XV in 1759. While the finding of a real shadowgraph is not an every-day probability, it would be a bold prophet who would predict that one could not be secured.

Of women silhouettists, Patience Wright is best

known, but Mrs. Lightfoot of Liverpool and Mrs. Beetham of Buxton produced a number of very interesting portraits. Mrs. Lightfoot was a contemporary of Mrs. Wright; Mrs. Beetham's day was a little later.

Several Americans achieved marked distinction with the scissors. Charles Wilson Peale, the painter, should be mentioned first, although the work of Samuel Powell, also of Philadelphia, ranks very near it. Salem, as might be expected, produced several clever exponents of the black art, among the number, Bache and Joyce. The former invented a machine for cutting known as "Bache's patent." Other signatures unearthed at long intervals are Polk, King, Doyle, Williams, Bowen and the two Doolittles.

Patience Wright should have special interest for us. She was born in this country in 1725, and married Joseph Wright, a Quaker, in 1772. Her success with silhouettes here led her to seek a wider field in London, where greater gains could be secured. It was a case of seeking English shillings, not American dollars. The portraits she made before she went abroad are now extremely valuable.

In the quest for silhouettes, the unknown and unidentified will predominate. Few will belong to that century of romance and powdered hair, the eighteenth. Anything earlier than 1820 may be considered "old," while many of the most interesting specimens will range through the picturesque thirties and the forgotten forties.

No old room is quite complete without its silhouette, nor modern room furnished in an old-fashioned manner.



EAST FRONT

THE STANFORD WHITE HOUSE AT ST. JAMES, L. I.

BY LIONEL MOSES

IN the realm of art the name of Stanford White stands among those of highest accomplishment so the house he built for himself has a peculiarly interesting position among his works. One might expect to see an edifice erected along the

lines of formality and "correct" to the last detail—an exemplification of the classical knowledge which his firm, McKim, Mead & White, were the greatest, if not the best, exponents. But Stanford White was a romanticist in art with a profound



STAIRCASE HALL

knowledge of all its branches as is attested by the catholicity of his works, which range from the designing of picture-frames and book-covers to monuments and monumental buildings. Of his works we will speak later.

The house we show was completed some twenty years ago, after undergoing changes from time to time over a period of several years and starting from a very modest beginning, this beginning being a mere shack which was finally swallowed up by the part of the house shown at the first gable.

The history of how this house was built, together with the intimate and personal touches of Stanford White, would fill a volume replete with interest and would include the full gamut of emotions; for there were monuments of hope and disappointment, amusement and sorrow, comedy and tragedy, all of which were felt (and if felt, expressed) by Mr. White, to say nothing of the humble lieutenant whose endeavor it was to have the ideas of his superior carried out.

Two tragic moments we recall: one when, after carefully drawing a plan of the garden to small scale and indicating by an arrow-point the position where a wonderfully beau-

tiful and extravagantly costly box-wood tree was to be planted, the gardener carefully measured the line from the arrow-point to the other end of the line and planted the tree where the letter X in the word "box" showed on the drawing. This position was some twenty feet outside the garden and at the foot of a declivity some ten feet below its level. It needs but the knowledge of how carefully box-wood must be transplanted together with an appreciation of Mr. White's temperament to understand what

might have happened to the gardener and the lieutenant, had it not been for the humorous quality of the error.

And again, we remember when across the entire façade of the house there had been constructed an entablature similar to that which Washington's home at Mount Vernon has and how, one morning, orders were given to remove it because it shaded the front bedroom windows. A week's work disappeared in the twinkling of an eye and the site of the house resembled part of a Western town that had been visited by a cyclone.



PART OF GARDEN

But in spite of all there finally was brought forth a very beautiful result patent to all who view the illustrations here shown. The plan of the house is readily seen to be a matter of growth rather than original formulation. Mr. White would never have planned this way had he started with a clear site. In fact he even considered at one time the destruction of the partially completed edifice in order to start new. The writer well remembers the rolls of tracing paper and number of pencils consumed in "trying things"; the hours spent in consideration, and the running fire of remarks while the paper was being used and the "Kohinoor" consumed literally for Mr. White would chew one end of a pencil when the other end was not in use. Hope of conflagration was even mentioned.

On entering the property half a mile away from the house one first experiences its atmosphere, for there is an interesting gateway and the road winds through a beautiful locust grove, spotted here and there a bit of "antique," many specially planted shrubs, and finally through an open space which



LIVING-ROOM

reveals the distant harbor. Then we come upon the house itself with its profusion of choice shrubs, its superb specimens of bay trees and the many Italian pots and other garden "sass" which were of the White collection.

The central feature of the fore-court is a specially beautiful well-head.

The house itself is essentially a summer residence as may be readily seen by its piazza space and by the openness of the living-room, exposed on three sides. This room is remarkable for several qualities—its blend of colors, its simple yet choice examples of unostentatious furniture and other settings, and the generally comfortable quality of hominess.

The walls and ceiling are hung with ordinary bamboo curtains fastened on with strips and form a background of a soft yellow hue.

The living-room is connected with the main hall, which, besides opening through from the front to the rear of the house, is in the form of an L in which is the staircase. The floor of this hall is tiled with quarries and the staircase itself is of tile of a delicate green tinge, the treads and risers being carpeted in green. In this hall, too,



CENTRAL BASIN



WESTERLY PIAZZA



ONE OF THE FOUR HERMAE

are odd pieces of a decorative nature, harmonious in color, interesting and amusing.

It is safe to say that the dining-room is unique and shows Stanford White in one of his happiest moods as a designer—where taking hold of an idea, he has built out of the ordinary but built well, making an effect with simple means.

We remember being handed a little Dutch print of a fireplace with a girl sitting before it. We remember discovering in a certain shop some real old Dutch tiles mostly blue but with something of a light purple; and then we remember a day spent at St. James sorting out hundreds of tile and placing them on the floor in their best positions in relation to color and design, numbering them on the back, and then ordering them set across the entire end of the room, where they became a conspicuously beautiful feature. The little Dutch print was the inspiration for the shelf with its unbleached linen curtain.

The opposite end of the dining-room has leaded glass windows all across, with square panes, a seat the entire length, and a wide shelf on which rest choice little plants, Pompeian statuettes, and other small but beautiful objects; and the view from these windows shows Stony Brook Harbor and the Connecticut shore beyond.

The furnishings are of different periods; Colonial furniture, Italian settles, plaques of colored china—iridescent—plates of pewter—and yet all the features of the room and all the ornaments combine to make a beautiful picture. And this is Stanford White—that, a month after the photograph was taken, a new combination of ornaments was

substituted for the old, just to vary the picture.

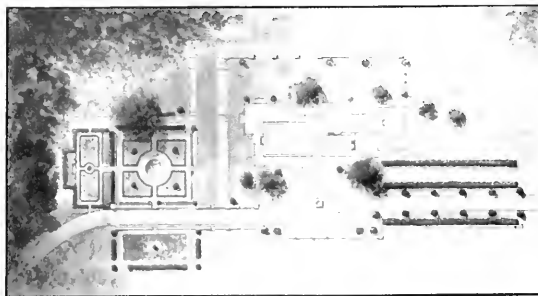
Equally beautiful are the gardens of this residence, which show planting in profusion against a background of luxuriant trees. It was Mr. White's desire, as it is that of every lover of a garden, to have flowers throughout the season. Gardens are not always successful in this particular, but they can be if the greenhouse is drawn upon when, and "between times," flowering plants are added. And so it was here. If an interim came between the full-bloom of perennials, annuals were added to the beds; thus no week passed during which the gardens were not a riot of color. Among the shrubs and flowers, half hidden by their foliage, were ornamental bits gathered from abroad, giving

to the ensemble an aspect almost like one in Italy.

We have spoken of the range of Mr. White's work, mentioning picture-frames and book-covers. Within those extremes referred to are various forms of art as divergent as could possibly be. We know of jewelry designed by him, and of a superb silver prize cup, lace-work, and beautiful ornament

for classical musical instruments and furniture—and in all these forms of art he excelled. We may search the Metropolitan Museum of Art in vain to find more appropriate frames than those which surround some of Brush's, Thayer's or Dewing's canvases; and as an adviser and gentle critic of the painter and the sculptor, Stanford White was a power. His opinions and suggestions were sought and followed.

Stanford White may be said to have revolutionized interior decoration. More than any one, he



PLAN OF HOUSE AND GARDEN



PERGOLA



WEST FRONT OF HOUSE

directed to this country the current of antiques, and when the flow was too slow, he himself brought them from Italy and France. In the use of the *objet d'art* of the old country he stood without peer. Many are the museum-like rooms that have been furnished by others, but every room done by Stanford White had an element of hominess, whether it was small or large. The great hall of the W. C. Whitney house was comfortable. The smaller rooms

of this and of many other houses similarly furnished are just as distinguished. Had Stanford White chosen to be a painter instead of an architect, he would have stood just as high; but from the days when he studied abroad, his time was too much occupied with the greater art to follow the lesser. There exist, however, the product of his European days to prove his genius with the brush and his remarkable versatility.

DINING-
ROOMLOOKING
FORWARD
DUTCH
PILE
MANTEL

SHOWING STANFORD WHITE IN ONE OF HIS HAPPIEST MOODS AS A DESIGNER

RADIANT,
JOYOUS IS
DR. PISEK'S
BOHEMIAN
DINING-ROOM
ABOVE THE
CHURCH BELFRY.
A WARM GRAY
BACKGROUND
SHOWS OUT
THE BRILLIANT
COLORS OF
CZECH SLAV
MURAL DESIGN



THE HAND-
MADE PEASANT
FURNITURE OF
WHITE PINE
SHELLACKED. IN
DOOR BACKS, ON
SIDEBOARD AND
CUTBOARDS ARE
SEVEN HUNDRED
PIECES OF
PAINTED CHINA.
AT BOHEMIAN
DINNERS THE
WHOLE IS
FREQUENTLY
USED

PEASANT ART IN NEW YORK'S BOHEMIA

BY LIDA ROSE MCCABE

OLD WORLD peasant arts and crafts are a vital factor in America's assimilation of the alien. This significant fact vitalizes the Metropolitan Museum of Art's December exhibition of Czech Slav arts and crafts brought to this country by New York's *real* Bohemia.

This Bohemia is not to be confounded with Greenwich Village and like camouflage of metropolitan song, story or drama! It is the Bohemia of thirty thousand Czech Slavs which largely cover the area between Avenue A, First and Second Avenues, extending from Queensboro Bridge to East Eighty-sixth Street. More than a quarter of a century it has been waxing in population, utility, wealth and Americanism.

To Greater New York, however, it is "undiscovered country." World War put it upon the municipal map as President Wilson's message precipitated its motherland into the limelight of the Entente.

Locally closer to the Metropolitan Museum of Art than kindred colonies, it fell to this Bohemia to inaugurate for the Museum its series of kindred alien exhibitions. To extend to our art-loving aliens the glad hand; to make them realize that they are joint sharers in the Museum's priceless treasures, is the purpose of this fraternizing movement.

The exhibition was confined to arts and crafts made in Bohemia proper and brought to this country by Czech Slav emigrants. It was no easy task to assemble its twenty pieces of pottery fashioned two hundred years ago in the mountains

of Bohemia—pottery which had been reproduced by the peasants of that day from the art of sixteenth century forebears.

It necessitated a house-to-house canvass, for the owners prize them above rubies! Likewise difficult to gather were the hand-wrought furniture, chests of laces and embroideries, many without duplicate in to-day's war-stricken Czech Slav country. From a private collection, reserved to the costuming of folklore drama, to which the community is given, came the peasant dresses, recalling in their riotous color the Russian Slav—Bakst.

However crude the design, harsh or blatant the color—to the academically trained or puritanically dyed—there is no escape from the joyous note, the nature love that informs this peasant art of the mountains of Central Bohemia. One feels its spontaneity, the joy that went to its execution. Originating, like all aboriginal or primitive art, to meet homely every-day need, it reflects the color, the life of the natural world in which it thrived. Only in remote mountain districts does this art obtain to-day. In Prague effort has been made from time to time to revive it, as effort is made in the mountain districts of Kentucky and the Carolinas to promote vegetable dyes and hand-loom weaving.

Aside from informing the American public of these little-known arts and crafts, the Museum exhibition was a stimulus, an eye-opener, I am told, to the younger generation of this fascinating new Czech state. For after the manner



TYPICAL CZECH SLAV VASE
PRESENTED TO M. JESSERAND



BOHEMIAN CHAMPAGNE BUCKET
RICH IN COLORING AND SUMPTU-
OUSLY Banded WITH GOLD



A TYPICAL CZECH SLAV CHEST

of much of our emigrant populace, it had come to disregard its inheritance and to run after false gods.

Barring its age and birth-site, there was little of the Museum exhibit that has not a counterpart of modern make in the homes of New York's Bohemia. Concrete example is the Protestant Bohemian Church, rectory and Jan Hes Neighborhood House, all under one roof topped by towers that hark back to Prague. The motor-power of this sociological center, erected in 1888, is Dr. Vincent Pisek of Bohemian birth and American education. Through his varied activities and intelligent patronage, Czech Slav peasant arts and crafts percolate beyond the community's confine.

Cross Dr. Pisek's threshold and one is pictorially in Old Bohemia. With historic versimilitude it reveals in every-day usage the mural decoration, furniture and ceramics of the Czech Slav peasant. Designs were literally "lifted" when not adapted, the decorations coming from the rare print collection of peasant interiors preserved in the Bohemian library. This library of seven thousand volumes in Czech Slav tongue occupies, as it has for the past ten years, the top floor of a branch of the New York Public Library in Avenue A and Seventy-eighth Street.

The rectory furniture was made in the neighborhood by Bohemian craftsmen. Not a nail, not a screw in its riveting. Corner seats, window benches, hearthstone settle, chair backs of various design and chests of somber oak or light pine, each gaily painted in symbolical design. The warm gray or yellow walls are paneled or bordered in like gay colors, while the ceilings are painted when not rich in rafter beams. Every door from the ground-floor to the skyscraper dining-room and kitchen, a-top the church's

belfry, has a rack filled with gay plates of varied size, many preserving in their decoration Old Bohemian folklore and trade-gild traditions.

Through each design runs, like opera *motif*, the slender, prickly leaf characteristic of Bohemian mountain growth; native flowers, berries, grapes, horn of plenty and red-breasted birds, decorously balanced and bursting with song. Severely conventionalized in treatment, the whole is (metaphorically) drunk with color!

Less geometrical, more conventionalized than that of Persian or Russian Slav is Czech peasant design, while its symbolism is of like Byzantine origin.

Painted Easter eggs play no less a part in the art than the life of the Czech. The peasant with knife, like etcher with needle, is wont to pick out on the surface of a solidly colored egg intricate design, often producing an effect suggestive of Russian enameling.

In lieu of real painted eggs, porcelain substitutes have place on the rectory sideboard, decorated in true Bohemian style and Americanized into salts and peppers.

The Bohemian rectory and church are a monument to the talent and industry of Joseph Mrazek. He executed the mural decorations, designed and decorated the furniture, painted and fired in his

kiln the seven hundred pieces of peasant ware that comprise Dr. Pisek's collection. This collection is not museumly housed. It is part and parcel of the rectory's every-day life, purely decorative when not in actual table service.

Joseph Mrazek was born in Prague, educated in its art school. Eight years ago he came to America. From study of design in the University of St. Louis he drifted to



A GROUP OF MRAZEK PEASANT WARE

the National Academy of Design. Mural painter of academic training, he is now wholly identified with the revival of Czech peasant art, preserving while informing it with New World intelligence. Through his night classes in china painting and textile embroidery in the Jan Hes Neighborhood House—recruited from the church's Sunday school of a thousand youths—his is a far-reaching influence.

I found him busy at his kiln in his studio home—an erstwhile smart New York residence, gay to-day in Czech Slav peasant art. It was there came to fruition the typical Czech Slav vase, recently presented by admiring Bohemians to M. Jusserand, French Ambassador.

There was painted the dinner-service of one hundred and twenty pieces which Dr. Milan Stephanik, noted Slovak astronomer and commander of a French aviation corps, took back with him to his Paris home, upon the conclusion of his mission to this country in Bohemian interests.

In a Czech Slav dinner-set each course has seven plates of varied size and decoration. Before this dinner-service of rich and gorgeous color finds Old World setting, the flag designed by Mrazek and executed by deft Bohemian needlewomen for the New Czech Slav State will have found its way to the front where forty per cent. of the Bohemian emigrants in France are fighting.

Sublime faith in the victory of the Allies is revealed by this flag, designed and executed in the heart of New York for a foreign state yet unborn! From five centuries of Prussian-Austrian oppression, in which each lost its nationality, language, literature and art, Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia and Hungaria-Slovak dream to emerge—with the victory of the Allies—into the New Czech Slav State. In the already born flag of this unborn State, Mrazek groups the four ancient Czech Slav coats of arms, knocking from lion and eagles the royal crown!

Through the Bohemian National Alliance and Slovak League affiliated in war relief with the American National League for Women's Service, the flag was sent in sections to homes, where Betsy Ross's Bohemian prototypes embroidered them in silks of Czech hue. Bohemian women take readily to the needle. Skilled, thrifty, their services are eagerly sought by American costume and decoration manufacturers.

The eagerness and skill with which they follow the night classes of the Jan Hes Neighborhood House, and turn out hand-painted lamp shades after a stencil and embossed process of Mrazek's devise, have set the latter to preparedness against the day when war will return to America the blinded and crippled Bohemian soldiers.

"There is much in our peasant art and crafts," said young Mrazek, "that can be taught our sightless or legless soldiers and make them self-supporting. To that end I am getting work ahead."

Czech peasant art is not an excrescence but an inheritance of the race. It is not confined as the fine arts to the "best room." It permeates the domestic whole to concentrate in the rallying center—the kitchen. Dr. Pisek's skyscraper kitchen exemplifies its intimacy. Its

luminous walls, white sink, white cooking stove, white washtubs and chairs sing in glorious colors of Bohemian mountain bloom.

No business or social center (the community revels in organizations) is without gaily decorated peasant furniture, glowing plate-racks and hospitable service.

It is a chest as shown in illustration, and chairs of like decoration that strike the eyes of an alien visitor to the Slav Publicity Bureau (born of war) in Park Row, the last place in Gotham where one would look for symbolical art.

This peasant art is not to be confused with the contemporary and Czech graphic arts in which Bohemia, Hungary, Austria excel, and to which New York had a pleasing introduction four years ago through the enterprise of that versatile Hungarian Martin Birnbaum.

Aside from peasant revival Bohemian graphic art is to the fore these days in army and navy posters designed by Vojtěch Preissig to rally America's Bohemian to enlist. From Prague, where he was first to revive the interest of Bohemian artists in native graphic arts, and create there a definite movement, Preissig came to the art department of Columbia University. Subsequently he went to Wentworth Institute, Boston, where the war posters were made.

To Ruzicka, credited without peer to-day among wood engravers plying the art in America, the Metropolitan Museum of Art is indebted no less for the success of its Czech Slav exhibition than for the Ruzicka poster that heralded its purpose.

Lida Rose McCabe



CZECH SLAV DECORATED PLAQUE, TANKARD, LAMP AND SHADE IN DR. PISEK'S RECEPTION-ROOM



MOUNT FUJI: THE PASSION, ALMOST THE MONOMANIA, OF THE JAPANESE

ART IN THE COMMONPLACE OF JAPAN

BY EDITH WILDS

NO visitor to Japan, however unimaginative, can fail to be impressed by the art which has filtered down into the lower strata of her civilization, making picturesque even the common implements of everyday life. Except in Japan, who would look for beauty in a broom, a dustpan, a cook-stove, or of being captivated by a fence, or enchanted by a towel? And yet this magic is possible in this romantic country.

There is the brush with which the Japanese housewife sweeps the sidewalk—but let me pause here a moment to remark that in this land of paradoxes the sidewalks are not sidewalks at all, but mere expansions of the road, occasionally defined by a narrow ribbon of curbing. Their ostensible purpose is to provide a place on which to walk; their real and sinister purpose is to cut to shreds the shoes of any foreigner who puts foot to them. The experienced Japanese frustrate this malevolence by wearing wooden sandals, but in a foreign community of six hundred and fifty-three I know of only one foreigner who so capitulates. This *side-walk* the Japanese housewife daily brushes with a bundle of twigs—not any old twigs but those of a special bush which yields for this ignoble purpose its choice richly tinted branches. In the hands of the dainty Japanese women it almost achieves the effect of a bouquet.

Of near kin to this brush is the common broom whose service it is to discourage the sojourning of dust on the *tatami* or matting, which in a Japanese house performs the twofold service of carpet and chair. Again has an implement of menial labor been wrought with some thought of art in the mind of its maker. With its handle of brindle-tinted bamboo, shading from a warm ivory to a golden brown, its straw brush interlaced at the top in a geometric design, this humble article becomes an ornament.

In the genealogy of the Straw Family may also be found the coolie's raincoat. Men of other classes prepare for rain by donning stiff rubber armor

which encases them in efficiency but not in beauty. Not so the Japanese coolie—his raincoat first saw the light of day in a field. A few minutes suffice to weave an armful of straw into a couple of yards or so of deep fringe. A foot or more of this fringe is tied around the neck, the remainder around the waist and thus was created the coolie's raincoat. For a hat he upturns on his head a flat vegetable basket. So caparisoned, he walks down the road toward town, presenting the appearance of a golden porcupine with unruffled quills. You will agree, I think, that a tranquil porcupine of golden hue would not be an unpleasant sight.

Not even the Japanese fence was allowed to escape the universal contempt for the ugly. While shielding the sacredness of the home from public gaze, it stands a symbol of a little people whose instinct it is to charm even when they refuse. Sometimes of bamboo, often of closely planted bushes, occasionally rows of leafless branches. Whether the bamboo tree first appealed to Japan's utilitarian sense because of its abundance or to her aesthetic sense because of the beauty of its texture and rich coloring is not recorded, but it happens that it is used for every conceivable and inconceivable purpose. Now, surrounding almost every Japanese house in the cities is a specimen or a combination of these barriers—mute revelations,—it is not a gross exaggeration to say—of two of Japan's most prominent characteristics: the instinctive shielding of her innermost sanctity and her seldom failing politeness. She will screen her holy of holies but she will not offend while doing it.

Much of Japan's art in the commonplace may be found in her kitchen. Not that the Japanese kitchen of the laboring class is beautiful in the sense in which we have come to relate the beauty of cleanliness to this laboratory of our food. No, not even by the most ardent Japan lover could she be considered as excelling in this respect. But out of the confusion a discerning eye will discover the *shichirin*, or Japanese cook-stove, classic in its

THE ONE AND ONLY HEATING APPARATUS IN THE HOUSE.
 EMINENTLY SATISFACTORY AS AN ORNAMENT BUT AS A
 SOURCE OF HEAT IT LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED



THE BRUSH WITH WHICH THE JAPANESE
 HOUSEWIFE SWEEPS THE SIDEWALK

simplicity, decorative in its coloring, and so small that a child can carry it. Over the glowing charcoal simmers a small roughly finished iron teakettle. But its roughness is calculated art and its shape is usually no less than the majestic outlines of Mt. Fuji.

Through the open sliding wall of this laborer's house you may get a glimpse of the laborer and his family at their dinner, and the fact that Japan has never learned to confuse a small income with necessary ugliness is borne upon you by the charming designs on the china and lacquered ware. And again how persistent an inspiration is Mt. Fuji! This mountain is the passion, almost the monomania of the Japanese. Its perfect outline is adored with a fine frenzy. It is copied even in the arrangement of the coiffure of the Japanese maiden, also the hair outlining her brow is trained to represent its shape. It appears on the china, on the lacquer ware, on the bronze, on the prints, on the toys, in the miniature gardens, everywhere. But that one never tires of its continual demand for attention is proof that as a model it is impeccable. Much of Japan's passionate, nay even religious, worship of nature may be the relic of Buddhist teaching, still the contemplation of this wonderful mountain has undoubtedly contributed its quota. When Japan beheld Fuji, she must unconsciously have responded to its appeal by veneration of a Nature which could fashion such a masterpiece.

But there is more of simple art than the dishes in the laborer's room, which in a poor family serves as dining, living and bedroom. There is in the center a bowl of huge dimensions, constructed, it may be, of fantastically wrought bronze, or its imitation, of highly glazed porcelain, or of simple but beautifully colored pottery. It is (the furnace) the one and only heating apparatus in the house. But

here utility and art did not merge, for though as an ornament it is eminently satisfactory, as a source of heat it leaves much to be desired. Over this *hibachi* the family crouch when the north winds blow and ever and anon the men and women alike poise a glowing coal between iron chopsticks and kindle their tiny pipes. Scarce three puffs will the dainty elfish pipe yield, but it seems to suffice for these people whose preference is invariably for the suggestive rather than the realistic.

Though your income is so diminutive that it permits only a ten-cent lunch, your æsthetic sense is not necessarily outraged. Your lunch from the nearby restaurant does not arrive on a tin tray in china that is afflicted with cracks and silver that needs a tonic. No, it comes to you on a lacquered tray in a decorated bowl, or in a lacquered traveling pantry. In place of tarnished silver are two chopsticks of fresh white wood, not yet separated, insinuating thereby that you have taken precedence over others in their use.

But more romantic than this lunch is the *bento* which is prepared by an invisible artist in the inner shrine of a Railroad Restaurant and delivered into the hands of vendors who clatter along the station platform offering their works of art for a mere song. The appeal of these *bentos* is irresistible; a maddening hunger assails you and you become the owner of two flat wooden boxes and a pair of chopsticks. The boxes are not crudely fashioned though their pending fate is the wayside ditch. You pry off the lid and behold the production of a *chef* whose attitude toward food is that of a Raphael. In one box, a landscape of snowy rice; in the other, a mosaic of Vandyke brown fish, coral ginger, ochre lotus root, golden omelet, flanked by pieces of opalescent radish, accented by a handful of ebony beans



RAIN COAT
OF THE
JAPANESE
COOLIE
WHICH
FIRST
SAW THE
LIGHT
OF DAY
IN A
FIELD
A FLAT
VEGETABLE
BASKET
SERVES
AS A HAT



THE FISH-SELLER RUNS THROUGH THE PICTURESQUE LANES
PRESENTING AN APPEARANCE NOT UNLIKE A PIXY

and decorated by a cluster of bamboo leaves. It is difficult not to grow sentimental over a Railroad *bento*.

But it is the fish-seller who achieves a poetic blending of the æsthetic and the practical. Across the shoulders of this commissary of the national food is a quivering pole, from the ends of which swing fresh unpainted wooden buckets banded with glittering brass. Those buckets are the fishman's hobby, his passion, their value is surpassed only by the glory of an eldest son. Three times a day he scrubs and scrapes and polishes them—and this is not toil but self-indulgence. On the back of his blue cotton coat is sketched in white or Pompeian red a wonderful Japanese ideograph or perhaps a huge conventionalized flower, and across the edge are giant Chinese characters in Greek border effect. Tucked in his belt is a radiant brass ladle. Indigo knickerbockers encase his legs—slender and lithe as Endymion's. Upon his head, like the laurel crown of a conquering hero, is a roll of blue and white cloth. This coiled chaplet, apart from its utility as a towel, has a sentimental value, for it symbolizes the fish-vendor's pride of independence, almost his defiance of the law. In former days, the laboring class, for some reason, enveloped their heads in these towels but this practice the paternal Government recently prohibited. The reason for this I have so far been unable to learn. But the fish-seller refused to wholly acquiesce; he compromised by reducing his head covering to a coiled wreath—and the police look the other way. Were he not a burden-bearer he would, doubtless, wear his laurel with the conscious mien of a victor. As it is, the weight of his load causes a half-crouching posture, which humble attitude he remedies by his spirited jerky gait. No slothful laggard is he. For generations his

particular gild has been the synonym for a brisk attention to business and not by him shall the glory of this reputation be dimmed. So, always nimble, he runs through the picturesque lanes, presenting an appearance not unlike a Pixy.

Except in Japan, who would think of looking for art in wooden footgear? Many of the wooden clogs, especially of the children, have emerged from the ordinary and earn respect by their exquisite lacquer work and delicate etching. Assuredly to place a foot in some of them is an act of vandalism.

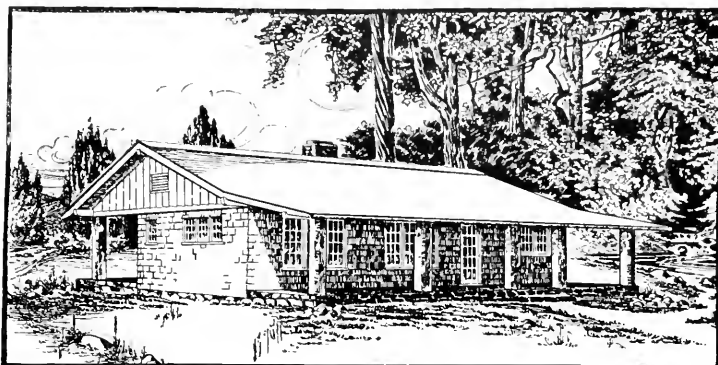
Of course, the whole world is familiar with the Japanese illustrated towel. They are exported by the millions of yards, but only the most commonplace designs find their way out of Japan. There is the white towel with a blue landscape and rosy moon; there is the dark blue towel with figures of white bamboo sprays and sparrows; there is the odd-shaped pine tree with storks; there are plum and cherry branches, there are autumn leaves in red, yellow, green and brown. There are rural scenes in rain storms; street scenes in wind storms; peddlers with heavily laden carts; rickshaws bearing ladies of quality bent on calling; mothers with babes on their backs; bands of pilgrims with staffs and bells. Then there are the towels with the many gods of Japan, with the figures of daimyos, geishas and old-time samurai. And there are pictured fairy tales, children at play, household scenes. All are piquant, irresistibly interesting, and yet they are but towels. And so I might go on *ad infinitum*.

That there exists a people so eager nobly to please the eye in the humble everyday things of life is a surer proof of the essential vigor of Japan's civilization than any quantity of Occidental veneer with which she may enamel her surface.

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Craftsman
Bungalow
No. 116



Rived
Shingles
and
V-Jointed
Gables

CRAFTSMAN house Number 116 has been planned to be constructed entirely of dressed lumber, but, with its stone foundation and chimney, hewn posts, rived shingled walls and V-jointed gables, it is sufficiently rustic in character to harmonize with a setting of woods and mountains.

No effort at ornamentation has been made in designing it and the bungalow is simple to a degree. However, with this freedom from pretense, there is no suggestion of crudity.

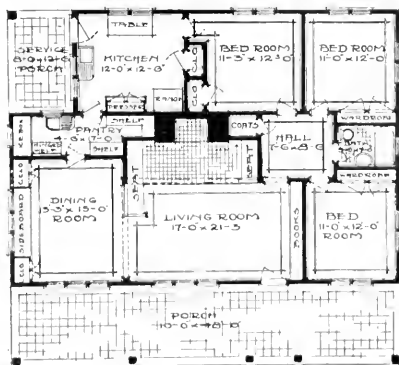
The floor plan has been worked out with a view to economy in labor in the general housework. A sense of roominess and hospitality is felt because of the large living-room, with the service rooms grouped on one side and the bath on the other.

This house has many interesting details. One enters the living-room direct to find open book shelves, a fireplace nook with cozy and comfortable cushioned seats and in the dining-room a built-in

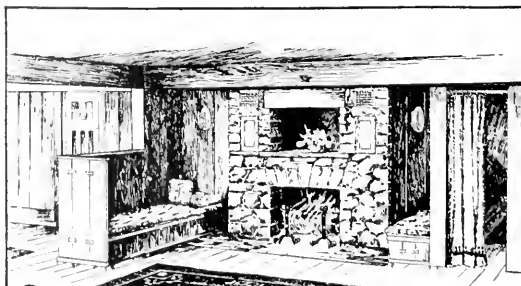
china closet and wide sideboard. Altogether these features create a pleasing and interesting impression.

The large groups of casement windows arranged in the front wall with the group over the sideboard will flood the rooms with light and air. One seat in the fireside nook has been extended, to merely suggest a separation between the living-room and dining-room. In reality the general effect is of one very large room, with so much of the furniture built in that only a table and a few chairs need be added to complete the furnishing.

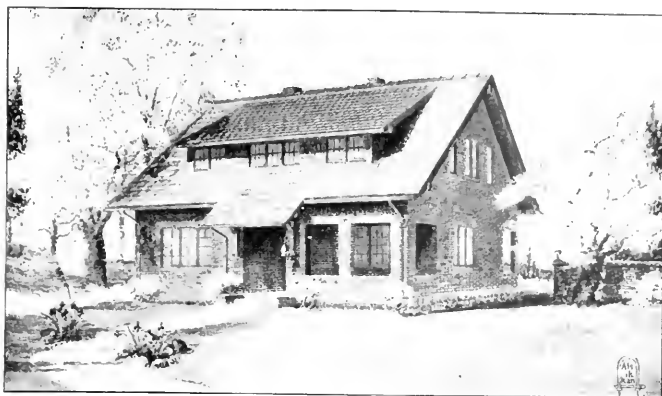
The little hall is curtained off from the living-room by portières to insure more privacy. A door leading from the kitchen affords communication to the bedrooms without having to go through the dining and living-rooms, an excellent provision, which will be especially appreciated by the home keeper who is dispensing with the services of a maid, and thus may easily reach all rooms.



BUNGALOW No. 116: FLOOR PLAN AND VIEW SHOWING ONE CORNER OF LIVING-ROOM



CRAFTSMAN
HOUSE
No. 135



WALLS OF
COMMON
HARD-
BURNED
BRICK

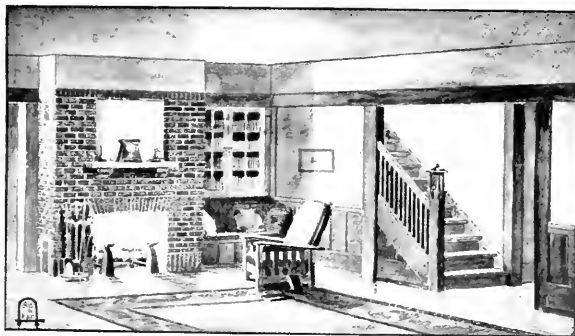
HOUSE No. 135 is only a story and a half high, the rooms on the second floor being given sufficient height by the dormer which breaks the rather steep slope of the roof on each side and adds a note of interest to the exterior. The building is set very close to the ground, on a foundation of split field stone, thus emphasizing its friendly relation to the surrounding landscape. The walls are of common hard-burned brick, with half-inch joints.

Most people are under the impression that this ordinary hard-burned brick is very plair and rather cheap and unpleasing in effect. With a little extra care and practically no additional expense, it is possible to attain a really interesting result. Brick of different colors can be selected, varying from light to dark tones, from deep red to paler terra-

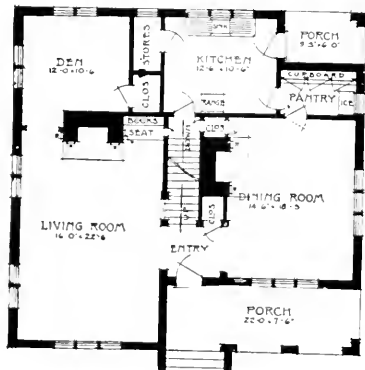
cotta. This gives a sense of added warmth and color interest to what would otherwise be a monotonous surface. Then the brick themselves can be used in various ways to give a decorative note to the walls. The roof may be of slate, tile or shingles.

From the porch one enters into a small open hallway, scarcely defined, which serves to connect dining-room and living-room, and from which the stairs go up to the second story. As shown by the interior view, the chimneypiece is of tapestry

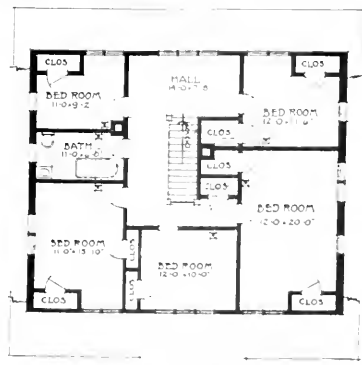
brick, used with decorative effect, and on the right, in the recess formed by the jutting chimney and the wall is a comfortable built-in seat with bookshelves at the back. This seat serves a double purpose, for it can be used as a fuel box, the wood being put in through a door from the landing of cellar stairs.

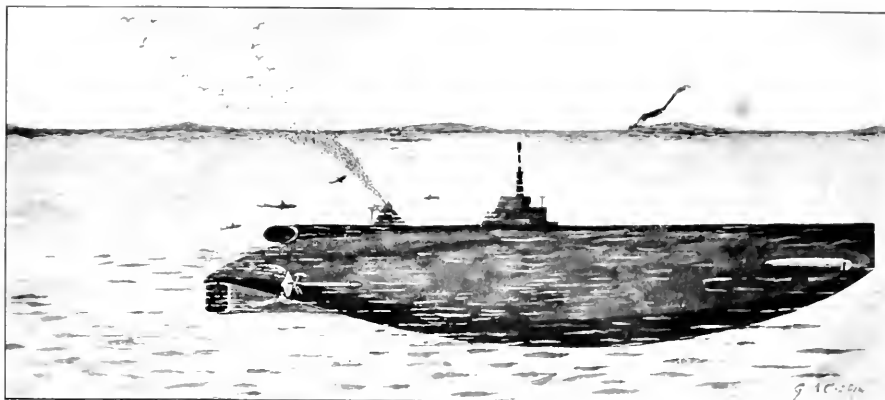


A CORNER OF THE LIVING-ROOM SHOWING STAIRCASE



FIRST AND
SECOND-FLOOR
PLANS





A TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR SEA GULLS

TRAINING SEA GULLS FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE

By T. GILBERT PEARSON

WE have long been accustomed to think of the chief value of Sea Gulls as being that of scavengers, a fact of which, by the way, some people are not always appreciative. For example, the early settlers of Southwest Harbor, Maine, for some reason killed and drove away the Gulls which gathered around the cod factories. As a result there soon developed such a terrible stench from the cod offal in the harbor and washed up on the beaches that it became unbearable, and many people moved up to Bar Harbor, and thus came about the founding of that famous settlement.

A new use to which the services of Sea Gulls may be put is now under consideration, a plan by which these feathered guardians of the coast may detect the presence of hostile submarines. This plan is entirely possible according to the theory of Dr. A. D. Pentz, Jr., of New Brighton, Staten Island. He has invented a most ingenious device for that purpose, and although the plan may at first sight seem to be more picturesque than practical, it is receiving the attention of the Navy Department, and has been endorsed not only by well-known officials, but by many distinguished naturalists.

The National Association of Audubon Societies has become interested and regards the proposition so startling and novel, that arrangements have been made to illustrate it with a series of lantern-slides, and in other ways to bring the subject to the attention of the general public.

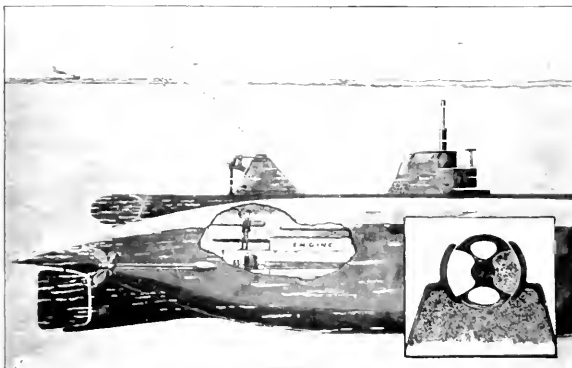
In behalf of his proposition Doctor Pentz says: "I consider the submergible craft as a gigantic fish, the presence of which can be detected, at a considerable depth, by the sharp eyes of the Sea Gulls, for these creatures are nature's aeroplanes. In the U-boat zone the British officers have from time to time learned of the presence of the German undersea fighters through the actions of the Gulls, as flocks of the birds are frequently attracted by the shining periscopes."

He proposes to feed the Gulls from submarines along the coast until the birds become accustomed to associate the presence of a submarine with the idea of food, the point being that the birds will soon be on the lookout for every submarine, whether afloat or submerged, and by hovering over the spot will indicate the presence of the enemy.

In order to feed the birds from a submerged vessel, Dr. Pentz has invented an ingenious hopper fifty-four inches long made of sheet steel and securely bolted to the top of the submarine. This contains a revolving receptacle, which as shown in the illustration, makes it possible to discharge food

at the pleasure of the operator.

Prominent ornithologists have expressed themselves as being interested in seeing the Government make experiments of this kind and the Audubon Society will furnish the gulls, believing that many individual birds breeding on their protected islands would not object to rendering this service to the Government.



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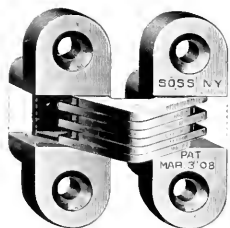
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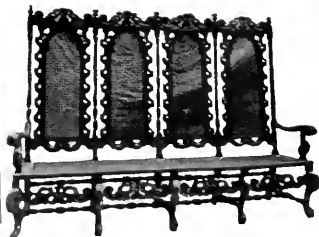
AN ADMIRALTY SEAT



OUR great steel monsters may insure naval success, but they will do little toward interior decoration. These two seats, one in the White House and one in the New Jersey room of the Continental Hall, Washington, D. C., were made from the wood of Lord Howe's flagship, sunk in the Delaware in 1777.

The name of Howe is a cause of no little confusion during colonial days for there were three Howes on the British side. There was Brigadier-General Howe, who was killed at Ticonderoga in the "Old French" war, 1758, and there was Sir William Howe who, in 1776, won the battles of Long Island and White Plains against Washington, after he had been besieged in Boston the previous year. The Howe here meant is the third Howe, Viscount Richard, afterward Earl Howe, who commanded the British fleet on our coast and in 1778 fought a great naval battle with Admiral d'Estaing.

The use of timbers of famous ships for pieces of furniture is old and well-known. Tables, cabinets, armchairs, chests and pistol cases have owed their preciousness to the fact that the wood of which they were fabricated formed part of



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LEPAGE'S
GLUE
WHEN A NAIL WON'T DO

some man-of-war. Those vessels which Henry Eckford built at Sackett's Harbor in the War of 1812 which were unfinished when the war closed supplied a number of objects, after having been housed and carefully preserved for half a century. One of the oddest pieces fashioned from a warship was made at the command of one of Nelson's captains from the main-mast of a wreck in the sea-fight off Aboukir, Egypt. It was a large, heavy and elaborately wrought coffin which the captain, surely ancestor to Dickens' Captains Bunsby and Cuttle, presented to his admired chief, Admiral Nelson—a casket which Nelson carried about with him on his flagship for many years.

AN ATTRACTIVE GARDEN-BENCH

BY ALBERT MARPLE

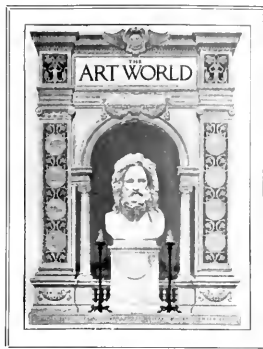
An attractive little garden-bench, which was constructed by a homeowner in Los Angeles, California, is shown in the accompanying illustration. In addition to being attractive this feature is durable, being constructed of substantial materials and well adapted to outdoor use. It is two feet in height, being made in two wings, each being about 5½ feet in length and running at right angles to each other.



GARDEN-BENCH OF TILE AND CONCRETE

The walls of this seat are about four inches thick, the cap, running around the top, being the same thickness and about eight inches in width. The seat section is six inches thick. Around the back of the seat a row of 10 x 10 green tile has been inserted into the concrete. At the end of each seat section an ornamental piece of metal has been built in. All of this concrete work has been given a rough (sanded) finish.

The seat is located at the corner of a spacious lawn, the path leading to it consisting of 10 x 10-inch green tiling—to match those in the back of the seat.



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The History of

The Internal Bath

By Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D.

INASMUCH as I have the best of reasons for the statement that Internal Bathing is at the present time being regularly practiced by upward of at least half a million Americans, it may be of somewhat general interest to examine into what is known of its origin, its reason and the recent stages by which it arrived at its present popularity and resultfulness.

Though popularly supposed to be a comparatively modern practice, its usage, in a crude form, is traceable many centuries back, for Pliny in his *Historia Naturalis*, A. D. 79, mentions it as being prescribed by the ancient Egyptian physicians to whom its investigation was suggested by the health habits of the Ibis, a bird of the Nile.

These Egyptian physicians, by the way, were the first medical practitioners known to history, not excepting the Chinese.

And the ancient Egyptians, measured by their accomplishments, seem to have been a pretty healthy, husky people.

Although history does not give much light on the subject in more recent periods, it does mention a widespread use of this treatment throughout Europe in the early part of the Eighteenth Century, especially in France.

The recent resuscitation of this ancient remedial practice dates back to the early forties, when Dr. A. Willford Hall of New York, after years of public speaking and the authorship of many religious and scientific works, failed in health, rapidly declined and was given by his physicians but a few months to live.

Dr. Hall was not a Doctor of Medicine, but of Philosophy and Laws, and a man of the highest knowledge and attainments. I knew him very well in later years and he frequently said: "Having had considerable trouble in that way, the idea came to me like an inspiration that if I could keep the colon cleansed of waste matter, I would have at least a better chance of recovery."

Dr. Hall persisted in this treatment, using the crude and laborious method of a bulb syringe, and from that time until his death at the generous age of eighty-two, forty-odd years after he had been given up, did his utmost to give the world the benefit of his personal experience.

I arrived in New York City in 1887 after an extended trip through India, China and Japan, and unwisely invested my entire capital in a commercial venture which failed.

More or less indifferent attention to my physical condition and the shock of this experience brought on a second stroke of paralysis in the left side (the first having occurred previously in Hong Kong).

Being helpless, I became an inmate of a hospital for a time; was then refused admission to another and fortunately knowing of some of the results of Internal Bathing, I resorted to it regularly

with such success that in 60 days I was walking about the city.

Impressed by the fact, however, that the method of taking these baths was then crude and imperfect, I decided to study, practice and improve on it.

To do this properly and legally I quickly found that I would have to become a Doctor of Medicine.

Entering immediately a medical college, I took the four years' course and graduated with honors.

Not at all a bad commentary on the results of Internal Bathing, considering my condition before entering.

After graduating I found my experience exactly akin to all those who must educate the public, especially in a matter where most of us are so notoriously careless—Irregularity.

But I knew from the experience of myself and others that the foundation of a great and revolutionary, though perfectly natural remedy was there.

And that once its results were generally known no power could stop its rapid and universal appreciation.

And so I persevered.

From the smallest of beginnings I found that every "J. B. L. Cascade" which I distributed brought me demand for others—that once the proper administering of the Internal Bath accomplished its result with one patient, he was generously eager to pass his experience along.

And so it grew, and has grown so astoundingly in the past twenty years that I heartily agree with physicians generally when they claim that "the vast majority of human illnesses are directly or indirectly caused by accumulated waste in the colon."

That also is the direct cause of our frequent loss of spirits and lack of confidence; in other words, our fifty per cent. of efficiency.

You will never appreciate this properly except in the clear, eager, confident way you will always feel the morning after an Internal Bath.

In the twenty-five years of my specializing on this Nature's remedy there have developed, as you may imagine, many informing and interesting phases of this treatment. The result of these years of research and practical experience has been summed up in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which I will gladly send to any interested person free on request.

Just address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., 134 West 65th Street, New York, mentioning that you read this in *The Art World*, and the book will go forward by return mail.

Of course we all want to be well and efficient and stay so without calling upon drugs to help, if that be possible. There are, as I have said, hundreds of thousands who are already doing this by this purely natural preventive, and the numbers are steadily growing. So it may be that in your own interest it would be well to send for this little book to-day while it is still on your mind.

Yours to Command!

¶ Every now and then some problem in connection with Building, Furnishing and Decorating your home confronts you—or may be some practical information is desired by you relative to the most likely shop or establishment from which to secure the article you wish to get promptly.

¶ Our reader's service department is at your service all the time and as often as you wish—the service is for the use of our subscribers.

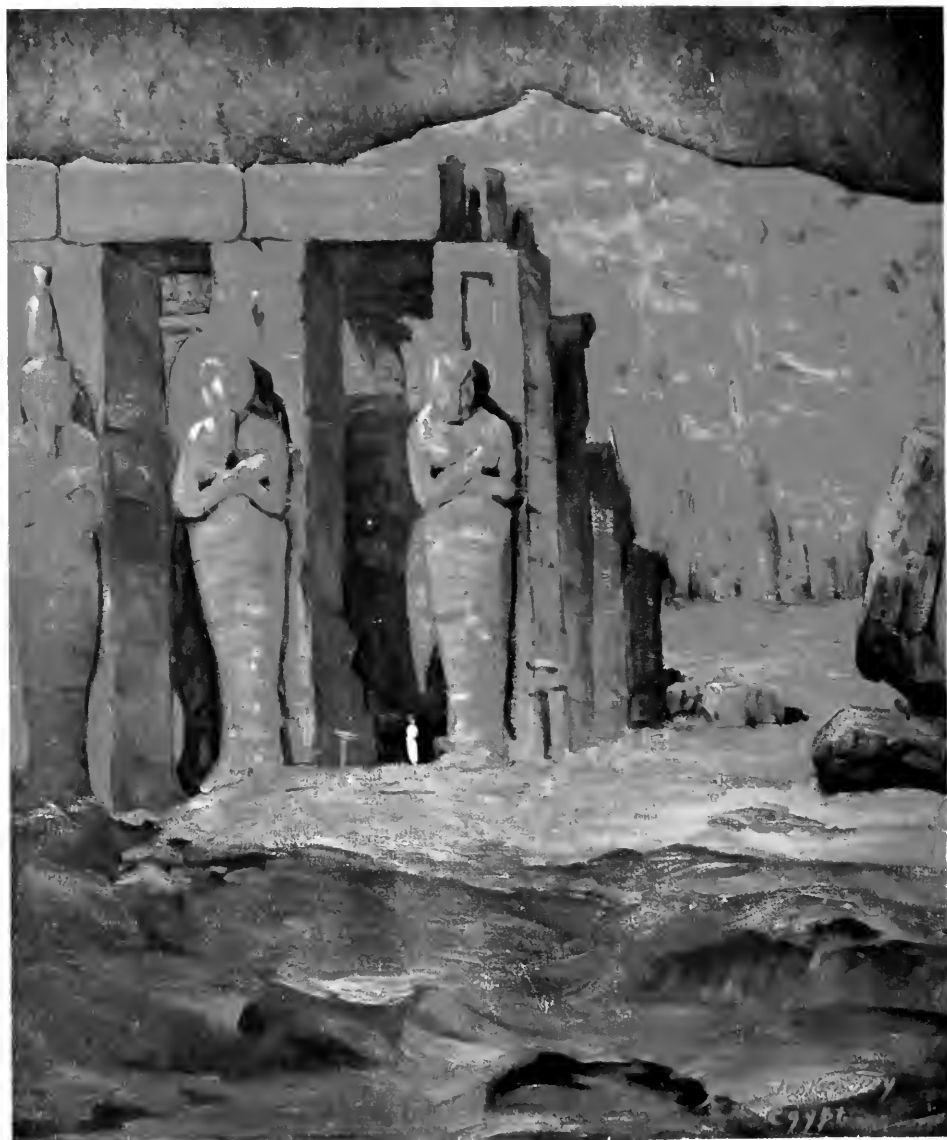
¶ We not only want you to have the magazine—and to read it—but to use it.

¶ What is your problem this month—to-day—next week—any time.

¶ Can we help you?—we shall be only too pleased to do so.

Address:

Reader's Service Department
The Art World and Craftsman
George Everett Kent
2 West 45th Street, New York



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EDITORIALS

"LINCOLN THE LAWYER"

PROPOSED STATUE BY HERMON A. MCNEIL

(See opposite page)

AT the last year's exhibition of the Architectural League of New York, in the Vanderbilt Gallery, a three-quarter life-size "working model" for a proposed statue of "Lincoln the Lawyer" was exhibited. It was very favorably received and a reproduction of it is given on page 367. Colonel Roosevelt is reported to have said: "How long we have been waiting for a statue of Lincoln showing him engaged in the Lincoln-Douglas debates!"

Well, here is a conception for a statue that ought to satisfy the Colonel. For it is far and away the best conception hitherto presented of Lincoln as the lawyer during the pre-presidential epoch of his life, so that it fittingly represents him as he was when engaged in his famous debates with Douglas.

Lincoln has been represented in bronze and marble in a number of ways. We have him serene, grave, sad, weeping; as a stump-speaker or breaking the fetters of the slave, as a man dejectedly surrendering, as a gay spirit, as a grouch, etc. Here we have for the first time the young Lincoln self-confident and facing destiny with a serene faith in his future. Were he clothed in Roman armor we could take him for Cæsar.

This statue tells the truth about Lincoln's character. He was never melancholy in his soul—however much he might have looked so when lost in thought and meditation. That he was sad when he lost Anne Rutledge and when his mother died goes without saying. He would not have been human if he had not been sad. That he had sad moments during the war, as President Wilson is having now, is no doubt true. But such momentary sadnesses should not be registered in a statue of him pretending to represent his true character, for the study of posterity. It may be remembered how Carlyle said that he had studied carefully and with great advantage the busts and portraits of the leaders of the French Revolution when writing his history of that event. The historian does that always. For that reason no sculptor, be he who he may, has the right to represent a great man in any way he likes. That is where Rodin showed lack of intelligence, representing Balzac as a monstrous *symbol* when the French Society of Authors wanted a living *portrait*. It was an insolent insistence on a right no sculptor on earth can claim: to put upon a public pedestal anything he may please. And that is why it was just that the Public of the World, of all shades of thought, howled it down in the Paris Salon and reduced Rodin to the rôle of the Bandinelli of French art, from which we prophecy he will never recover. No matter how much his modernistic corybants may keep on blowing their adulatory horns—in their own interests for the future as for the past, Rodin

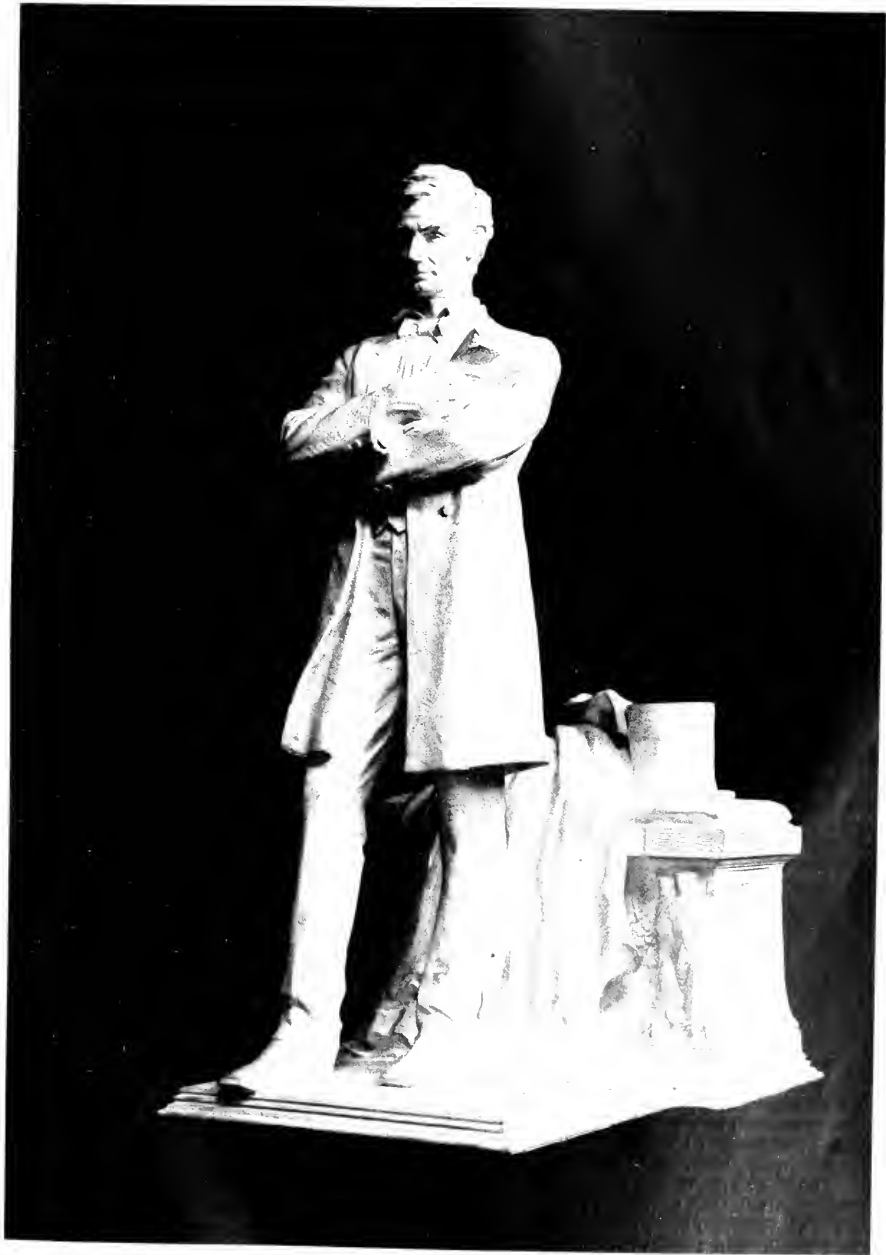
has suffered in fame; Rodin was the victim of his friends.

Portraiture is an art apart, governed by different laws from those that dominate decorative art. It should never be classed with ideal art. Very few decorative sculptors are capable of making a good portrait-statue, because they are more governed by their imagination than their reason, working more by intuition than by judgment; because they have not the two intellectual powers—analysis and synthesis—well-balanced. They may make most charming decorative statues but are incapable of estimating the true character of a great man and expressing it. Therefore Rodin never made a good portrait-statue. Every one of his public monuments roused a near-riot. This was true of the "Bourgeois of Calais," "Claude le Lorrain" at Nancy and "Sarmiento" at Buenos-Aires; all of these should have been howled down as was the "Balzac" at Paris. His bust of "Puvion de Chavannes," the finest *fragment* of modeling he ever did, was condemned by Chavannes and his family, as a good piece of craftsmanship but a poor portrait. The reverse should be the case, if a choice must be made. Better still, have a profound likeness combined with great artistic skill.

But the plaster cast of Lincoln's face, because it was made from the life, is the most precious in the world to-day, since it is superior as a document to the cast of Napoleon's face which was made after death, because in the Lincoln mask we can study the man's character. The mere fact that Lincoln was assassinated does not justify any artist in representing Lincoln as a melancholy man, sad and mournful. To do that is to give way to the "pathetic fallacy" which has been built round Lincoln. Let an artist express his sadness over Lincoln's fate in conversation, in prose and in poetry, but let him not read his own sad reflections about Lincoln into a statue and make him look sad; that would be utterly false, as all the photographs of Lincoln and all the testimony in regard to his character prove. To have conceived Lincoln as a melancholy man is the fundamental mistake that a number of artists and writers have made.

Truth should be the first aim in a public statue. Let us remember what Carlyle said: "What would we not give for a true photograph of the face of Jesus Christ?"

Every one loves Lincoln. Also every one loves Washington. And for the same reason—their patient self-sacrifice for mankind. Did not Washington pass through as many dark hours as Lincoln, hours of agony, of hope deferred and of killing doubt? Think of his Long Island failures, the treachery of soldiers and politicians, the serpent



"LINCOLN AS A LAWYER"

BY HERMAN A. MUELLER

This 5-foot "working model," for a statue of Lincoln, covering the period of 1810-1830. Does not depict merely the conception, the plan and composition, for a statue. It does not pretend to give the plan, form and expression on the face and body that will be achieved in the full-size statue. Hence details are not criticised; for a sketch ends where criticism begins. A superb statue can be made out of this even better.

ennuity of the Tory copperheads; think of the quixotism mixed in with the generally sane congressional action; think of Valley Forge and its sufferings, and do not forget the calumny heaped upon his head, while President, to a degree of bitterness never experienced by Lincoln. In truth he suffered more than Lincoln—except that he did escape a dramatic assassination while steering the ship of state into the harbor, after weathering the hurricane.

Are we not forgetting the sufferings of Washington? And is not this because no painter or sculptor had ever painted or modeled his own pathetic feelings about Washington into any portrait of him? Stuart, Trumbull, Greenough, Ball, Brown, Ward, all show him as a dignified conqueror, not gay but serenely grave, as becomes a generous victor. Is it because these great artists also felt what Emerson has so finely expressed: "A serene face is success enough in life and the end of nature attained"?

Why not represent Lincoln as serenely grave as artists have Washington and thus truly lift him to the same Olympian plane where, according to the demands of truth he should be placed? The world needs the male stoicism of the Romans. Why weaken Lincoln by painting or modeling him as sad or dejected, as bending or surrendering? Is it wise from the standpoints of the needs of the state to do so?

We applaud Mr. McNeil's model because it is true in *character* to Lincoln—true in conception we mean. Of course it is not yet Lincoln, because no effort has been made to make a profound likeness of his face and body. It is only the conception which has been presented. But we can trust Mr. McNeil to realize a true likeness of the face and body in the final statue; and this he positively should and no doubt would do to the satisfaction of a committee of laymen who have studied and know Lincoln's character, who would not presume to interfere with his *surface modeling*, but would

have the right to insist on a correct likeness and a true expression of his character.

As for the decorative side of this statue, which speaks for itself, we can safely leave its execution to the taste of Mr. McNeil. For his group of an Indian father and son called "The Sun Vow" is one of the finest pieces of ideal sculpture made by an American and his soldier monument at Albany is one of the most splendid in the country.

In his conception McNeil has incarnated the incident of the speech in 1856 at Petersburg, Illinois, where the crowd, hostile to Frémont's candidacy in whose favor Lincoln came to speak, at first would not listen to him and began to howl him down. But, determined to be heard, Lincoln stood his ground for half an hour, facing the hostile crowd. At the end of that time he waved his arm for silence, began speaking and in the end conquered the crowd. This "Lincoln" by McNeil seems to be doing just that thing—facing down that crowd and waiting for the psychological moment when he would begin to dominate. McNeil is on the right track to arrive at a magnificent statue, if he will but follow closely the Lincoln mask and the Hessler photographs made about that time and published in our January issue.

We do not know whether McNeil has a commission to execute his statue or not. But if he has, Colonel Roosevelt will then, in reality, be able to say: "I have always wanted to see the Lincoln of the Lincoln-Douglas debates in bronze and now I see him."

Our praise of this composition does not mean that we have abandoned insisting on the sending over to London of a replica of the "Lincoln" by Saint-Gaudens. On the contrary. McNeil's conception is for this country only as it represents Lincoln as a lawyer, early in his career, and no statue of Lincoln should be sent to London—as a gift from the American people—except one showing him as the full mature man and President.

"EGYPTIAN SCENES"

PAINTINGS BY MRS. GEORGIA TIMKEN FRY

(See frontispiece and opposite page)

THOSE only who have had the privilege of spending a winter in Egypt, land of mystery and solemnity, can thoroughly appreciate a truthful representation of that fascinating country and understand why people who have been there are ever after haunted by a desire to return. Was it because on the last day of our stay, as, on all fours, we drank of the waters of the Nile, the Arab dragoman said: "Allah be praised! Master drank from de Nile; he come back, sure!"

Those who have not made a trip up the Nile in November and December will never suspect the glory of color one meets on the way: color of palm-fringed river, of the sky, of the rocks, of the mountains, of the ruins and of the picturesque inhabitants. Such sunsets, such sunrises, such moonlights! And the starlight of the "Southern Cross" at Korosco! And such enchantment as one experiences as one wanders through the gigantic ruins of

Karnac in ancient Thebes, with its three miles of road running between colossal sphinxes and its forest of Titanic columns and mountains of shattered stones, is met with only in our dreams. From Cairo to Abu Simbel it is one surprise after another, each more evocative of wonder than the other. Well may the departing traveler say: "Yes Egypt! I salute thee!"

No details of Egypt are so overwhelming as the ruins. In their presence one feels that a race with more grandiose souls than are possessed by us of to-day lived in and governed that land in the hoary days of the past. From the fabulous pyramids to Luxor, from Denderah to Philae, from Kom Ombo to Abu Simbel we feel ourselves in the presence of dead giants whose spirits still haunt these colossal temples, all more or less in ruin.

One of the most impressive of these is the reddish "Ramesseum" on the plain opposite Karnac,



"THE SPHINX AND THE THREE PYRAMIDS"

FROM A PAINTING BY MRS. GEORGIA TICKEN FRY

(See page 308)

Note the square stone of polished red granite between the paws of the Sphinx placed there by Thothmes III about 1550 B. C., recording that by him the Sphinx had only been repaired.

having once been connected with a causeway fringed by sphinxes, in the center of which are the remains of a granite statue of the Pharaoh Rameses, a figure that was forty feet high. Back of this is the temple of Dair el Bahari built by Queen Hatepshu, and back of this rises the rocky cliff which shines in the morning sun with a rosy light against the sky of blue, tones that only those who have seen them will believe that Egypt can furnish in so colorful and really sublime effect, hues of which photographs give no hint.

The frontispiece presented in this number recalls such a splendor of color. It is reproduced from the canvas painted by Mrs. Georgia Timken Fry. In 1910 she painted a number of Egyptian scenes as she leisurely journeyed up the Nile in company with a party of friends, from Cairo to the second cataract.

Such colors as Mrs. Fry here reports can be seen almost anywhere along the Nile any morning during the winter months, which is the only time to visit Egypt. The colors so enhance the effect of the colossal ruins that, especially in the morning or evening, they are doubly majestic. Mrs. Fry has caught the color and spirit of desolation around the "Ramesseum" as we saw it one November morning in all its glory.

Three hundred miles below, the Great Sphinx, oldest statue in the world, looks the East in the face as mysteriously to-day as it did in the infancy of civilization. And the pyramids hunch their huge bulk four hundred and fifty feet into the sky from a base seven hundred and fifty feet square as if to defy time and challenge our pigmy race to produce works of equal grandeur.

These hoary works are yellow at noon, rose color in the sunset glow; and then, after sundown, they soon assume a mysterious silvery gray.

It is under this aspect that Mrs. Fry chose to represent the scene pictured on page 369. It shows that vagueness the Sphinx assumes in the veils of twilight, a vagueness that enhances the feeling of mystery and brooding in this gigantic statue, whose age we can better realize when we reflect that the square, polished block of granite, noticeable between the outstretched paws of the lion-body of the Sphinx, was set up by Thotmes III about 1538 B. C., to record the fact that he had repaired the old colossus!

Mrs. Fry is one of the strongest among the women painters of the country. During a long stay in Paris she exhibited regularly in the Salon and some day many of her canvases will find their way into our public museums.

THE LEAVEN IS WORKING

OUR confrère *The American Art News* in its issue of January 5, 1918 has the following to say:

ZULOAGA NUDES DISBARRED

It has remained for Indianapolis and the John Herron Art Institute of that city to taboo and banish to a cellar three very naked nudes: "Nude Lady with Red Carnation," "Nude Lady and the Parrot" and "Celestine," included in the display of works by Zuloaga which New York hailed with enthusiasm under modish patronage last season and swallowed, nudes and all. The show has been traveling through the country since that time, and without a word of protest against these nudes, until the exhibition reached Indianapolis.

It appears from the news story from Indianapolis that certain young women of that decently ordered but not overartistic town, attended the Zuloaga show at the Institute, looked at the exhibits and were so shocked by the nude pictures above noted that they not only themselves protested but called in their sisters, cousins and aunts—no mention made of their fathers and uncles—and, in a word, brought such pressure to bear on the Institute officials that the offending nudes were banished to the cellar.

So has Indianapolis taught New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh and other American cities a moral lesson. It is to be wondered what Zuloaga, Mrs. Philip Lydig of New York, who got up the exhibition, and Dr. Christian Brinton who compiled the catalog, with its glowing eulogy of the painter and his works, and who comes from that city of homes and purity—Philadelphia—think of the attitude of Indianapolis towards the nudes of Zuloaga.

As to the above we beg to say that in our issue of February 1917 we flagellated these nudes and said:

"But when it comes to the moral side, at once he proceeds to stultify himself in his pictures of naked women. For instead of continuing to depart from fact and going to the ideal and poetic in painting a nude, as every great artist should who respects the highest interests of the human race, he descends to the grossest and crassest facts possible. His nudes are not nude—they are blatantly naked.

"But worse still, instead of painting a perfect type of feminine beauty, he chooses three creatures half worn-out and represents them in various degrees of undress and vulgar nakedness, and so matter-of-fact as to be devoid of a scintilla of poetry, which alone will ever justify an artist to represent a man or a woman nude. And worst of all, the nude subjects he chooses are so immoral that no Museum in America should dare to exhibit them."

We are glad to know that the leaven of protest is working and hope such protests will be made every time any immoral artist dares to exhibit any vulgar or suggestive nude or any sort of a moral sore in any American gallery.

DAINGERFIELD'S "WESTGLOW"

(See page 371)

PEOPLE who experience positive if subtle enjoyment when contemplating colors as nature brings them to their eyes, lovers of color whom the neutral tones leave indifferent or bored, turn with special warmth to the painters who are so constituted as to love color for its own sake, to artists

who give it first place in their works. The painters are termed "colorists," to the disgust of those artists who lean more toward form and resent the importance given to one part of their own output. For every painter who is a painter, they maintain, is also a colorist; does he not use colors?



"WESTGLOW"
FROM A PAINTING BY ELLIOTT BAINGEFIELD

(See page 370)

It is true that artists enchanted by color are sometimes neglectful of form, nor could it well be otherwise; but one cannot always have everything of equal force in a work of art; perhaps it's as well one cannot. George Inness, for example, leaned in early years more toward form than color, but as he grew older his tendency was to put color foremost, and that not merely in his evening-glow and sun-down scenes but those in which he dealt with tones of green alone. The painting by Elliott Daingerfield reproduced in black and white owes the major part of its beauty to that feeling for rich color which marks the greater number of his pictures; it is not without psychological reasons that he has given prominence in his thoughtful little treatise on George Inness (privately printed) to the richest most colorful works of the master he has analyzed. He speaks of the "organ-pipes of tone" and says of Inness that from careful analytical reasons "he became the synthecist and more and more he sought expression in great waves of color; occasionally forceful expressions would break from his hand when color and form were perfectly balanced, but with the approach of the end he seemed to lose himself in the musical influence which color gives to some minds."

A like phenomenon has been observed in Rembrandt, Turner and Whistler. Inness justified this passion for color—which is shared by children, primitive folk, birds and insects—by a dictum that Daingerfield records: "An artist's business is to paint what he feels rather than what he sees." Unfortunately this is carried too far by some artists who, in their contempt for form, go to the extreme of neglecting form and good drawing too much.

Daingerfield himself offers an example of this natural, inborn love of color that characterizes certain artists and causes them to paint in a way very difficult to express in words, unless one turns to music and poetry for terms that vaguely and by

analogy set forth the feeling involved. Stern pedants, who perchance are incapable of appreciating the matter through the lack of inborn faculty to observe, have often reprobated the use of such terms as if there were something extravagant and illogical in taking the words for one art and applying it to another; they are like the grammarians who made grammar a fetish, and instead of considering language as our only though imperfect vehicle of expression which existed before grammars were fashioned, become hopeless muddled in the technique of the matter and put the cart before the horse, the arrangement before the spirit of a language. Fortunately the painters who have it in them to see, feel and express the color side of nature pay little attention to these pedagogues who serve their purpose sufficiently by forcing the beginner to learn the technique of his art before trying to express whatever of poetry and music, whatever of feeling he may by good fortune possess.

The period just elapsed has gained but has also suffered from the sway of professors of technique who have lured the public into admiring, often against their instinct and natural sympathies, perfectly arid productions of so-called "impeccable" manufacture which have clogged the exhibitions and repulsed the natural love in mankind for such colors as we see about us in flowers and animals and human beings, in sky and land and ocean. Daingerfield is a painter who has refused to obey the pedagogues. He is of the Academy, having been elected in 1906. He took the Clarke prize at the Academy in 1902. Yet he occupies a place somewhat apart; one observes that he gangs his own gait and uses figures (and very beautiful in line, curve and mass they are) to symbolize landscape, and landscape plus or minus figures in order to register emotions—allowing to the Gradgrinds of his profession all the advantages that such practitioners secure.

WE ARE NOT FORGETTING

WE are often asked why we neglect to speak of certain artists and their exhibitions.

This is because we are not at all interested in fostering crude, immature or mediocre art. Merely clever or trivial or degenerate art needs no encouragement. Such art will grow with the same certainty as the rag-weeds, weeds and thistles in a city lot. We are, of course, sympathetic to all forms of sane art which is clean; even in trivial art that is not vulgar.

But we are primarily interested in stimulating the nation to produce such art as will *endure*, that

is art that is Great, art that is exalting, that lifts us from the commonplace to the poetic. We have made the fostering of such art our one special mission.

If our critics will let this sink into their minds they will no longer wonder at our course. To accomplish our purpose we have from the beginning adopted this motto:

Praise a good work as much as you can.

Ignore a mediocre work as much as you can.

Hit a bad work as hard as you can.



SPECIAL ARTICLES



A FRANCO-AMERICAN INTELLECTUAL UNION

BY GABRIEL HANOTAUX

FORMER FRENCH MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE ART WORLD is opening, with those personalities the most highly qualified for representing French opinion, an enquiry on the artistic relations that the brotherhood of arms and a more intimate knowledge of their genius will henceforth establish between France and the United States.

While their soldiers are making ready to fight side by side with us, while their army chiefs are establishing the plan of a common action, while their fleets lend one the other mutual help, and their ministries are posing the bases of economic conventions, the intellectual union of the two nations is elaborating itself slowly. We would like to fix by authorized opinions the new destinies which are opening to the fine arts by this blending of two races, and fix also on what the hopes which are placed in this coalition are founded.

In order to give more unity to the answers which will be made we have reduced to a small number the questions that our enquiry may raise. We have grouped them so as not to let the attention of our interlocutors wander. We have first of all asked them if they thought that a new state of things was going to be born, notably in the artistic relations of the two countries, on account of the political, military and economic events which are taking place; afterwards, in what manner they view the development of these relations; lastly, in what sense would their mutual influence be exercised.

We addressed ourselves first of all to Mr. Gabriel Hano-

taux, member of the French Academy, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, as the President of the *Comité Franco-Amérique*, was especially designated to lay down the terms of the debate. The powerful writer who has reviewed the life and the work of Cardinal Richelieu, the illustrious author of the *Studies on the 16th and 17th Centuries of France*, is a fitting person to indicate the historical laws according to which the intellectual union of France and the United States will be formed.

This commentator upon the acts of the great minister of Louis XIII does not live, as one might think, in some tumble-down dwelling of an old quarter of Paris; dusty parchments do not encumber his cabinet; quite the contrary, he lives in one of the gayest quarters of Paris in a house where order and light reign. But when from his work-table he looks beyond the panes of the bay window, the historian sees a landscape capable of pleasing him from more than one point of view: the park Monceau, the most elegant park in Paris; "la Naumachie" from which rises the souvenir of Catherine de Medicis and of Henri II and the remains of the old garden that Carnotelle designed for Philippe d'Orléans, the tomb, the bridge and the little wood where formerly Madame de Genlis taught her pupils botany.

It is the dwelling of a man of to-day, well-informed of all

that constitutes the present, all that can open up the future, but who, having drawn from the lessons of the past the best methods of action, remembers this and feels gratitude toward them. Vergil, Apuleius, Horace, Livy, the letters of Cicero to Herodes Atticus, in beautiful red morocco bindings with precious iron clasps, serve as an escort, in the library, to the portfolios of Cambracens. Books are everywhere—pictures too: a small nude of Drolling neighbors with "A Card Party" by Callot; a Holy Family of Rubens is face to face with a Gerard Dow.

DO I believe in a Franco-American intellectual communion? If I were not animated by such a faith, should I preside over the destinies of the Comité Franco-Amérique? I have always thought that a union of this kind was desirable for the two countries and the war has only strengthened my conviction. Nay, more—this conviction has taken, under the stress of events, a certain character of imperious fatality. A short time before the hostilities began there was a question of creating in Paris a sort of "Villa Medici" for the use of American artists and of endowing them on the model of the Prix de Rome with a Prix de Paris. So that the influence exercised by present conditions will only hasten an action already begun—began without fixity, without a pre-established doctrine, without a bond between its manifestations!

I see what THE ART WORLD wants to achieve, but I must tell you that fine arts are not my special domain. Also I shall speak more as a historian than as a constructor of dogmas of tuition. I love America profoundly, but I have not sufficiently penetrated the designs, the vows, the ambitions of all the categories of its intellectual society. Although certain Americans have done me the great honor to elect me to the Historical Academy of Massachusetts, founded in 1791, I have not sufficiently mingled with the life of the whole United States to be able to call myself an expert in American civilization. Nevertheless I know by my voyages, all too short, and by personal experience, with what warmth every word that comes from France is welcomed in the Union. Nor do I ignore that American painters, architects and musicians did not wait for the Great War before they came to avail themselves of the lessons of our Masters in Paris.

It seems, then, that an Academy of Music and a French Theater opened in New York, for example, would be powerful and indispensable bonds between the two countries; that it would be of interest to found French libraries and art schools and develop there the institution of traveling scholarships for the benefit of students in painting, sculpture, engraving, music, coming from over-seas. It would only be a "codification" of customs freely agreed upon till now, but it would permit of making this union more intimate, which the nature of the people and the conditions of American life have rendered necessary.

The terms of such a contract, which to the present has been one-sided, will then be modified by the new circumstances. The future does not belong to us, but it appears to me that on the subject of the relations of France and America hereafter the past allows us to prophecy almost with certainty. We know the American nation and its admirable qualities: the nation is young, loyal, robust and animated with the rarest energy. Up to the present it

has grown in power and has not yet developed all the aspects of its genius; but it ignores fear and knows no obstacle which it cannot overcome. These are wonderful virtues to be brought face to face with those of a nation refined by centuries of civilization and of culture, and to be blended with them. A young American who adores my country said to me one day: "For me, the creation of the world goes back to the day when Lafayette set foot on American soil." Admirable and touching words, well worthy to stir a poet and to surprise the historian! But the latter, if he only gives it a little attention would at the same time discover in it a symbol as well as a truth. For this free American citizen, the origin of the Universe dated back to the War of Independence; he ought to have added, to complete his thought, that the profound unity of his country will date from the day of its entrance into the Great War.

And in fact it is their moral unity which the United States has established by participating in the struggle; it is toward the development of their intellectual genius they are working when deliberately taking the side of a noble and just cause.

I believe that this war will have a direct repercussion on the spiritual production of America! Until now the nation has been preoccupied with growth in the sense of practical activity. On an immense territory of a size scarcely inferior to that of the whole of Europe the American has cleared whole territories, created States, founded towns. After having been during several centuries only a colony, it has raised itself to the rank of an independent power; after having lived upon itself it has exported its many products to the European market. What forecasts would not an enthusiastic but superficial historian be brought to make, by applying strictly to the artistic evolution the laws of this economic process! Evidently one would be brought to expect a sort of intellectual autonomy and perhaps a predominance of American genius.

But I take the precaution of repeating that a historian who should reason in this way would be a superficial one. The laws which preside over the spiritual development are infinitely complex. The immense work to which America gave herself she did not complete, she could not complete in every domain, but from this long elaboration there was born a democratic aristocracy—the Virginian aristocracy to which Washington belonged, then those of the East and of the West which have supplanted it. The choice spirits thus constituted manifest new needs and among the first are those which can only be satisfied by the productions of art. That is how Boston has become an important musical center, how the Metropolitan Opera, New York, is classed among the great lyrical theaters of the world, and private collections like the galleries of Pierpont Morgan and of Senator Clark have been established, or the Havemeyer Gallery, where one can admire some beautiful pieces by Degas, also public collections like the Metropolitan Museum of New York, where I had the great pleasure to inaugurate the "Salle Rodin."

Perhaps it is by monumental creations the American genius will first of all shine. Of course there is no measure in common between the Hotel St. Clair where Lafayette dwelt in his time at St.

Louis and the immense Southern Hotel which has been built in the same city. But by comparing one edifice with the other, one finds there the scale of gradation in the proportions, the examination of which is indispensable to whoever wishes to study the evolution of American plastic art.

I believe in the birth of a purely original art in America, but not more than for any other country. Never in history has one assisted at the generation of an art pure and disengaged from all influence. One of the great American architects, my friend Whitney Warren, is a pupil of our School of Fine Arts and member of the Institute of France. No one in America denies the influence of France on American architecture. The technical manifestations the most characteristic of European countries have origins which are easily discernible; for example, Russian art is extreme-Oriental, Byzantine or Italian; Spanish art has received the Moorish stamp, and the first productions of French art find their source in Greco-Roman genius. But it is possible to see such a happy adaptation produced that it constitutes a sort of national art.

Rather than a renovation of our own art inspirations coming from America, I look upon as probable the permanency of our influence in the United States. I think of these lines in Horace:

*Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit et artes
Intulit agresti Latio.* . . .

The poet seems to me in this circumstance to be the surest of prophets. Not that I parallel the condition of France or of the United States to that of Greece or of Latium, but, in comparing them to Athens and to Rome, in evoking the influence of the first over the second, I do not think I offend either one or the other.

I do believe that Racine, Rameau and Poussin will continue to be immortal divinities for our friends, the young American poets, musicians and painters. I think that our 17th, our 18th, and our 19th centuries, our philosophers, our dramatists, our novelists, will continue to be the models for which their young enthusiasm will be impassioned; but I also think that it is probable our ancient or modern art will undergo in the influence which it will exercise in the United States some profound modifications. I see in the architecture of the Capitol at Washington, in that of the Grand Central Station of New York the example of this adaptation of style to the necessities of life.

The arch was unknown to the Greeks, or rather, not used except in their cellars and sewers, certainly not in their monumental work. The temple with them is rectilinear; with the Romans on the contrary the arch formed the principle of the basilica. This different disposition is easily explained by the accommodation of the manner of expression to the needs of the community. With the Greeks the density of the population, the relative smallness of the territory did not call for big places of reunion. With the Romans on the contrary, where the temple must serve as a shelter to an immense number of people, the arch—which with the Greeks signified a point—widened out. A poet would not miss seeing in this, like a symbol, two wings unfolding in a gesture more and more ample, to shelter a crowd more and more numerous. So I believe

that the influence of American art on ours will exert itself in the "cyclopiian" sense.

But one must not confound this deformation, which is rendered legitimate by particular conditions of existence, with the "colossal" art of Germany; this, having no plausible motive aside from a simple appetite for power, has even been applied to creations that require the greatest amount of lightness. It has been asked whether we shall undergo, more than should be, the effects of this law. But I do not think so. We shall have the wisdom to remember that the finest virtue of our race is measure. The country which has seen the birth of Descartes and *Le Discours de la Méthode* could not be unreasonable to the point of adopting forms which would suit neither its needs nor its genius. No, if an influence coming from the far-off countries of America must work upon it, this influence will take quite a different character. Again, to define it with some chance of exactitude, the historian ought to find out what impression the races which have composed it have left on the American genius. From the gentlemen-trappers who followed the Chevalier de la Salle down to the most recent immigrants, it would be useful to study each of the elements which have constituted that being, greatly endowed and so to speak new, which is the American citizen. One would perhaps then perceive that, thanks to his methods of work, his processes of adaptation and his ethical characteristics, he will be capable of exercising, indirectly, an influence on our art by the nature of the soil that he exploits, by the aspect of the landscape which surrounds him and by the conditions of life which are more independent. So paradoxical as it may seem, the American has doubtless not yet had the time, occupied as he is with clearing the soil, to contemplate the earth where he lives. Or at least this contemplation has not yet translated itself by a significant work, which could give an exact transposition. Centuries were necessary for Rome to pass in literature from the *horridus numerus Saturnius*, from the dreadful Saturnian verses to the flexible poetry of Horace. There is nothing surprising in the fact that the United States have not yet created any Georgics.

It will be our pride to help America in this childbirth. But the day that its Vergil or its Catullus is born, then it is that we may usefully speak of the influence they will exercise on our own productions. For it is certain that the vision of the landscape of Virginia or the Rocky Mountains, the ranches of the West and the industrial towns of the East will raise up unsuspected forms of art where the audacious genius of the Americans will find a virgin horizon to exalt itself.

America has had an enormous influence on our literature already. It was not in vain that Chateaubriand had seen the valley of the Mississippi. That dictated his "Natchez." Edgar Poe! is he not the origin of Baudelaire? It is probable that in the future the waves of the sea will bring to us along with the reflection of a new sky certain unknown rhythms and fashions, and that is why, in prevision of this future, it is well to provoke and to sustain every enterprise which proposes to render easier the intercourse between the literary men and artists of America and the French literary men and artists. It is another way of serving the same cause that the soldiers of one country and the other are sus-

taining at the front with weapons in their hands.

I think also that Emerson and the cult of heroes will find innumerable fertile seeds in the war which brings together once more the descendants of La Fayette and those of Washington. Do we know what William James, read in the light of these great

events, is going to reveal to us concerning the religious mystery of the French soul?

All the problems are proposed; it would be tempting peril to come to a conclusion; it is wiser to foresee and to prepare.

Gabriel Hanotaux

TIMOTHY COLE

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

I WONDER how many readers of THE ART WORLD fully appreciate the fact that every other month they are sure to find in it a work of art by a man of world-wide fame, long the greatest wood-engraver of the world, one worthy to rank with the foremost engravers of all time? It is doubtful if there will ever be a successor to Timothy Cole.

Well I remember the circumstances in which Mr. Cole began his notable undertaking to engrave the Old Masters. One day in 1882, during my service as Associate Editor of the *Century*, I was in the art department when W. Lewis Fraser, then Associate of the art editor A. W. Drake, showing me a beautiful proof of one of Cole's blocks, said: "It is a pity and a shame that such genius should be wasted on inferior originals. We ought to send Cole to Europe to engrave the masterpieces of the world's art." The idea struck me so forcibly that, on the principle that "a duty is binding upon one from the moment it is conceived" I said: "If you will give me the next fifteen minutes of your time, Fraser, I'll go with you to the publishers and back up that idea"—and off we went. We presented the project with enthusiasm and it was hospitably received by the financial powers and at once cordially approved by Mr. Drake and by Mr. Gilder, then editor of the magazine, and Mr. Cole was invited to a consultation which resulted in his engagement to go to Italy to do a series of the Old Italian Masters.

I have since found myself wondering what would have been the decision had we then been able to foresee the extent to which the enterprise would reach. I can't help thinking of the lady who dropped in for tea and staid seventeen years. In this case, beginning with the expectation, on Mr. Cole's part as well as ours, that he would devote at most two or three years to the work, the project by its uniqueness and success led from one famous gallery to another and from one series to six, until the engraver had devoted twenty-seven years to his *magnum opus*. But he never wore out his welcome with us or with the public, and fortunately the distinguished record has been made. As I have elsewhere said, I believe the day will come when collectors will ransack libraries and garrets to obtain the numbers of the *Century* having impressions of that series of blocks, while the engraver's proofs, especially those signed by him, will be sought for even more eagerly. His current work will not be in less demand.

If it be asked why Mr. Cole did not remain at home and do the work from photographs, it may be said that if we were to have an adequate report in black-and-white of the great creations of painting, it was desirable to correct the very defects and misstatements of the photograph. It was his province by thorough study of the originals to translate into wood-engraving the tones of a painting in their relation one to another. In this respect he was the first interpretative artist to tell us the truth concerning these masterpieces, and in doing this he has had no rival.

Beside this, Mr. Cole's work appeals by the command, the beauty and the range of his technique. There is a quality in his expression as individual and as poetic as Paderewski's. His blocks could be recognized in a miscellaneous portfolio by his touch, just as one would thus recognize Paderewski's playing, even in a celestial recital, though he were to play only the scales. And in resourcefulness and appropriateness of rendering the engraver is not inferior to the pianist. Whether it be the Preraphaelite, the Titian, the Rembrandt or the English school, Mr. Cole's artistic comprehension is of a masterly sensibility.

I am writing these lines as an introduction to one who is far more competent than I to expound the details of Mr. Cole's technical achievements. Mr. George H. Whittle, even before the series was undertaken, was an assistant to Mr. Drake and Mr. Fraser, and through years of this relationship he became an expert on engraving, so that, they being no longer living, he is now the keeper of the fine old tradition of the *Century Art Department* of that period.

For many years Mr. Whittle was (so to speak) the censor of the printing of the magazine, spending a large part of each week in scrutiny of the sheets as they came from the press. No one in America, probably, is better qualified to supervise the printing of illustrations, and it is fortunate for THE ART WORLD that his experience is at its service in such work, particularly in maintaining the standards of reproducing the series on which Mr. Cole is now engaged, and in which he is showing not merely undiminished power but new inventiveness and beauty of method. In the paper that follows Mr. Whittle's exposition of the engraver's excellence by the citation of specific examples is natural, logical and illuminating.

Robert Underwood Johnson



"THE MAN WITH THE VIOLIN"

A PORTRAIT OF TIMOTHY COLE

FROM A PAINTING BY WALTER FAULK

THE ART OF TIMOTHY COLE

BY GEORGE HOWES WHITTLE

(See page 377)

IF one expresses to Mr. Cole admiration for the wizardry of his arabesque of vibrating lines he replies simply "My line is nothing. I don't think about it; it means nothing in itself; all that matters is what I want to say and what my line expresses."

This seems a strange statement by one who has given so many years of patient study to the perfection of his line, but the apparent paradox is made plain when we understand him to mean that he is no longer hampered in the free play of his imagination by technical considerations; hand, eye and brain have been thoroughly trained to work in perfect unison.

In a musical instrument, say the violin, the strings are so attuned to one another that by vibrating them in obedience to the touch various harmonies are produced. The engraver makes the strings of his instrument as he goes along, producing his harmonies by a series of black and white lines in juxtaposition vibrating together. Facility and delicacy of hand in modulating his lines, like the touch of the musician, while essentially a matter of feeling, is also one of calculation and judgment; as Mr. Cole himself has observed "art is calculation."

This aspect of the engraver's line is suggestive of a certain decorative and æsthetic motive somewhat analogous to the effect produced by an exquisite piece of lace, the charm of which is exercised chiefly through the eye; no other of the graphic arts seems to manifest this æsthetic quality to the same extent and manner as wood-engraving.

But wood-engraving is a graphic art and a story must be told. This includes not only the delineation of the subject to the smallest detail but attention to such other technical features as tone, atmosphere and color. Thus we see still more closely the meaning of Mr. Cole's remark "All that matters is what I want to say and what my line expresses."

It would be interesting to review the work of Timothy Cole prior to his almost exclusive occupation with the European old masters, but the omission is less important in view of the fact that his style has never changed; the peculiarly individual character of his line remains virtually the same as at the beginning of his career. It is in the perception of artistic meanings and increase of power to grapple with new and difficult problems that a perception of his development must be sought. But so generally even is the quality of his engraving, and so difficult or impossible is it to distinguish between the nature of the problems presented by his various subjects, that we may well shrink from such a task. It would also be too intricate a matter to attempt to show how peculiar difficulties are overcome while still maintaining an open scale of white line, where so many engravers of less skill and power would resort to a "tightening" of the line, thus losing that vibrating and singing quality we have referred to as so charming in Cole's work. It is the determination

to maintain a true tradition of wood-engraving in white line work that renders it so difficult and triumphant an achievement to preserve essential accents in drawing, at the same time with a proper breath of generalization.

In a long list of about seventy subjects Mr. Cole covered the history of Italian painting from Cimabue to Veronese. This was a prodigious undertaking! Days and weeks were spent on preliminary studies in imperfectly lighted galleries and churches, disentangling true features in his subjects from the distortions and obscurities caused by time and neglect. Nothing was attempted however in the way of impertinent restoration. Cole's reverent object was to give what remains of the frescoes and paintings after centuries of, in many cases, positive ill treatment.

When examining proofs of engravings we are constantly impressed, nay, bewildered by his versatility and inventiveness in the adoption of line in order to express the peculiar sentiment and characteristics of each master. In the work of Giotto for instance, we are able to distinguish where that artist went beyond his predecessors, not only in his command of drawing but in his faculty of physical expression. For his contribution to that monumental work "Engravings in Wood" by the members of the Society of American Wood Engravers, Mr. Cole selected a subject by that artist: "The Entombment" from the frescos in the Arena Chapel, Padua.

The imaginative and dramatic force of this creation is extraordinary! With passionate intensity the little group of mourners abandon themselves to a sorrow which, although intensely human, seems refined of all selfish, earthly alloy. A spiritual presence fills the scene; all the pitiful excitement and horror of the crucifixion have subsided; no curious onlookers obtrude upon this place of grief which is holy ground lifted above this earth to where angels join their lamentations. What was the genius that could project externally so rapt a vision, so simple in its elements of expression, yet with so supreme a power to move us? And by what subtle, sympathetic instinct has the engraver reincarnated the picture! It might perhaps be possible to trace the means in terms of art technicalities, but at the expense of the dream, leaving still unexplained the mystery of the inspiration.

After ten years in the hot-house of Italian religious art Mr. Cole went to Holland and breathed for about four years the atmosphere of the practical, every-day life-loving Dutchmen and Flemings. Here he was engaged with the art of men more distinctly Painters, and his problem became largely those of color in light and atmosphere. Tone, color values and textures called for still greater powers of invention for their interpretation by means of their equivalents in black and white lines.

Much has been said about the genius of Turner's technique, the vivacity, purity, hardness



THE CENTER GROUP OF "THE NIGHT WATCH"

ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLL

FROM THE PAINTING BY REMBRANDT IN THE RIJKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM



Courtesy of the Century Co.

"DIDO BUILDING CARTHAGE"

ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE

FROM THE PAINTING BY TURNER IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



"DONA ISABEL"

ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE

FROM THE PAINTING BY GOYA IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



"THE BLESSING"

ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARDIN IN THE LOUVRE MUSEUM

and directness of the handling wherein his brushwork in itself shows such creative faculty. The "Dido Building Carthage" by this artist (in the National Gallery, London) [see page 380] is one of the finest examples of his work in lightness, precision and freedom of touch, and it is enough to say that the engraver has repainted the subject—so piquant, faithful and expressive in his handling.

For absolute charm of color and texture let us turn to the "Dona Isabel" by Goya in the National Gallery, London [see page 381]. The finest and most delicate lace alone is fit to caress so fair a face that appears like the calyx of a flower, so dainty are its tints and texture. The string of pearls unites with the flesh tone of the neck as if they were of one and the same substance, and the richer jewelry of the necklace gives just the touch of color needed to enliven the material, light as air, that breathes from the fair skin beneath. The pearl of head and neck emerges from the brocaded waist and richly colored sleeves as if from a setting of the jeweler's art. Refinement, yet with fulness of vigor and health, unites all the rich elements of this creation into one perfect vision of beauty.

In rendering the quality of vibrating tone the line can not "sing" unless its transitions are delicately modulated. Let us take any one of Cole's subjects to illustrate this—say Rembrandt's "Night Watch," [see page 379] in which out of mysterious shadowy depths and a "light that never was on land or sea" is revealed a perfect wealth of delicate line textures. We will focus upon the hat of the officer most brilliantly lighted. The front of this hat is glowing with palpitating light, which gradually and softly retires into a transparent shadow; this is brought gently in advance of the shadowed part of the feather just behind it, by the device of a more open white dotting. The feather texture is preserved as this shadow softly emerges into its curves of half-shadow and light, again melting into the dark-gray shadow above and striking a little staccato note of pure white against the dark corner of the hat. Below, this shadow with its little trembling semi-tones is kept in retirement by a hair line of the dwindling high-light on the brim of the hat. Down into the gray atmosphere again, into which the dark hair melts with the most subtle feeling for values; thence to the modeling in perfect form of the little planes of the face and onward with infinite delicacy and subtlety to the figure just behind, which unites the two most prominent figures; and so up again to the feather in front of the hat, where the light burns like a flame against a supporting—not line, but delicate almost imperceptible thickening of the open horizontal lines of the hat at their ends—just enough to break the strength of the light in passing between them. The black accents on the

crown, and the white on the brim of the hat are broken with hardly distinguishable but indispensable touches of their edges in their respective adjoining planes in order to keep them in their envelope, while yielding their utmost note of resonance.

Finally note the exquisite finesse in the plate made by Cole of "The Blessing" by Chardin in the Louvre [see page 382]. Note the variety of line cutting used to bring out the various color values.

The foregoing is merely a rough suggestion showing the delight that may be found in the consideration of any square inch of this engraver's loving craftsmanship. The subject just analyzed is a beautiful symphony of rich, glowing light and tremulous palpitating shadow. Mass and details are related in perfect harmony, supporting one another like the instruments in an orchestra.

It was our intention to include for notice in this appreciation a number of examples from the series of English, Spanish and French masters which follow in order, but, though a most fascinating subject, it is impossible to afford the necessary space.

In these translations there is no mistaking the country of a painting's birth, so remarkably is the atmosphere of each nationality suggested. Every painter can be recognized in the various productions of his brush through the sympathetic understanding of the engraver, who has allowed no personal mannerism to interfere with the rights of the painter's individuality.

Since his return from Europe, Mr. Cole has been occupied with the engraving of a number of subjects on a large scale. Among these are the famous "Mona Lisa" of the Louvre, "The Cavalier" by Frans Hals in the Wallace Collection, London, which shows a surprising combination of painter-like treatment and pure engraving quality—Rembrandt's "Holy Family" of the Berlin Museum, Metsu's "Lace Maker" of the Dresden Gallery and a portrait of President Wilson. He has been engaged since October 1916—the date of its publication—upon a series of frontispieces for THE ART WORLD, one of which in particular, after a landscape by George Inness, is of surpassing beauty. The subjects for this new enterprise promise to be the crowning effort of Cole's useful life and of a career which, unlike that of so many successful artists, is unsullied by the production of "pot-boilers" for the mere sake of money-getting. Singularly simple in his habits, he has devoted himself exclusively to perfecting ART and to the treatment of every subject of his graver with the utmost of his powers; and we trust that many coming years may see a continuance of his unique and ever charming production.

George Howes Whittle





SELINONTE

DORIC COLONY IN SICILY AT END OF FIFTH CENTURY B. C.

THE CLASSIC ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE

BY EGERTON SWARTWOUT, F.A.I.A.

PART II. THE DORIC ORDER

THE column, with its entablature, which, taken in its entirety, is architecturally termed an order, is nothing but an ornamental form of support, and is as old as architecture itself. In the first traces of civilization, where any architectural ruins remain, there are always indications of some form of support other than that of the walls. A tent pole or the trunk of a tree used as a support for the rustic shelter of some savage, a roughly hewn block of stone set laboriously upright in the ground—all these are the primitive expression of the column. Such an upright support, with the rude beam which it carries, is the prototype from which, by slow degrees, the order, as we now know it, has been developed. In different countries it has developed along different lines and to different degrees of perfection. In Egypt, owing perhaps to physical and climatic conditions, its development is almost entirely lithic, although there is undoubted reason to believe that the column and the lotus cap are expressions in stone of a primitive post, made by binding together numbers of stout reeds; while the cavetto cornice is reminiscent of the ends of the wattled reeds of the clay wall, forced outward at the top by the weight of the earthen roof. However this may be, the Egyptian column, as we find it at the drawings of history is a well-developed stone form, and this at a period when the Babylonian palaces were of sun-baked bricks, and the temples of the Greeks were mere rustic shrines.

From this priority of civilization and this early development of architecture in stone, there has been a disposition on the part of many archeologists to attribute to Egyptian influences the Doric order, as found in Greece. A claim has been made that certain columns at Beni-Hassan and other places

in Egypt are the definite prototypes of this order, and at first sight there seems to be some good reasons for this belief. These columns certainly do bear a general resemblance to the Doric column,



FIG. 1—ENTRANCE TO TOMB
AT BENI-HASSAN, EGYPT

and they antedate the Doric by a considerable period, and it is a well-known fact that the Greek sailors and merchants were at an early age well acquainted with Egyptian civilization. But it is just this great priority of construction that is suspicious. Why should the Greeks copy an Egyptian form of order already centuries old, found in an out-of-way part of the country; and, more than all, an order which the Egyptians used but little and never developed? Surely the wise Greeks would have copied the fully developed lotus cap and the coïlanaglyphic decoration of the monumental temples, if they copied at all. Or even, if it was conceivable that they had adopted the Beni-Hassan column, would they not also have adopted the entablature? But the Beni-Hassan entablature is a distinct reminiscence of the reed and pole type, with its superincumbent earthen roof—absolutely dissimilar to the Doric entablature. This imagined development from an Egyptian prototype has been popular for many years, as it provided the simplest explanation, but it is now generally questioned, and the development of the Doric order sought in Greece itself.

Is it not possible that different nations, working centuries apart, might develop similar types under similar conditions? This is not only conceivable,

but probable, especially when the object to be developed is of such a simple type and of such common proportions as the column.

Primitive man erects a wooden post for the support of his roof. It may be a tree trunk, or it may be roughly squared, according to his knowledge of tools and his ability to use them. On the top of this post he rests his beam, and in order to secure adequate bearing for the beam, he crowns his post with a flat piece of wood. This piece of wood is oblong and extends on either side of his post, to give better bearing to the beam; it even becomes a bracket at times; and then as he acquires more skill, he chamfers the edges of his square post, and it becomes octagonal; chamfering it again the post becomes a sixteen-sided pillar, and if these chamfers are slightly hollowed, and thereby lend more grace and color to the shaft, they straight away become flutes. The shaft is tapered toward the top and be-

pleasing curve, but the same principle is there. Seen in perspective, the relation between the Doric and the Corinthian is similar, the transition between the two orders being shown, though not as a chronological development, in the capital of the little Klypsedra of Andronikos Kyrrhestes, better known as the Tower of the Winds.

In the case of the Ionic order, which will be considered in detail in another chapter, the origin is the same, but its development has been along less rationally constructive lines. The bracket over the column has retained its elongated form, the ends have become rounded and decorated with a scroll. It is a purely ornamental and not structural form.

Any hypothesis of a wooden and not a lithic origin for the Doric column has many opponents and few defenders. The opponents start with the assumption that the Doric form is essentially lithic. They point always to the prototype of Beni-Hassan, and

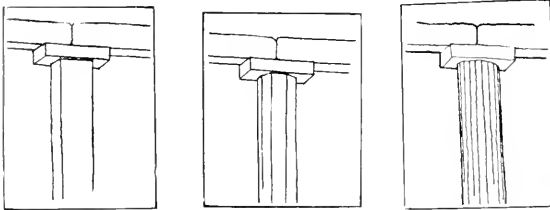


FIG. II. A, B, C—DEVELOPMENT OF PRIMITIVE POST AND CAP

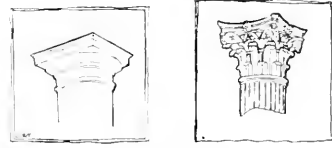


FIG. III. A AND B—SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE DORIC AND THE CORINTHIAN

comes a more structural form, and a natural form—a form seen in the trunks of the pines around him—and more than all, it is a pleasing form—for the savage is now progressing. He has acquired some knowledge of aesthetic values; he seeks the beautiful; he is groping, a little blindly perhaps, but still laboriously seeking the vague expression of something more beautiful. Similarly, the bracket over the post is found unpleasing; it is unsymmetrical, and found by experience to be unnecessarily long, and it is therefore shortened, and becomes a square—and by that step the savage has reached the same level as the artisan of Beni-Hassan. He has, without copying, arrived at the same natural result. He goes further. The transition between the round and the square is still displeasing; it is too abrupt. He introduces a roughly rounded moulding between the top of the shaft and the block or abacus, and the thing is done. He has made a Doric column. It is a simple thing really, an easy transition from the square to the round, which is the fundamental principle of all decorative forms of support, the basis of all orders—and, considered in this light there are only two Classic orders, two definite forms, although these two have the one common origin. The first is a rational structural form, which may be simple as the Doric, or decorated as the Corinthian; and the second is unstructural, a purely decorative form—the Ionic. If this seems a startling statement, look at it graphically, or, better still, consider it from a model. What is the echinus of a Doric cap but a method of transition from the round to the square? The same transitional form is to be observed in the bell of the Corinthian cap. It is decorated, it is true, and the abacus has been lightened, and has taken on a

to the extreme heaviness of the columns in the earlier temples of Sicily, as compared with the loftier proportions of the Parthenon, and the meagre outlines of the later work. This is, they say, the natural development of time. The early columns were unduly heavy, because of their development from the rough-hewn boulders, and they became gradually slighter as art progressed and construction was better understood, while the reverse would happen if they were copied from a wooden prototype. But, although they decry a wooden origin for the column, they accept it willingly for the entablature. They fail to explain why a stone form, copied from Egypt, is used for the column, in conjunction with an entablature which they admit is a stone expression of a wooden prototype, a prototype not taken from Egypt, as was the column, but of distinctly Grecian origin.

On the other hand, it is sometimes held, notably by Perrot and Chipiez, that while the columns as well as the entablature of the primitive Greek temples were of wood, the prototype of these wooden columns must be sought in Mykenai. They claim that the curious columns at the entrance to the Tholos of Mykenai were stone expressions of the



FIG. I. CAPITAL, TOWER OF THE WINDS

wooden columns of the period; that their wooden origin is plainly shown by their unusual shape, and that this shape is even now commonly used as a wooden form for table and chair legs and the like; that these wooden columns rested upon stone sockets, to give them greater stability, and to prevent decay; and that these sockets

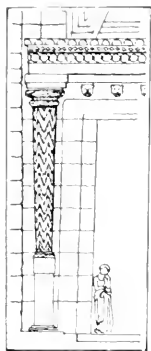


FIG. 5. THOLOS OF MYKENAI

are the primitive expression of the Classic base. As evidence that the wooden column was used extensively in Greece, reference is made to an extract from Pausanias, who in the Second Century, A. D., describing the Heraion at Olympia, says that there was still one wooden column remaining. From this remark and from certain records, it is generally held that the original Heraion, which certainly antedated the first Olympiad, and which, therefore, was probably built in the early part of the Eighth Century, B. C., was constructed entirely of wood, with the exception of the stylobate and

cella, the latter being originally brick; and that being a shrine of especial sanctity and the repository of the most precious ornaments [for it was here that the Hermes of Praxiteles was found] the wood columns were either, on account of their decay, or as an act of piety replaced one by one by columns of stone. This is evident, not only from the records but from the curious fact that nearly all of the fragments of columns and of caps which remain are of different sizes and outlines, and undoubtedly belong to different eras; and it is, therefore probable that the one column observed by Pausanias was the last remaining vestige of the wooden colonnade which once existed. The entablature, as well as the roof, was undoubtedly of wood, as it is inconceivable that wooden columns would be used to support an entablature of stone, and this is borne out by the fact that no vestiges of any stone entablature are found in the ruins.

The hypotheses, then, of Perrot and Chipiez would seem to be that the early form of wooden column in the Heraion and elsewhere was similar to the inverted Mykenian prototype, but that, when the Greeks began to use stone for their columns, they considered that the inverted, truncated cone was not a structural lithic form, and therefore they inverted the column, so that it tapered to the top, instead of to the bottom. This theory, though ingenious, raises several striking objections. Is it safe to assume that the columns at Mykenai were copied from a wood prototype, simply because the same shape is a common form in wood furniture? While it is perfectly true that this form is graceful when used for such purposes, it is inconceivable in its use as a column, especially for a series of free standing columns or for a portico. A temple the size of the Heraion, with its comparatively large columns, would be ridiculous if those columns were practically inverted, nor does it seem that this form is a structural one for a wooden column of any size. It is not only opposed to every law of stability, but it is bad structurally. The logical form to give the greatest strength would perhaps be a column that was slightly bowed in the middle. There is apparently every indication that these columns of Mykenai were expressions in stone, not of wooden, but of a metal column, or possibly a wooden core covered with metal. The curious zigzag ornament which is a distinct reminiscence of a beaten metallic

form, would tend to confirm this, as would also the very general use of gold or bronze plating in the works of that period. Another objection would be the sudden inversion of the column in the change from wood to stone. The development of the column and the temple is everywhere so gradual that such a revolutionary change seems almost inconceivable and further, the Heraion would have presented a most curiously unpleasing appearance with half of its columns retaining the inverted wooden form, while the other half were stone, with the normal shape.

If, then, the Mykenian prototype is discarded, it would appear that there was in Greece from the earliest times a wooden form of column, and that this wooden column was not dissimilar in appearance from the Doric column as we see it in stone, with the exception that, on account of the material used, it was undoubtedly of slighter proportions. Viewed in this light, the Heraion with its wooden columns becomes an architectural possibility, the substitution of stone columns for the wood becomes possible without committing an architectural solecism, and the Heraion is then the prototype of the Parthenon.

As to the entablature of the Doric order, it is now a universally accepted fact that the origin of the most monumental form known to architecture must be sought in the rough wooden covering of the Mykenian *megaron*, the great house of these early temples were probably a development of the Mycenian *megaron*, the great house of the tribal leader or petty king. In this *megaron* may be traced the origin of the cella or *naos* of the later temple; the *megaron* being usually a small rectangular building, with either a door at the narrow end, or later a shallow recessed portico, the roof over the portico being supported by two primitive columns *in antis*, a form which, even in Classic times, is used for the smaller temples. This *megaron* was covered, not with a flat roof of earth, as was customary in the drier climates of the East, but with a pitched roof, supported by simple carpentry forms, and probably in the earlier times covered with a protective coating of clay. The heavy beams or girders which carried the king-post for the support of the rafters rested on and projected to the outer edge of the rough stone wall, the intervals between these girders being probably in the early times left open.

The beams themselves were possibly composite, as with the limited means at their disposal it would have been difficult to have fabricated or erected a solid wooden beam of the size that the early carpenter seemed to think necessary. If it can be assumed that there were three beams making up the one solid girder, a construction which is recalled in the vertically tripartite division of the stone architraves of Classic work, it would be extremely natural and in keeping with the chamfering of the shafts of the columns also to chamfer the edges of these

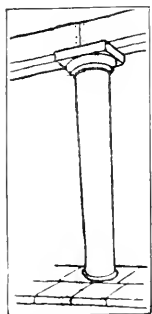


FIG. 6. PRIMITIVE GREEK COLUMNS FROM PERROT AND CHIPIEZ

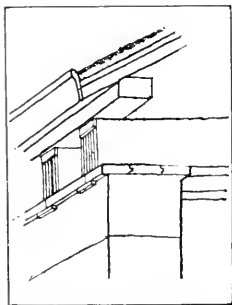


FIG. 7—WOODEN ORIGIN OF THE DORIC ENTABLATURE

which is expressed by the *tænia*. In a similar manner, the soffit of the Classic cornice is reminiscent of the rafters. The slope of the roof is clearly indicated, the *mutules* recalling the covering of the rafters, secured in the same manner as the *tænia* by the wooden pegs or *guttae*. The projecting ends of the rafters were then covered by the *cymatium*, which not only made a more finished appearance, but held in place the clay roof. It is probable that in the primitive form of the megaron or the small temple "in antis" the entablature over the columns was not originally treated in the same manner as the entablature of the side walls; in other words, the primitive triglyphs possibly did not appear here or in the rear walls, but were afterwards added as a purely decorative form, to complete the symmetry of the entire building. Similarly, when the primitive temple was enhanced in dignity by the surrounding portico of columns—becoming in this way the prototype of the peripteral stone temple—the triglyphs and metopes were used—purely as decorative forms, the architrave representing a portion of the wall of the temple itself. In this translation of wooden forms the soffit of the cornice gradually lost its original significance; the upward inclination does not always coincide with the slope of the roof, and this same inclination was even repeated at the front and rear, for its decorative and symmetrical effect.

It has been held by some distinguished archeologists that the triglyph did not represent the ends of the beams, but that it was a distinctly stone form, even in earlier temples. By this hypothesis it was assumed that the roof beams rested not on the wall but on a series of short stone uprights, which were channeled like the columns below, and that the spaces between these stone supports were left open for the purpose of admitting light, or were filled, either permanently or on occasion, with trophies and offerings to the gods. The reasons given for this hypothesis seem to be chiefly, that in the Classic temples the level of the ceiling for the *pteron* is above the upper level of the triglyphs, and that the *pteron* ceiling was undoubtedly in the same relative position as the ceiling of the primitive *naos*, and that the triglyphs, therefore, cannot be held to indicate the ends of the beams. It would seem, however, that there was not sufficient room above the triglyphs for the heavy roof beams that, from their lack of knowledge of the principles of the truss, the Greeks thought necessary; and if it is

beams. This, then, would form a primitive *triglyph*. It is natural also to assume that on top of the rough stone wall was placed a wall plate to provide a better bearing for the ends of the girders, and to secure this plate to the wall below, small pieces of wood being the *regulae* found under the triglyphs, the *guttae* being the wooden pegs by which these were secured to the projecting wall plate,

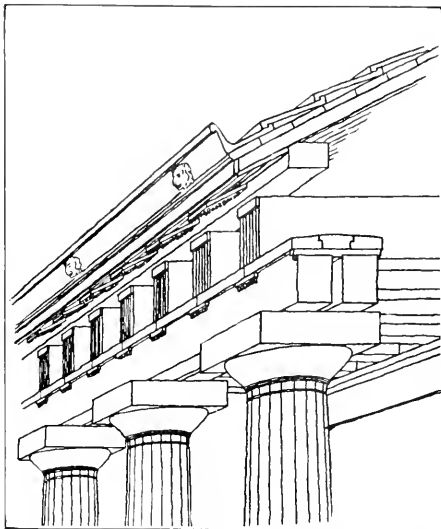


FIG. 8—DORIC ENTABLATURE IN WOOD AFTER GAUDET

granted that by the time the temples were made peripteral the triglyph and metope forms had become established, or had perhaps acquired some mystical significance, and were used frankly for their decorative or religious value, then it is evident that these reasons for the stone origin of the triglyph cease to have significance.

Another point which is advanced in support of this theory is based on an extract from Euripides. In *Iphigenia in Tauris*, Orestes is made to enter the temple through the metopes, or rather between the triglyph, steal the sacred statue of the goddess, and make his escape by the same difficult route. The assertion is made that if the triglyphs were conceived to be the beams of the ceiling of a small non-peripteral temple, Orestes, on passing through the metopes, would find himself above the ceiling; otherwise, if the temple were conceived to be peripteral, he would go to the extreme trouble of clambering through a narrow hole in order to gain access to the perfectly open portico of the temple, or possibly find himself in the *pronaos*, shut off by the brazen gates from the image he sought; and there has also arisen in this connection a question as to the exact meaning of the Classic expression "metope," which would seem from its derivation to mean, "the space between the openings," and this has been interpreted by some to mean that the metopes were always closed, and that reference was made to an opening left in the wall for the reception of the beams, it being advanced in support of this theory that in no Classic work is the

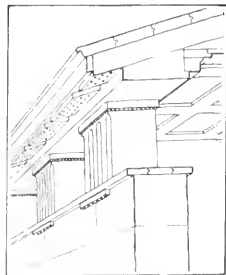


FIG. 9—STONE ORIGIN OF TRIGLYPHS AFTER GAUDET

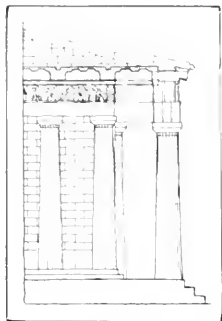


FIG. 10. SECTION THROUGH
PTEROMA

tion was short, merely during construction, and, therefore, it could hardly give its name to an important architectural treatment; and another derivation has been found for the word "metope" from the Greek word for "forehead" or "front," with probable reference to the prominence of the sculptured metope.

Whatever may be the philological derivation of the metope, Euripides' statement has never been definitely understood. If it is to be imagined that Euripides referred to a small temple *in antis*, it could be well conceived that the ceiling was not closed in below the level of the beams, but was open to the rafters above, in which case the way was clear for Orestes. That these rafters were originally left exposed is shown by Homer's description of the slaying of the suitors in the *Odyssey*, when Pallas Athene perches as a sparrow on the roof beams. On the other hand, it seems more probable that the temple referred to by Euripides was similar to the classic temples with which he was familiar. Iphigeneia is represented as the high priestess and a very important personage in Tauris, and it seems highly probable that Euripides would imagine her temple to be of the largest and finest type, rather than a small primitive temple, which would have been more historically correct. This would be following the analogy of Shakespeare, who in placing his characters and scenes in distant lands and in early times, still conceived them as of his own period. If this point of view can be considered, it gives rise to a rather interesting speculation as to the means by which Orestes entered the temple, as

wall behind the metope constructed in a way which would indicate that there was once an opening at that point, and further, that in some of the most ancient temples in Sicily the triglyph was sometimes cut from the same piece of stone as the metope itself. Objection is made to the designation in this theory of the space left for the reception of beams as an opening. If such an opening did exist, its dura-

in that case there could be no entrance through the metopes. Could it be possible that the reference here was made to some openings in the roof, such as have been suggested by Mr. Ferguson for the lighting of his temples? If there were, as he has suggested, certain small hypaethral openings masked on the inside by some form of triglyph decoration, these would provide an entrance to the shrine which would be as easy of access as through the metopes, and possibly form a place of concealment in case the robbery was interrupted. It is known that there was some sort of a space above the roof, because there is a record that in the defense of the Heraion a wounded Greek secreted himself there, and his body was not discovered until many years later.

Allusion has been made to an objection brought forward to the wood origin of the Doric column, based on the fact that the columns in the early temples were of excessive thickness, and that this proportion gradually diminished to the perfect proportions of the Parthenon, and beyond that to the meagre outlines of the latter work, the idea being that the reverse would happen if the stone columns were copied from a wooden prototype. As a matter of fact, it is not this gradual diminution a perfectly natural result of progress and development, not only from an aesthetic, but from a structural point of view? Is it not always the case that the first use of stone as a building material is hampered by excessive timidity? Stone was a new material, and its primitive users were unwilling to trust too much to its strength. The walls of Assyria and the columns and pylons of Egypt greatly exceeded the structural strength which was demanded from them. As time progressed, and it was found that stone would safely bear a greater weight than had been previously intrusted to it, the columns would gradually diminish in size, until from the massive proportions of Sicily they had attained the slowness of the later temple at Cori. It may also be possible that in the early times there were certain failures of lintels or columns, due to the presence of dry seams or other structural defects which were then unsuspected. In any event, the first use of stone by the Greeks, as by the other nations of antiquity, was marked by an excessive timidity. This extended not only to the columns but to the architrave supporting the entablature. In the very early examples, the excessively heavy columns were placed so near together that their projecting abaci nearly touched; an outline of these columns in their relation to each other and the entablature above recalling very strongly the stepped domes of



FIG. 12. COLUMNS,
TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS,
SYRACUSE



FIG. 13. PRIMITIVE
RELATION OF
ARCHITRAVE AND
ABACUS, PALESTINE

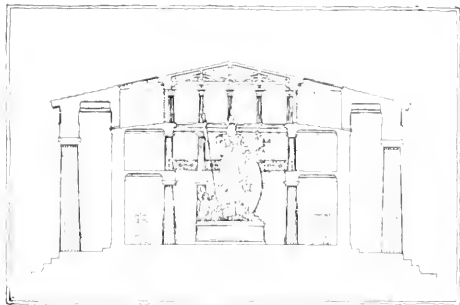


FIG. 11. SECTION OF PARTHENON AFTER FERGUSON

the Mykenian age. That this extreme projection of the abacus was merely for the purpose of reducing the span of the architrave is shown by the fact that the primitive architrave was no wider than the upper diameter of the column, and consequently, viewed across the corner, the load supported by the abacus was not at all in keeping with this excessive projection. This was early apparent to the Greeks, and not only was the projection of the abacus gradually reduced, but the architrave itself was widened, until in the Parthenon is projected considerably beyond the upper face of the column. This gradual development was dictated by purely architectural reasons, and forms an important step in a hypothesis regarding the proper relation between the lower face of the architrave and the upper face of the column or pilaster, which will be the subject of a later article.

Egerton Swartwout

(To be continued)

[The public will now begin to understand why Greek architecture has persisted in arousing the admiration of mankind for twenty-five centuries in spite of all the efforts of the extreme "individualists" to substitute other styles for the purpose not only of novelty but in order to destroy the eternal popularity of the Greek styles which, on account of their persistent and universal popularity, we call Classic. And how the enemies of the classic were aggrieved when they saw even the Japanese succumb to its charm and adopt more or less classic forms in some of their modern structures! Of course, no one expects any one to slavishly copy any Greek building of the past. 'Twould be foolish to insist upon it. But that the elements and spirit of Greek architecture will be used in the future as in the past, in grandiose buildings, is assured by the fact that they incarnate the motto: "The True, the Good and the Beautiful" more than any other styles of architecture ever developed by men.—EDITOR.]

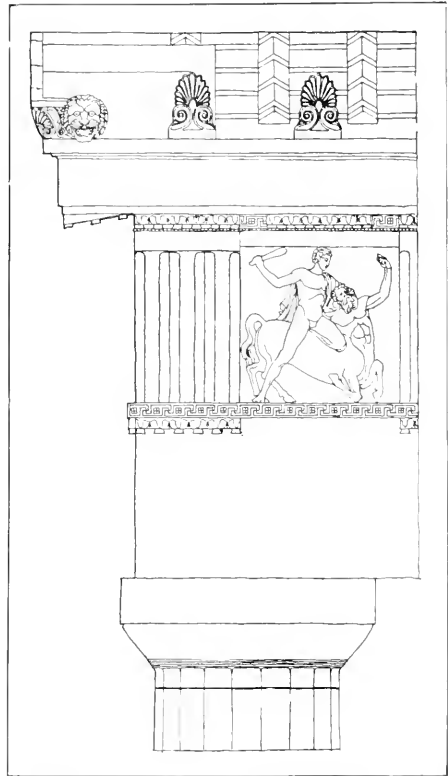


FIG. 14.—RELATION OF ARCHITRAVE AND ABACUS, PARTHENON

THE SAINT OF THE FLOWERS

I read, in an old book unknown to fame,—
It might have been a volume of the Hours,—
Of a sweet saint of long forgotten name,
A saint who loved the flowers.

She tended them within the cloister close
Devoutly, bending the fair blooms above;
The lily and the violet and the rose
Gave back to her their love.

And so, when she passed on to paradise,
She who was like a flower, they faded too,
Closing like her on earth their earthly eyes
For dawns of heavenly dew.

Hence evermore I dream about her there,
Throughout the long celestial golden hours,
Still tending them with her untiring care,
The saint who loved the flowers!

Clinton Scollard

ART AND CITIZENSHIP

BY IAN B. STOUGHTON HOLBORN

PART V—THE FRAMEWORK OF THE CITY

TO make the half year series complete in itself it has seemed wiser to pass at once to the city plan and omit the intervening section, which may be thus summarized:

Civilization, as already seen, appears to fail by neglecting the higher for the lower, the end for the means. But what is the higher, what is the end?

There has been a tendency for philosophers to make what, in the last resort, is an arbitrary choice of a single end, such as knowledge, pleasure, happiness, benevolence, without duly explaining its relation to other ends; or else, in seeking to escape from such obvious incompleteness, they merely beg the question, as for example Eudæmonists who would seek to translate *eudaimonia* by well-being rather than happiness. To find out what is being well or doing well is exactly the question at issue.

Briefly then we may recognize, for example, a measure of sorrow as valuable in addition to happiness and in that case the end must be something that determines the right proportion of sorrow and happiness and includes both. Or again, knowledge is distinct from happiness and yet is an obvious end. The wise man is less happy than the kitten or the child. In truth much study is a weariness to the flesh and great knowledge means a weight of care; yet the wise man, even though a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, may be higher than the happy fool. If so, knowledge may be an end apart from happiness. Why therefore should not sorrow, happiness, knowledge and many other ends all have their value as such? Is not the true end rather a relation and are not these subsidiary ends really rather means than ends; and are we not making the same old mistake again? Indeed it would appear that no positive end is bad in itself. However, if our analysis is sufficiently thorough, it will be seen that the pursuit of any single end is the negation of existence. But without existence there can be no end at all. Then why should not existence itself be the end and the highest existence be that which most completely or fully exists?

Fulness of existence on examination is seen to be design, that which obtains the maximum of existence from the given, by building up an equilibrium among the elements; and any existence at all is only a form of such equilibrium—an identified difference or a differentiated identity.

An analysis of examples of Greek, Celtic and Gothic art showed how this was the case and that the principle of design involves amongst other things the consideration of the following:

I.—A number of different individualities are necessary with distinct character and *unlike*ness. This, in life, involves self-development.

II.—A unity or identity among these individualities is also needed, forming them into a whole. This is *harmonia*. In life this involves altruism.

III.—These wholes may then be individualized and formed by a new *harmonia* into a new whole or *kosmos* and so on in an ascending scale, giving more and more fulness of existence.

IV.—But at the same time the original elements can be formed into another series, crossing the first but not conflicting with it, as well illustrated in examples of Celtic or Gothic art or, in life, by the same men being members of different organizations or societies. This increases the fulness of existence yet more.

V.—Further, the background or interspaces in the artistic design may themselves become ends within the whole, and likewise the interrelations abstracted from the things related. This, in life, leads to the consideration of ceremony, manners, and style.

VI.—Moreover, the whole may be enriched by the original elements being themselves treated not as material alone but as ends also—a principle that explains much in the development of architecture, art and life, but which must be carried out with due regard to the relation of a lower to a higher end, to which, after all, in the ascending ranges of *kosmoi* the lower is only a means. Otherwise disaster may ensue.

The above are only a few of the problems considered, but are enough to enable us to begin the examination of what we may call the framework of the city.

This law of equilibrium, of individuality and harmony will mean at the outset that our city must have a distinct character and individuality of its own and not be a mere reflection of other cities and yet it must not be out of harmony with life as a whole. While therefore avoiding the extreme of eccentricity, a danger of which no modern city seems to run any risk, we should also avoid insipidity and monotonous repetition, which is exactly the failing of nearly all modern cities, which in spite of all differences of site or function, almost go out of their way weakly and unintelligently to imitate each other.

Further we have the interrelation between the individuality of the city and what, by an unfortunate terminology, we call nature. Man or man's life is merely the highest thing in nature—nature at her best. The sickly sentimentality that is always talking about being natural is one of the greatest hindrances to all progress. So far as the antithesis holds at all, life and art could better be described as a continuous war against nature; that is, against the existing environment at any given moment—which it is our everlasting aim to make better. But it is quite true that we conquer by submitting. There is however no virtue in submitting as such, which would be to go lower and not higher; but, by submitting to the laws of "nature" or the environment, we rise to something higher than "nature" or the environment intended. [This really involves the problem of what we mean by determination, a point discussed in the article omitted.] We have then again two extremes to avoid; we must neither make complete submission to environment nor totally disregard it. An absolute yielding to "nature" or environment would mean that we had no city at all, we should live in holes and hollow trees. The city is, for example, in a clearing where the natural environment was a forest, as at Vancouver, B. C. Or the city is in a swamp, which "nature" did not drain, as we see at Cambridge, England. Or the city is in a trackless country, "nature" not having provided roads, as is the case with all cities.

Let us take a simple illustration and grant that in spite of "nature" we are going to make a road. Now in this case a blind fighting of "nature" might demand an absolutely straight street while a helpless yielding to "nature" might give a tortuous detour. This is where the artist balances the conflicting tendencies and designs a subtle curve. Even in the mere matter of getting about, it is often more advantageous to have a satisfactory gradient than a steep straight street, but artistically there is almost always a greater possibility in the varying individuality of vista in a street that is not straight. Only a slight curve in plan is needed to give a considerable perspective effect and the

extra distance in "through" travel is almost negligible. The curve of "The High" at Oxford, England, one of the most beautiful and celebrated streets in the world, approximates to a segment of a circle whose diameter is a mile and a quarter. It is not, however, the part of a true circle, which by the same law would more often than not be too unaccommodating and precise.

Now logically, the streets are secondary relations or interspaces; the streets exist because of the buildings and not the buildings because of the streets, and in a general view of a city from outside, what we see is the buildings and not the plan at all; but in practice the street-plan comes first and therefore the problem may be approached that way, provided we remember, that to consider the street-plan as though it were really primary, is one of the causes of failure in most modern cities.

At this stage in the world's history we are not likely to go to the extreme of living in caves; our danger is all the other way—that of making a preconceived plan, regardless of all natural environment, uncompromising and mechanical. It is doubtful therefore whether we are likely to think of a worse plan than one where a series of parallel streets is crossed by another series at right angles. Probably no actual city is as bad as that, but there are many that approximate it.

We have all heard in slightly varying form the story of the planning of New York—how the committee appointed to consider the preliminaries spent their time in gossiping and drinking and at the last moment some one pointed out that they had not considered the very thing for which they had met. One of their number, however, happened to see a sieve standing in a corner, and picking it up, he laid it on the map and indicated the lines of the streets with a pencil. "That will do" he said. But the saddest thing was that he had not even the sense to turn the sieve the best way and consequently the streets are closer across the narrow island in the direction where there is less traffic and further apart up and down where there is more—with consequent congestion!

Now the type requires a name, which the author did not discover until he came to this country, where among many excellent things provided by way of delicacies unknown on the other side is the waffle. Perhaps he was too loud in his praise, but the result was the presentation of a pair of waffle-irons to take back to his less fortunate country. A glance at them revealed that here was the nameless type of city, and we must pardon the American city a good deal if it inspired the American waffle!

The waffle-iron city then is the worst conceivable and a flat negation of all our principles, and yet worse the more perfectly carried out. In the first place the deadly ease of its repetition without the least exercise of intelligence produces cities all alike. Further it is only by some departure from its regular monotony that it becomes endurable at all. What the typical barracks was to the house, the waffle-iron city is to the true city. Every street is like every other street, nor is there anything to distinguish the main arteries from the rest. Every corner is like every other corner. There are no concourses or *foci*, and even an open square or place is a rarity

and indeed means a break in the waffle-iron. There is no discrimination, no organism, no interest.

But it is not only in its dullness, ugliness, and baldness that it fails, it is also the most inconvenient of all the plans for transit. [See Diagram I.] Suppose one wishes to go from A to O, the arbitrary heart of the city—for there is nothing to mark that it is the heart—it is necessary to go the longest way round by way of X.

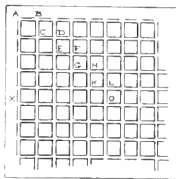


DIAGRAM I

It is true that there is the alternative of going from E to F, etc.; but the from C to D, from D to E from E to F, etc.; but the distance is the same. One has actually met the counter objection from champions of the practical that from X to O is in the same straight line, that is to say, it is in the same

street. But if it is in the same street it is in the same street and there is no more to be said. This is true of all straight-line plans, whereas the objection to the waffle-iron plan is, that if it is not in the same street one is compelled to go the maximum average distance out of the way, as compared with other plans. If that then be the worst type of plan, let us then consider another type, which though also faulty, may offer a better starting-point for the development of individuality and organic structure. It may be termed the spider-web type and may be considered as laid out with mathematical regularity. But even in that case there is at once more organic structure and the center of the web forms a natural *focus* or heart. [See Diagram II.] There is also more individuality and character, because along with the greater unity given by the center there is at the same time more diversity in the primary distinction between the circumferential and radiating streets. The short and long distances on the former, before the vistas are closed, also give a certain individuality in spite of the mechanical regularity of the setting out. Further it may be noted that it is far better adapted for transit than the waffle-iron type; for the average deviation from the straight, e. g., A to B, or A to C, in traversing any route is much less than in the other case.

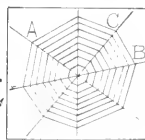


DIAGRAM II

But such geometrical accuracy is not desirable, as there is endless opportunity for individuality and the first way in which this should express itself is in that relation of the city to its site already noted. Nothing could be more uncivilized or socially immoral than to neglect the self-development of the city's character and make every city on the same monotonous plan. The most deplorable instance that the author has seen, and possibly in its way the worst planned city in the world, is the city of San Francisco, which has one of the most wonderful sites on earth and offers the most glorious opportunities. From him to whom much has been given much will be required, but all that the builders have done is to crush down a waffle-iron on the site with which plan it has not the slightest affinity and produce a wearisome reiteration of aimless switch-

backs. It is on a par with the dividing up of country districts into meaningless rectangles, with the disastrous social and economic results that have ensued.

Even, however, if the city were in a flat plain, there would be reasons for individuality in the main lines of the web. The neighboring cities to which the main roads must run would lie at different angles from the center and this alone would give its small touch of character. Moreover, they would be of varying importance and the traffic would also vary and demand variety in width of road. No city has ever sufficiently grasped this principle; our main streets are never wide enough and our minor streets as far as the traffic portion of them is concerned are often needlessly wide. In most cases too, many other considerations would have to be met. There would be the configuration of the ground, the presence of existing buildings of interest, importance or other value. Trees, views and all features of natural worth would have their claims and the planner would be thankful for every one of them, as helping to relieve the dreariness of a flat city, instead of ignorantly and unintelligently clearing them away.

But the main features in determining the individuality of the different parts of the city are the natural expression of the individualities in the organic structure of the community itself. The simple mathematically drawn spider-web, with its single centre, is open to the objection that there would be serious congestion—not that we must suppose that this is peculiar to this type; the worst instance of congestion that the author has ever seen is in "the Loop" in Chicago, and that is a waffle-iron city. In an artistically designed city that sets out to express a civilized community this difficulty largely disappears of itself.

As in the case of the human body there are many centers, not one, and their due development will automatically relieve the congestion. These centers must be placed so that they are readily reached from each other, but so that the main lines of communication with the outlying city pass through them as little as possible. Such centers will be, for example, the administrative center, the civic center proper, the cultural and educational center, which was one of the great features of the cities of Greece and is almost the chief distinguishing mark of a well-developed civilized community, the business center, which is concerned with means rather than ends and the traffic center. These may be indefinitely extended or subdivided according to the size or character of the city. A metropolitan city will require to include the government center of the country; a legal center will be necessary in many large towns. The Greek and mediæval city made the religious center the most important of all. The wholesale and retail business center might be kept more or less distinct from each other and both again from the manufacturing center. Each of these will be marked by dominant buildings in architectural groupings that constitute what we have termed "centers." There will be town halls, libraries, colleges, galleries, cathedrals, hospitals, exchanges, banks, markets, clubs, railway stations and so on.

Now on the one hand these must not be too near together, so that they may preserve their character

and avoid congestion; but on the other hand, as London has found with her great cultural center at South Kensington, it is very unsatisfactory to have them too far apart. There is no desire to suggest mechanical rules; moreover, perhaps fortunately for the interest of our cities, there are forces that interfere with every preconceived development. But they are as likely to mar as to make; the City of Washington has developed on the opposite side to that which was expected and so the capitol faces the wrong way.

Nevertheless one or two rough diagrams expressing type forms may be considered. They are none of them supposed to be actually possible without modification and then only deal with main thoroughfares. The first is an irregular development of the spider web, with several centers distributed near the heart of the city. [See Diagram III.] It is so arranged that through-traffic will not all pass through one center but will be fairly evenly divided.

It is possible to arrange that all the centers shall be on loop-lines and none on the main radiating lines at all, as in Diagram IV, and the same principle can be observed with any degree of irregularity. Diagram VI shows a modification of the same principle.

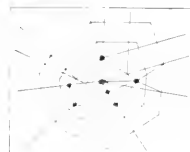


DIAGRAM III

One of the great causes of traffic congestion is that the retail trade always tends to follow the traffic centers and cause further congestion just where it is already worse. The fifth diagram shows a suggestion, where the actual central *focus* of the whole city is not on any through-line of traffic at all and where the five dominant points near the heart of the city with their own radiating systems are definitely taken up as public centers of different kinds. It might, therefore, be possible to develop the retail trade in the central spot, which though not on a through-line is a most excellent position.

In any case the more it is possible to use the ring-streets rather than the radiating streets the better will the traffic difficulty be met. Vienna has very cleverly helped to counteract the centripetal tendency by making the Ring Strasse a chain of centers. In filling in the plan there is no need entirely to avoid the waffle-iron, but such areas should never be large. Indeed it has its own great value in relation to rectangular architectural planning.

There is yet another suggestion that might be considered. It is difficult as we have seen to avoid a main traffic-center, and although with its disadvantages, it has its advantages in the convenience of making changes or transfers. This applies mainly to trains rather than street traffic, as the difficulty in the latter case may be met as above, whereas such a network of trains along with the necessary

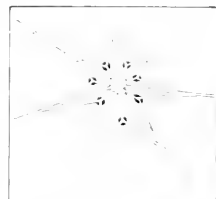


DIAGRAM IV

service would be almost impossible. One of the weakest points in the planning of most American cities is that the railway station is apt to be a sabbath day's journey from the heart of the city, as may be seen in the particularly bad example of Detroit. Again the approach to most American cities is poor, whereas the mediaeval recognized that the approach to the city was one of the most important features of all, and most remembered: therefore he marked it aesthetically by his delightful city gates. Modern Cambridge in England, and Oxford yet

more, exhibit these defects in an exaggerated form.

Now why not definitely separate the traffic center from the rest of the city by a ringed interval of about three hundred yards, which will mean, after allowing for the size of the central station,

an innermost ring to the city of a mile and a half in circumference and yet only three hundred yards from the station? It will also secure a fine air-space in the very heart of the city and afford a great architectural opportunity for what may be termed the entrance gate. This open space might be laid out as a park, or better still with water, the trains going underground at various levels. As the bulk of the trains in such an arrangement could go right through, there would be no need of a very large space for sidings. If necessary, with a little ingenuity the central freight station could be included and distribution be partly underground. Probably it would be better as at F, with its own independent radiating system as shown in Diagram VI. One of the typical absurdities of the practical man is this: he sends his goods and chattels to take the air, while he himself rides in a tunnel! "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

These tentative suggestions are not in any way intended to be solutions, but merely indicate the nature of some of the problems to be considered. Again then, turning to the artistic design, we find that in it are not only the main centers of interest, but also what may be termed sub-centers. So should it be also with the city. It is the lack of such a development that gives to "Suburbia" its proverbial dullness. It is the sheep-like quality of the citizens expressing itself in their city. As far as possible each of these sub-centers should be developed with a real character and individuality of its own. Whatever else is omitted there should be some kind of true cultural center at least, with a developed intellectual life. But the absurd economic waste of time and money in doing all "shopping" in the heart of the great city should be discouraged. It would help to prevent congestion and might, although this is rather much to hope, develop a little more character and personality among the citizens of the different districts, particularly if the suburban business was not in the hands of large firms whose headquarters were in the city itself.

One the best pieces of planning ever conceived was Sir Christopher Wren's plan for the part of London destroyed in the Great Fire 1666 A. D.; but this the people of that day had not the wisdom to

carry out. [See Diagram VII.] It was ages ahead of its time and within its comparatively small limits has possibly not been surpassed. Notice how well the different centers are individualized and yet conveniently connected. Notice also how the main traffic lines are distributed, London being, at that time and to some extent still, what might be termed a longitudinal city, following the bank of the river. Notice again particularly the double convergence from both ends and the cross convergence toward London Bridge.

The squares, places or circuses on the other hand are too much of one type and there seem to be only some five garden spaces. St. Paul's, however, is magnificently placed—well framed yet affording open views, and the broken block at the South West is a happy thought. The small squares framing the churches and the quaint minor streets are interesting, but there was room for more individuality.

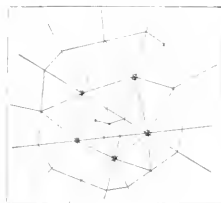


DIAGRAM V

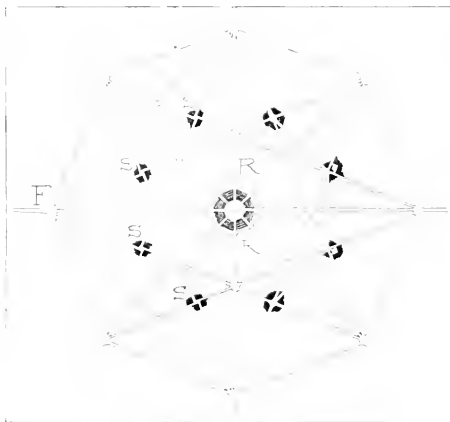


DIAGRAM VI

By far the best modern plan on any considerable scale is that of Canberra. [See Diagram IX], the Australian capital, designed by an American architect, although in some ways inferior to the smaller plan of Letchworth, England's largest garden city. The master-stroke is the introduction of water into the heart of the city; but the distribution of centers is good, although they are somewhat too far apart and the city may consequently develop in an unexpected direction, if not controlled. The whole plan is a little lacking in relation to site and the rule and compass is too much in evidence, giving a certain mechanical quality. There are no surprises in Canberra, not even the quaint touches of so classical a master as Sir Christopher Wren. The entrance to the city is not defined and there are no good architectural squares. Indeed this is the one serious weakness. There appears to be no conception of architectural grouping and the sole idea seems: to stand a building in an open space. Where are the *agora* effects of Greece, the *fora* of Rome, the squares of the mediaeval city? Where are the colonnades of Ephesos, the *stoi* of Athens, the cloisters or "rows" of the Middle Ages? There is not a single re-entrant

architectural mass or framed architectural effect in the whole plan. Nevertheless these two plans might be hung up in every school and public library as an incentive to better things in our cities.

The best-planned city in America is undoubtedly Washington, D. C. It is not exactly a waffle-iron but a curious and rather unsatisfactory combination of two plans totally unrelated to each other, which are, so to speak, superimposed the one above the other. However, it gets rid of some of the worst faults of bad planning and the superimposed network above the waffle-iron is particularly well thought out. The White House and the Capitol dominate two centers and the City Hall dominates another, but it is doubtful whether the two former centers gain by their wide separation or should even have been separated at all. Why should not all the government offices be round the Capitol? The city lacks contrast and is overspaced, producing a somewhat chilly effect.

Passing from the plan or articulated framework that supports the organs or centers of the city, we find that, just as the modern city tends to lack individuality and character in general plan, so does it tend to lack individuality in its centers. There is opportunity for infinitely more variety than an acquaintance with modern cities might lead one to suppose.

The *akropolis* type is perhaps the most effective of all centers and nothing will express dominance so well as a commanding height. It is therefore peculiarly suited to great government or religious buildings—the castle or palace or burgh of the Middle Ages, the parliament of to-day. Athens, Stirling, Durham, Edinburgh and Linlithgow are fine specimens, the last three greatly enhanced by the proximity of water; although Edinburgh has lost hers for the time being; but the people of Scotland should never rest satisfied until they regain this jewel stolen from their crown.

Again there is further opportunity for variety within the type, sadly lacking in the State capitols of the United States that toy with this form. The buildings may be grouped as at Athens or Akragas in Sicily: there is no slavish necessity for a single building. But on the other hand the single building has its own possibilities; and the effect of a great single mass like that of the Palais de Justice at Brussels once seen is not likely to be forgotten. Intermediate between these we have quadrangular systems of buildings either partially detached or in one continuous architectural whole. In elevation there is equal opportunity; the treatment may be one of horizontal lines, either strongly pronounced as in classical examples or less marked as in such

a case as Stirling. On the other hand the lines may soar either in one great solid mass, which is the aim of most American capitols, or it may be something more broken. Mont St. Michel in France is a thing to dream of for a lifetime, and taking it all round, probably there is no architectural mass or view of its type in the world that surpasses Durham. San Juan de los Reyes at Toledo in Spain is the nearest parallel that I have seen, but it will not compare for a moment.

It is few cities that can furnish more than one *akropolis* site and even in Edinburgh the supply is limited. One cannot but feel what an opportunity is missed of having here in the same city the two great types of horizontal and vertical architectural mass, the castle-rock crowned with a group that outrivaled Durham and the Calton Hill vieing with the Akropolis of Athens.

Cliff-sites as distinct from the *akropolis* type are well exemplified in the cases of Quebec, Laon in France, Lincoln in England, Prague in Bohemia, or in a minor way Ottawa, Canada. There is also the double cliff or *cañon* type, rarely occurring in a city but well exemplified in the almost unique example of the Water of Leith, coming as it does

in the very heart of the city. It is another of Edinburgh's great chances, the chance of an architectural dream. Imagine oneself standing on a reconstructed Dean Bridge, beautiful with more than a touch of magic fantasy, looking down a vista of towering roman-

tic architecture, with the water flowing far away down below. Above the water rises the belt of trees and green, softening the austerity of the whole and broken only here and there by a bastion or tower based on the living rock which is exposed, to give foundation or root to the composition. A hanging causeway, clinging to the rocks and buildings something like the gallery entrance to Carcassonne, winds through the length of the ravine, now rising up a flight of steps, now falling and passing under arches below the outstanding towers. In the distance a dizzy bridge partially closes the vista, but gives a lovely peep of Inchkeith and the blue waters of the Forth. On their outer sides the buildings open on the level ground of the city. What a site for a University or for the palaces of a Scottish nobility—with Edinburgh once more the seat of a Scottish government!

Of water-type centers it is marvelous what delightful variety can be afforded by the central basin, although I cannot at this moment recall ever having seen an actual instance except that of Victoria in British Columbia. It is of course not to be compared with the Ephesos must have been, and fails somewhat in its treatment, as its buildings are placed a little too far back from the water; but it

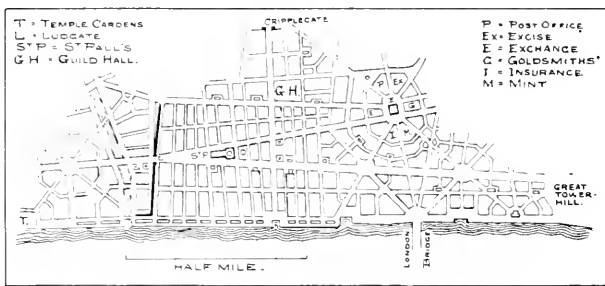


DIAGRAM VII SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S PLAN FOR PART OF LONDON DESTROYED IN THE GREAT FIRE OF 1666

is worth a pilgrimage to study what are the possibilities of effect in this type, which should be far more common than it is. In a sense Aberdeen in Scotland may be said to exhibit this variety of center, but its purely commercial use has hindered its possibilities, though the small new bridge-house is a promise of better things. River-centers of varying kinds are numerous, but few are sufficiently closed in to give the central effect except perhaps harbors—for example, the wonderful harbor of Whitby. They are either mere river-fronts like the Thames Embankment, or the bridges do not sufficiently unite with the composition. The Seine and its bridges give the nearest approach, but Dublin,



A DREAM OF CARCASSONNE

Venice, Florence, Bristol in England, Amsterdam in Holland, all in different ways contribute valuable suggestions. A certain amount of building on the bridges, as over the Arno or on Old London Bridge, would greatly help to close in and unify; but as the effect is a river and not a lake effect, they must not entirely block the vista. The architectural problem is a peculiarly fascinating one, offering many solutions, of which the simplest would be to carry the buildings on a vaulted arcade.

But of all types it is the plaza or square that will be the most widely used; and once more the first principle to bear in mind is that of individuality. The essential effect therefore at which to aim is

that of an enclosure complete and whole in itself, distinct from the vista of the street. It is strange how little this is grasped in modern work. Over and over again one sees wide cross-streets passing right through the middle of the square, thereby destroying aesthetically the very object of its existence. This constitutes a circus or place type, and although it has distinct value it is architecturally the less interesting variety and is apt to be cold and empty in effect. Nor should the streets even cross at each corner of the square. The mediæval builders were very keenly alive to this and avoided such a solecism, if we may so phrase it, as an enclosure that is not enclosed. The type form may be taken to be that of a *swastika* and incidentally it offers a solution of the problem of crossing traffic. If the traffic moves only one way round the square, direct crossing of traffic streams will be avoided. This cross-road, therefore, will take the form as seen at S. S. S. in Diagram VI. If the rule of the road is to keep to the left as in England, owing to the fact that man is naturally right-handed and therefore naturally mounts his horse on the left and so on, it will mean that the *swastika* will be set the reverse way from what it would be in a country like the United States. But the main point is that on entering the square it should never be possible to look right through.

Where cross-traffic is desirable the closed effect may be retained by the charming device of carrying the architecture over the street, one of the most fascinating features of a mediæval city. It is amazing what chances we neglect here. We allow a railway arch, hideous and deforming, to be put anywhere to disfigure our cities; but if any one suggests that a purely architectural arch be carried over the street, people hold up their hands in unintelligent sheep-like horror and say that it would interfere with the road or the traffic. The argument is really the same for both; and there is no reason why the railway arch should not be a thing of beauty; although so far that has never been the case!

Two such arches have been built recently in Oxford, England: that over Logic Lane is a success; the other, with greater opportunities, although presenting greater difficulties, is not: the arch is out of keeping with both the buildings that it unites. Mediæval instances are numerous; perhaps that at Wells is one of the best in England. Prague in Bohemia offers a splendid example of a kindred type with a fine tower above. The well-known Bridge of Sighs in Venice is an excellent non-mediæval example, or its modern Gothic namesake at Cambridge in England. Both of these are over water.

But though individuality, character, is that which we need most and the lack of individuality our most

serious mental and moral deficiency, it is equally possible to err in the other direction and even at the same time. We may overindividualize a building and isolate it and the fault

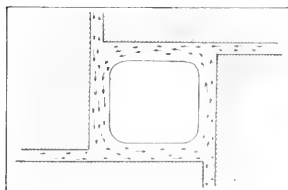


DIAGRAM VIII

is worse when the building lacks individuality in itself. It is the favorite American plan to put a large building in the middle of an open space; sometimes it may be an effective way, but in nine cases out of ten it is not so. Few buildings will stand this treat-

keep his eyes open as he travels round the world to see where others have succeeded and where they have failed, and should help to inspire his fellow citizen, not to copy, but to create new beauties.

There is at the present moment a unique oppor-

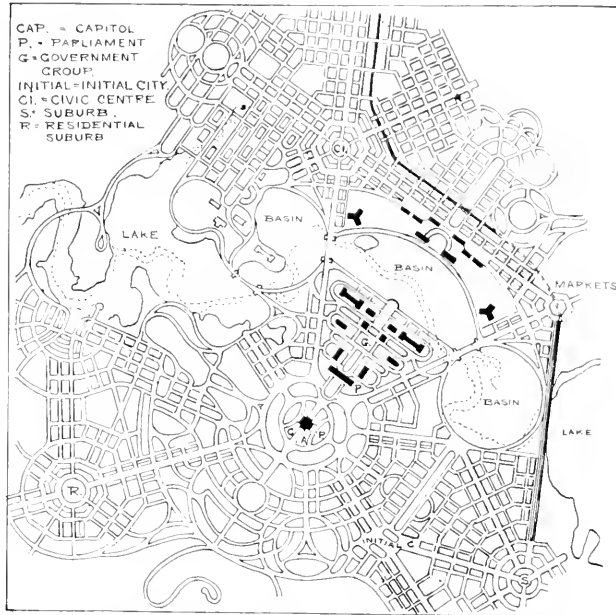


DIAGRAM IX—PLAN OF CANBERRA, THE NEW CAPITAL OF AUSTRALIA

ment. Either they require a frame, that is, something to emphasize their separate cosmic quality, or they require something to unite them organically with the rest of the organism. The only entirely satisfactory example that I know, of a great isolated building is Salisbury Cathedral, and there the setting or frame of trees is unique. It is indeed a cosmic whole, a world apart. In the vast majority of instances the best result is obtained when the square is in front of the building, as in the glorious example of San Marco in Venice. If it is desirable to show more than one side of the building this can be done by introducing more than one square—as again in the case of San Marco. The older builders generally adopted this expedient. St. Giles's, Edinburgh, is a fair example and a good modern instance occurs in the case of the Town Hall at Birmingham. A particularly ingenious example may be seen at Salzburg in Austria. Failure in this direction is well exemplified in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. There must be few buildings of size and importance anywhere which have less effect than the City Hall of Philadelphia. Something might still be done here, but it would be a costly undertaking.

The citizen who would be a citizen should always

tunity for a magnificent open square in the heart of one of the world's great cities. Manchester, England, is curiously unimpressive for its wealth and standing, although it has at least two or three exceptional opportunities for an impressive feature of world-wide fame. For example: if, instead of putting a building in the middle of the Piccadilly clearing, the new buildings were made in the form of a great architectural quadrangle approached through arches or intercolumniations, over which the buildings were carried, Manchester might have one modern feature to rival Liverpool. The center might be a water treatment, particularly as Manchester is unsuited to the growth of trees. Such an opportunity in the heart of an old city is not likely to occur again anywhere in the world, so the problem becomes an exceptionally interesting one. But the immortal cities that seize opportunities are rare. Ottawa has just missed a magnificent chance and New York is on the eve of missing another. An almost exact parallel to that of Manchester presents an opportunity in Fort Worth, Texas.

The principle of secondary or cross division does not play a very large part in cities, but the designing of new architectural compositions, so as to make parts of existing groups fill a new rôle, is one of the

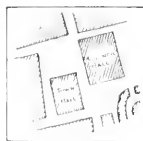


Diagram X.

secrets of making a city of unexpected charm. The same principle applies equally to contemporaneous work, only it is necessary for the architects to work together. A good instance occurs to me in the case of Oriel College, Oxford, where the tower of Merton College becomes the dominating feature in the Oriel group.

The next problem, that of the interspacial design, would extend this article beyond due limits, but it is essential to grasp that all the problems must be considered in their interrelations, although it is necessary to consider them one at a time.

Ian B. Stoughton Holborn

(To be continued)

AN AQUARELLIST VISION

By TUDOR JENKS

Across the softly dappled sky,
 (Cobalt and Chinese White)
 Float fairy clouds. (Pale Cadmium
 And Madder—keep them light.)
 The woods below loom gloomily,
 (Antwerp Blue, quite dark)
 Save for a half lost streamlet,
 (Scrape out a crooked mark.)

Touched with a glint of sunshine,
 (A Naples Yellow streak)
 There waves the ripening harvest.
 (Burnt Umber shades, quite weak.)
 A milkmaid wanders homeward,
 (Her skirt a Vandyck Brown)
 Beside a bulky ploughman.
 (Smalt smock—contrast with gown.)

'T is but a fleeting vision,
 (The values must be true.)
 Touched with a glow from Heaven.
 (All harsher notes subdue.)
 True love is for the humblest,
 (Might call it, "Evening's Spell")
 So Jack and Joan go dreaming!
 (I hope the thing will sell!)

Tudor Jenks





STILL LIFE BY MISS HELEN WINSLOW DURKEE

A NOTABLE MINIATURE DISPLAY

TIME was, that miniatures commended themselves with all the force of moral suasion and the subtler power of fashion to all good burgesses of Europe and America. Fashion ordered that the lover or the spouse should have his beloved "took" and that she should wear his minim effigy in colors at her throat halcyons or eke her bulwarks. So, too, this artistic rite, this sacrifice of self to the benefit of the miniaturists reacted in a moral sense on the public, who could not but confess at sight of it the piety of constancy, the beauty of abiding love! Hence the appearance of Malbone, a miniature painter with genius, of Vanderlyn and Paradise, to mention only a few in America; hence, during the penumbral age of miniature that followed, the survival of men of less note. Now, however, notwithstanding it is no longer *bien porté* for a lady to bear a little picture of her lover or liege lord at her neck or her bosom, the noble art of miniature has not only survived but revived, and that so completely—we think nothing of two exhibitions of miniatures during one year in New York. Now since only a very small proportion of the annual make is shown, one can only guess at the extent of this revival. Is there any city of a hundred thousand souls in the land which cannot boast at least of one practitioner in this delicate brand of art?

Only the other day the American Society of Miniature Painters, one of the two New York organizations, held what it calls its autumn show in the new Babcock Galleries. This is its nineteenth year. Miss Alice Beckington is President and Mr. Wm. J. Baer, a former President, is Treasurer, while Mrs. Lucia Fairchild Fuller and Miss Laura Coombs

Hills, both of them miniature painters of note, are honorary Vices. Mr. Wm. J. Whittmore, portrait painter, is faithful still. The membership is restricted to thirty, so that a good many well-known miniaturists cannot be included. Some seventy portraits were shown. But the miniaturists do not always confine themselves to likenesses; sometimes they try fanciful subjects on the same highly wrought, delicately fashioned scale, or even indulge in still life or please themselves with little pictures of the nude, symbolical or otherwise.

Miss Helen W. Durkee showed a nude figure and a precious bit of still life, reproduced here, together with the likeness of an Indian woman. Miss Hills offered a fancy piece called "The Black Hat" and a likeness of Miss Hendrick, also among these illustrations. Miss Jean Arnot Reid sent a charming child "The Little Thinker," and the portrait of a lovely young woman which appeared at the National Academy in 1916—this, too, is reproduced. Whittmore and Baer had portraits only; Baer's "Jeanette" and Whittmore's "Mrs. Jesse Metcalf," a gracious appearance, are included in these prints. A very attractive profile half-length by Miss Mabel Welch is called "Study in Gray and Gold" and Mr. Sherman Potts, Secretary of the Society, is here represented by a quarter-face knee-piece belonging to Mrs. Lucia Fuller—a likeness of Mrs. Warner Taylor.

Among the portraits an excellent likeness is that of Jules Turcas of New York, the deceased painter, by Miss Lydia Longacre; he stands palette and brushes in hand facing round from his easel, regarding you with sober intentness—a notable little piece, very simple and direct. Not to be over-



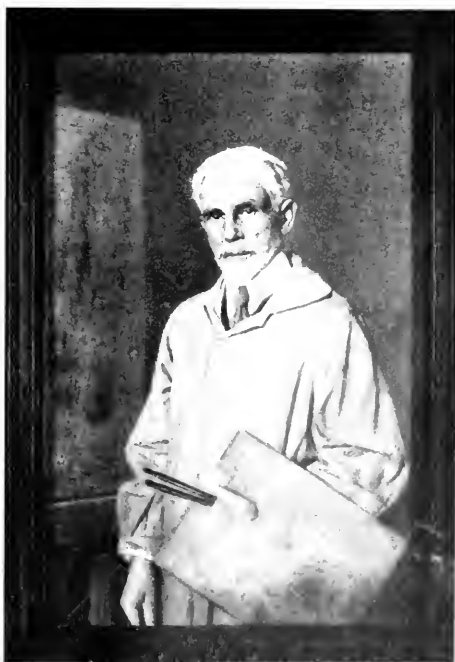
MRS. WARNER TAYLOR BY W. STEPHEN POTTS



MISS HENDRICK BY MISS LAURA COOMBS HILLS



THE MANDARIN, COLEY BY MISS SALLY CROSS



THE EARL, J. B. L. BY MISS LAURA COOMBS HILLS



FREDRIKA KNITTING BY MISS ALICE BECKINGTON



PORTRAIT OF MISS C. BY MISS JEAN ARNOT REID



MISS P. BY MRS. MARY J. STILES



PORTRAIT OF MRS. M. BY MRS. FISH DODGE PATTIE



MARY FOOTE BY MISS MARGARETTE FOOTE HAWLEY



MRS. JESSE MERGALL BY WM. J. WHITTMORE



STUDY IN GRAY AND GOLD BY MISS MARIE R. WELCH



JEANETTE BY WM. J. BAER

looked is the oval miniature of "Mrs. T." by Miss Elsie Dodge Pattee, nor the similarly shaped pendent miniature of Miss Punnet by Miss Maria J. Streat. Since it went out of fashion to wear miniatures on the person, the round and oval gold-backed cases have largely given way to square frames that may be hung on the wall and even to a bigger kind of miniature painted on parchment or on specially constructed plates of ivory which almost rival the old "Kit-kat" in size.

Others here produced are Miss Margaret F. Haw-

ley's likeness of little Miss Mary Foote, a likeness of Homer Saint-Gaudens by his wife Mrs. Carlotta Saint-Gaudens, "Frederika Knitting," an up-to-date oval miniature by Miss Alice Beckington and "The Mandarin Coat" by Miss Sally Cross. Among those it was not possible to reproduce, though worthy of it, one may mention work by the Misses Lucy M. Stanton, Sarah E. Cowan and Clara F. Howard ["Roofs of Florence" and three portraits] by Mrs. K. S. Myrick, Mrs. Annie S. Jackson and Miss Anna Lynch. Altogether a creditable little exhibition.



PORTRAIT BY CARLOTTA SAINT-GAUDENS

FIRST BORN

You stretch out your tiny feet in the firelight
 Like pink sea anemones feeling about.
 Your eyes are blue
 With the mystery of the deeps of the ocean,
 And your little hands clutch at the world
 As something new and strange.
 What are you trying to do,
 Queer little creature out of the deep sea,
 That life has washed up here
 On my lap?

Eleanor Hammond

THE STORY OF THE ASPEN

BY ENOS MILLS

ONE day, in the mountains of Colorado, I came upon an imposing aspen forest hidden in the depths of primeval spruce woods. Quivering light-green leaves crowded all around, while in the background the inky blackness of the spruces fell away, motionless and solemn.

How came the aspen growth to win and hold a place in this great expanse of old spruce woods; and how old were these aspens? I thought that the trees themselves might answer my questions, and they did.

Fires frequently start a succession of trees or a rotation of forest species in the woodland. The opening in the forest occupied by these aspens had been made by fire. A record of it was burned into the annual rings of a number of trees in the front ranks of the surrounding spruces. This fire-scar record was overgrown by sixty-three annual rings. Among the crags, in the heart of the aspens, were scattered spruces which were more than three hundred years of age. Four of these ancient trees also had fire-scars sixty-three years old. The annual rings in a number of aspens were counted; a majority of these showed sixty-two rings; none showed more than this number. Evidently, then, this aspen forest started in the burned opening immediately after the fire sixty-three years ago; probably from both seeds and sprouts.

The aspens were nearly mature, and apparently of one age. Their complete possession of the spot was about to be lost to young firs and spruces that were growing thickly beneath. In a short time the firs and spruces would outgrow, overtop, and suppress the trees with quaking leaves. How would they do this? Why does nature supplant one forest with another of different species? In the forest world, this is an interesting feature of the struggle for existence.

Wander where you will, the presence of an extensive aspen forest is almost conclusive evidence of a comparatively recent forest fire. Though areas of forest are also destroyed by insects, or cleared by man, both these agencies leave a scattering of trees in possession. But fire commonly kills all trees,

consumes all the grass and the trash that would prevent seeds from reaching the earth. Thus, a forest fire makes it possible for the aspen to seed and possess the area.

The aspen demands light. It can not thrive in the shade of other trees. But the young of many kinds of trees, as we have seen by the spruces and firs, thrive in the shade of the aspen. By and by the other trees so shaded and nursed grow taller than the aspen, and in a short time they smother it and take its territory. Thus pioneering is largely the lot of this tree. It makes possible and prepares for the coming and the long stay of other kinds of

trees. It is unexcelled in its capacity for seizing new territory, and the entire forest world probably does not furnish a greater leader and colonizer than the aspen. Many a monarch oak, veteran spruce or pine, was nursed in an aspen grove. Numerous forests vast and grand were started in a sheltered garden upon whose soil danced the merry lights and shadows of quaking leaves.

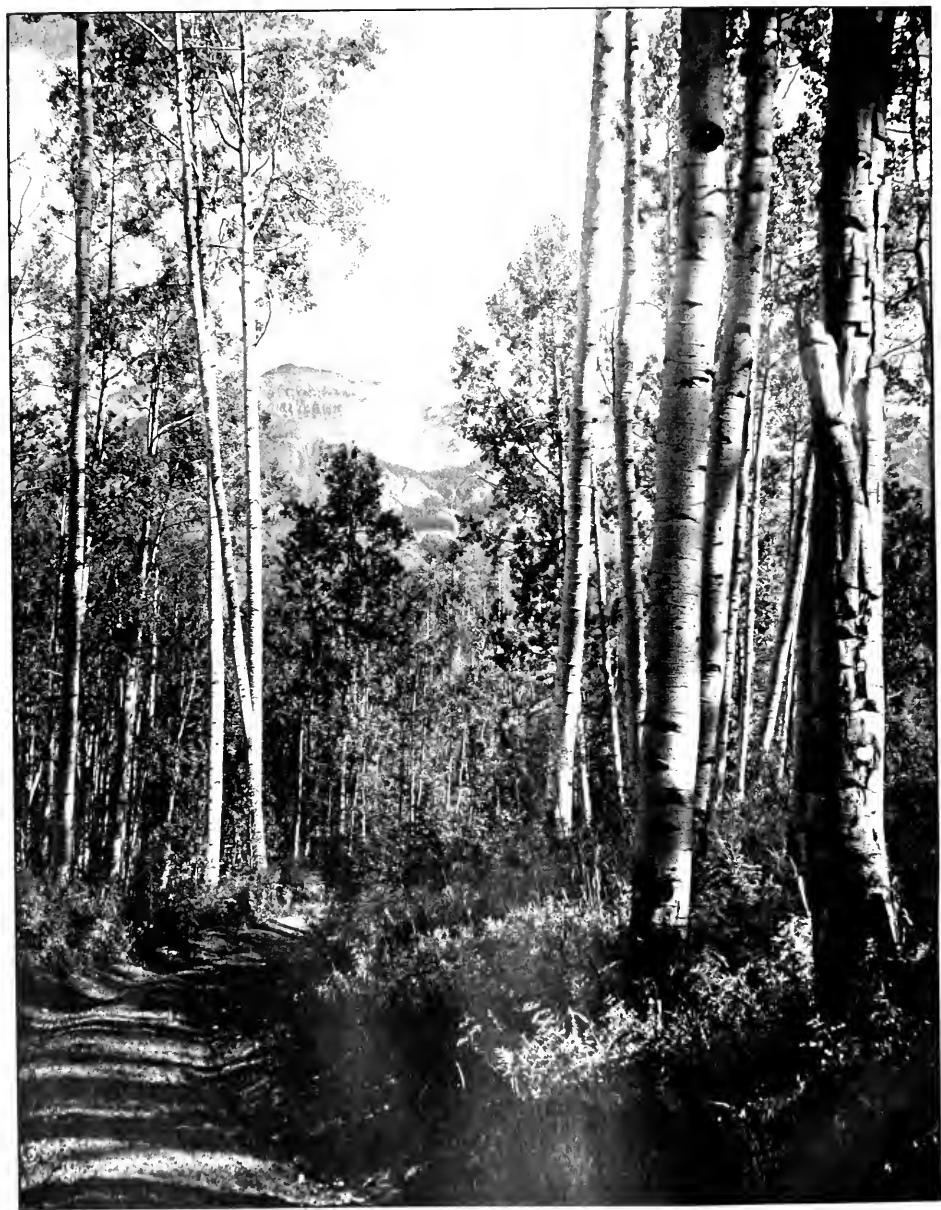
Only a few tree species are well equipped for colonizing. Some have a scanty seed crop; others do not bear annually; numerous species have a heavy seed crop but lack speedy transportation facilities; and many kinds produce seeds not fitted for new fields, and cannot flourish in frontier conditions. The young of most tree species

require protection from the wind, from sudden changes of temperature, and from sun glare. Indeed, the conditions that prevail in unsheltered openings are deadly for most kinds of young trees; but these conditions are favorable for the aspen.

Though aggressive, this tree is short-lived. A few specimens may live through a hundred years; many mature in less than fifty; and the allotted time may be given as threescore and ten. Though the aspen will long endure unfavorable environment, its constitution is so tender that it is easily killed by fire, storm, or insects, and quickly succumbs to injuries. This, however, does not refer to the root, which will send up new sprouts to replace the former trunk.



IN THE EDGE OF AN OLD ASPEN GARDEN



A MAGNIFICENT ASPEN FOREST IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS



MEN AND MAIDENS

The aspen lives in the lowlands, climbs the heights to 12,000 feet, accompanies long streams from source to sea, encircles lakes, dots swamps, and has small holdings everywhere except in deserts. From these countless stations it sows seeds like a spendthrift; early each spring they fill the four winds thick as snowflakes. As the seeds are of brief vitality, they must quickly find a sprouting place or they will perish. Each tiny seed, light as air, is set afloat in a fluff of fine cotton. During a calm day these seeds sometimes fill the sky thickly as stars. Eagerly they go away with the wind, across streams and lakes, over forests and mountain ranges, seeking an early rooting place. They are sent forth to find and forest every opening in the woods burned by autumn fires or cleared by winter snowslides. The kind of opening in which they are most likely to alight is one made by fire; such a cleared area, fresh with potash and ashes, is ideal for their growth. The aspen is ready, however, for any offered sprouting place. If its station is swept away by fire or snow, the roots, safe in the moist earth, at once burst into life and again bring back the forest.

Seeds of all growths are waiting for opportunity. Unexpectedly an opening is made, and instantly grass, flowers, shrubs, aspen and other trees fling their seed hosts into it to contend for its possession.

The successful competitor may be in part selected by chance, but the winning kind must arrive early, take root promptly, and then hang on.

Aspen stands commonly are not crowded, and the sheltered soil spaces between the trees are ideal for undergrowths. Many an aspen grove is a luxuriant wild garden. Green grasses flourish, and tall wild flowers crowd in brilliant bloom among the white-barked trunks. Columbines, blue gentians, white Mariposa lilies, geraniums, and fireweed give color to such a garden.

The aspen probably is the most widely distributed tree in the world. The vast territory watched over by it, its resourcefulness, and its incessant territorial triumphs, make this tree appear almost an intelligent being. From the arctic circle, it extends around the world in a belt from 4,000 to 5,000 miles wide. It flutters its foliage among the flags of a dozen nations; speaks its universal tongue among a score of peoples; and in autumn its golden banners encircle the globe and adorn nearly one-half the earth.

In a few localities the aspen holds continuous possession of its territory for centuries. After a fire, though every tree and seed within miles be destroyed, the aspen will triumph through sprout growth, which appears in the ashen scene as if by enchantment. A few scattered roots may start a growth that quickly will expand into a forest. The aspen is a very rapid grower, and its long roots reach out toward every point of the compass. A sprout ordinarily arises from the outer end of each of these roots, and each sprout becomes a tree, in turn producing roots, sprouts, and trees. Even a single aspen root, by such a process of steady expanding and multiplying, in a comparatively short time may grow into a grove or found a forest. Again and again the eager, helpful aspen thus arises from its ashes and restores its garden; and it may hold its old home for ages. In places with wet, rich soil the aspen may even keep out invaders of other species and hold on. There are stretches at timber line, the upper limits of tree growth on high mountains, in which it successfully competes with other species and permanently holds its territory.

At timber line I have measured healthy dwarfs that were less than an inch in diameter and not two feet tall, though they were from thirty to fifty years of age. The largest aspen I ever measured was 37



BEAVER-FELLED ASPENS

inches in diameter and one hundred thirty-four feet high. It stood in a sheltered Colorado canyon. Its probable age was one hundred eighteen years. The base had roughened into the bark form that is characteristic of the cottonwood family. But over most of the trunk, and over all the limbs, the bark was white and smooth.

In a magnificent aspen forest at the southern end of Tongue Mesa, in Colorado, I found trees from twelve to twenty inches in diameter, and from sixty to one hundred feet high. There was a scattering of still larger ones, some of these being one hundred twenty feet high. Their imposing white and limbless trunks stood as if they had been marble among dark-robed towering spruces.

What a wide acquaintance our *Populus tremuloides* has with the other tree races of the earth! Living in many lands and climes, it is neighbor to nearly a thousand other tribes of trees. It lives among a few tree people with whom it has nothing in common. But it enjoys a close acquaintance with the dignified oak, the staid ash, the serene maple, and the stately elm. In a number of localities it comes in contact with the noble white pine, the good cottonwood, and that other pioneer, the lodgepole pine. In numerous scenes it is intimately associated with a number of fellow folk who have somewhat similar traits, manners, and tastes. The alder is often by its side; in the north woods the aspen and the paper birch together fringe a thousand streams; and almost everywhere with *Populus tremuloides* is at least one member of the willow family.

Among the local names for our quaking aspen are poplar, golden aspen, and quaking asp. The male and female flowers grow upon separate trees. The seeds mature in tiny pods that hang in clusters, and are released in the springtime before the tree is in leaf. The bark commonly is white or greenish-white; but sometimes it is gray or yellow-brown.

Black bear cubs appear to favor the aspen for climbing practice or gymnastic pranks. The soft bark affords secure clawholds. Once I saw four cubs in the same aspen. A contusion or excrescent scar usually grows over cuts or deep scratches that are made in the bark. This relief growth lasts for years. Hundreds of aspens carry bear-claw and other markings, some of which may have been made a generation ago.

The arms of the aspen hold and rock many a baby bird. Robins build in the forks of the trunks

or the limbs; orioles swing their woven hangnests to the twigs. Several kinds of woodpeckers carve in the trunk a home with wooden walls. Bluebirds, wrens, nut-hatches, and chickadees adopt holes that have been used and abandoned by woodpeckers, and in rotten limbs or trunks make excavations of their own. These are used both for storm shelters and for nesting places.

For the nursing of trees and the cradling of birds, the aspen appears without a rival.

The aspen and the beaver are in a strange manner closely associated. They are widely distributed throughout the northern hemisphere side by side. The restless aspen is a water-loving tree and commonly enlivens the shore of every stream and pond in which the deliberate beaver lives. The quickness with which the green aspen sinks is a distinct convenience to the beaver, who each autumn gathers a winter food supply of it, which he piles in deep water on the bottom of the pond. The bark of the aspen is the staff of life in Beaver World, and aspen wood is the main material in thousands of beaver houses and dams. The wood is soft and easily gnawed. When an aspen is felled, the roots or the stump commonly sprout quickly and grow rapidly. Thus, again and again the beaver may harvest the same woodland.

Aspen wood has many uses. Light and free from splinters, it was much worn by ancient warriors as a buckler. A hot, quick, clean fire-producer, it was the prize fuel of pioneers in many States. Even when green its wood will burn with a little encouragement. Do you know the pungent smell of green aspen smoke, or the primeval scenes awakened in the imagination by its presence?

Freshness, cheerfulness, and beauty are ever with the aspen. During the changing days of spring, the tree is enriched and refined with delicate coloring. Catkins come and pass through sepia, pink, and silver; the shining buds, with touches of red, unfold dainty leaves of softest, whitest flannel. These leaves change through rose and olive, and at last, in the summer sun, show in pure



THE BARE-LEGGED ASPEN



AN ASPEN GARDEN

shining green above and yellow green beneath. The trunk and limbs of the leafless tree are full of grace and beauty; young leaves add a childlike charm; and gowned in autumn gold, the aspen is a magic tree, a part of fairyland. With golden leaves, it is classic in the sunshine, and in the moonlight its figure is spectral and mysterious.

Owing to the delicate poise of the aspen leaf, a mere breath sets it trembling. The leaf is roughly triangular, with serrated edges, and is held at the end of a long, slender springlike stem which barely supports it. This stem is flattened at right angles to the leaf, which, thus delicately suspended in the unresting air, is almost continuously quivering. In a moderate breeze, the vibrations and tappings of the tremulous leaves reproduce the rippling melody of the brook. In a wind, the leaves are as laughing waters. In the sunshine, they glance light like a rivulet. During a quiet night with the moon, they play hide and seek, vanish and gleam, whisper and listen, in the romantic light.

Through the ages the activities of aspen leaves appear to have attracted the attention of mankind. All the old myths and legends concerning these merry leaves were burdened with fear, grief, and regret. Tennyson gives us this backward glimpse:

"But here will sigh thy alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by these will hum the bee,
Forever and forever."

But nowadays, every one appears to catch the hopeful spirit of the aspen.

Aspens are youth, eternal youth. No other trees known to me so completely express the elasticity, the bounding, boundless hopefulness of youth. Aspens are young throughout their life. Never are they serious. They are romping children; their bare legs, their mud- and water-wading habits, their dancing out of one thing into another, are all charmingly and faithfully childlike. Aspens believe in fairies—they are a part of Never-Never-Land, and they never will grow up!



MEDAL FOR SCULPTURE TO DANIEL C. FRENCH

At a Joint Meeting of the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters held in New York, January 26, 1918, this honor medal for sculpture was decreed to Daniel C. French. The medal comes round to sculptors every seven years. The last time it was given posthumously to Augustus Saint-Gaudens, then deceased.

THE AESTHETIC SIDE OF COOKERY

BY PHILIP ROBERT DILLON

"MADAME ATHÈNE, I congratulate you on your apple pie. It is surpassing."

I said it sincerely. She shrugged her shoulders. Madame Athène is pretty and under forty. She spoke with careless contempt. "Any one makes pie. It is not worth while to speak of it."

I was surprised and wounded. The editor and the sculptor, who were seated at the dinner table with me—making four of us, politely smiled.

Madame Athène is exceedingly intellectual. She truly worships Matthew Arnold and the later Russian novelists and painters. Also she adores Amiel and Ibsen, and strongly approves Woodrow Wilson's literary style. Furthermore she holds that Mrs. Pankhurst is a very great woman. All this is to say that her intellectuality is well colored by the spiritual and romantic.

She cooks a fine dinner now and then.

But disinclined to be thus suppressed by her, I inquired with some asperity: "Do you mean to say that an intellectual woman is not truly and properly complimented when an intelligent man openly expresses admiration, or even moderate and sincere approval of her pie, or of any dish she has cooked for him?"

She looked at the three of us with cynical indulgence. Cryptically she answered with her own question:

"What is the value of a compliment from a well-fed man?"

"You mean to insinuate that we who like good cooking and admire good cooks—artists of the kitchen—are beasts!" I said it nonchalantly.

The sculptor smiled again his illumining smile, and Benington, the editor, fixedly stared at his final morsel of cheese.

She thrust back scornfully: "It is your so-called 'artists' of the kitchen that make men into pigs. May be you will tell me that Gargantua is a high type because he had an enormous capacity for eating, and an appreciation of cooks. I doubt not that the minds of most of you so-called intellectuals are in the kitchen, even when you sit in a cathedral!"

Helplessly I appealed to Benington: "Chevalier, defend us!"

"Yes" she cried, "let Mr. Benington try to prove that the cook who fills his stomach and the cook who fills the stomach of a Gargantua are 'artists'. No doubt he can well imitate the sophistry of the favorite of all of you, the indecent Rabelais!"

The sculptor chuckled exultingly, saying not a word. Now Chevalier Arthur Benington, decorated by the King of Italy, editor, littérateur and linguist, is admittedly one of the half dozen men who are superlatively competent critics of a dinner. He is a serious man and a serious writer. His dominant recreations are lecturing on Dante and analyzing motifs of menus. The members of the Press Club and the Italian Club listen with profound reverence when he talks of meats, fish, desserts and sauces. That a man talks profoundly well about Dante, and also about spaghetti is a matter of moment in New York. Thus Benington.

"Madame" he began with deep feeling "I pass

by your disdainful allusion to Rabelais, who was a great literary artist and psychologist. I give you my sincerest admiration because you are a creative pie-artist and I truly regard you as greater because of your pie than because of your knowledge of Ibsen and Thomas à Kempis. While art in its highest forms may appeal to the intellect". . . .

"No! It is an appeal to the soul!" interrupted the sculptor.

"I accept the correction if it pleases you. Then, while art may be an appeal to the soul some forms of art must make their appeal through the senses, and there are many forms of art that do appeal only to the senses. Is this not so, Madame?"

"Well, I will not deny that" said the lady.

"We have five senses, and there is no more reason to despise what appeals to one sense than there is to despise that which appeals to another. The painter, the sculptor, the architect reaches us through our sense of sight. The musician ravishes our sense of hearing. The man who draws the perfume from the lily and the lilac and the rose and stores them for us in essences or powders enchants us through our sense of smell. Our sense of touch has been neglected by artists, though not by nature; yet surely the man who makes a soft, smooth garment that pleases the skin is also an artist in his way.

"Our sense of taste is the artistic dominion of the cook, and he who can give us real pleasure by his skill and his imagination in cookery is truly an artist. A highly intellectual friend of mine—and formerly an English diplomat—says that it takes a *gentleman* to be a real cook, and he puts the accent on the *man* because he believes no woman can ever attain to real artistic eminence therein, pointing out that no woman has ever been a superlatively great artist. . . . But let me have my say!"

"How about Rosa Bonheur in painting animals and Madame Lebrun in painting portraits and Madame Ristori in acting?" said Madame Athène.

"Well" answered Benington "Rosa Bonheur was nearly a man and the rest were not superlatively great.

"The greatest books on gastronomy have been written by men of intellectual eminence. The greatest of them all—the 'Physiologie du Gout'—is the work of the famous French physician Brillat-Savarin. The best and most recent in the English language is by Fink, musical critic of the *New York Evening Post*. And, almost always highly intellectual men have been great epicures. Disraeli, when asked how he would like to die, replied: 'Eating ortolans stuffed with truffles, to the sound of soft music.' Charles Lamb's 'Essay on Roast Pig' is a classic. And don't forget that Lucullus was one of the greatest generals who ever lived. And then Madame, you spoke about men of taste being gourmants."

"Yes, I did."

"Well" said he, with a twinkle in his eye "suppose you substitute the word *gourmet* for *gourmant*. You know the difference, don't you?"

"Not exactly; there is a distinction without a

difference in my eyes" she replied with a toss of her head.

"Well, you know that *gourmant* means to uncritically overeat, and *gourmet* means to be sparing and critical in our eating?" was the Benington riposte.

"O, yes! But go on, finish your argument."

"I will, if you will let me" said the Chevalier, resuming. "When Rossini, the great composer and Dumas the great novelist used to spend an evening together, as they often did, what was the subject of their conversation? Macaroni and ways of cooking it! Their united intellects invented a sauce with which they used to fill each individual tube of macaroni, injecting it with a hot syringe just before they put the delectable morsel into their mouths.

"In the Spring Academy exhibitions of New York you may now and then see charming landscapes signed Lattard. The artist is none other than Monsieur Nestor Lattard, maitre d'hôtel of the Plaza Hotel, who is as proud of some of the dishes he has invented as he is of his paintings.

"Some women who have been brought up in Puritanical homes have had the artistic side of their natures sadly neglected. In consequence they despise—or affect to despise, for it is often affectation—everything that appeals only to what they call the senses. They are accustomed to regard some senses as 'grosser' than others, though why one sense should be exalted and another be debased, beats me. Each of the five senses is as honorable as any of its sisters. All are godgiven and no one has a right to look down upon the handiwork of the Creator. The Divine Maker of the Universe thought enough of man's sense of taste to provide for its enjoyment by placing flavors in fruits and spices, in the flesh of birds and fish and animals, in the stalks and leaves of plants. The men and women who are skilled in combining these flavors, producing new ones, blending cheese and eggs or flour and milk and sugar in soups that enchant our palates are artists of the highest type. It takes rare intelligence and exquisite refinement to do these things well.

"Isn't that true?"

"Profoundly" said the sculptor.

"Cookery is not only a fine art, but the most necessary of the fine arts. Life might be gray and sad without painting and music, but we could at least live without them. It might be uncomfortable without architecture, but there are still caves for the winter and forests for the summer. But without cookery we should die.

"Doctors tell us that flavor is even more necessary than quality to good digestion. They have proved that agreeable flavor causes a flow of the gastric juices. Insipid food is not digested nearly so well as that which is delicious. So cookery is the handmaid of health. The cook is the physician's most valuable assistant.

"Inventing novel combinations of food, tempting the appetite, gratifying the sense of taste, giving real pleasure to discriminating persons, supplying what will nourish the frame, stimulate the mind and preserve the body in good health, is a labor that is surely well worthy of an intellectual person—man or woman—for it can be done well by none other." So Benington finished.

"There you struck the crux of the matter—inventing a new dish" interjected the sculptor.

Madame Athène had listened keenly, with intermittent flashes of defiance in her eyes and slight nods of approval. Her excellent vanity was evidently soothed somewhat by Benington's seriousness, and of course she accepted the compliment to her intellect, though not to her pie.

"Now" said I to her confidently "you are convinced!"

"Convinced?" loftily. "Convinced!" witheringly. She turned to Benington and rejoined:

"I object to your entire point of view. You are a mere Hedonist, frankly preaching the gospel of pleasure, and physical pleasure at that. Hedonism is dangerous. You are advocating refined gluttony. You may hide your gluttony in nice words, but still you are a Hedonist. Your point of view is vicious. You set up as an idol in your temple the gratification of the senses! Our five senses are purely physical and are an eternal drag on the soul—as Thomas à Kempis would say. Civilization is essentially a getting away from the animal—not, of course, by martyring the body like Simeon Stylites or the extreme devotees of Hindoostan. But the tendency of catering to the senses is to lead mankind back to Tophet, from which we have risen through suffering, tears and self-control—self-control that Herbert Spencer says is man's highest achievement.

"As for Rossini, had he paid less attention to spaghetti, his rare soul would have given us more of the sublime music of 'William Tell' and the 'Stabat Mater.' I fear his soul became enmeshed in endless strands of macaroni. These bouts in epicurean spaghetti with his friend Dumas you tell about left their deadening marks on his genius. Certainly he did nothing after 'William Tell' and the 'Stabat Mater.' Was it not because his soul became enmeshed and materialized by visions of sensuous gratification that he fell into spiritual sterility?

"Now, he and she who, by a sensuous physical Hedonism sterilizes himself and herself spiritually, are more immoral than they who atrophy themselves physically, because spiritual creation is the test of the morality of a man or woman upon earth.

"And, as a matter of fact" she added carelessly "your senses are not equal by any spiritual or even intellectual measure. Who ever heard of a man getting drunk on too much good music or sculpture or painting? But your Monsieur Lattard with one of his fine dinners may knock your intellectual *gourmand* into stupidity. In short" she concluded regally "your whole argument is that of the *gourmand* and the *gourmand* is only an intellectual pig!"

"Bravo!" cried the sculptor.

I was astonished at him. I spoke, being grieved: "You, an apostle of art, you, whom I have seen ravished by a fine dish, you that can cook a fine dinner—have you recanted your oft-expressed belief that cookery is a fine art?"

Let us recall that the sculptor is one of the oldest and best-known sculptors in America. Therefore, what he said about cookery as a fine art is interesting, for his friends also rank him as a dinner-table epicure. He answered quietly:

"I have recanted nothing."

"Then, do you now consider cookery a fine art?"

"Rather!"

"Prove it."

"You remind me of a remark of Voltaire: 'If you wish to converse with me, define your terms.' What do you mean by Art?"

"Well—eh—what do *you* mean by art?"

"Let's see: Art is an expression of human emotion. The man who expresses his own emotions is already an artist. But the man who is able to arouse the emotions of his fellow men is a greater artist—assuming the technical skill of both to be the same.

"Now, if when you are in Paris again you go with the poor artist to Monsieur Binet, wine merchant, Avenue de Vaugirard, and call for a *sole frite*, you will get a sole fried in lard, and it will satisfy every craving of your hunger. That dish will not be a work of art. Why? Because no *invention* of the cook, no imagination, nothing spiritual will have been put in the dish. And as Bacon said: 'Art is man *added* to Nature.' There will be nothing lifting in the devouring of that contrapted dish. It will be a merely material munching of fish meat, after which the mind and soul will be on the same plane as before—perhaps a lower one, satisfied though the body may be.

"If then you go next day to Monsieur Marguery, artist-restaurateur, Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, and ask for a *sole frite*, you will get the same kind of a fish, but the dish will be a work of Art. Why? Because the fish will not have been fried in fat but prepared in a mysterious way and covered with a pink-yellow sauce so delectable in odor and taste as to make it fit to be served at the Banquet of the World.

"And, after savoring that dish, you will be lifted into a higher plane of feeling. Why? Because not only will your senses have been charmed by the flavor of the fish and the spiritualized sauce, and the mind delighted by the perception of the difference of skill manifested by the common cook and the culinary artist, but the Soul also will be filled with a truly lifting emotion occasioned by the color combination of spotless table-linen, artistic glasses, blue dishes, brownish fish, pink-yellow sauce, the latter sending forth an odor so exquisite that you will feel yourself transfigured in the presence of a delectable invention of a creative artist in cookery.

"Yesterday your stomach was satisfied and your purely physical emotions aroused by Monsieur Binet; to-day your soul—if you have one—will be exalted to a higher plane of emotion. The earth will no longer appear a porkopolis in a vale of tears, but an Elysium in the skies, if but for an hour—that is—if you are a real man and have imagination enough to know the difference between poetry and putty. Thenceforth life will never be the same on an Earth transfigured by an exalting experience from a materialistic morass to an anteroom of Paradise. It is the lifting power of a common fish made spiritual, because touched by the poetic imagination of Marguery who dreamed out his divine sauce—which sauce alone makes his dish a true and dynamic, because exalting, work of Art. As Burton said in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* 'Cookery is become an art, a noble science; cooks are Gentlemen!'

"And that is why the government of the most

enlightened race on earth made Marguery a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He was a benefactor of his people, because he added to the prestige of his country. He put his spiritual self into his sauce—a creation unnecessary for any material use as men's food—and thus poetized the fish, while Monsieur Binet remained just Binet, because, failing to see the poetic possibilities of cooking, he dished up his *sole* in mere fat.

"Binet never became a culinary artist, capable of inventing a delectable dish, and always will remain just a common cook. It is not the parrot-like imitative woman who makes common soggy pie whom we think worthy of being praised. It is the woman—or was it a man—who first invented the perfect apple pie? who dug out of her inner consciousness the idea of the pie—she it is who deserves a monument as truly as Michelangelo.

"Because the difference between an unimaginative woman cook and artist in cookery is a spiritual difference—an affair of Poetry. And your pie of this evening at least, Madame Athène, is not a common pie; it surpasses any I have eaten for many a day, because it is also different from any other apple pie I ever ate. Hence it has an individuality as apple pie, in addition to being very delicious. And did you observe that I refused a second piece?"

"I wondered why, after your praising it so highly."

"I refused it because like a true *gourmet* and devotee of the poetic in all things I ate just enough to arouse in me a delectable emotion and would not spoil it, like a *gourmant*, by eating enough to dull that emotion!

"That, you see, is not physical Hedonism in your meaning, it is a poetic spiritual Hedonism, the most constructive and lifting philosophy of life ever dreamed out by men."

She flashed a quizzical look at me and then softened, smiled at the sculptor and said hesitatingly: "I like what you say. But of course it has no application to my work in cooking this dinner. Even admitting that Marguery may be an artist because he *invented* a sauce, I am still in the ranks of the mechanics. I did not *invent* pie." . . .

"Ah!" the sculptor stopped her "there you have approached a truth that seems unknown to the great body of the public and even to artists themselves. I mean that there is a definite, clear distinction between the artist and the mechanic and an easy rule to express the distinction. I refer you to my definition of a work of art—the definition which has had some publicity. I will repeat it:

"Every human work made in any language with a purpose of expressing or stirring human emotion is a work of art; and a work of art is great in ratio of its power of stirring the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

"Now, the person who first dreamed out, imagined into form an apple pie must have had some emotion of joy in the moment when the *idea* of the pie became complete, and the process of realizing the actual pie, in the making of it, must have given that person some joy at seeing the pie take form in a finished work—a *complete invention*. It is this

expression of emotion of joy by the original *inventor* of the pie which made that pie already a work of Art and the pie-maker an artist.

"Finally, as your pie was not only an avenue for the *expression of your own* emotions but *aroused our* emotions by its super-excellence, and also by its unusual and individual taste, it is doubly a work of art, and so puts you truly in the class of artists—culinary artists, if you will."

I had at least learned to keep silent and only watched her. She *was* pleased. I am tempted to say she was transfigured, becoming again her normal, seductive feminine self, or that she was chemically changed back to the woman who wins by that mystic amalgamation of chemistry and spirit. And in this state she said with that way of woman that thrills: "Perhaps it was a good pie."

She had the last word.

Philip Robert Dillon

BEYOND

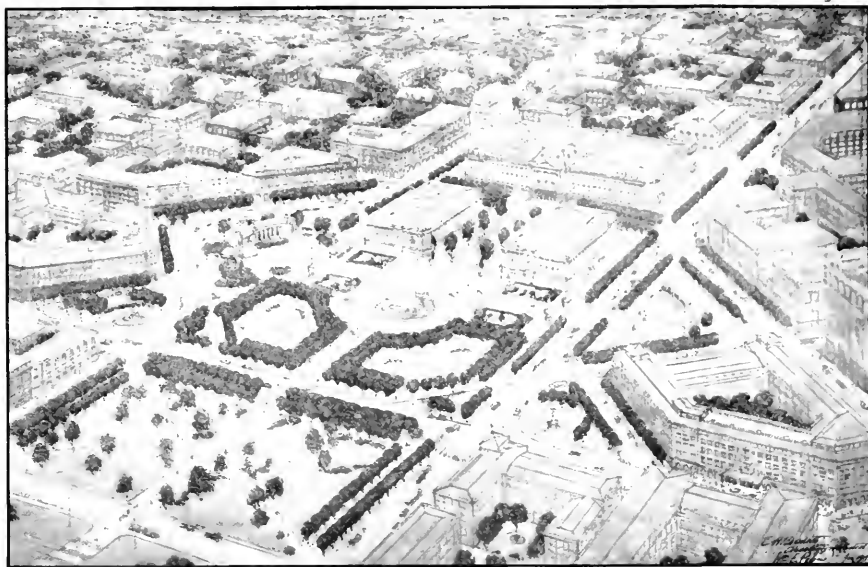
Colossal orb of space,
Sparkling with diamond
Of countless star on star,
All whirling with wild grace
In their enwoven dance
Illimitably far—
What lies beyond
Your vastly hollow girdled by that bright
River of stellar spray
We call the Milky Way?
Immeasurable ball,
Compassed and clasped in light,
Can you be all
A flock of fireflies circling in the night,
A maze of jewels that the toss of Chance
Let fall,
Sun, planet, asteroid,
One globe of glories in the utter void?

What lies beyond?
Does the sheer Dark immerse
Infinity, drowning the last faint gold
Of fleeting comets, lost and vagabond?
Or is this astral universe,
All that our utmost vision may behold,
But one amidst a host of star-strewn spheres,
Each zoned with its own stream
Of softer gleam,
Perchance each dowered with wonder, love and
tears?

What lies beyond?
The puny human heart still stirs
Against those flaming barriers,
That proud, impenetrable dome
Of fire and ether, seeking for a home,
A Soul that shall respond
To all its questions, longings and despairs,
Is space but raiment that the Spirit wears,
A gem-embroidered mantle to conceal
And yet reveal
In splendors of surprise
Beauty ineffable,
Immanuel?
Or shall we rise,
Higher than dream of Dante ever trod
From star to star, from empyrean on
To empyrean, till the sun that shone
Over our vexed mortality be wan,
Through life on life, eternal range
From form to form, from change to change,
To find the Unknown God?

Katherine Lee Bates

TOWN AND COUNTRY EMBELLISHMENT



Bird's-eye view of Denver's Civic Center as it will look when completed. The triangles on either side of the center mark the limits of the center in these directions. The Plaza in the left foreground is part of the State House grounds. The State House will overlook this Plaza.

THE COURT OF HONOR TO CIVIC BENEFACTORS DENVER, COLORADO

BY EDGAR C. McMECHEN

THE wholesale devastation in Europe of things beautiful points a need for the stimulation of creative genius that these abnormal ravages may be balanced. In this connection the establishment of a Court of Honor to Civic Benefactors has a deeper interest for the student of architecture than could the mere adornment of a civic center. In another sense it carries a broader lesson which may be expressed thus: to make of a city a better and more beautiful place in which to live, is to stimulate civic culture and pride, love of home and the kindly thought of one's neighbor, and that is a cardinal virtue in religion.

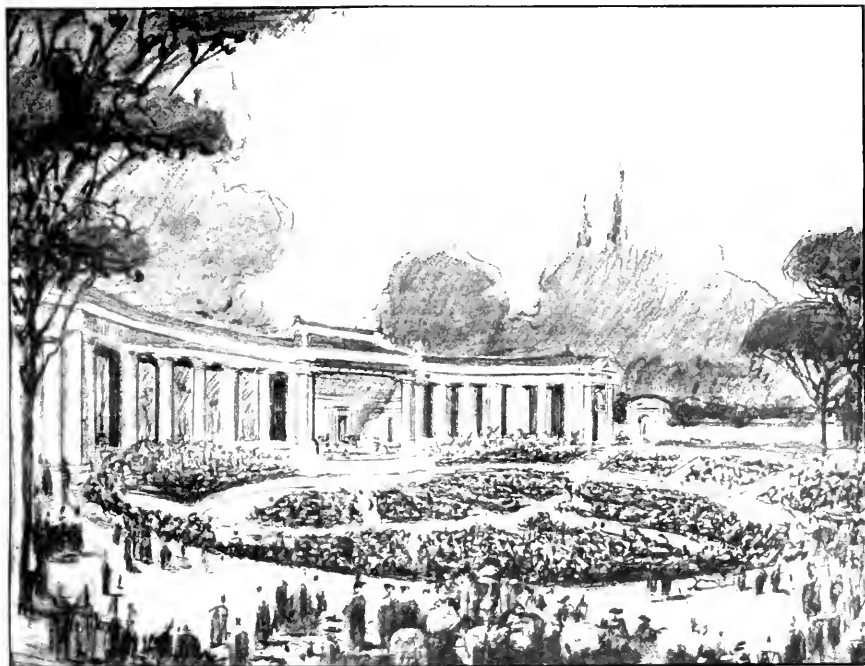
The Court of Honor to Civic Benefactors for Denver had its birth in the brain of Robert W. Speer, the Mayor, one of those rare dreamers who is equally great as a builder. It is distinguished from other commemorative works of art in that it is dedicated to all citizens, whether living or dead, who shall have enriched their city in heart interest as well as in art interest. In simple and dignified form the names of such citizens will be recorded on the forty-foot columns of a double colonnade, built on the arc of a circle and

enclosing an open-air theater. As in the Hall of Fame, a permanent board will decide what names are worthy of perpetuation there.

Mayor Speer is not one who sets great store upon monuments to the dead; rather he is the apostle of honor rendered to the living. His views upon this point are so interwoven with the idea of the Court of Civic Benefactors that his words may serve to make clearer its purpose:

"Future monuments will be erected to men for keeping out of war, not for leading armies in battle; for lifting burdens, not for gathering gold; for starting waves of happiness, rather than currents of selfishness and greed.

"Future monuments will be built by loving hands and thankful hearts and located where the people live—not in cemeteries. Tombs, mausoleums and shafts in cities of the dead depress, spread fear and gloom; while monumental fountains, inspiring sculpture, educational art, music, parks and playgrounds scattered among the people, spread sunshine and joy to future generations."



DENVER'S COURT OF HONOR TO CIVIC BENEFACTORS
An open-air theater and concert garden now being erected on the Civic Center



THE STATE

A monumental fountain designed by Lorado Taft and presented to Denver by J. A. Fletcher, a leading promoter. One of the first results of Mayor Speer's announcement of the Court of Honor to Civic Benefactors plan.

The consulting architect for Denver's civic center plan, Mr. E. H. Bennett, has described the Court of Honor and its surroundings in his report:

"The civic center is conceived as a large open space to be used as a place of public concourse, rather than as a secluded park. Including the diverted driveway on the south, it covers thirteen acres. It will at times of public events be the meeting-place for many thousands of people within the center itself, and in automobiles on surrounding streets. In this connection attention is called to the fact that the adjoining statehouse grounds on the east are treated as a park. A large portion of the center itself should be paved or gravelled so as to accommodate large numbers. A considerable portion of the area should be shaded, and there also should be small areas devoted to lawn and planting spaces for the shrubbery, to offer variety and background for statues, balustrades and decorative features.

"Ample space has been reserved for an art gallery, adequate for Denver's increasing needs. The library must have room for expansion. Provision is made for a future library area approximately double the size of the present building. It is proposed to take the block west of Bannock Street for the site of a new City and County building. This is designed to harmonize with the existing library and future art gallery, and thus a fine group of buildings will be created. The City Hall façade will be treated with a strong central feature of monumental architecture, which will appear to great advantage in the vista between the library and the art gallery.

"The main axis will form a vista, extending from the State House to the proposed City Hall on Bannock Street. The main feature of this vista, and also of the center itself, will be a fountain of monumental proportions. There will be a large central jet, throwing water to a great height, surrounded by minor jets and water effects, to make this a feature of brilliant and spectacular interest. In contrast with the central fountain a pool of placid water will be created between the library and art

gallery, in which will be reflected the dome of the State House, looking east, and the façade of the City Hall, looking west. The space between the flanking buildings will form a Court of Honor, to be adorned with appropriate sculpture, thus forming a sculpture garden in connection with the art gallery.

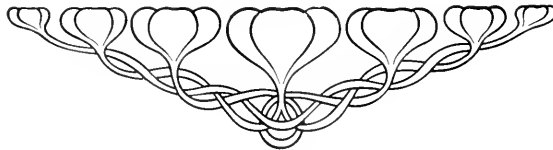
"The main axis is crossed by a transverse axis lying in the center of Acoma Street. At the north this axis becomes the main approach from the business center. At the southern end will be placed the open-air theater, including a sounding shell of the best acoustic properties for the municipal band. This shell will be flanked by colonnades extending in an arc of a circle. This feature will be the Court of Honor to Civic Benefactors.

"The floor of the open-air theater will be depressed about five feet below the general level, taking advantage of the sloping ground for permanent seats, semi-circular in plan. The colonnades will form an interesting setting for the open-air theater and will serve to screen off the view of building to the south. Dense planting of trees and shrubbery to the east will shut off street noises from Broadway.

"The center will be used at night and will be abundantly lighted. It is proposed to illumine brilliantly the central fountain. The general purpose will be to obtain ample illumination without having in any sense the glaring effects so frequent on city streets. The quality will be luminous and decorative, using both direct and indirect methods, that the center may be a vital part of the city at night as well as by day."

The inspiring effect of Mayor Speer's idea thus to do honor to the patriotic men of his city and his day can be illustrated in no better way than to relate that, within two months after his announcement, gifts were received totalling about \$400,000. Previously, during a four-year period, not a single work of architecture had been presented to the city. This is no reflection upon the loyalty of Denver's citizens. It merely accentuates the fact that, in America, while we do have ideals, we think that we have no time for their expression.

Edgar C. McMecken



ANALYSIS OF WORKS OF ART

By Petronius Arbitrator

OUR STANDARD:

The logical Standard of Art Measurement for a sure evaluation of works of art is based: on rare examples of the highest manifestations of the Six Elements of Art Power.

That is to say: The greatest work of art in the world is that one in which we see manifested:

First: A Subject which is Socially the most beneficial, of interest to the greatest number of people, and the noblest in Conception.

Second: In which the Expression: on the faces of the figures, in the details, and in the work as a whole—expresses profoundly that which the work is supposed to express.

Third: In which the Composition is the most sublime.

Fourth: In which the Drawing of all forms is the most true and effective in rendering Life, above all—Ideal Life.

Fifth: In which the Color is the most varied and rich.

Sixth: In which the surface Technique is the most vigorous, appropriate, and offensively individual; the whole work of such a Quality, and so coordinated, as to insure a result, in which a Subject is expressed with the greatest Completeness and Harmony; so as to stir the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

We consider a work of art great or trivial in ratio of the degree to which it measures up to this standard.

MR. WILLIAM CRARY BROWNELL has lately published a book called "Standards" in which he makes a strong plea for a return to some standard, though he does not say which one. It is an admirable book and appears under the imprint of the Scribners. We announce this in order to spread its gospel.

But query: Was Mr. Brownell driven to write this charming book because of the castigation he has, perhaps, received from the Nine Muses—for having in his "French Art" helped along the rapid evolution of Modernism in art—no doubt without either hoping or expecting to do so? Does he now recoil from the effect of having helped to boost Auguste Rodin into the leadership of the modernistic art party, to be the great prophet of "Liberty in Art"—which movement, going to excess, has ended in a bewildering and intolerable license in the world of art?

Why talk of "standards" when one is a protagonist of Rodin who spurned all standards that have obtained among all great artists since Pheidias? However, if this book of "Standards" will help to extirpate so-called Modernism and get us back to common sense in art he will have redeemed himself and expiated the fault of having extravagantly praised Rodin at a time when he had not yet disappointed either Brownell and the French people, and at a time when he should have taken the advice of Solon: "Never write the history of a man until he is dead!" For it is certain that he disappointed the French people—and we believe Mr. Brownell also—by going from the natural and rational, as in his "Age of Brass," to the extravagantly style-istic and the artificial, as in his "Balzac" and in his "Earth and Moon" and similar things.

We also have our standard. We print it at the head of this page nearly every month, for the reason that we wish it to sink deep into the consciousness of the American people, because it is of as capital importance for the future of our art as is the Constitution for the future of the American people. We can say this with frankness because it is not our *ipse dixit*. We did not make that standard. It was made by the whole race of great artists who have glorified humanity by their wonderful creations since time began. What we did was to adopt it as

the guide and measuring rod—by which to judge every work of art.

Many artists do not like this table of the law. That is because many artists hate all standards and all rules. Above all they hate every Law that was ever made for the guidance of men both in life and in art. "Liberty in Art!" is their slogan, and nearly all of these haters of this world standard that we have adopted have not sense enough to see that what they mean by "liberty" is in reality license.

It takes no long argument to prove that absolute liberty in life is impossible, as long as there are two people on earth. Only one man if alone on earth can be free; as soon as the second person enters his liberty instantly becomes curtailed, and the more the men that arrive, the more is his liberty interfered with and the more he will have to submit to some abridgment of his liberty or be destroyed. He will soon learn that the majority at stated periods announces how much liberty the race has been able to conquer in order to hand it over to men. This majority also from time to time decides whether or not the liberty of the majority, as well as of the minority, shall be abridged—in the interest of the preservation and perfection of the majority. So, when he finally arrives at full wisdom he will know: that the shortest way to the fullest liberty for the individual is to submit gracefully to the restraints imposed upon all by the normal majority in its efforts to win from nature more and more liberty to be finally shared by all.

Of all the elements of happiness—Liberty, Health and Beauty—the most precious is Liberty. All nature is bent upon achieving it. But nature has decreed that there is more real liberty in obeying the inexorable laws of rational progress than in rebelling against them. The wise know this.

It is true that when we adopted the standard of the heroes of art we gave it our own formula. We did this, not because we wish to educate the artists. That is not our mission. We formulated this standard for the public—because we wish to enlighten

the public as to what is the final standard, the Decalogue—by which a work of art will inevitably be judged. We did this to give the public a Measuring Rod. For this magazine is not conducted in order to hamstring or please the artists; it is principally conducted in the interests of the Public. No, it is only in a round-about way that we are trying to help and lift the artist. For it is certain that by and by the artists will benefit by the public's familiarity with this standard, one that guided Homer, Pheidias and Apelles; also Michelangelo, Leonardo and Shakespeare; Hugo, Rude, Chavannes and their fellow giants of the past. Because then perhaps the Public will demand not only clever or trivial or degenerate and ephemeral art but great and hence enduring art; and the artists will be compelled either to supply this or live outside of and in the outskirts of the Temple. If they do supply this future demand their immortality will be assured. If they do not—oblivion is their lot.

This standard that we have adopted was not constructed by any set of men. It grew in the heart and soul of the race and became manifest as the

great artists of the past, perhaps at the urging of the Cosmic Volition, produced the masterpieces of Truth, Goodness and Beauty which increasingly have enraptured mankind across the ages. Hence the wish to flout this standard amounts to nothing less than self-nullification, while the working in harmony with it is wise, because it is the shortest road to the largest possible worthy Individuality with the far higher condition of Universality. For an individuality is never so great as when crowned by universality of appreciation.

As the Constitution is but a compact formulation of the principles of democracy, born in the womb of time, so our standard is only our formula of the principles of great art that hark back to the infancy of the race. We are its slave as much as the meanest artists are. And the greatest artist will not be able to evade its crushing restraints—if he desires to be a real creator of works that he wishes to be immortal!

Let us therefore apply this august standard to two immortal works, one ancient and one modern.

A MODERN GREAT WORK OF ART

"THE BLIND MAN AND THE PARALYTIC" BY TURCAN

(See opposite page)

THE colossal marble group in the Luxembourg Museum which we reproduce on page 416 is one of the greatest masterpieces of the Nineteenth Century. It was voted a Medal of Honor by the other exhibiting sculptors in the Paris Salon and bought by the State; it is destined to be immortal.

The story it tells is this: An old man, sitting by the wayside, paralyzed and unable to move, saw a vigorous, young but blind man groping along. When the blind man reached him he called upon him to halt and proposed: "Since you are young and strong you shall carry me who cannot walk. I who can see will guide you. Thus both of us will move along faster and safer." The blind man accepted the offer. So this group shows them on their way and at the same time gives the world a lesson in human cooperation.

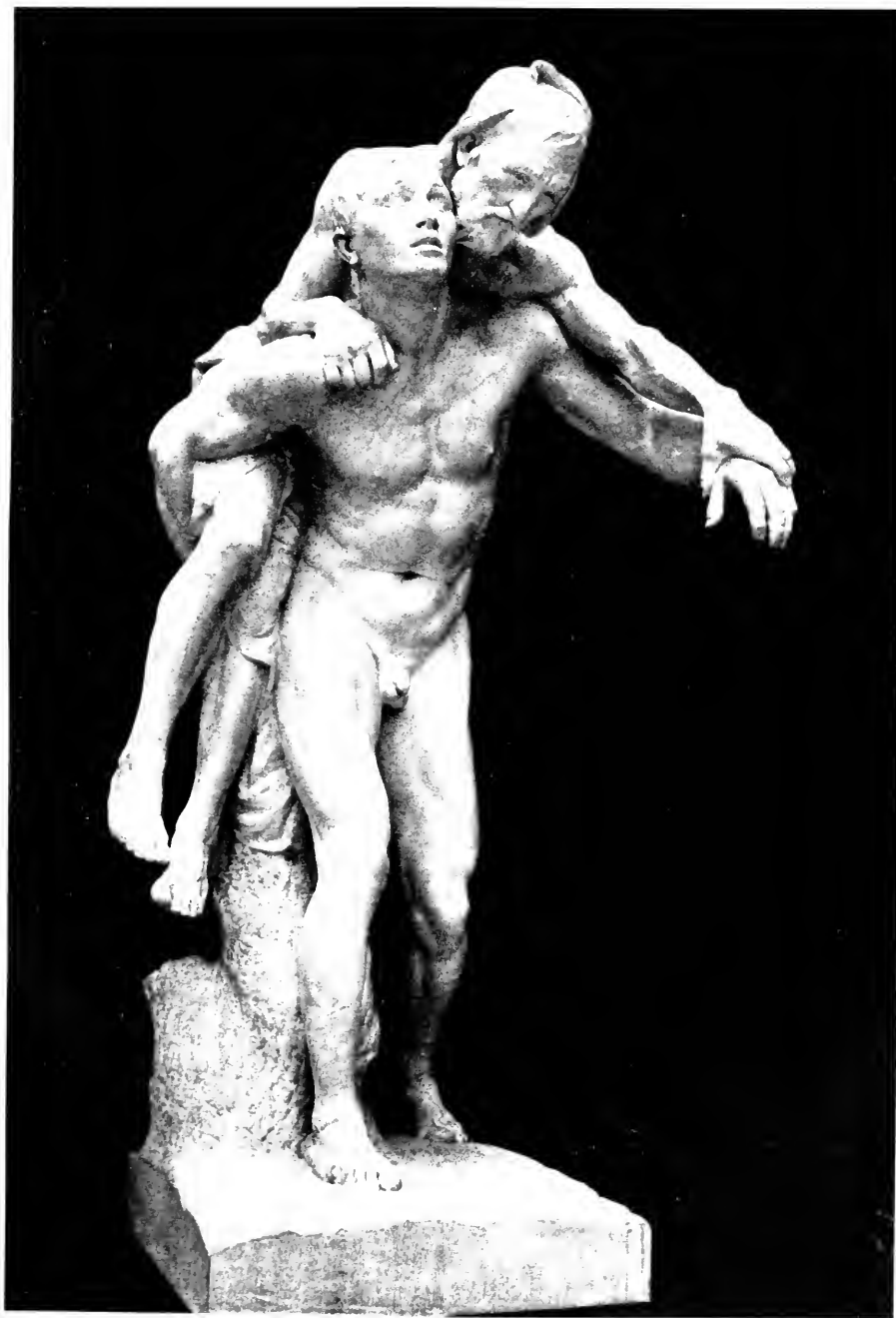
Here we have a truly Rational work of art—as distinct from the Greek as Shakespeare is distinct from Homer. But like both of those great artists it follows the inexorable laws, the observance of which alone can enable a great man to create an enduring work of art. That is: it is both Impersonal and Personal. It has all the Truth, much of the Goodness and also of Beauty that rational common sense demands in a work of art which is put forward as a candidate for immortality. And yet it has that restrained, modest, delightful touch or flavor of personal craftsmanship which separates it from the craftsmanship of any other modern sculptor. It is that mingling of classic impersonality of truth and modern personality of touch that makes it and makes works like it truly Modern.

No Greek could have done this. He would have modified the details of certain forms—made them still more elegant than Turcan has done. Take for instance the outstretched hands of the two men.

See how rustic are the young man's fingers and how old-mannish the hands of the paralytic. Then observe the way the hair is treated, and other touches, all indicating a way of doing things that is not only modern but Turcan's way. And yet from the ankles up the wonderful living body of the youth is worthy to be placed by the side of the "Hylsos" of Pheidias himself.

But what makes this group marvelous above all is the unity, the synchronism of the movement of the two bodies—as if they were one body. And none but an experienced sculptor can know how difficult it is to *construct* even one human figure in the clay—that is, put every part of it—head, hands, feet, etc.—in the exact place they should occupy, so as to give the figure life and movement. Rodin bragged about having spent three months sweating blood in modeling one leg of his good but overrated "The Age of Brass," and that is only one figure and only life-size; for to construct a figure life-size is far easier than to construct, with equal exactitude a heroic or colossal one.

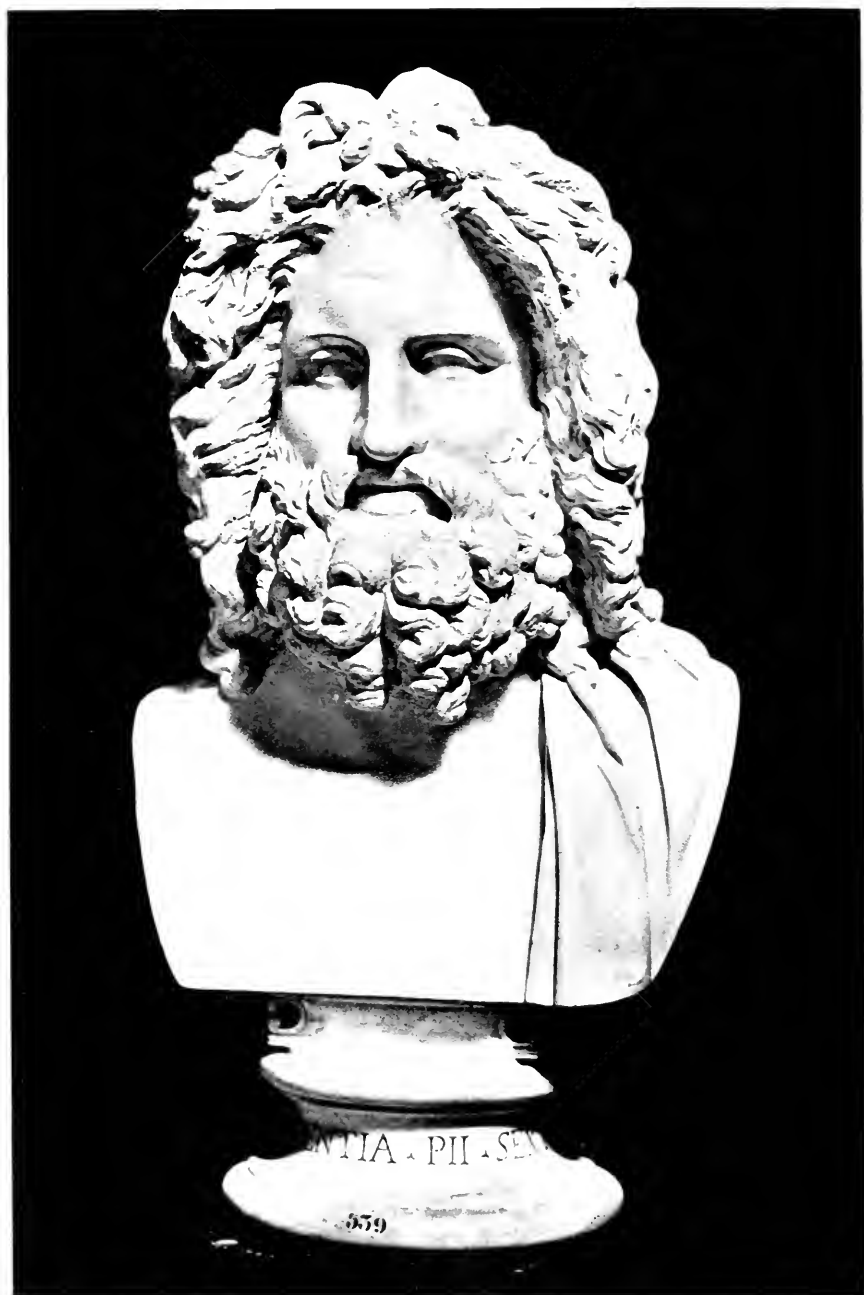
But when a sculptor attempts to build with exactitude a group of two figures, the difficulty is immensely increased, even if the two stand merely side by side in a quiet movement. Now when one figure carries another, as in Barrias's great group "The First Funeral" (see page 126 in the November issue) or when one figure carries another on its back, as in this group by Turcan, the problem is still more difficult. How to make it look as if the young man actually carries the old one on his back and to make both figures seem actually to move becomes one of the greatest problems in the history of all sculpture—owing to the fact that no sculptor could have two men pose *together* as represented in this group. Turcan could not simply pose his models and copy them. He had to *imagine* his



"THE BLIND MAN AND THE PARALYTIC"

BY JURGAN

IN THE LUNDBERG MUSEUM



"ZEUS"
GIGANT HEAD FOUND AT OERTEL IN ITALY
NOW IN THE VATICAN

two figures together—visualize them in his imagination. Therefore the ease of movement and exactitude of construction which he realized in this group of figures larger than life betokens a constructive talent, a power of drawing correctly amounting to positive genius. Beside this group anything that Rodin ever did falls into the second rank.

Notice also the difference between the emaciation of the old man and the vigor of the young fellow, showing the difference between their ages; also observe the suggestions of paralysis in the dangling legs. How wonderfully drawn every detail is! how the forms play hide-and-seek and lose themselves in each other! and then notice the difference between muscle and bone! Then observe the power of expression throughout the group in every muscle, every hand and finger, and even in the spreading of the foot because of the weight it supports, and the expression of the hand of the old man that clings to the neck of the youth. Notice the expression of mingled joy and eagerness on the old man's face as he hopefully steers his bearer by the hand; and then the consummate expression of blindness on the face of the strong, generous youth; also the evidence, not only in the body but in the face of the young man, of the effort he is making to carry the load! It is a prodigious display of intellectual power.

Finally observe that here we have not only an astonishing amount of truth but a rare example of a delicate, restrained, modest amount of Style, *i. e.*, a departure from nature—a mere breath of the poetization of the form, so to speak—one that lifts the whole work from the clumsily and crassly real to the ideal real, as if the sculptor had had Shakespeare's remark in mind when he said:

"To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature."

This is reinforced by the fact that nearly the whole group is cut with the chisel alone. In short, as mere craftsmanship, as an example of artistic power, this creation is unique in modern art. Talk about Rodin's "Age of Brass"—it is a second-class *objet d'art*, a mere clock ornament by the side of this colossal work, vibrating with life from the sole of the young man's foot to the top of the old man's

head. And then, though made only as a piece of craftsmanship and never intended as a "didactic sermon," how powerfully it inculcates the lesson of the advantage of mutual help in the world and of the value of individual and even universal co-operation!

The more we grasp the victory of mind over matter in this epic in marble, this epoch-making group—in some respects the highwater mark of French sculpture—above all, when we see time and again the work in the Luxembourg Museum, gradually we are filled with awe at the genius of the man who here wrought in so masterly a fashion. For nothing that any modern sculptor ever made surpasses this work in power and distinction.

The author never did anything else of consequence. He burnt himself out in this one superb creation. But if the choice depended upon only one work Turcan would be entitled to the crown due to the greatest sculptor that France and modern times have produced. As it is, his name will one day be carved on the temple thus: Pheidias—Michelangelo—Turcan.

Here then is a work of art produced under the influences of the Beaux Arts School, which was exhibited at the Salon and there voted the Medal of Honor by the so-called "Institute Sculptors" and by them urged upon the Government as worthy of apotheosis by the state because it was the essence of rational sculpture—that is: such as bears a personal flavor yet makes a universal appeal. And yet the modernistic degenerate critics have the impertinence to call such a work "academic" because it is not vulgarized by some "deformation of the form" or twisted out of shape *à la* Rodin, and this by men who have not vision enough to see that when the works of the latter shall have been forgotten this work by Turcan will be enshrined in the hearts of mankind!

It is such amazing intellectual victories as this group represents, now and then achieved by the children of France, which form the real source for that profound admiration the wise have for that beautiful land and its gifted sons.

AN ANTIQUE GREAT WORK OF ART "ZEUS," BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST

(See page 418)

IN the Vatican at Rome is a colossal marble bust of Zeus, the head being double the size of life.

It was found at Otricoli and therefore is called the "Jupiter Otricoli." The reproduction we give of this, the finest head of Zeus that has come down to us, makes an impression upon us far less grand than does the head itself in the solemn half-light of the Vatican gallery. No one knows who made it; whether it was once a part of a statue of Zeus, or whether, as some suspect, it was a copy made for a Roman by some Greek sculptor of the head of the chrys-elephantine Zeus at Olympia made by Pheidias and clothed in ivory and gold.

Be that as it may, here we have one of the greatest pieces of sculpture that the antique world has left us. This statement may seem strange to some.

But consider for a moment what the man who made this head set out to do—nothing less than to realize for his fellow-men the head and front of all the gods!

Could there be a nobler subject for an artist than that? or a problem more vast? For remember that the sculptor had not seen any god, therefore he had to express the prevailing idea of a god who was a powerful yet benign father, supreme over all men and other deities—and he succeeded! No sculptor since his time has made a head of God which can be compared to this for majesty and power.

Note how the pyramidal mass imparts an everlasting air to the whole; note the Herculean neck, powerful chin and jaw softened by the beard—both giving a sense of tremendous power; then observe

the warm, full lips denoting sympathy and kindness yet force withal. Consider the nose, powerful as a Doric column and as refined; note the deep, meditative yet kindly eyes, the immense force of "the perceptive" and the high brows suggesting quickness of thought and wisdom; look at that cascade of beautifully composed hair on both sides of the head, recalling the lines of Homer:

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows!
Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod;
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God
High Heav'n with trembling the dread signal took,
And wide Olympus to the center shook.

Unless one is totally devoid of capacity for being emotioned, one must admit that here we are as close

to God as we have up to date arrived in the art of man!

The power of creative imagination necessary to bring forth, out of hand, a head so wonderful in expression of things dreamt of but unseen, has never been equaled in the history of art, so far as we know. It has been approached only three or four times. Of what possible importance could mere technical cleverness of modeling or skilful surface craftsmanship be, beside the nobility, the suggestion of divine majesty so profoundly expressed by the Greek sculptor in this colossal and immortal head?

Meditating over this work and its significance, we are led to ask: is not the race on a lower plane of civilization now than it was when such works as this could be produced?

PAN AND IRIS

I

Love is hiding in the fold of every blade of grass;
Love is tipping every bough whichever way you
pass;
Fern and fairy flower fleck the air with flame,
Flame and incense for the shrine of Pan's immortal
name.

II

Whether there be violets or whether there be yew,
Everything is shining with a million drops of dew;
The Dew is rainbow-tinted for Iris passed this way,
And every flower caught her glance at dawning of
the day.

III

Love is in the city park, you hear the sparrows call,
Calling as they flit and fly from vine to cornice wall;
And children's eager faces wan, press close the iron
bars
To catch a whiff of growing grass and dandelion
stars.

IV

What matter if the city is filled with dust and
grime?
You count the quickened heartbeats to measures of
new time;
You cannot keep them back; you know the sky is
blue;
Love flies above on winsome wing and sings his
song anew.

V

The rain is rainbow-tinted, every drop a daffodil;
The pavements wet and splashy make flickering gas-
flames spill
Now a streak, a flash, a wriggle for a painter's pure
delight;
The poet whispers "Whistler—once loved their
golden light."

VI

When purple folds the shadow and silver grays the
gloom,
And yellow slants a shining path from every light
abloom;
Then voices of the city sound faint and far astray;
It is a world enchanted—we walk the Primrose
Way.

Irene Weir

MISCELLANY



TO THE HIGH CHIEFS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, TO ALL

The heroes, known and unknown, both dead and living, who have triumphed over the barbarians' onslaught and immortalized her name throughout the world and for ages to come, the Town of Verdun, inviolate and standing on her ruins, dedicates this medal, in token of her gratitude.

Paris, 20th November, 1916 The Deputy-Mayor

By a resolution of the Town Council of Verdun assembled at Paris, on November 20, 1916

THE VERDUN MEDAL

L'EFFORT de la France et ses Alliés is the organization at the Hotel Vanderbilt headed by M. Stéphane Lausanne which has copies of the medal cast in remembrance of the defence of Verdun already noted in our last month's issue. The obverse and reverse of this medal are reproduced here. Vernier is a maker of medals and bas-reliefs who has a notable name in France. In this medal he symbolizes the old town of Verdun, famous in many wars of the past, now almost empty of inhabitants and greatly ruined by German shells, under the guise of a young girl; this to represent its ever-youthful spirit. She clinches her fist and with helmet on head and sword in hand utters a cry heard to-day in France which is going down in history: *On ne*

passe pas! Instead of a harsh-visaged Bellona it has seemed well to Vernier to make his spirit of Verdun a sweet-faced maid by way of contrast. The handling is also delicate and fluid instead of rough and barbaric; no severe lines, no abrupt divisions! Nor has he cared to menace or taunt the foe; a quiet resolve, an immovable defence are what he utters in this little art product of the war.

And on the reverse, with an allusion to the historic continuities, he simply places the old gateway to the citadel that has managed to escape the rain of projectiles with which the town was inundated so long. The medal may be had from M. Lausanne at the Hotel Vanderbilt in two metals, the silver for five dollars, the bronze for one.

PERSIAN PICTURES AT THE GROLIER CLUB

The Grolier Club of New York, always noteworthy for the beautiful books it has issued from time to time and the choice exhibitions held in its old house in East Thirty-second street, has built itself a larger home in East Sixtieth with a lecture and exhibition hall on the ground-floor and a charming little library full of rare books on the upper floor. In its new quarters the exhibitions will be open to the public without fee for entrance. The house-warming in January was accompanied by a show of Persian illustrations and specimens of calligraphy that served as examples for a talk by

an expert in Oriental bibliography about Persian illuminations and the various kinds of writing employed by famous Persian calligraphers of the past. The beauty of their paper and book covers, the extraordinary artistic quality of their manuscripts can only be realized when a great number of books are brought together in such an assemblage as this, which has drawn upon the collections of half a dozen noted amateurs. The Grolier continues to form the meeting-point for those who love the book, as a work of art as well as for its contents.



PORTRAIT

BY JEAN FRANCOIS KAUFFMAN

THE above refined and life-like portrait of a charming girl is a good example of what we mean by Rational art—such art as is both *im-personal* and *personal*. That is to say: showing *im-personal* living *nature* plus the *personal manner* of the artist in his painting. Where it differs from offensive, extreme Modernism is in this: that the *personal manner* is not so peculiar, and violently egotistical, as to destroy the quality of life such as could be in every work of art; life is not sacrificed

to a parading of technical "stunts" peculiar to the artist. Not only is the surface technique in this work different from that of any one but the generally pearly tone and scheme of color is not only uncommon but also beautiful.

Briefly here we have truth and beauty plus sufficient *Individuality* to single it out as uncommon. We have Realism elevated by a touch of idealism, giving it both dignity of style in composition and agreeableness of manner in execution.



"200 WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET"

A STUDIO BUILDING WITH INDIVIDUALITY

CASS GILBERT, ARCHITECT, DESIGNER

A GREAT building called "200 West Fifty-seventh Street," on the corner of Seventh Avenue, opposite the Carnegie Building, is the latest studio complex to appear in New York City. It has one of the most airy fronts ever designed for offices and studios and it is that quality which gives it individuality. It is practical, yet beautiful to look at, much more so in reality than the picture given above reveals. It has the same Gilber-

tian spiritual quality that we find in most of the structures designed by Cass Gilbert, at once strong yet graceful, solidly planted on the ground yet lifting the mind of the observer upwards nilly-willy. In the cathedral of Strassburg we find the same perpendicular lines that are seen in the buildings Cass Gilbert has erected of late years; these he seems to have made the basis of his beautiful style.

It is a real pleasure to stand in front of the new

building designed by Cass Gilbert and study the charming details, deftly imagined and skillfully incorporated in the design. Here is another work of art that is at once impersonal and business-like and yet personal and beautiful, and therefore a fitting shell for the many homes it contains for American artists. It would take too much space to describe its details, color and interior arrangements. Suffice to call attention to Mr. Gilbert's latest success.

ARTIST MEMBERS OF ARTS CLUB

[WINTER EXHIBITION]

Painters and sculptors belonging to the National Arts Club, New York, were allowed most of January in which to deck the galleries with their annual offerings. These occasions are opened with the bestowal of a gold medal and a prize of one thousand dollars; this time it is Mr. Gifford Beal who has carried off medal and prize with his winter landscape called "The Blue Pool."

Mr. Beal has been on Academician since 1914; his "Mayfair" is at the Metropolitan and he has river-scapes and landscapes at the Art Institutes of Chicago and San Francisco, and the Museums at Washington, D. C., and Syracuse, N. Y. Not yet forty, he has a goodly list of medals to show.

Among landscapes notable were Ben Foster's "Yon Rising Moon," Robert Nisbet's "Promise of Spring," Bruce Crane's "Last Snow," almost brutal in its brushwork on forest and field projected against a pale greenish sky of uniform tone and Cullen Yates's "September Sea" with its brown and yellow rocks and ocean here green, there turquoise, yonder sky blue. All this hard-hitting brushwork is accompanied by Hayley Lever—"Drying Sails at St. Ives, England," and Gardner Symons—"Snowclad Road and Hillside" and Miss Jane Peterson—"Gloucester Harbor." The rough and stippily way of putting on paint is followed by Walter Griffin—"Departure of Trieste Liner from Venice" and by Philip Little "The Upper Ipswich," a method that, nearby, looks like an area of canvas covered with drops of many-colored sealing wax, while at a distance the facets of paint do their part.

Figures, however, are in the majority. Luis Mora in "Las Manolas" presents two young Spanish beauties; Edward Dufner places his golden-haired nude on the banks of a lake under the willow, her comely back turned to the observer—not a September but an "Early Morn"; Charles Bittinger outlines a lovely profile against a blue jar in "The Open Window," the light falling strong from the right; Miss Clara MacChesney paints a Red Cross nurse all in white writing from dictation "The Last Letter"; Irving Couse has a pueblo woman carrying a red jar of Indian make, the paint so thin as to show the grain of the canvas, the way in which John Alexander used often to work; Miss Lillian Genth in "Prelude" shows a diaphanous nude, either a maid or an immortal, one can hardly say; Frederick Mulhaupt in "Holiday in the Woods" depicts the tender sunlit skins of a little boy and girl stripped for a bath; Ernest L. Ipsen offers a handsome portrait of a lady in black, standing and life-size; Mrs. Ella Condie Lamb paints at half-length an intelligent black-haired girl in a crocus gown

who eyes the observer cannily; and in "The But-terfly" another painter of the nude, H. L. Hildebrandt, tries for the effect of sunlight and shade on the undraped figure. F. Wellington Ruckstull exhibits his Sketch Model for a monument of Lincoln, showing him on his mortuary bier accompanied by a serene and winged figure of Fame and another of sorrowing America. Carl Brenner exhibits a life-size bas-relief of Lyman Abbott showing him seated in a chair. About four score oils, miniatures and sculptures speak well for the artists of the club.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN

Energy was so characteristic of Charles Henry Caffin that his death in mid-January struck one more grievously than that of an older and less lively spirit; it was almost like that of Arthur Hoeber, also a noted art critic, who perished suddenly when apparently in perfect health. Four or five years ago, however, Charles Caffin had a serious illness of which his death now seems the aftermath.

Caffin's life was full of varied work from the time he left Oxford [he was English by birth] to the recent years passed as art critic of the *New York American*. At first he had to do with the stage as actor and manager, and in later years he turned this experience to account in his book "Appreciations of the Drama." His connection with art began as a draughtsman and designer when the decoration of the Library of Congress was carried out by a corps of artists, and again during the World's Fair of Chicago. As art critic he served *Harper's Weekly*, the *New York Sun* and *Evening Post* and recently *The International Studio*. But this steady work was far from sufficing to his strenuous nature. He lectured a good deal before colleges and schools and was a very prolific writer of books on art. Beside the popular manuals: "How to Study Pictures," "How to Study Architecture," "How to Study Sculpture," he wrote brief volumes: "Story of French—of Dutch—of Spanish Art" and supplied the text for the book of Old Spanish masters engraved by Timothy Cole. In 1913 the Century Company brought out his "Art for Life's Sake." Perhaps he was best known for "The Story of American Painting" issued by Stokes which strives to trace the evolution of painting in America from colony days to the present.

Enthusiastic in whatever he did, whether it were lecture or book, Charles Caffin made a host of friends even among those who differed from him in the parlous arena of art criticism. His was a free and frank nature that held as well as attracted. It is difficult to realize that one so overflowing with strength and vivacity could have passed beyond, leaving his many friends and well-wishers to mourn a gallant fighter in the combat of life.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

The Frontiers of Language and Nationality in Europe. By Leon Dominian. As the suffering nations turn to thoughts of peace it is natural to speculate on the rearrangement of the map which must take place if any hope can be felt of a permanent cessation of war. In order that one may understand what measures are likeliest to satisfy the

nations and keep them from further contests there is need of books that will set the facts clearly before legislators and diplomats without prejudice and passion, without recrimination or partisan leanings. The writer must know his subject thoroughly, be acquainted with the best authorities, understand the leading languages in order to get information at first hand and at least try to be impartial in the use of his materials. Most of these requirements are met by Mr. Dominian, whose volume of some 375 pages, illustrated with colored maps and charts in the text, has been brought out by the American Geographical Society of New York.

Mr. Leon Dominian, by descent Armenian, by birth a Turkish citizen, is a graduate of Roberts College, Constantinople. Neither Slav, German, Frenchman nor Briton, he has the advantage of freedom from those influences of nationality and environment so difficult to neutralize in questions that affect the leading nations in the world war. But he has also striven to avoid the expression of personal opinions and keep objective. His thesis in the main is the influence of geography, the "persistent action of the land" upon historical events like the movements of peoples and the rise and fall of nations, in contrast with the apparent influence of ambitious conquerors and selfish, greedy commonwealths. His second object is indicated by the title: to discuss the linguistic areas in Europe and Asia Minor and their relation to the actual boundaries fixed by various treaties in the past, with the idea that any coming compacts should recognize the necessity of keeping them in mind so as to eliminate as far as possible the seeds of future wars. Modern examples of failure to observe these precautions are notably the arrangements made by the Allies after the Napoleonic wars, the granting of Venetia and Lombardy to Austria after 1859 and the forced scission of Alsace-Lorraine from France in 1871. But more important to American readers is the light thrown on the Balkan situation, that of Poland and of Turkey in Europe and Asia by his definitions of the limits of various tongues and the part these languages and dialects of languages play in national and international politics. The way in which mountain chains, rivers, deserts and wide arable lands in conjunction with language have affected peoples in Europe and Asia Minor and produced present conditions of war and peace forms the body of his message, if indeed, a sober mass of statements can be called a message. Instruction agreeably conveyed would better hit the mark. As to the present:

"Considered from the broad standpoint of human migrations . . . the star performers are Russia and Germany, and the issue is between these two nations. The grouping of European nations with Russia is a mere result of Germany's preponderating strength. The end of the conflict will necessarily witness the recasting of alliances along with changes of frontier lines. For at the bottom of it all the fight is between Slav and Teuton. It is a grim and unrelenting struggle for existence that is shaping itself into one of the world's fiercest racial contests. . . . It is the turn of Russians, Poles, Bohemians, Slovenes, Serbians and Croats slowly to crowd on the descendants of the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired barbarians representing Germanic peoples. This Slavonic power has always been blocked by the leading power in the West." [France, Great Britain, Germany in succession.] "Germany's expansion is a natural phenomenon. The country is overpopulated. It must expand. The sea is a barrier to its westerly expansion. The north is uninviting. The south is being drained of its resources by

active and intelligent inhabitants. The *Draum nach Osten* of German imperialism is therefore inevitable. The line of least resistance points to the east, where fertile territory awaits development. Little wonder, then, that the attention of Germany's far-sighted statesmen has been directed toward oriental countries whose wealth of natural resources and genial climate combine to render them ideally attractive. . . . This is the vision which has floated alluringly before the minds of German and Austrian statesmen, working hand in hand, Austria paving the way in the Balkans, Germany forcing herself successfully in the control of Asia Minor which to-day is a German colony in all but name. . . . With the history of the past hundred years in mind, statesmen engaged in the task of framing peace treaties may well heed the lessons taught by political geography. They might then conclude that greater possibilities of enduring peace exist whenever the delimitation of new frontiers is undertaken with a view to segregating linguistic areas within separate national borders."

The volume is a very useful commentary on the condition of Europe, containing a wealth of information not easily obtained elsewhere. [New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1917. \$3.00.]

Early English Portrait Miniatures in the Collection of the Duke of Buccleugh. Edited by Charles Holme, with text by H. A. Kennedy, the small folio with many colored and other prints forms a special number of the London *Studio*. It results from an exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum of the Duke of Buccleugh's miniatures inherited and for the most part collected by Walter Francis, fifth Duke of Buccleugh, who died in 1884. Plate II [in colors] shows three Holbeins, including one of Hans himself in his 45th year, dated 1543. Kings Edward VI and Henry VIII, Oliver Cromwell, Charles II, James II and William III, Peter the Great, Queens Catherine Howard, Jane Seymour, Elizabeth and Anne are among the royalties, Sir Thomas More, William Drummond of Hawthornden, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir John Suckling, John Milton, Thomas Otway, Edmund Waller, John Oldham, Samuel Butler, Andrew Marvell, Alexander Pope, Sam. Pepys, John Evelyn, Edward Gibbon and Samuel Johnson are the writers represented by miniatures sometimes correctly attributed, sometimes not. There are Lords and Ladies of high degree, a curious miniature of the Earl of Cumberland in the strange dress and armor of the Queen's Champion decorated with golden suns and stars, the King of Bohemia, etc. Interesting is the portrait of Cromwell and beautiful is the colored likeness by Hilliard of his wife Alicia Brandon.

The little faces are well worth the study of portrait painters although their chief value is for the historian. [New York: John Lane Company, 1917.]

PRIZES FOR PAINTINGS AT WASHINGTON

The Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., has received another generous allowance for prizes to American painters from one of the Trustees, former Senator William A. Clark. While representing Montana in the Senate he took a deep interest in the Corcoran Gallery and since New York became his residence he has not forgotten the institution at the Capital which has owed so much to his liberality. The Corcoran proposes to open an exhibition of American paintings in December, next winter, and Senator Clark has given five thousand dollars to be distributed in prizes.

Circulars and entry cards for the Seventh Exhi-

bition of Contemporary American Oil Paintings will be sent out next autumn and the juries to accept pictures and to judge which shall be the prize-worthy canvases will be announced.

The Corcoran distributes three medals and a certificate of honorable mention, but next winter a substantial sum of money will be added to each from this Clark largess. Thus the gold medal will be accompanied by two thousand dollars, the silver by fifteen hundred, the bronze by one thousand and the honorable mention by five hundred. Senator Clark has come to the aid of the Corcoran in former years; indeed the present gift increases his donations to thirty-one thousand dollars in all. A noteworthy collection the Seventh Corcoran is likely to prove.

A "NEW" DEFINITION OF POETRY

To the Editor of THE ART WORLD:

Of all the sexless vaporings anent poetry which have of late obscured the heaven of sanity, none surely are as pitifully inept as those of one Maxwell Bodenheim in an article in *The New Republic* for December 22, entitled: "What Is Poetry?" A correspondent of *The Little Review*, a "new poetry" magazine for which Mr. Bodenheim writes, describes the gentleman as follows: "As for Bodenheim, he is bone ignorant. . . . Bodenheim simply doesn't know any literature, foreign or English."

These remarks are excellent as far as they go, but they are too charitably expressed and they understate the case. As a matter of fact Mr. Bodenheim has a small fund of misinformation which keeps him from being entirely negligible.

This statement may be illustrated by such a quotation as the following from Mr. Bodenheim's article: "Wordsworth was the first poet of any proportions to turn the content of poetry into a definite channel." This is not, as it first appears, pure nonsense, though it is of course principally that. We shall not do our entire duty by asking Mr. Bodenheim whether he has ever heard of Sophokles or Vergil or Dante or Milton or Goethe. Perhaps Mr. Bodenheim is not so much ignorant as he is wrong-headed. From other indications in his article it is apparent that he thinks poetry can be only individual, never collective. Take the passage "the striving toward poetry had not resolved itself to a definite art but had become a fixed form into which any kind of content might be poured." Mr. Bodenheim has no use for Homer or popular ballads, if he has ever heard of either. He denies the title of poetry to the traditional verse which more or less unconsciously expresses the ideals of a people or an age. But he would be equally intolerant of such individual geniuses as we have named because they show "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." No; Hamlet (or Shakespeare) is quite wrong; poetry can only result from the reaction of the world on the artist as an individual!

We may pass over the utter absurdity of this final conclusion, as over the fact that, even if it be true, there were plenty of important poets before Wordsworth on whom the world reacted individually: e. g., Sappho, Catullus, Walther von der Vogelweide, Villon, Herrick, Bellman; not to mention the finest of all such reactions—Shakespeare in

the songs. We need also but passingly allude to Mr. Bodenheim's conception of Browning as a poet who "threw aside the 'must be a reflection of human nature' tradition and, to make such of his poems clear as paintings, mingled them with the reactions of his soul." In this interpretation Mr. Bodenheim fairly outdoes his previous blunder about Wordsworth. Imagine Browning, the deepest-hearted of the Victorians, throwing away the "must be a reflection of human nature" tradition.

But let us approach Mr. Bodenheim's own theory. He informs us "what poetry really is, is still as hazy to poets and laymen as it always has been." Prepare for the great revelation from the lips of the new Moses, aged twenty-four! Here it is: "Pure poetry is the vibrant expression of everything clearly delicate and unattached with surface sentiment in the emotions of men toward themselves and nature." Are we all so much wiser? But here as before we shall do well not to dismiss Mr. Bodenheim as "fool simple." He is rather more vicious, of course, in his futile way, than he at first appears. Take the elucidation of his theory: "True poetry is the entering of delicately imaginative plateaus, unconnected with human beliefs or fundamental human feelings." Why not say "wrenched away from the solid basis of reality?" But after all, this is totally unoriginal, mere "art for art's sake" tradition muddily expressed. No wonder Mr. Bodenheim has no use for the poetry of the past, established as it is on the dictum of Aristotle: Art is the imitation of nature.

But the supreme error of Mr. Bodenheim is still to be considered. His desire is evidently to do in language what can only be done, or can at least be much better done, in music. To be sure the music which is vulgarly considered great—that of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner—is very deeply connected with human beliefs and fundamental human feelings. However, thanks to the moderns, the other kind of music exists too, and Mr. Bodenheim is hereby recommended to devote himself to the study of Debussy. Language is the wrong medium for those of Mr. Bodenheim's cult; it is essentially meant to express universal ideas and feelings, so that it rebels against being denatured. This is doubtless why Mr. Bodenheim finds his type of "poetry" difficult to write; it is hard to volatilize away all the honest meaning from words in the English language. But take the more indefinite and ephemeral art of music, remove its normally compelling elements (*i. e.*, its regular rhythm and its architectonic balance) and we shall have a medium just suited to the spirit of Mr. Bodenheim. No semblance of a belief, an idea or a reflection of life to trouble him!

But what all this while does the word "poetry" mean? Our Greek tells us it means a "doing," which would not commonly be interpreted to mean the putting of an opium pipe but an energetic act of some kind. Frankly, Mr. Bodenheim strikes one as perfectly unmasculine. To say that he is effeminate would be to disparage a sex nearly all the members of which have stronger, more virile qualities than he would care to own. Nor can we associate with Mr. Bodenheim the healthy and vigorous qualities of the animal. Suppose, then, we let this peculiar individual off with the attribute hermaphroditic?

Charles Wharton Stork

ARTS, CRAFTS AND THE HOME

COLOR IN RELATION TO EVERY-DAY LIVING

BY VIRGINIA ROBIE

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, David Garrick and the rest of that brilliant eighteenth century coterie used to discuss over and over, always arguing in a circle, the relative merits of color and line, line and color. Lesser lights have traveled the same circle ending and beginning in the same place.

Architects and decorators no longer argue the point but work together to make the modern house true and beautiful in line, and beautiful and true in color.

The ideal combination would be an architect with a strong feeling for color, a decorator with great respect for line and a client with an understanding of both. "Ideal" is an overworked adjective, applied to everything under the sun, but here, if ever, it would appear to fit. Another union productive of serene and consistent interiors is when the architect and the decorator are one and the same person. Houses thus built and furnished are the beacons which serve to light the path of humbler followers who gain inspiration, even though a totally different expression must of necessity be theirs.

Nearly every one cherishes the memory of a perfect room, perfect because it satisfied the mind as well as the eye—with the addition of a quality more difficult to define—that indescribable something which made it a true expression of the lives lived within. Possibly an English cottage contained the room, or an old New England homestead, or a modern country house. Wherever or whatever it may have been there was the charm of quiet spaces, of line, of color, of fitness, of the right thing in the right place. Different in type yet much alike in the real fundamentals are the rooms which remain in memory; and color plays a very important part.

The value of color and the great lack of it in our homes we are just beginning to realize. *Colors* we have had in abundance. *Color* is quite a different thing. In the past we have erred in two ways; first by fearing pure color and holding to too strict a neutrality; second, by thinking little about the subject and combining too many unrelated tones. *True* color is happy, joyous and we now recognize it.

Compare a room furnished in the modern manner

with its counterpart of ten years ago carefully decorated in a "low in tone" color scheme. Note the difference in sunshine, in atmosphere and in cheerfulness.

Paul Dombey complained of the "sad" curtains at the Blimber school. They were probably drab with a little mustard in the high lights. Poor Paul! Perhaps if the curtains had been orange he might not have staggered Dombey, Senior, with the question: "What is money, after all?"

Jane Eyre had no such gloomy surroundings. Miss Brontë leaves little to the imagination in her word-picture of the drawing-room at Thornfield Hall: "Tyrian-dyed curtains, white carpets on which seemed laid brilliant

flowers, ceilings with snowy moldings of white grapes, crimson couches and ottomans, Parian mantelpieces, vases of purple spar, ornaments of ruby glass and mirrors reflecting back the combination of fire and snow." Yet Jane was not happy and we, at this late day, shudder a little in the reading. We can imagine, however, with what joy the creator of Jane and Rochester and the others who flit through the pages of that immortal book, penned this vivid setting, writing in the dust-colored rooms of the West Riding parsonage, and living the dulllest kind of existence. Psychologists might have much



LIVING-ROOM IN THE RESIDENCE OF CORNELIUS N. BLISS, JR.
WESTBURY, LONG ISLAND



DETAIL OF DINING-ROOM IN THE
WILLIAM BEARD RESIDENCE

HOWARD MAJOR, ARCHITECT AND
DECORATOR

THE DINING-ROOM IN THE BEARD
RESIDENCE

to say on this point. "Penny dreadfuls," they tell us, are usually written by quiet, harmless people of grayest respectability, all of which is not so remote from the color question as seems on the surface. And the moral of all this is to seek color as an every-day working background, not color run riot, but color used with-out fear.

The past year has witnessed a great reaction against the neutral schemes so long in vogue. We are a nation of extremists and we have lost our heads a little over the matter. The purples and greens and flame-colors so conspicuous in nearly every kind of decorative fabric must be used carefully or rooms will be merely garish. Unless gifted far above the average the home-decorator will gain the best results by using pure color in comparatively small areas, depending on quiet tones for the large expanses. A trained decorator can handle the subject in a different way. Often color of brightest key used liberally will please and satisfy but a trained eye and hand and mind are back of the undertaking.

Area in color, relative intensity, laws of contrast and laws of harmony the professional decorator knows all about, and although his interiors never show this knowledge, it is nevertheless expressed in every line. Sometimes beautiful rooms are achieved without this guidance, but never without much study and careful planning on the part of the owner.

The rooms chosen for illustration show in a convincing way the points in question. With one exception they are the work of Howard Major, architect and decorator. The exception is the joint effort of Mr. Major and Elsie Cobb Wilson in the remodeled house of Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., at



Westbury, Long Island. Even in black and white reproductions the color values are retained, also repose, simplicity, and a fine balance between plain and figured surfaces.

In the hall of the Hester house at Glen Cove, a delightful use of a bold scenic paper is shown. Set in panels, instead of covering the entire wall, a Zuber landscape design combines agreeably with plain paneling and the deeper tone of the floor covering. The color harmony of the setting is a subtle, closely related one leading up to the more brilliant tones in the dining-room. The veined marble sur-base, the marble and metal tripods holding candles, the old glassware on the consols, the varied tones in the foliage, water and costumes of the paper, add life and color.

The architectural beauty of cornices, mouldings and overdoors is conspicuous, also the harmonious lighting. Although not strictly "period," every bit of furniture and every scrap of carving are inter-related, and continued in the dining-room where a Louis XVI fireplace of unusual purity and a dozen Adam chairs help form another consistent ensemble.

HALL IN THE WILLIAM V. HESTER HOUSE, GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND

HOWARD MAJOR, ARCHITECT AND DECORATOR



THE LIVING-ROOM IN THE CHRISTOPHER D. SMITHERS HOUSE, GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND



An old printed fabric of mythological design in which a stunning red appears gave the color hint for hangings and upholstery.

In the Beard house we see a dining-room developed on different lines but with the same skill in handling solid and patterned surfaces, and the same regard for contrast and repetition in the use of color. Green, gray, lavender and blue are the foundation tones with stronger blues and greens in the impressionistic landscape paper lightened by the glint of brilliant color in accessories.

Glen Cove is fortunate in its houses. Many of the foremost architects of New York have done distinguished work there and Mr. Major is represented by a number of dwellings.

In the living-room of the Smithers house he has used delightful color with a liberal hand—that rare greenish-blue or bluish-green which is usually spoken of as “Italian” although several Continental

countries might claim it. We find it in Italian roofs and blinds, in old French fabrics, in Bavarian painted furniture and, fortunately, in a few American interiors. This is the tone which combines so graciously with all the grays, with gold, with black, with many different woods, and with certain shades of orange and of flame.

In the oak-paneled room of the Bliss house harmony of another type is secured. The books within the recessed shelves, the old decorative landscape hung against the panels, the gay printed linen of the divan, the more formal hangings of the window, the lampshades and

flowers all add their quota of glowing color.

“Glow” is the word that these rooms bring to mind, and it may be said that many costly and elaborately furnished houses have not a trace of it.

In a small house the color question is of vital importance. When the householder can stand on his hall rug and look into the face of his living-room, dining-room and possibly kitchen, it is a wise plan to devise a scheme that will bring the various faces into harmony. If the living-room is deeply green, and the dining-room brightly red, and the kitchen coldly blue, the effect is like that of an old-fashioned patchwork quilt. Each “square” in itself is quite peaceable, but brought together they wage war one upon the other. Such a house suggests the old-time kaleidoscope, once seen in country parlors. The bits of glass composed bright and fanciful patterns, which pleased because they soon fell to pieces. Ugly walls do not fall; they remain and become

a part of the lives of the people who live within them.

The members of one family seldom have the same likes and dislikes. Red pleases one and offends another; yellow appeals strongly to a third; while blue is the favorite of a fourth. These are not mere whims; there are reasons why one color produces pleasure and another the reverse. To many people green is restful, red stimulating and blue depressing. But under certain conditions these tones may have quite a different effect. Blue, when combined with green, is anything but depressing, while red, if placed in a dark room, will so absorb light as to seem positively gloomy. Green holds its own, but is warm or cold according to the proportion of blue or yellow with which it is composed.

the spectrum are blue, red and yellow, and that the secondary colors are formed by combining two primaries; thus red and yellow make orange; blue and yellow, green; and blue and red, violet. The complementary color of red is green, because no red enters into the composition of green. On the same theory, violet is the complement of yellow, for there is no yellow in violet, and so also with blue and its complement, orange. There is no blue in orange. All this we learned at school, also that the tertiary colors are formed by blending two secondary colors, and that they are slate, russet and citrine. Possibly we went a step farther, mixing the imaginary tertiary colors and finding olive, sage and plum.

It is well to think about these matters, but not, we believe, to be bound too closely by them. Our

DINING-ROOM
IN THE HESTER
HOUSE.



GREEN COVE.
LONG ISLAND

Color has the power to alter apparently the proportions of a room. Red contracts; blue and yellow expand; green, unless very dark, has little effect, keeping the walls, as decorators say, well in place. Tan, gray and pink have the effect of adding space, while brown, unless very light, has the same quality as green.

If color is such an important factor in adding or diminishing space, in creating an impression of light or darkness, it is a valuable weapon and well worth studying. A good calcimine is far more satisfactory than the most expensive wall hanging if the color of the latter is out of tune with its surroundings, and the wonders to be accomplished by paint have never been sufficiently emphasized.

We all know that the three primary colors of

rooms are not spectrums. Unconsciously we are pleased by the combination of blue and orange, and by certain shades of red with green, without thinking whether they are complementary or not. In combining blue with orange, red with green and yellow with violet, we are following the complementary laws of the spectrum. But in some rooms we find that pure yellow is what we wish to use with blue, that we prefer orange with green rather than its complement, red, or that with violet and its sister shade, lavender, we wish to unite green instead of yellow.

The mistress of the small and unpretentious house may take heart. The whole world of color is at hand. In fact, the subject is like a continued story with something fresh and new on every page.



THE FRENCH DECORATIVE STYLES

III. LOUIS XVI

BY WALTER A. DYER

*Author of "The Lure of the Antique," "Early American Craftsmen,"
"Creators of Decorative Styles," etc.*

BETWEEN two decorative periods there is always a period of transition. Signs of change are to be noticed in the styles of the late Louis XV period. Nevertheless, the transition at this time, though leading to a style radically different, was comparatively brief, and we find the elements of the new style in full swing early in the reign of Louis XVI. It was, indeed, a more or less arbitrary change, carried out by some of the same artists that had worked under Louis XV. Though some of the features of the Louis XVI style doubtless owe much to the dainty taste of Marie Antoinette, perhaps she has received more credit than was her due, for when she came from Vienna as the bride of the

Classic revival resulted, corresponding to that represented by the work of Adam, Wedgwood, Heppelwhite and Sheraton in England. The return to simpler forms, more graceful lines, and greater restraint in ornamentation appealed to the volatile French taste. The ponderously or elaborately dignified gave place to a playful and dainty character which we have come to associate with the name of Marie Antoinette.

There are critics who profess to see in the Louis XVI style, as in that of Robert Adam, only a feeble reflection of the Classic, lacking comfort, elegance and stability. Such critics are persons—and there are always some—who are constitutionally in-



LOUIS XVI PARLOR IN THE MANHATTAN HOTEL, NEW YORK, AN EXCELLENT
AND MODERN APPLICATION OF THE STYLE

young Dauphin, she found the new style already under way.

As a matter of fact, the marked changes in French decorative styles which developed during the brief reign of Louis XVI (1774-1793) were due to a more or less logical swing of the pendulum to a taste for simpler forms after an overabundance of the elaborate. Moreover, the artists of the period had become studiously interested in the antiquities recently unearthed at Herculaneum and Pompeii and also in the work of the Italian Renaissance. A

capable of appreciating the unadorned beauty of simplicity and perfect proportion. My own faculty of appreciation reacts more promptly to this more chaste form of art than to the more ornate expressions of Chippendale and the artists of the Louis XV period. In spite of severity of line, Louis XVI furniture combines beauty and comfort with exquisite proportions. Though shorn of ornateness, it does not lack elegance. Though quiet, it is never vulgar. It suggests, indeed, aristocracy. It is a refined style, removed as far as possible from the



A MODERN UPHOLSTERED SOFA IN LOUIS XVI STYLE. THE FRAME IS OF WALNUT WITH GILDING



MODERN CHAIR IN THE LOUIS XVI STYLE, UPHOLSTERED WITH THE OVAL BACK. THE FRAME IS MAHOGANY WITH GILDING

Courtesy of S. Karpen & Bros.

monstrous, ugly and grotesque and characterized by delicacy of outline and fineness of detail. There is a certain purity about the style and a quality which indicates that its simplicity was not the result of poverty of imagination, but of self-imposed restraint. Finally, the style was executed with the best of workmanship and painstaking finish.

As to details of the Louis XVI style, it may be said to be rectangular in principle. Straight lines and the simplest curves replaced the reversed curves and flowing scrolls and give the keynote to the style. Ornamental details, which were used with restraint, were largely Classic in type and derivation and were used with great skill. They were often copies of Pompeian and Italian Renaissance carvings. Rococo ornament was abandoned, the horizontal Greek band taking the place of the shell in mouldings. The overdone acanthus and the endive made way for the laurel and the oak leaf, the latter appearing especially on large pieces of furniture, such as cabinets, bureaux and consoles, and also on clocks, mirrors and sconces, though less commonly on chairs and tables.

The fluted column became an important feature of construction and ornament, both in woodwork and metal-work. On cabinets and such pieces this column appears in the form of a fluted pilaster, sometimes tapering to the floor, sometimes resting on claw feet. Frequently the flutings were filled at intervals with quills or husks, often gilded. On chairs and tables the column takes the form of straight, round vertical legs, fluted and slightly tapering.

Flat surfaces of walls and furniture, always decorated during the previous period, were now often left in the form of plain, rectangular panels, surrounded by mouldings, in place of irregular panels encrusted with ornament. The corners of the rectangles were usually broken, and often there was a medallion or painting inside, somewhat in the Pompeian manner. In place of arms, armor, weapons and the victor's palm of Louis XIV., or the Watteau and Boucher pastorals of Louis XV., these medallions were Classic in subject, or musical

instruments, Cupid's quiver, baskets and garlands of flowers, wreathes and bay leaves.

Many artists and cabinet-makers contributed to the development of this style, including men of great talent and ability. Probably the greatest cabinetmaker of the period was Riesener, who had gained fame and experience during the previous reign. He was a master of marquetry, using woods like pigments. A younger man, equally noteworthy, was David Röntgen, more often referred to as "David," who was patronized by Marie Antoinette, and who became later one of the exponents of the Empire style. He also was a producer of wonder-



A MODERN LIBRARY TABLE IN LOUIS XVI STYLE, OF FINELY CARVED WALNUT WITH GILDING

Courtesy of S. Karpen & Bros.

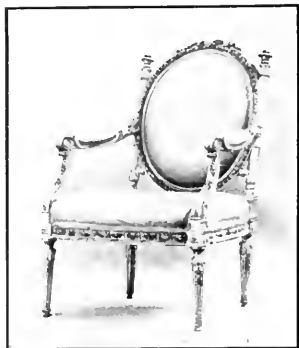
fully minute marquetry. The greatest metal-worker of the period was Gouthière who often cooperated with Riesener. And there were other artists, craftsmen and decorators whose work should be discussed if space permitted.

Many woods were employed by the cabinet-makers of this period, chiefly oak, walnut and mahogany. Mahogany became more popular than walnut, but the latter was much used for the frames of up-

holstered furniture, either natural or enameled in soft colors. Ormolu mounts continued in use on the larger furniture, and also inlay of tulip, rose, pear, amboyna, holly, mahogany, ebony, etc. Lacquered furniture was also in demand to some extent. Light tints prevailed in woodwork and upholstery, the wood often being stained or finished with white enamel and gilding.

The metal-work of the period was, as a rule, superbly executed, some of it appearing like jewelry. Chinese porcelains were much used, mounted in bronze, and Sèvres plaques were inserted in furniture.

Interior decoration and woodwork partook of the same general character as the furniture. Door and window frames became more strictly rectangular, with the carved ornament much smaller and finer. Walls were frequently divided by fluted



A LOUIS XVI ARM-
CHAIR WITH THE
OVAL BACK, OF
PAINTED AND GILDED
WOOD, UPHOLSTERED



A LOUIS XVI ARM-
CHAIR WITH SQUARE
BACK AND SEAT OF
CANE AND A FRAME
OF CARVED WALNUT

Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

pilasters into panels which were decorated after the Pompeian or Italian Renaissance manner.

Furniture, when not gilded or enameled, was highly polished, much more of the wood showing than on Louis XV furniture. Bronze mounts were still used, particularly on the dark wood pieces, but Boulle's inlay of tortoise-shell had gone out of fashion. Large pieces, such as vitrines, cabinets, commodes, desks, etc., were most commonly made of this dark polished wood with metal mounts and occasionally inlay. Sometimes they were furnished with marble tops. Tables were often made in this style, too, of dark polished wood, frequently mahogany, with metal mounts or inlay, and with marble tops, but they are not so pleasing as the lighter stands and tables in white or tinted enamel or gilt. The marble tops sometimes look a bit too heavy for the slender legs.

The legs of chairs, sofas, tables, commodes, desks, etc., command particular attention because they were distinctive and differed radically from those of the previous reign. These pieces of furniture stood squarely and honestly straight, but not ungracefully so. The curved and cabriole leg was gone and in its place appeared a straight, comparatively slender, somewhat tapering shaft with no underframing. The typical Louis XVI leg has never seemed as graceful to me as the more slender reeded leg designed by Sheraton, but, as I say, it was distinctive. It was Classic in detail and generally fluted, the fluting being varied with lines of threaded beads, husks, shorter reedings or flutings, or with linings of brass and metal beadings. The feet were often shod with bronze ferrules or finely finished with a ring, an acanthus cup, or a vase-like terminal adapted from the Pompeian. The top of the leg was often carved in a tiny wreath, a row of beading, or a torch-like ornament, or it was topped with a bronze cap. Table legs often had female heads in *ornolu* at the top.

As is often the case, the chairs were among the most interesting products of the period. Walnut was the wood most commonly used for chairs, either finished natural or enameled and gilded. Oak and other woods, frequently painted in soft colors or white, were also used for chairs.

Sinuous curves disappeared from the chair-

backs, which were usually rectangular, round or oval in shape. They still produced the effect of exquisitely carved frames for upholstery. Often a bow of ribbon was carved at the top. Square or round seats predominated. The arms were rather high at the juncture with the back and were straight or gently curving, resting on straight or slightly curved supports, which in turn rested squarely on the front legs.

The new type of leg has already been mentioned—a straight, slender, vertical shaft, usually round, fluted, and more or less tapering. This was used with both the round-back and the square-back chairs. The effect was saved from stiffness by the proportions and the decoration. A great variety appears in the fluting and the foot was always given a neat finish. There was seldom any underbracing.

The use of cane increased for the backs and seats of chairs, and is frequently to be found with painted, gilded and natural walnut frames. Dining-room chairs of the period very often had cane seats and backs or were covered with material to match the walls and hangings.

The majority of the chairs, however, were upholstered in fine materials, including brocades and Gobelin, Beauvais and Aubusson tapestries. Delicate colors prevailed in the upholstery goods, suited to the gilt and white or light-tinted enamels used on the wood. The stuffs were rich, but the designs were smaller than those of the Louis XV upholstery, to match the finer detail of the woodwork. The popular patterns included stripes of fine lines and small florals, as well as larger flowers and foliage, baskets, ribbons, etc. The effect was nearly always light and dainty. Loose cushions of eider-down were much used with chairs and sofas.

Sofas were upholstered in the same materials, were usually gilded or enameled, and followed, in general, the lines of the chairs. The Louis XVI sofa was longer than that of the previous period and had more legs.

Briefly, these details represent the style developed during the score of years of Louis XVI's reign. In some respects it marks the climax of French decorative art. Then came the Revolution, the ruin of the state ateliers and the abrupt termination of the Louis XVI period.

FLOWERS AND SILVER

By W. FRANK PURDY

IT is after all, perhaps, in combination with flowers that silver for table and other decorative purposes takes on its utmost charm. But it is also true that it too frequently happens that insufficient attention is paid to the unusual beauty, originality and artistic effects that are all possible when thought and care are used in bringing these two delightfully contrasting elements together. If this is done with just a little study of form, color and composition, however, the flowers can almost be taught to soften and warm the silver, while the silver itself will add many an unsuspecting charm to the flowers that always seem perfect enough just as they are.

about the possibilities of individual expression and originality in color and form that might be developed.

There is little reason why the flower delights and joys of summer time should not be made an intimate part of our more formal winter lives as well. Even the thought of the florist's bill need not restrain us, for one rose rightly placed will do far more than a dozen wrongly handled. Even a suggestive bit of evergreen, or the bittersweet and bayberries that, gathered in the fall, will stay with us during all the winter months hold hidden depths of color, new forms and continued satisfaction if they are played with occasionally, and perhaps few



HAND-WROUGHT BOWL AND PLATE. ARRANGEMENT OF CONVENTIONAL FLOWERS

TYPICAL OF THE CAREFUL FIDELITY TO PERIOD, NOW PREVAILING IN AMERICAN SILVER CRAFTSMANSHIP

And the joy that comes as a consequence to both those who create such beauty, and those who have the pleasure of observing the results is worth many times over the little trouble it may cost. This is appreciated, perhaps, by those who during the summer months take great pride in cutting the choicest blossoms from the loveliest of all the gardens, and arranging them with such grateful care throughout the house that not one bit of color, or one perfect outline, shall be lost or wasted. When winter comes, however, and the gardens wither, this delightful task of flower arrangement is too often handed over to the florist, or even left to a servant, either of whom knows little, and cares still less,

of us have ever thought that these waifs of the country could either give or take enchantment to or from a bit of silver. But we have only to try it to know that this is so.

While our American silversmiths have been most prodigal in the number and variety of baskets, bowls, vases and dishes designed and manufactured by them to be used exclusively as flower holders, while the city florists are almost overgenerous with their offerings, the average floral decoration for a dinner or luncheon table shows a monotonous sameness of stiff formal arrangement that has no real, happy charm, that carries no characteristic note, and expresses very little that is individual in the

thought or the life of the home. And the trouble lies not in the silver—nor even in the flowers chosen, but in the fact that the right silver and the right flowers have not been brought together in the right way. If we are but willing to think and study a little, there is always to be found that one particular silver holder which in shape, size, form and color is particularly appropriate for a certain type of flower, for its fellow in the floral world as it were, and which will best express our own individuality, or hold some message of the moment which we may wish to give to those about us. Even in the traced design or decoration on the silver itself, there is frequently a distinct suggestion for the flower that should be used with it.

For the table, very delightful, decorative schemes may be carried out either through single pieces, or by means of several pieces cleverly grouped so as to form one artistic composition. The whole, when complete, should be low and spreading, rather than tall or obstructive in any way.

One particularly effective possibility, where roses are a favorite, is the low bowl, pure in design, half-filled with water, with great, rich red and snowy white full-blown roses floating on the surface, and a handful of their own crimson and gleaming petals thrown in as an afterthought. Another original scheme that will delightfully repay the lover of roses, is to select a large, round, extremely shallow, polished repoussé silver dish—almost a plate with a turned-up edge, in fact—and match this with four shallow oval dishes, in a smaller size, and arrange these five pieces in the center of a large table, as shown, filling them carelessly with freshly cut, rather short-stemmed white roses. A gold lining to the dish will reflect and strengthen the shell-like beauty of the ivory flowers, and contrast most happily with the green of leaf and stem.

Where the use of the old-fashioned nosegay posies—bright pansies, soft mignonette, mignon roses, daisies, heliotrope—with all their Dresden coquetry, is desired, to carry some special thought of love or remembrance, perhaps for the Valentine

luncheon, choose a silver Watteau basket, and fill it with as many varieties of these old-time garden flowers as can be assembled. For the long narrow table, now so popular, complete the effect of your basket composition by placing a miniature "reflection" at either end, emphasizing the whole, if practical, with very tiny flower baskets, as souvenirs at each guest's place.

The color value of certain flowers is peculiarly significant and effective when combined with silver. The old-fashioned, stiff-petaled zinnias, for example, in spite of their richly soft, half-faded, surprising colors are too frequently scorned as impossible for any composition of real artistic merit, until chance, perhaps, brings them in touch with a

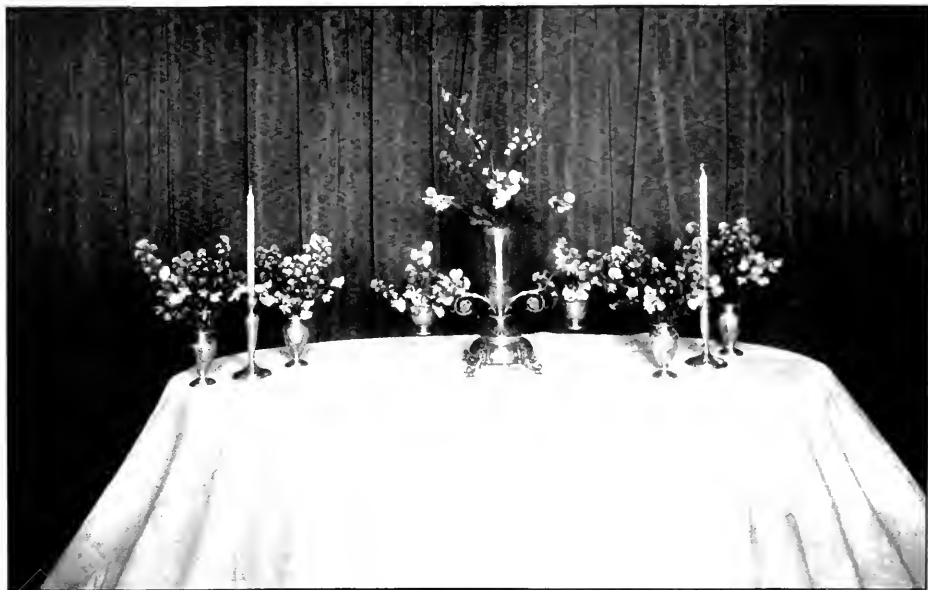
silver vase or dish, finished in a soft, French gray. It is impossible to realize the rare charm of the whole unless it is actually before one, or has been tried at some time. In much the same way, the orange-red bitter-sweet, which one hardly dares associate with silver, when massed in a great dull silver bowl seems to cast a spell of mutual enchantment. Again, on a bare mahogany table as a background, tucked away in the corner of a large room, do a little experimenting with a tall silver vase, a single, orchid-pink rose and a spray of the fine, lacy-white lilac. Violets and silver, heliotrope and silver, purple pansies and silver there is little that can surpass these for certain occasions; for variety, try the heliotrope with a pink rose added, and a leaf or two of sweet geranium. Or, sometimes, if you want something very lovely



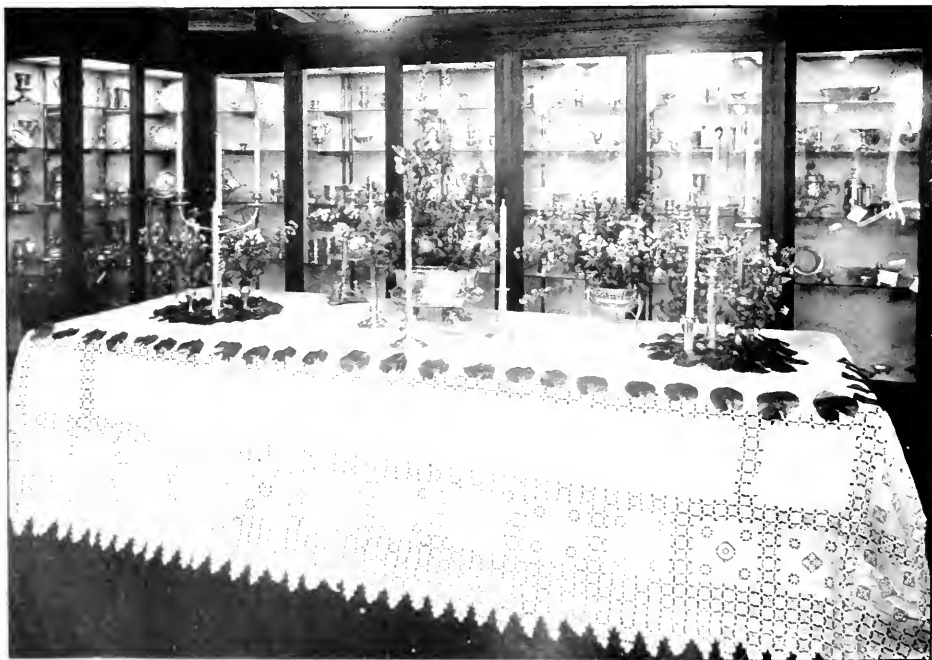
BASKET AFTER LAMARÉ FLORAL ARRANGEMENT OF BITTERSWEET

and very different, select a simple, dull-finished silver bowl—edged with a rather severe, formal decorative band and fill it with white pansies, maidenhair and a few of those glorious fire-colored single roses, known as "flame."

These thoughts are all appropriate for winter and early spring, but as each season comes and passes it will offer many other rich suggestions—peonies in all their wonderful variety, flame geraniums, dahlias and the many-shaded, odd pink and orange-brown chrysanthemums, which bring such hearty cheer in the early days of autumn.



LOUIS PHILIPPE SILVER AND FLORAL ARRANGEMENT SUGGESTING SPRING



GEORGIAN SILVER WITH FLORAL ARRANGEMENT SYMBOLICAL OF SUMMER

SOME HOUSES OF OLD NEW YORK

BY LIONEL MOSES

THE ruthless hand of the destroyer has long been engaged in demolishing the architectural treasures of which New York might have been proud. The old houses which once graced many a street and imparted a peculiarly charming and domestic atmosphere to so many neighborhoods of the city will soon be but a memory and in a few years, at the present rate of destruction, but little of the admirable Georgian architecture of old New York will remain. Many—far too many—of them have been removed, even from our memory. Few of us can even now recall the stately row of houses which once faced Bowling Green and which gave way to the ponderous Custom House; nor can we call to memory the many other good old houses which were in the immediate vicinity as well as in different parts of the town.

Some of us have heard our forebears tell of the brick houses with dormer windows, where once they lived; we have seen strangely drawn colored prints of old New York, the old New York thus depicted has disappeared. We cannot help regretting the destruction even though it has been made in the name of progress. We may be proud of that progress which has given us the marvels of engineering skill which are the boast of our city, but we have lost a heritage in the art of domestic architecture which will probably never be restored; not, at least, until we learn to live again the simple life which simple beauty satisfies.

That time, for some, may come again for there are reasons why it should. Are we not tired of the unrelenting rush which breeds naught but trouble? Could we not enjoy much more an existence less tense; one surrounded by things which cause mental ease rather than nervous mispent energy? Would accomplishment be less were the strain of life not so great? And instead of surrounding ourselves with that which is complex would it not be far better for us to live along gentler lines surrounded by those things which are distinguished for their good taste and simplicity rather than for ornateness.

Should that time come again, its surroundings might well be patterned on the era not long past. There is no need



AN INTERESTING DOORWAY

for us to grope along untried roads, for we have but to recall memories of not long ago and pattern our surroundings after what has been, with furnishings which even now exist, or, if unattainable, duplicate the furnishings of the old and beautiful.

Happily, there do exist reminders of this gentle past well worthy of recording before it is too late.

Quite a number of individual houses still stand, and there are a few rows of them also. There are many details, such as doorways, windows and ironwork, all of which are interesting, and many very beautiful.

Attempts have been made to alter some of the gems of the past without destroying their charm, but rarely have these attempts been entirely successful. The original delicacy has generally been lost for no change may be made with success unless the designer be gifted with a



OLD HOUSES, GREENWICH VILLAGE, NOW DESTROYED



NO. 15, SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF CLINTON PLACE,
NOW EIGHTH STREET

rare sense of refinement for detail combined with knowledge of the classic architectures which were the basic designs.

Some few fair examples exist of new houses patterned after the old, but there seems to be always something wanting—a something, the absence of which is often indefinable, but plainly felt. Let us study more carefully the old house and so perhaps learn, when the time comes, to give the new some of the charms of its prototype.

Original drawings of the old houses are rare. Yet we know where there exist, and we have seen some drawings of the work of S. Dunbar, Architect. The drawings are exquisite both as to detail and beauty of rendering. Where the houses which they depict were built, if they were ever built, is unknown, but the drawings would be an inspiration to one who might attempt to reproduce the old.

Washington Square North, at the present time, presents a row of houses well worth the student's visiting. Most of them are in their original state; some few have, however, been so altered as to change their entire character. Here are con-



NORTHWEST CORNER OF TWELFTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE

trasted the old and the new; the good and the bad.

Number 1 is at the corner of Washington Place. The window sash has been altered and side porch filled in with glass. As a result much delicacy of design has been lost and the house is now almost commonplace.

Number 3 is the blot on the block. None but a person devoid of taste would have destroyed the old house to perpetrate such an atrocity, especially when it would have been comparatively simple to retain the beauty of the original building without loss of its value as an investment.

The other houses of the row remain as they always were, except that in some cases the original window sash with their divided panes have been replaced by new containing but a single light of glass. Number 12, at the corner of Fifth Avenue, is the most interesting of all. It is rightly more pretentious by reason of its position; yet it is modestly so and relies for its individuality on its larger size and a little additional ornament, such

as the fretwork over the windows in the frieze of the main cornice and the wooden balustrade crowning the whole.

There is no Number 13 Washington Square North. Number 14, the house on the westerly corner of Fifth Avenue vies in interest with its neighbor across the street. The cornice is of the same character, though different in detail. It once was crowned with a barge-board ornamented with a Greek fret, all nicely proportioned,



REAR OF FIFTH AVENUE AND WASHINGTON SQUARE NORTH

but when this beautiful ornament decayed for want of a coat of paint at the proper time, it was removed entirely—an example of lack of appreciation of what is good. Like Number 12, the house is a little more ornate than its adjoining neighbors. Together these two edifices form a fitting gateway to the entrance of Fifth Avenue.



No. 12 WASHINGTON SQUARE NORTH

Number 15 is also interesting. The porches of these next two houses have columns patterned after those of the "Tower of the Winds" in Athens, one of the few examples of Greek Corinthian.

Numbers 16 to 19 are poor in design and are typical examples of the bad taste of a certain period when art had degenerated, while Number 20 is of indifferent calibre.

The remaining houses of the block have some interesting detail, but as a whole they are commonplace and uninteresting.

The sides and even the rears of the Fifth Avenue corner houses are worthy of special note. The porches and other details help to give them that air of domesticity so desirable, and even if the bay windows are not entirely happy in design, yet they do not spoil the effect of the houses themselves.

Picturing the entire row as they were originally, we know of no block of houses more distinguished. Could anything be more refined than the ironwork of the fences, with their "honeysuckle" tops and their fret bases? The marble porches, too, some Doric, some Ionic, are beautifully proportioned, and vary the interest. All the houses harmonize.

Imposed upon marble basements, these lovely brick houses, capped with their delicate, refined and beautifully ornamented cornices, command the admiration and delight the eye of all to whom it has been given to understand the beauty of simplicity.

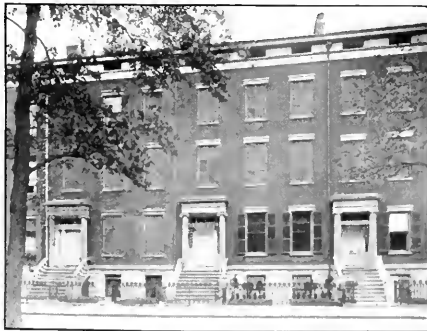
At the corner of Twelfth Street and Fifth Avenue, just a step north of Washington Square stand two houses which one cannot view without admiration. They are of a different type from those at the Square but equally simple and dignified. They are fitting companions for their near neighbors. We note by the newness of the stonework of the porch of the corner house that it is a late addition or restoration but one in perfect accord with the "feeling" of the house itself.



A TYPE OF OLD IRONWORK STILL TO BE FOUND

Of smaller size but of no less dignity or beauty is Number 15, in some street east of Sixth Avenue and south of what was once Clinton Place, now Eighth Street. This picture is from an old negative and the identity of the house, except as a number, has been lost. But how beautiful it is in design, how charming in its simplicity and in the correctness of its detail! What a delight it would be to restore and live in this house which Thomas Salt chose for his plumbing shop. We know just how it must be planned and we can almost see the black and gold marble mantels in it; the carved mahogany newel post and delicate spindles of the stairway; the old mahogany furniture and family portraits. The attic should contain an old spinning-wheel long since discarded and somewhere hidden away must be a chest with a rusty lock, and in it laces and some old linen and a great-grandmother's wedding dress and slippers.

Can one look at the illustration of the houses with the old gas lamp-post in the foreground without wishing that the hand of Fate might have spared them from destruction instead of causing their demolition so that a modern office building might be erected in its stead? At first glance, they are not much to look at but when one studies the picture carefully he discovers a homelike quality; an almost primitive simplicity but a sense of good proportion with varied interest.



WASHINGTON SQUARE NORTH

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TRANSOM OVER THE MAIN
ENTRANCE DOORHENRY CLAY FRICK RESIDENCE,
NEW YORK

AN AWAKENING APPRECIATION OF WROUGHT IRON IN AMERICA

THE WORK OF MR. SAMUEL YELLIN

BY HANNA TACHAU

THERE has come, within the last ten years or so, a real and growing appreciation of the art of the ironsmith, and this but indicates a general awakening to a finer, keener valuation of craftsmanship in all its phases—this, despite the assertive claims of commercialism, the insistent demand for cheap production, and the soulless competition of machine-made objects.

Happily, we are beginning to realize that art cannot be divorced from life, and that to express ourselves fully and nobly, we must fling open wide the gates of the temple of beauty, so that all may enter. We must return to that early love of simplicity, when the humblest things were not too mean to be considered of some significance, when the individuality and charm of a thing lay not in its monetary value, but rather in its rare workmanship and fine appropriateness of the design, to the material itself. All these things will exercise an illuminating effect upon the general good taste of the times.

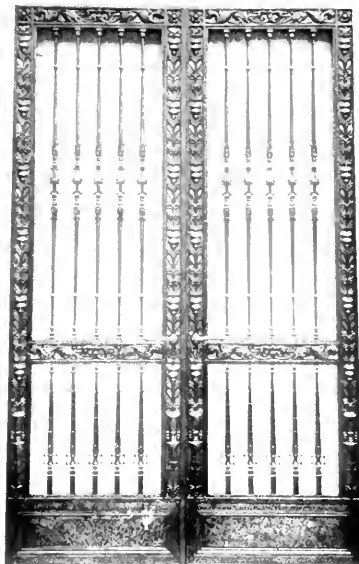
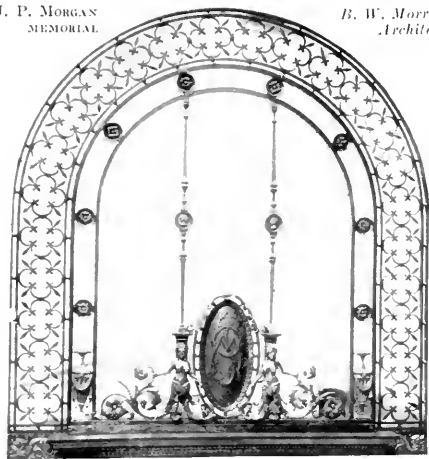
From the earliest days, iron was chosen as the medium from which were fashioned various useful and ornamental forms, and it is peculiarly fitted for this on account of its endurance, its flexibility, its elegance as well as its strength. Through all the stress and turmoil of the Middle Ages, the hammer of the ironsmith continued its resounding blows, perfecting as nearly as possible, the armorer's craft; and later on, the art gradually developed, culminating in the creation of architectural adjuncts—doors ornamented with ironwork, gateways, grills,

balconies, window-fastenings, presses and chests, and fashioning them into forms and designs that had a distinct character and style of their own. The Middle Ages and the Renaissance stand out preëminently as the epochs when the ironworker achieved his greatest masterpieces, and from those times the modern craftsman draws his greatest inspiration.

Mr. Samuel Yellin is a craftsman who dares to defy the modern tendency of utilizing devices other than the hammer and anvil for working in iron. He is a devout follower of tradition, caring deeply for the great examples of his art, and so all of his work, from the smallest details to the splendor of imposing gates and delicate grills, is wrought by hand. To him, the past is a treasure-house from which he gathers material for his own creations. He is deeply stirred by the wonders of the Italian Renaissance, when the craftsman expressed perhaps better than in any other period his understanding of the fitness of design to the material; he appreciates the beauty and grotesque humor that is so often apparent in the production of the ironworker of early English Gothic, and he feels the fine restraint that is exemplified in the creation of the Spanish Renaissance. And so he approaches the tasks awaiting him whose number, significance and varied character would have astonished the unhurried craftsman of bygone days, with the ardor, enthusiasm and sincere modesty that augurs well for the growth and ever-increasing merit of his work.



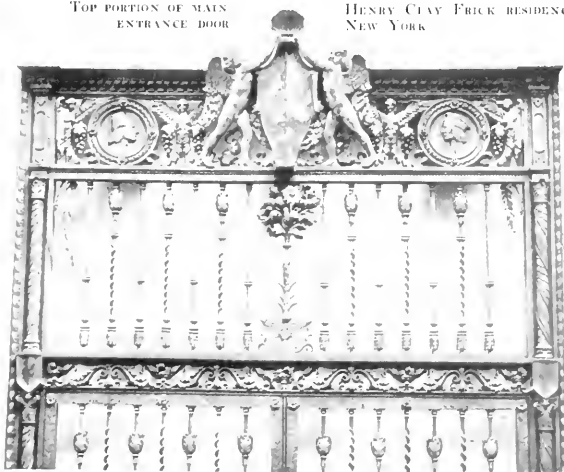
CANDLESTICK
OFFICE OF
SAMUEL YELLIN,
PHILADELPHIA

J. P. MORGAN
MEMORIALINTERIOR GATES,
B. W. Morris,
ArchitectWROUGHT-IRON INTERIOR GATES FOR THE J. P.
MORGAN MEMORIAL, HARTFORD, CONN.

Many of the great architectural achievements all over the country bear evidences of Mr. Yellin's handicraft. In working in conjunction with the architect, he is able to grasp and visualize a building as a whole, relegating his art to its proper function, that of enhancing some needed bit of detail, of accentuating a beautiful line, or by its own significance, further beautifying the structure with an imaginative and decorative treatment.

The J. Pierpont Morgan Memorial Gates for the Museum at Hartford, Conn., are beautifully chaste and restrained, reminiscent of Italian and Spanish influences. They show a combination of forged and carved spindles, with repoussé panels, that are worked out in floral designs and grotesque figures. The vases in the upper transom are forged out of solid metal, and are afterwards carved to obtain grace and delicacy of form, and to secure elegance

composed entirely of delicate floral designs and in the transom, fruits and leaves emerge from torches, all welded together from single pieces. The corners of the transom are emphasized with cupids' heads, carved from solid metal, and the frieze running beneath this presents a gracious charm of design, worked out in a combination of repoussé and solid carved work, showing as a central motif, decorative figures balanced on either side by medallions. The heavy columns that support the design on both sides are forged from solid metal and are pierced with varied traceries. Beneath this is another frieze,

TOP PORTION OF MAIN
ENTRANCE DOORHENRY CLAY FRICK RESIDENCE,
NEW YORK

and simplicity in the folds of the drapery. The center of the transom is held by a large monogram, "J. P. M." done in repoussé, and the spindles are embellished with medallions showing heads used as flat decorations.

Beneath this is another frieze, ornamented with grotesques applied on the background, each corner culminating in a shield, and still lower, the gates proper appear, composed of twisted members and leaf-work. The lock in itself is a remarkable piece of workmanship, and the handles are contrived from large, massive rings.

Mr. Yellin is now engaged upon the ironwork that is to embellish the handsome summer homes of

Mr. Otto H. Kahn and Mr. Isaac Guggenheim, both in the course of construction on Long Island. The Kahn house is to be a stone structure, and the wrought-iron gates, balconies and grilles, are to be of the French peasant types, such as is applied to many of the French chateaux, not so delicate as decorative in treatment, the style allowing great scope for an individual, artistic expression.

That for the residence of Mr. Guggenheim will be very elaborate, of Italian Renaissance influence, the main entrance doors, window grilles, balconies, balustrades, flagpole and interior gates all displaying a fine harmonious unity—the interior gates especially, being perhaps the most delicate, intricate essay in ironwork ever produced in this country.

Mr. Yellin is an indefatigable worker, having to his credit innumerable creations, such as the gates for the summer home of Mr. J. P. Morgan, Jr., the grilles, balconies and doors for the McNair and other houses in New York, the many accessories for St. Thomas' Church, the gates for South Church, the chapel screens and hardware for St. John the Divine, the hardware and grilles for St. Mark's and the altar fixtures, gates and lights for St. Clemens'. Not the least interesting among the many other commissions too numerous to mention here, is the ironwork used for the charming Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge. The locks and hinges on the doors show infinite care and appreciation of the subject and the main entrance gates depicting the four Evangelists will also include in their design suggestive themes reminiscent of 1776.

WROUGHT-IRON
FLOWER-BASKET
ORNAMENT IN
THE MAIN EN-



FRANCE DOORS AT
THE Wm. S. Mc-
Nair Residence,
New York

Detroit has forged ahead in artistic endeavor, and Mr. Yellin's handicraft is evidenced in some of the handsomest houses and public buildings in that city, and in all parts of the country he has executed individual memorial pieces which are as cunningly wrought and as fine in technique as the most delicate jewelry work.

To encourage this craft in this country, and to exhibit what fine achievements have already been accomplished, the Detroit Museum of Art and the Chicago Institute of Art have both bought collections of Mr. Yellin's work which comprise fragments, finely wrought hardware, ornaments, candelabra, etc. Not only is he himself deeply interested in his chosen craft, but his vision of the future is deeply concerned with the development of a great arts and craft movement in this country. The war has cut off our supply of foreign workmen who so far have filled our ateliers, for the American craftsman upon whom all our future art impetus will depend

has not yet emerged from a pretty dilettantism—he has not yet begun to grasp the necessity for understanding the basis of historic knowledge, the need for mastering the fundamental principles of his craft, nor has he awakened to a deep enough love of his craft to make him serve a serious apprenticeship. Unless some thorough educational plan is carried out now, our reviving interest in art will be strangled, for there will be no craftsmen to bring it to fruition. We are greatly in need of those whom William Morris designated as "persons whose necessary daily work is inseparable from their greatest pleasure."

STARTING A NUCLEUS FOR A COLLECTION OF PERENNIALS

BY ADELINE THAYER THOMSON

THE old proverb, "Tall trees from little acorns grow," seems particularly apropos of the modest start in stocking the yard with perennial plants that surely, and steadily, year by year, develop into a strong, thrifty collection that ever increases in size, in value and in glory of bud and blossom.

Because perennials are more expensive than annuals, many flower-lovers feel that they are barred from using them and go on year after year buying and sowing annual seed—plants that endure but a single season.

To be sure, stocking one's yard generously with perennials does mean quite a problem to a house-

hold possessing a pocketbook that is strained to the limit in providing the necessities. But, even granting this to be the case, starting even a *small* nucleus of perennials this year, representing a money outlay of only what can be afforded, seems to be not only a *wise* policy but a far-sighted one; every perennial planted giving an added value to the home grounds; a start this year meaning, too, not only a year's gain in point of time, but a year's gain in thrifty growth, which, with the coming of another season, will develop plants that may be easily divided, thus substantially increasing one's stock. Of course, if plants are thus divided, blossoms to a great extent are sacrificed; but even so, when one

PHLOX, ELIZABETH CAMBELL, IS A MOST DESIRABLE VARIETY FOR THE SMALL COLLECTION



DELPHINIUM, BELADONNA, IS A THRIFTY, FREE BLOOMER THAT CANNOT BE OUTRIVALED BY ANY OTHERS OF ITS CLASS

is anxious to increase perennials quickly there is usually the willingness to forego the pleasure of flowers for a season.

Once a nucleus of perennials is fairly underway, too, there is always a rare incentive to add new and different varieties from time to time. And, again, one soon becomes known as "on the market," so to speak, for surplus stock flower-loving friends always have at their disposal when pruning and thinning out their perennials in the spring and fall.

The price of perennials runs all the way from fifteen to twenty-five cents apiece, and from a dollar and a half to two dollars and a half a dozen. For an investment not to exceed two dollars and a half, there are a dozen grand varieties of perennials at one's command that will not only form a rich nucleus in starting a collection of many exquisite varieties, but varieties that will provide a perfect succession of glorious, harmonious color succession from April until the appearance of killing frosts.

Perhaps it will be helpful in naming these perennials to present them in order relative to their month of flowering.

For early spring (the month of April) there is the lovely hardy Primrose, *Primula Auricula*—a plant that is indeed a most valued variety. It is not only always admired and appreciated on account of its early blossoms, but also because of the beauty of its rich, magenta flowers which may be relied on to unfold smilingly and cheerily in spite of any cold, tempestuous welcome the month of April may proffer. By the way, if woods are at all accessible, exquisite early flowering companion plants may be obtained gratis by transplanting wild *Hepaticas* and introducing them near the Primrose.

The German Iris unfurls its rich, varied colors throughout the month of May, and no collection of perennials is complete without this fascinating variety. While there are countless hues and varieties to choose from, the one to be especially recommended for this collection is the variety, *Madame Chereau*—an exquisite white specimen tinged with pale violet markings—which will be found to harmonize most happily with the colors unfolded by the other perennials of the collection. Then there is that other great favorite among perennials—*Colum-*



IRIS, MADAME CHE-BEAU, IS AN EXQUISITE VARIETY, HARMONIZING GLORIOUSLY WITH THE OTHER PLANTS OF THIS SPECIAL COLLECTION

THE NUCLEUS OF A COLLECTION OF PERENNIALS THIS SEASON WILL NOT ONLY GROW INTO A VALUABLE GROUP OF HARDY PLANTS, BUT WILL CONSTANTLY ADD TO THE BEAUTY AND VALUE OF THE HOME GROUNDS



bine (*Aquilegia*) which also beautifies the month of May with a wealth of blossoms. Its popularity is well-deserved both from the color texture and loveliness of its nodding, bell-shaped flowers and the attractiveness of its delicate foliage. The long spurred, single varieties cannot be too highly recommended, and, as in this case, where only one kind may be chosen, either the blue, *Cerulea*, or the white, *Cerulea Candissima*, would be advised. Either of these varieties are effective with the Iris chosen. The pale yellow variety, *Aquilegia Chrysantha*, is a later flowering specimen, which does not mature blossoms until mid-July. Another trip to the woods, returning with a well-filled basket of wild violets, would provide yet another lovely hardy plant free of charge, which, if allowed to spread a carpet of rich blue at the feet of the blossoming Iris and Columbine, will create a very lovely combination of blossoming color.

There are four glorious perennials for the June showing that cannot be outrivaled among any of

the hardy plants: the glowing azure-blue *Delphinium* (Larkspur), the dazzling red Oriental Poppy, the daisy-petalled *Pyrethrum*, and that old, old favorite—the marvelously lovely Peony.

For the month of July three excellent hardy plants are offered: the *Platycodon* (blue, *Grandiflorum*, or white, *Album*, as one prefers), Japanese Iris of deep blue or white, and the golden-yellow *Coreopsis Lanceolata*, any and all of which are highly decorative in character and create charming color combinations when planted together.

That wonder Daisy—the California *Shasta*, developed by Luther Burbank, which succeeds so well everywhere—and *Phlox*, *Elizabeth Cambell*, are two excellent varieties for the August display.

There are no plants grown so satisfactory from every standpoint as are perennials. Start the nucleus of a collection this season that as time passes will be the magnet, drawing a host of grand, hardy varieties to unfold their glowing colors year after year within your grounds.

AN EXCELLENT
REPRESENTA-
TION OF THE
MORE COMMON
COLONIAL
BUNGALOW



SIMPLE, DIG-
NIFIED AND
WHOLESOME IN
APPEARANCE

COLONIAL INFLUENCE BRINGS THE BUNGALOW TO GREATER PERFECTION

BY CHARLES ALMA BYERS

“AS the births of living creatures,” says Bacon, “at first are ill-shapen, so are all innovations.” Perfection comes only from time, growth, development. Yet perfection, as we commonly employ the term, is usually but a milestone; to-day’s perfections are often to-morrow’s imperfections. This is especially true of architecture, for, as the later Disraeli has said, “Change is constant.” And in the bungalow, perhaps because in a comparatively short while we have witnessed both its introduction and its rather rapid development through a number of stages, we find this view of progress particularly emphasized.

The bungalow in its earliest stage in America was decidedly a picturesque but ramshackle creation—rustic to the extreme, loosely constructed, and habitable only for warm climates like southern California, where it had its first popularity. Subsequently it passed through other stages, losing in the meanwhile many of its early characteristics that tended to localize its adaptability, and gradually it won, and justly, a foothold for itself throughout the country. However, the real bungalow at its

very best has ever retained certain structural traits, notably in roof treatment, to restrict or limit it from attaining to universal and all-round practicability, even for the home of the humble, inexpensive kind. But in the last few years has come still another stage in the bungalow’s development—the so-called Colonial type, which would seem to constitute a style that may be adopted with entire satisfaction for use in any part of the country, or under any condition. It perhaps, in the bungalow line, represents to-day’s perfection.

The Colonial bungalow of to-day resembles but little, if at all, the bungalow of some years ago—America’s original. Possibly to term it a “Colonial cottage” would be more appropriate. However that may be, it is unmistakably of Colonial influence;

—and, as is typical of the real bungalow, it is, in its true interpretation, a house of but a single story. In the beginning, of course, the Colonial influence was less pronounced and the bungalow characteristics proportionately predominant, but it is just the reverse that is now true, and doubtless with results more generally pleasing.



THE COMBINATION OF SIDE AND ENTRANCE PORCHES AND THE PERGOLA-COVERED TERRACE GIVES PARTICULAR CHARM TO THE FRONT OF THIS HOUSE

This new type of the bungalow is also a quite natural product of the day, for the prevailing vogue of Colonial influence on our home architecture in general makes its introduction most timely. It moreover, represents the embodiment of this popular influence in our smallest and least expensive homes, producing a type of house that not only is strictly modern in style and inexpensive to build but is practical for any locality, attractive in appearance, and invariably convenient and home-like in its interior treatment. In brief, as will be realized from a study of the accompanying illustrations, it constitutes a style of broad appeal and many possibilities.

The first of these illustrations shows the Colonial bungalow in its most typical interpretation. Although comparatively simple in general design, it presents an exterior that is dignified, charmingly attractive, and suggestive of substantial and warm construction. With its narrow resawed siding and its trim painted pure white and its shingled roof painted a light shade of green, while its masonry-work consists of white cement, the dignity and simplicity of its exterior is pleasingly emphasized; and truly typical of the modernized Colonial style is the hood-like extension comprising the front entrance, together with the latch-equipped front door and the side panels of glass. At each side of the entrance porch is a most inviting cement terrace, one half of which is uncovered, while the other half is covered with pergola beams, extending at one end into a *porte-cochère*. The rooms of this house are living-

room, dining-room, breakfast-room, kitchen, two bedrooms and bath, besides the usual laundry porch off the kitchen. The interior finish throughout is in white enamel, with the walls of the principal rooms papered in Colonial style, and hardwood floors prevail throughout, except in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry porch.



A SIDE PERGOLA-PORCH AS A CONTINUATION OF THE FRONT TERRACE IS A DELIGHTFUL FEATURE OF THIS BUNGALOW

employed for the front with charming effect, and another enhancing feature is the flower or plant-trough that enables the growing of a border of greenery across the outer edge of the terrace. In this case the walls, as well as the roof, are painted a light French gray, while the trimming is done in white, and the front door is equipped with both an old-fashioned latch and knocker. The rooms here are living-room, dining-room, kitchen, three bedrooms and bath, as well as the customary screened porch and a delightful rear lounging porch. The living-room and dining-room are finished in Juana-costa, or Mexican mahogany, and elsewhere the finish is in white enamel, while in all the principal rooms the walls are attractively papered and the floors of oak.

The house shown in the next illustration differs mainly from the ones previously mentioned in that it possesses a roomy and very serviceable attic and has a particularly delightful pergola-porch on one side. The open terrace in this instance extends across only a portion of the front, constituting a sort of connecting link between the entrance-porch and the pergola-porch on the side, as well as reach-

ing to the automobile driveway. It is edged with a trench for flowers, and at each of the front window groups are attractive flower-boxes. The outside walls of this house, including the trim, is painted white; the shingled roof is green, and the masonry-work is of white cement. A very interesting appearance is created in the roof by the



A ATTRACTIVE AS WELL AS PRACTICAL INTERPRETATION OF THE COLONIAL BUNGALOW

tripling of every sixth course of shingles. The house's rooms are living-room, dining-room, breakfast-room, kitchen, two bedrooms and bath, besides the attic, which has been designed to serve as a children's sleeping-room and a nursery. The finish is in white enamel, and hardwood floors prevail in all the rooms, except the bathroom, kitchen and attic. French doors give access onto the side porch from both the dining-room and the breakfast-room.

The last of the illustrations shows a larger and outwardly a somewhat more ornately treated bungalow of the Colonial type. A cement-floored porch extends entirely across the front and back for a short distance along one side. Only the center or entrance part of the front portion is roofed, the remainder being covered in pergola fashion, which also includes the *porte-cochère* extension at one end. As will be observed, the ornate touch is really confined to the hand-sawed ends, which are of rather intricate design, of the pergola cross-beams and the false rafters of the entrance-hood. The narrow siding, the trim and the cement-work are in white, and the roof is green, while green shutters are used at two of the front windows. The rooms are living-room, dining-room, breakfast-room, kitchen, two bedrooms, maid's room, den and bath. Besides the front door, entry is provided to the living-room by

French doors opening off of the side porch, and French doors also connect this porch with the dining-room. These two rooms are finished in old ivory, in Colonial style, and white enamel is used for the finish elsewhere, while hardwood floors prevail throughout, except in the kitchen, bathroom and servant's room.

Each of these houses contains a fireplace, located in the living-room, and each also possesses a small basement, walled and floored with concrete, and is heated from a furnace. All are substantially and warmly constructed, making them suitable for almost any climate; and, besides being especially attractively and cozily finished and decorated, their interiors are provided with an admirable assortment of built-in features.

All in all, the Colonial bungalow constitutes a very practical and all-around satisfactory type of inexpensive home—modern, in good taste and subject to the usual individuality in its interpretation. As to cost, for instance, the houses here shown represent expenditures ranging from about \$2,200 to \$3,500. Invariably presenting exteriors that are largely white, or gray, houses of this kind naturally fit, in a truly charming manner, into almost any scheme of gardening, and are always creditable to any city street.

JAPANESE CLOISONNÉ—A NEGLECTED ART

BY T. I. KAWASHIMA

CLOISONNÉ or "Shippo," which literally means "seven jewels," is fast disappearing from Japanese art. A few pieces which still remain on the art dealers' shelves in this country are only what are left from the once magnificent collections which were brought here every year since the Chicago Exposition time, and although there are still a large number of so-called "silver cloisonné" of the glass-enamelled kind they are not classed as genuine in Japan. The genuine cloisonnés are always smoothly polished and they are not enameled on the surface, and these are getting very scarce even in Japan. This sad result is attributed to the difficulty of making them and a dearth of artists.

A real cloisonné takes at least two to three months to make, and some of those exquisite ones take nearly a whole year to complete and once they are made they can never be duplicated even by their

originators. Therefore they are very expensive, even the smallest ones costing nearly ten dollars apiece, and the intrinsic value of the best cloisonné which now can be turned out is said to be nearly a half-million dollars and it takes three to five years to complete.

The large pair of cloisonné vases which were presented to the former Czar of Russia by His Majesty of Japan a few years ago are said to value about seven hundred dollars, and unless one sees the process of their making he will not be able to understand why they are so expensive. Reputed curio dealers in Tokyo and elsewhere are complaining of the scarcity of good old cloi-



THERE ARE BUT THREE CLOISONNÉ FACTORIES IN JAPAN AND ONLY ONE HUNDRED ARTISTS IN ALL WHO ARE MAKING THESE PRECIOUS SPECIMENS OF ART

sonné and they have now despaired of their reappearance, because their makers are also fast disappearing—due to the decline of this industry on one hand and the general increase of cost of living in Japan on the other. They say a great number of

the best cloisonné artists who spent their whole life for this art are now nearly gone, and there are no successors to them, because to be a cloisonné artist one must start learning from his childhood and it generally takes ten to fifteen years to become a competent artist. There are but three cloisonné factories in Japan and only one hundred artists in all who are making these precious specimens of art, and it is said that by them three to four hundred cloisonnés are being turned out yearly now.

The foremost of these factories is the celebrated Ando cloisonné factory of Nagoya, where nearly fifty cloisonné makers are now at work. It is very pleasant and interesting to watch these very tedious and mighty fine works being done every inch by hand.

PROCESS OF MAKING CLOISONNÉ

Cloisonné vases are not made by baking at first, like chinaware or porcelain. Instead of being moulded in a melting-pot as in the case of ceramics or metal works the first foundation of a cloisonné



GENTINE CLOISONNÉ VASES WORTH SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS A PAIR

one of the most valuable cloisonnés which is called "wireless" bears no wire after it is finished—the wires being pulled out one by one through a very difficult process. This new type of cloisonné was originated first by an unknown artist in Nagoya, and it is so hazardous to make that only one out of five pieces can come out perfect.

When a cloisonné is made after going through numerous channels of work it finally goes to the hands of the "polisher," and to polish a cloisonné is also very tedious. It takes from ten weeks to three months to finish polishing an ordinary piece, and questions were often raised by strangers why don't they use the stone-mill instead of hand-polishing. But it is insisted that only hand-work can accomplish such a delicate polishing

colors it with all sorts of colors which are made of certain mineral pigments and enamels. Each coloring takes one baking, so even the plainest design goes to the kiln at least six times, and during these processes the artist examines his parts of the work very carefully. The coloring, it is said, varies to about three hundred kinds, and

AN EXQUISITE
CLOISONNÉ BOWL



WORTH ONE
THOUSAND DOLLARS

vase is hammered out by the hands of the cloisonné-coppersmith. Then it is moulded to a shape of a vase, then the first designer paints the design on it, then it goes to the hands of the "wiring artist," who traces the original design with very small pieces of silver wires, and in sticking the wire to the surface of the vase he uses a specially prepared orchid root glue, then he turns it over to the hands of the first baker, who puts a very strong chemical mixture on it which can stand any degree of heat, then it goes to the first kiln. When it comes out it goes to the hands of the first "coloring artist," who

as this, and if a mill were used on it the whole smooth surface of a delicate piece will be entirely spoiled.

There are now about fifty cloisonné artists in the Ando factory. They were brought to be cloisonné men from their childhood. They began to learn how to make it when they were about ten years old, and now most of them are over forty years old, and a grave fear is constantly felt by the art lovers throughout Japan to the effect that when they die there will be no more "apprentice" of this precious art.



A SHELTERED FEEDING-STATION MUCH PATRONIZED BY BIRDS. THE GLASS ON THE FOUR SIDES PREVENTS THE FOOD FROM BEING BLOWN OFF THE LARGE UPPER TRAY ALTHOUGH IT MAY EASILY BE REACHED BY THE BIRDS



A WEATHER VANE SELF-FEEDING. THE PADDLES KEEP THE CLOSED END OF THE BOX ALWAYS TOWARDS THE WIND, THUS PROTECTING THE FOOD. A CHICKADEE IS SHOWN JUST EMERGING FROM THE FOOD-TABLE

PROVIDING FOR THE WINTER BIRDS

By T. GILBERT PEARSON

AN immense amount of comfort for the wild birds in winter may be provided with extremely little effort on the part of people who have places where birds are normally found. It should be borne in mind that when snow and ice cover the ground the weed-seeds and wild berries upon which birds largely depend for a livelihood at this season of the year are no longer available. At this time by placing seeds where birds can get them, one may not only help to keep the birds alive, but this will have a tendency to insure their daily visits, which give pleasure to so many people. Furthermore, many who make a point of feeding birds

have stated that as a result of these efforts the bird-life has been more abundant about the place the next spring.

One good food for birds, which can easily be secured at seed-stores, is what is known as "scratch feed." This consists of various small seeds and cracked grain. However, cracked corn, or even bread-crumbs are enjoyed by Blue Jays, native Sparrows and Snowbirds. Pieces of suet tied to trees or placed on feeding-shelves give great comfort to such birds as Chickadees, Titmice, Nuthatches and Downy Woodpeckers.



The accompanying photographs, taken on the estate of Tracy Dows at at Rhinebeck, New York, by Clinton G. Abbott, lecturer, illustrate some of the methods by which Mr. Dows is making his place a paradise for our wild friends in feathers, even during the winter weather.

SCATTERING FOOD FOR THE BIRDS ON A PLATFORM FROM WHICH THE SNOW HAS BEEN SWEEP



A WINDOW FEEDING-SHELF MUCH USED BY BIRDS

POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

"WHERE can I see the Craftsman house designs?" In answer to this persistent demand, we are publishing each month some of the most popular Craftsman houses. This will be continued until we have reproduced the two hundred house designs which we have on file. A front elevation and floor plans will be shown on each page. We will furnish tentative estimates and cost of complete plans upon request. Address: Home Department, THE ART WORLD, 2 West 45th Street, New York City.

Craftsman
House
No. 150



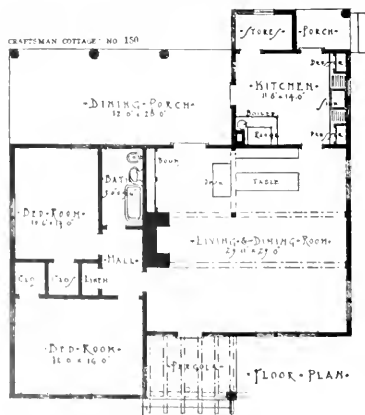
Shingled
Walls and
Stone
Foundation

CRAFTSMAN House Number 150 is of the bungalow type. Shingles are used for roof and walls, with a foundation of stone, V-jointed boards in the gables, rough-hewn pillars for the porches, a wood pergola above the entrance and brick in the porch steps and chimneys. The porch floors would look well if made of cement with borders of brick.

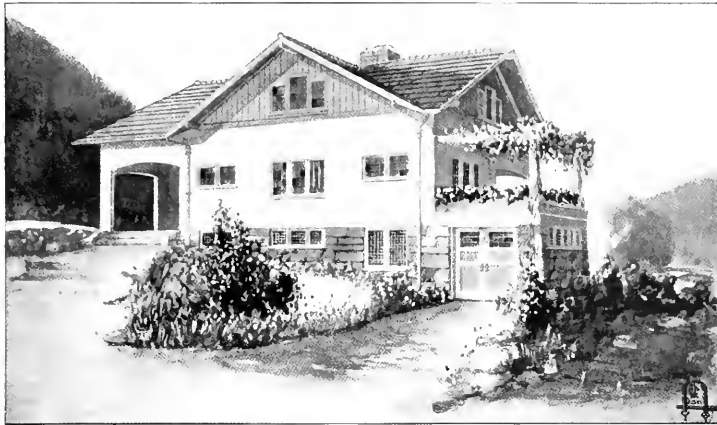
The living-room gives a sense of spaciousness, an unusual feature for so small a home. Instead of breaking up the plan into separate living and dining-rooms, the two have been combined in one. A partition, which may be about six feet high has been placed at the further end of the room, so that the portion on the left, with its bookshelves and desk may serve as a den, while that on the right, being next to the kitchen, can be used for dining. A number of other modifications may be made, according to the individual needs of the owner. If severity of climate should make a vestibule desirable, the necessary space could be taken off the room and coat closets provided there. However, unless this is absolutely needed it would be best to leave the living room as originally planned.

The kitchen is compactly arranged and is pro-

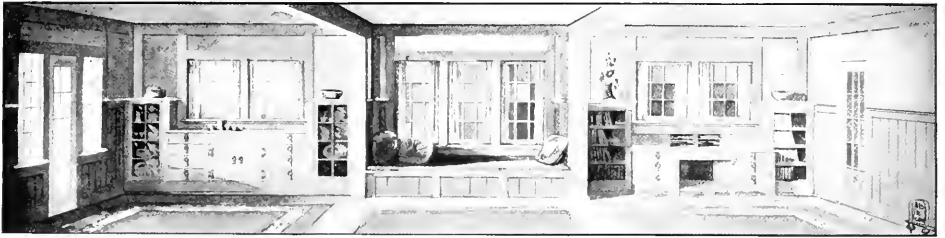
vided with sink, dressers and large storage closets. One door communicates with the dining-porch, where meals may be served when the weather permits and the family wish to enjoy the out-of-doors.



CRAFTSMAN
THREE-
STORY
BUNGALOW,
NO. 105



CEMENT
WALLS WITH
V-JOINTED
BOARDS
IN GABLES

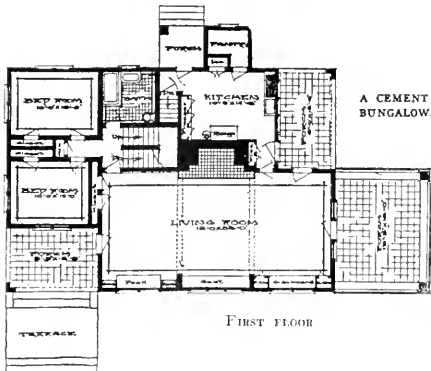
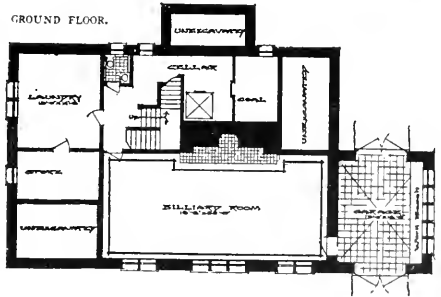


VIEW IN ONE END OF LIVING-ROOM WHICH SERVES ALSO AS DINING-ROOM

A THREE-STORY bungalow is very unusual, yet Craftsman House Number 105 shows a distinctly bungalow form of construction, carried out in stone and cement.

The main floor contains the kitchen, living-room and two bedrooms, with room in the attic for three additional bedrooms if required. The basement is divided into a large billiard-room, laundry, furnace, fuelroom and storeroom, so that although the house does not look very large, there is really a great deal of room in it.

As shown in the illustration, the house is built upon irregular ground, so that the foundation wall varies in height, giving an added interest.



The entrance to the house is approached by a terrace which leads to the square entrance-porch. A straight road runs directly into the garage, which occupies all the space under the pergola-porch. This placing of the garage is specially convenient, as it gives not only the best possible shelter to the motor-car, but enables its occupants to alight within the house itself—a great advantage in stormy weather—and to go directly into the billiard-room from which a stairway leads up to the living-room.

The billiard-room, which is very large, has opposite the entrance a large fireplace in the middle of the wall, which will give warmth and cheer to the room, and its construction is just rugged enough to allow a bold and rather primitive form of decoration and furnishing which is admirably suited to such a basement playroom for men.

Exhibition of
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Drawings
Etchings

by

MAHONRI YOUNG

From February 18th
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at the

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THE MILKMAID By Horatio Walker

Alexander H. Wyant
Ten Examples

Horatio Walker
Nine Examples

Dwight W. Tryon
Nine Examples

J. Francis Murphy
Three Examples

From February Sixth
throughout the month

JOHN LEVY ART GALLERIES

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THE HANCOCK
CAST FROM
ORIGINAL KNOCKER
ON THE HISTORIC
HOME OF



JOHN HANCOCK
IN BOSTON WHERE
MANY A REVOLU-
TIONARY PATRIOT
ENTERED

Photos by Courtesy
of Art Brass
Company, Inc.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE
DOOR-KNOCKER

WHEN standing before the welcoming doorway of a friend you lift the door-knocker and in this simple way announce your coming, you are doing a historic act, an act performed centuries ago—long, long before the coming of the electric push-button with the mysterious fluid back of it, which to-day carries your summons within.

When first the entrance to the home was guarded from intrusion by doors, it was customary among some of the ancient peoples to announce one's arrival by shouting to the inmates for admission. The first use of door-knockers so far as is known was made by the ancient Greeks who instinctively felt it a breach of good manners to enter a house without giving some warning to those within. In the better Greek homes an attendant was at all times kept at the door to admit visitors. Slaves were generally assigned to this duty and quite naturally they were tempted to steal off at times, to be rid of a task which became too monotonous. They were therefore chained to the door and a short bar of iron was fastened to the chain which might be used as a "rapper" by those who wished to enter the house. But this iron bar was put to unhappy service at times by some enemy of the



"LINCOLN IMP"
FROM LINCOLN,
ENGLAND



"VENUS"
REPLACES
ENTRANCE GATE
OF HINCHING
BROOK CASTLE,
ENGLAND



"SANCTUARY"
COPY OF THE
FAMOUS ORIGINAL
KNOCKER ON THE
CATHEDRAL AT
DURHAM,
ENGLAND. IF A
CRIMINAL WERE
ABLE TO REACH THE
CHURCH DOOR AND
STRIKE THE
KNOCKER, HE WAS
TAKEN IN AND
LATER SENT TO
SAFETY

(Continued on page 171)

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The Art World and Craftsman Reader's Service

2 West 45th Street New York



"WASHINGTON"

householder who found it a ready weapon to use against one of whom he did not approve, and so there came into use a heavy ring fastened against the door by a clamp, which proved useful not only as a "raper"—but as a handle.

Thus the door-knocker beloved in later centuries by artist and

"STANDISH"



"WEBSTER" CAST FROM ORIGINAL ON DANIEL WEBSTER HOME. SAME DESIGN ON GEORGE WASHINGTON HOME, MT. VERNON, AND THE LONGFELLOW HOME

craftsman alike came into its own. Early door-knockers were fashioned of iron then of bronze and later of brass. In any and all of these mediums there was every opportunity for the craftsman and designer. The heavy ring was chased or beveled, and the supporting plate was changed into differing shapes until at last no ornamentation seemed too fine to bestow upon it. Designs became elaborate



FROM HILL, ENGLAND
(Continued on page viii)



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"SOMERSET":
THE LION'S
HEAD FOUND
GREAT FAVOR IN
ENGLAND FROM
THE SEVEN-
TEENTH CENTURY
AND WAS
PROMINENT IN
THE AMERICAN
COLONIES UNTIL
THE REVOLUTION



in the extreme and interesting or amusing grotesques were added to those which were wrought in more formal and significant fashion.

It wasn't such an unhappy idea after all to give you something to admire or be amused over as you stood waiting for the door to be opened. You were sure to be put into a worth-while mood in the process of waiting and therefore it is gratifying that the door-knocker has again come into use both on entrance doors and doors of personal rooms.

One particularly interesting design, "The Sanctuary," on the Durham Cathedral in England, dates back to 740, when, if a prisoner or criminal were able to reach the church door and strike the knocker he was taken in and cared for, safe from capture for thirty-seven days, after which he was sent for safety far from the scene of his crime.

Art, history and sentiment are associated with the door-knocker and very nearly every particular design has a story back of it well worth recording. Therefore when next you lift the striker of a friendly door remember what it means and let its charm, its dignity or its humor command your personal appreciation.



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A New Idea In the World of Art

THE painting of oil portraits from photographs, instead of from life, is assuredly not new, but the organizing, maintenance and direction of a staff of artists giving their entire time and thought, in other words, *specializing*, in this one particular field of portrait painting, is decidedly novel.

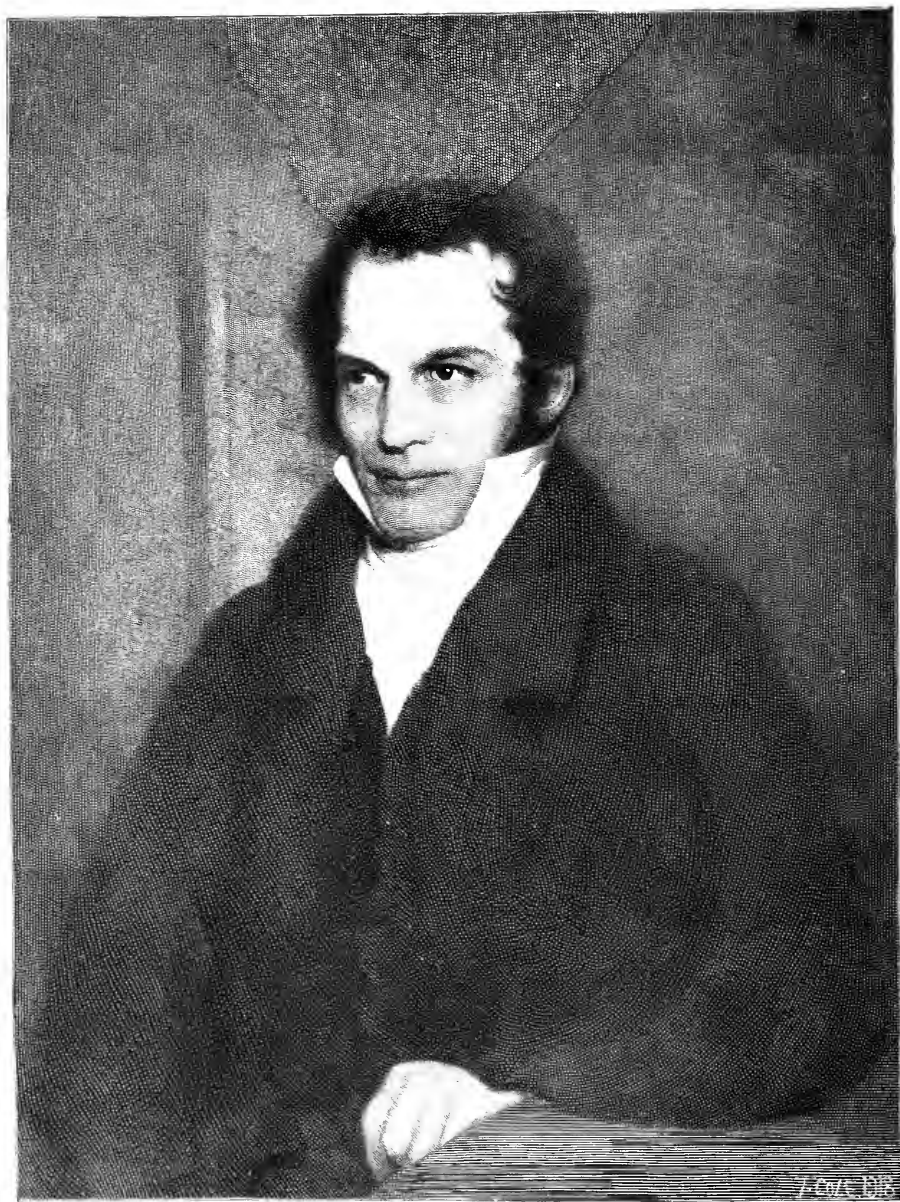
That is the Gordan idea. An idea that is being appreciated more and more each year, for by painting from a photograph embodying good likeness, expression, pose and composition, all fear of losing "likeness," all annoyance of "sittings," all risk of failure is done away with. Yet character, style of painting, individuality and all other factors which are recognized in art as worthy and essential are held with fidelity.

Gordan Portraits have won the respect and confidence of conservative critics. They are to be found to-day in many homes of refinement, in clubs, colleges, banks and other institutions throughout this country and abroad. They are sold at from \$100 to \$2000, depending upon size, but all orders are accepted with the distinct understanding that the purchaser shall have the privilege of rejection, and shall be under no obligation unless the portrait is satisfactory.

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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

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H. WARREN TEETS, SECRETARY

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: CHARLES DE KAY

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, NEW YORK, UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

EDITORIALS

BARNARD'S "LINCOLN"

CONDEMNED BY THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

We have received the following letter:

NEW YORK CHAPTER
OF THE
AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS

Egerton Swartwout, President, 16 West 31th Street. B. W. Morris, Vice-President, 101 Park Avenue. Stowe Phelps, Secretary, 215 West 37th Street. Edward L. Tilton, Treasurer, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue.	Clinton Mackenzie, Recorder, 15 Broad Street. F. L. Ackerman, Louis Ayres, Owen Brinard, John W. Cross, R. H. Hunt, F. Livingston Pell. Executive Committee.
--	--

New York, February 18, 1918.

WHEREAS, It has come to the notice of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects that a movement is on foot to present and erect in prominent places in the capitals of one or more of the nations now allies of the United States replicas of Barnard's statue of Abraham Lincoln; and

WHEREAS, There is ample and conclusive evidence that this statue does not adequately or correctly represent the personality of that great American; and

WHEREAS, Many competent authorities, including this body, feel that the artistic and sculptural value of this work is open to question;

Therefore Be and it Herby is Resolved that the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects protests against this movement, and the presentation of this statue to any government or municipality, on the ground that it is an unsuitable and improper representation of Abraham Lincoln; and further

Be and it Herby is Resolved that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Secretary of each of the Chapters of the Institute, to the Secretary of the American Institute of Architects, to all architectural publications, and to the press.

The above Resolutions have been adopted by the New York Chapter. It is hoped you will give them the widest publicity.

STOWE PHELPS, Secretary.

This speaks for itself.

Will it now be too much to hope that the short-sighted defenders of Mr. Barnard's "Lincoln" will cease to accuse us of jealousy, envy or spite against that able sculptor? Will they ever be able to see that in the interest of the highest public good a public man might take a stand against the work of a politician or an artist without any personal animus when he thinks it disastrous in its effects? The architects cannot be accused of harboring any sort of enmity to Mr. Barnard, they at least may be considered to look at the matter only from the standpoint of the public good.

We repeat, Mr. Barnard has done some things which the profession considers good and others which it does not understand or endorse. His "Lincoln" is one of the latter, the result of a false point of view as to how Lincoln should be represented.

The foundation of our opposition to this Lincoln statue was not its clothes or its technique or style, but its conception, composition, proportion and in short, its *false characterization*. Mr. Barnard does not show the majestic Lincoln at the bar of history being judged and admired, but a slave Lincoln at the block, being sold and pitied. And all this is the result of his having fallen a victim to that "patheticism" which has led so many historians, poets and artists astray in their portrayal of Lincoln.

Let us hope that Mr. Barnard will now deign to accept the advice we gave him in June 1917 and make a new Lincoln—virile, heroic and majestic, as our President who triumphed all along the line, even in death.

A PAINTER INVENTED THE TELEGRAPH MORSE, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN

(See frontispiece and page 458)

ALTHOUGH externally their lives are not alike, yet artists and inventors have a strong fundamental accord, those artists at least who are not mere men of routine, but have imagination. The constructive mind is present in both. In their virtues as in their failings a definite parallel may be observed between the inventor and that artist who is not content to copy other men of his métier slavishly, but, having gained an understanding of the work of his contemporaries or of certain masters of the past, builds further in some direction that is likely to be indicated by the general trend of thought in his day.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse is one of the best-known examples of a painter who turned from brush and palette to the application of scientific discoveries for practical needs. Not that he was the first in America to do so. Before his day Robert Fulton did the same. Fulton and Morse were only shining examples of a vein of invention that has always lain broad and thick in the masses of Americans and gained the popular term "Yankee notions" (with the implication of a slur) for the thousand contraptions and one that appeared at every country fair before and after the Revolution. Many of these "notions" have become of the greatest practical

value as labor-saving devices which increase the wealth of the community in a myriad devious ways; and among them, from time to time, appear inventions that may well be termed epoch-making.

Samuel Morse sprang from a soil that was famous a century ago for the inventiveness of its inhabitants—Connecticut. His father was a Congregational minister whose hobby was geography, and so he was widely known for text-books on that useful subject. Samuel was born while his father administered a parish at Charlestown, Mass.; he took to painting, entering the art school of Benjamin West in London about 1812. At the exhibitions of the Adelphi Society he showed a "Dying Hercules" and a "Judgment of Jupiter" in the good old Westian style, then all the vogue in England. Returning home in 1815, he painted portraits and in 1820 was engaged on decorations of the halls of Congress at Washington. In 1824 he was one of a number of artists in New York who founded a society which next year became the National Academy of Design, being among the first fifteen Academicians, and he was also its first president—from 1826 to 1845.

Some years previous to this he painted the portrait of Marquis de La Fayette, then on a visit to the United States, a visitor for whom grateful Americans could not do too much in the way of gifts of land, encomiums from Congress, swords from this and that quarter, processions with triumphal arches and portraits, all to congratulate and keep in memory their gallant helper and defender during the Revolution. The standing portrait that Morse was commissioned to paint is reproduced on page 458; it hangs in the City Hall of New York, having fortunately escaped the several conflagrations which seem fated to give this old building a precarious tenure of life.

Of necessity it was not the fresh young enthusiast for liberty who could be embodied in this portrait, the boy who dodged again and again the British cruisers on his errands of service; it was a very different man whom Morse had to paint. The Marquis had passed through the dreadful days of the French Revolution, had been in Austrian prisons and felt the ingratitude of his own countrymen in a hundred ways, from violent outbursts to deadliest contempt. An old war-worn man, the sport of politicians and the scorn of upstarts, at any rate he was in a country that knew how to value him. He had seen the rise and fall of Napoleon, and the Allies dictating terms in Paris. Perhaps Gilbert Stuart, had he been at that time equal to the task, would have produced a more heroic likeness. But Morse painted him in his simple rather hard style as he was; and we are indeed fortunate to have so good a record of the man.

What proved the turning-point in Morse's career was his failure to obtain a commission for certain wall-paintings called for by Congress; it went to an artist generally considered his inferior. He had just passed three years in Europe, always at work, studying public and private collections, and during his absence had been appointed to a professorship

of literature and the fine arts in Columbia University. He was President of the Academy. Yet he was turned down by the committee of Congress and the order given to an artist of the second class, perhaps because the decorations he had made years before when he was less mature had failed to meet the approval of those who were considered connoisseurs.

It was while returning from Havre in the good ship *Sully* in 1832 that he conceived the idea of the "magnetic" or electro-magnetic recording telegraph. The talk ran on Franklin's observations of the lightning; and it occurred to Morse that the electric fluid might be conducted—might really be "harnessed" as a medal to Franklin expressed it. As he parted from the captain of the ship, William Pell, he took his hand and said [so it is related by his son]: "Captain, when my telegraph has become the marvel of the world, remember that the discovery of it was made aboard the *Sully* on the 13th of October 1832."

Several years elapsed before his rude instruments and startling claims could engage a committee of Congress, which committee, though it reported that the marvel was true, contained members invincibly skeptical, so that nothing was done. In 1839 he went to Europe and tried to excite the interest of the French and British governments, but in vain. Coming home, it was not till 1843 that this indefatigable man secured the aid of Congress; thirty thousand dollars were appropriated and a telegraphic line was carried from Washington to Baltimore. But enough time had elapsed for others to seize the idea and push experiments. Austria, strange to say, was the first foreign country that saw the point, then followed Prussia, then Switzerland. But the delay, partly due to his poverty and the necessity he was under to depend on his paintings for a livelihood, enabled other inventors to become his rivals.

"Th' invention all admired, and each how he
To be the inventor miss'd—so easy it seemed
Once found, which yet unfound, most would have thought
Impossible."

Toward the end of his life Morse took up his brushes again without entirely neglecting, however, to work on improvements to the telegraph. As an artist he is not remembered through the historical pictures he made in the early part of the century when such things were in demand, but as a portraitist.

William Cullen Bryant was a particularly grateful sitter owing to his pronounced and well-cut features and the generally picturesque air which he retained to the last. Morse's portrait was taken in the poet's early middle age and belongs to the National Academy of Design. Owing to the eminence of the sitter and the fame of the painter and also because of the beautiful workmanship of Timothy Cole as an engraver we have asked the latter to provide this number of the magazine with a wood-cut after the portrait, and so it forms the frontispiece for March.





THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE
OF THE PORTRAIT IN THE NEW YORK CITY HALL
PAINTED BY SAMUEL F. R. MORSE, P.S.A.

THE WISE BUY AMERICAN PICTURES

FAR-SEEING collectors of American pictures, more and more, are going direct to the painters and buying from them. This is common sense. For the collector knows he has an original picture, not a fraud palmed off on him by some unscrupulous person, but a picture painted by an artist whose work he loves, a picture that is bound to increase in value, if the workman is truly an artist. It would be well for all if this habit were more and more acquired by the public.

We would also suggest that it might be wise for the buyer of a picture to go to an artist and select a *composition* that pleases him from the sketches the artist has made, and then give him a commission

to paint from the sketch a finished picture of the size the buyer wants and can afford to pay for. In some cases the buyer might suggest to the artist certain slight changes in the composition. Most artists are willing to meet such requests from art amateurs because the latter are often capable of making intelligent suggestions. Thus the collector and artist become cooperators in the production of a work of art without loss of individuality on either side.

This would immensely stimulate American art and make it more exactly a reflection of the character and genius of our people.

RATIONAL ART

WE have been asked to explain what we mean by "Rational Art." We will try:

In art a man expresses his *emotions*. He does it either to simply please himself, or with the additional desire to stir his fellows.

If he wishes to stir his fellows, he is compelled to resort to *representation* of those things by means of which he hopes to stir his fellows.

Representation is therefore the foundation of all art that is effective as a social force. Representation is achieved only by *imitating* a thing more or less *truthfully*. Because, next to our hunger for self-expression, our love of truth is our deepest yearning.

But there are two kinds of truth—commonplace, mechanical, realistic truth and exalting, stylistic, idealistic truth. Realistic truth is obtained by following nature *closely*; stylistic truth by *departing* from nature.

But we love the unusual, the mysterious, the artificial enough to prefer stylistic, idealistic truth to commonplace, realistic truth—provided the departure from exact truth is not far enough to offend our deep hunger for truth.

All realistic art—that in which nature is closely followed—is called Impersonal or Universal. All stylistic art—that in which a departure from nature is made—is called Personal or Individualistic.

Again, a photograph of a human figure, which is a mechanical representation and devoid of all style—obtained through a departure from nature—is not art at all. On the other hand, a cubistic representation of a human figure, which has been so stylized—by an overdeparture from nature—that it no longer looks like a human being but like a collection of colored blocks piled up, has ceased to be art, or has become grotesque or insane art.

Now, when a child or an artist, through undevelopment, *represents* a human figure—with not enough truth to satisfy our demand for truth, we call it irrational by *incompetence*. When represented by

an oversophisticated artist without enough truth to satisfy us we call it irrational by *overdeparture* from nature. When an adult or competent artist represents a figure—with enough truth to satisfy us, we call it Rational art.

That is, rational art is such art in which the realistic truth in a representation of a human figure, and an artist's personal style, have been wedded—in harmony with Bacon's remark: "Art is man added to nature."

Such a uniting of realism and idealism, or mechanical truth and stylistic truth, gives us satisfaction—in ratio of the degree to which they are *united* in a work of art.

Rational art, therefore, means an *equilibration* in a work of art by the marriage of impersonal truth and personal style in such a way that a harmony is produced; a harmony in which we will never be offended by the lack of *sufficient* truth, and yet be pleased by the *addition* to the truth, of such elements of artistic invention or skill which are new and personal to the artist who made the work. When this equilibrium is reached we have the perfection of craftsmanship in art.

When to this perfect craftsmanship we find added—nobility of subject, beauty of composition, profundity of expression, we have the perfection of rational art.

But such an equilibration is extremely rare. We have works in which there is a little more of the impersonal or a little more of the personal than there should be—when judged by the highest examples of art, but which we must nevertheless still include in the great stream of rational art—because there is in them enough of truth to satisfy us.

Therefore relative truth to nature in Drawing, Color and Expression is fundamentally the final test of the rationality or irrationality of any work of art. And the more beautiful and perfect the types of things in nature represented in a work with relative truth, the more rational the work of art.

"THE COPPERHEAD"

AUGUSTUS THOMAS'S GREATEST PLAY

WHATEVER difference of opinion there may be about this or that detail of "The Copperhead," Mr. Thomas's latest drama, it is certainly the most stirring play ever written by our leading dramatist. We will go further and say that no American play so far presented ever lifted the soul to a loftier and more poetic state of emotion.

Therefore since it is the mission of art to express our own emotions and, better still, to stir the emotions of mankind and, since a work of art is great in ratio of its power of stirring the highest emotions of the largest number of people, "The Copperhead" is great, because a greatly exalting work of art. And this verdict was rendered on the evening of February 18th by the large first night audience in one of the most spontaneous and tumultuous ovations ever given to a play in New York. This alone places it instantly among the truly great dramas created by American genius and one destined to live as long as Abraham Lincoln shall be revered and whose spirit, evoked by the play, seemed to have entered and filled the entire theatre during the last great act of the drama and to have penetrated to the very heart and soul of every auditor present. It was electric. It was profound. It was exalting to the highest degree. The audience was united into a mass of truly patriotic Americans filled with a profound sense of gratitude to Lincoln and to all those who stood by him and for all they had suffered and conquered for us, in order that we might be more free and more great.

Without having been intended as such it has now become in reality a noble apotheosis of Lincoln.

We lose sight of the splendid play-building of Mr. Thomas and the superb acting of Lionel Barrymore and busy ourselves, under the spur of an imperious emotion, to rapidly synthesize and contemplate the whole tragic epic of the Civil War of which Lincoln was the apex and the victor-martyr. It is a subconscious and mystic apotheosis, it is true. But it is none the less a veritable "transfiguration" of Lincoln. It is for that reason that the play will live as surely as Lincoln's memory lasts in the heart of America.

For no portrait, picture or statue; no poem, or story, or song, so far presented, has shown the same mystic power of electrifying our imagination into activity enough to grasp, in one quick vision, the sublimity of the character of the Savior of the Union, and to make so swift and panoramic a review

of the events of the four years of which Lincoln's death was the culmination.

Beside this towering fact how trivial the contradictory discussion of the critics about this or that technical shortcoming, according to the dreary little fetish-rules of play-making dear to the mind of this or that critic who thinks he must go to the theatre lynx-eyed to ferret out petty technical faults—and which perhaps are virtues—instead of giving a holiday to his soul and inviting it to be ecstasized until the eyes run over with tears!

One example of short-sighted criticism is the query by a critic as to why Shanks, the hero, did not, after the war was over, reveal his true character. This question, despite the fact that one of Shanks's fellow conspirators in the play, after thirty-eight years have passed, tries to kill him upon such a discovery. In view of this Mr. Thomas might ask what would the foiled co-conspirators of Shanks have done if he had revealed his true character immediately after the war?

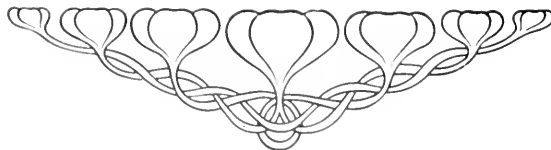
Or he might further answer the critic by asking if Mr. Pinkerton, after foiling and convicting several of the old "Molly McGuires," would have chosen to tell that he was not of their number but was instead a secret service man and have then tried to live among them safely.

Besides, in the first act Shanks reveals that he was really a secret service agent—by telling the preacher to go to St. Louis and warn General Lyon of the activities of the real copperheads, and he hints at it in the second act when he begs his wife not to talk so loud for fear of making all the neighbors hear her and so betray him.

One great charm of "The Copperhead" is that its author does not load it with banalities or explain things a grammar school intelligence would divine. If a woman drops a flat-iron why arrest the play to explain Newton's theory of gravitation?

Had Mr. Thomas made more explanations he would have made the climax in the last act ineffective and so spoiled his play. As it is the first act is fine, the second better, the third still finer and the fourth act great.

No American, desirous of enriching his soul with moments of high emotion worthy of being lived over and over again, should fail to see "The Copperhead," the loftiest event that has happened on the American stage in a quarter of a century.



SPECIAL ARTICLES

ART AN ESSENTIAL OF SOCIAL REFORM

BY OWEN R. WASHBURN

ART brings a sword. Beauty housed in temples, by home fires and on broad avenues, soothes man's unquiet moments, rests him after toil, comforts him for sorrows, strengthens him for conflicts and day by day increases his power to see and ability to feel, until at last he will no longer bear with patience the established infamies. Appreciation of art, like a superior strain of blood in the race, brings democracies and freedom.

An advanced civilization is an artistic stage of culture. Man rests for a while when he has obtained food and a warm bed for every night, but leisure increases the better emotions and emotions touched by art become the fountains of better actions. From this source all improvements flow.

It is proverbial that the ballads of a people determine their conduct more than their laws, yet ballads are but representatives of art. Oratory, the most ancient of the arts, precedes mass movements in any population. Given the assistance of the eight arts, and the loftier impulses of any race bloom in lofty governments, justice and the abolition of cruelties and tyrannies. The eager thirst for blood of tyrants which has characterized the Greeks and Romans and other art-loving peoples arises from the passion for truth which the tyrants have turned aside and allowed to accumulate like imprisoned waters. It is not for lost nationalism that the subjugated people mourn but for the lost opportunities for manifestation of the soul. The misgovernments which make poverty for the common people are resisted, not for the sake of money but for the defense of the larger need of expression. The failure of Socialism and of many a popular movement in this country resulted from the mistaken policy by which leaders have appealed to the economic interests and scorned art as a pastime of the rich. Had the great emotions of our people been stirred; had the world of toiling poor been aroused to an idealism that would have counted great works of art a part of the eternal wealth of mankind and expression of the loftier selves, the highest need of the masses, most of the worst social ills would have vanished from America, and in Europe the millions would not have engaged in relentless war.

Moses understood the common people when he made for their unschooled eyes a beautiful "Ark of the Covenant" and put about it mystery and wonder. Not unskillfully of old did the writers picture God as coming to the mountain top clothed with clouds and fire, with storm and thunders about him, to write upon the stone tablets the ten commandments. The Law of the Hebrews forbade plastic art, yet literary art was the chief manifestation of an artistic impulse which changed wandering tribes from desert-living to a per-

manent portion of the world's great powers. The exultant psalms, the lofty prophesyings, the passionate Song of Songs, the drama of Job, the beauty of Solomon's Temple were expressions of art impulses which, age by age as they were produced, marked the power of Israel to understand superior things. Without these the desert and the Jordan would today fail to remind men that Israel made bricks without straw when Moses planned and Aaron mastered by his oratorical art a king of Egypt. It was their artistic ideals and the accompanying sense of unity and truth which gave Judas Maccabæus inspiration for his heroic fighting and his people endurance through long centuries of oppression, torture and robbery.

Israel arose through her art impulses. Egypt her task-master kept from age to age a conventionalized and unprogressive art and thus had no revolutions, uplifts or popular movements that brought progress or help to the people. The Semite slaves with an art impulse within them passed into the deserts, poor and pursued, seeing their pillar of fire; the masters waited in wealth, untouched by the flame of artistic passion and their nation still sits in the shadow of the tombs watching with uncomprehending eyes the achievements through the ages of the people they once despised. If by the Nile there lives, still latent though unexpressed, a talent for art that shall move Egypt to exalted emotions, then will a new glory arise that shall overshadow the pyramids and the Sphinx. The country of humanity embalmed waits in servitude till art shall make her free.

Greece never attained to full social consciousness; her caste spirit was as cruel as that of India. Yet the rising tides of art, flowing into the old Minoan age, making the city of almost forgotten Knossos rich in creations of pottery that the archeologist still rescues from the dust, bore her almost to a period of social conscience. That stream broadened as it met the Persian opposition and the people rose to self-defense. Idealism gave the brain that won the sea battle of Salamis and at that moment art sprang forward. Artists expressed themselves; Aischulos, Sophokles, Kratinos, Aristophanes, Pindar and Pheidias spoke a new exaltation to a joyous people. Sparta cared not for these things. She had no art impulses that were strong to save her and the rising civilization. She attacked the very soul of man; called in the Persian and struck down with the sword the hands that held the chisel and the pen. But for that crime new democracies and sciences would have been born where, coming centuries later, Paul of Tarsus found, not an aggressive civilization but a group of people "ever seeking to hear some new thing." Left free, the art that made the Athenians glorious would have done its perfect work in human

improvement and the accomplishments of Franklin and his friends in Philadelphia, more than two thousand years later, might have been anticipated on Mars Hill.

All histories tell the same tale of the unity of art with great impulses and of great impulses with exalted human actions. The redemption of France from the corrupt courts of her kings came from the art those courts and kings fostered. Voltaire, chuckling and grinning, was the product of a consciousness of the need of beauty which the creation of beauty had itself produced. In his essays and dramas, in the art of his time originated the lamp-post gallows, the guillotine and the crowded death-carts which preceded the achievement of higher governmental ideals with a new birth of freedom, justice and education. Everywhere the great statue walks a conqueror among men, overturning systems and theologies; the canvas that art has made sacred is the background for the fields whereon men die for the defense of righteousness. The garret may house the man who sets navies against navies; the poet singing of love and beauty shares in dictating the fate of financial domains.

Observe in England how Shakespeare put his ideal ladies and gentlemen upon the stage and was a part of a movement which changed the destinies of the English people! The great theater manager died when Oliver Cromwell, the brewer's boy, was seventeen; John Milton, later to be counted a fellow artist, was eight years old. Shakespeare began life amid a goodly company of creators of national ideals. Marlowe was born the same year, 1564. Bacon was three years old then, Ben Jonson came nine years later. Such men made the reign of Elizabeth noble with literature and great emotions. Their influence dominated English thought until some fifty years after the great queen went to her grave in 1603. These were the best years for the arts England had known. Oxford and Cambridge were founded, the coffee houses made a democracy for wit and wisdom wherefrom was born political common-sense. The excesses of royalty could no longer be excused as things necessary to be borne to please God. The strong fingers of the dead author of "Hamlet" reached in ghostly form from the world beyond and lifted an axe which fell upon the neck of a king. A thousand superstitions as to divine rights of rulers fled before that blow and the soul that spoke in Milton's democracy cast Satan down to more than unknown depths.

In our own country the success of literature, architecture and the kindred uplifting forces has preceded the success of the popular movements. The age before our Revolution was one of comparative economic ease and artistic appreciation. There poured into this country artistic men who joined our native artists in making a fine architecture, and the beginnings of all the great achievements we are carrying out. As our consciousness of the

beauty of harmony and of freedom grew, the war of 1776 came and with it a great emotional exaltation. The movement that developed when Shakespeare and Milton expressed themselves again acted in our new country: America is the second child of that age, of which regenerated England was the first-born. The Revolution killed or turned aside from art many who might have done much for the new nation, but as the nineteenth century began new artists were born. They came before the noon of the century to their full power. They dominated American thought, smiled away the corseted and sentimental art they found and gave to the nation a vital breadth. At once social unrest began to be serious. Economic causes acted and reacted, but the genius of Lincoln could not have worked effectively save in an atmosphere wherein lofty emotions were able to exist. In the increasing turmoil, ever increasing numbers of young people, trained and capable of appreciating the finer phases of life, set their hands to spiritual swords and spears. Men and women who loved beauty gave themselves to democracy; slavery ceased; the idea that this country is not worth keeping as a unit passed. The "sad sincerity" of the great creators of symbols gave the social reformers success.

Now the seekers of human betterment have still the lesson to learn. Great emotions are becoming common, yet they cry a barren gospel in the streets and a Shylock's philosophy in the halls. That inspiration which the Artist of Galilee employed to break the empires of the oppressors; that love of beauty, harmony and truth which is the life of art, of democracies and of mankind, is ignored by a perverse and ignorant multitude of well-intentioned agitators who must forever fail, until the truth is understood. Art needs nothing from popular movements save freedom of expression; popular movements need from art that sensitiveness to beauty and to all fine phases of human relations which art alone can give. The list of materials from which this people is to create its coming greatness, from which it is to rear its towers and adorn its life and order its industry, religion and government, includes the art impulse in all its fulness and subtle power.

No party rejecting art from its propaganda shall ever dominate America. If such a thing should come to pass, the end of civilization here would be in sight. Whatever great popular movements are fully in accord with the instinct for beauty will so embody justice as to be irresistible before the voters. There is a hunger for heavenly things in every heart; whether it be delighted with a plush-framed picture or with a statue that incarnates God. He who wishes America well must wish her art well; must support, encourage, sustain, inspire artistic expression, artistic thinking and the forms of joyousness and grandeur from which all nobility derives its power.

Owen R. Washburn

THE GOOD DEVILS

AN ESSAY ON NATURE OPTIMISM

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

THIS is not the kind of essay on optimism that the editor of this magazine asked me to write—the optimism of a moralist—but the optimism of the naturalist.

As a whole and in the long run nature is good. The universe has not miscarried. The celestial laws, as Whitman says, do not need to be worked over and rectified. It is good to be here, and it must be equally good to go hence. With all the terrible things in nature, and all the cruel and wicked things in history, such as the present war, the world is good; life is good, and the Devil himself plays a good part.

When Emerson in his Journal says: "It is very odd that Nature should be so unscrupulous. She is no saint," one wonders just what he means. Does he expect gravity, or fire, or flood, or wind, or tide to have scruples? Should the cat have scruples about dining off the mouse or bird, or the wolf about making a meal of the lamb? or the plants and trees have scruples about running their roots into one another's preserves, or cutting off another's rain or sunshine? If our cowbird had the human conscience, we should expect her to have scruples about laying her eggs in the nest of another bird and thus shirking the labors and cares of parenthood, and we should expect the jays and crows to have scruples about eating up the eggs and young of their feathered neighbors, if they, too, were endowed with conscience. But none of them are troubled in this way, for the simple reason that they are not human beings. They live below the plane of man's moral conscience. Chemistry and the elementary forces have no scruples. Powder or dynamite will blow up its maker as soon as it will any one else. The rain does not scruple to spoil the farmer's hay, or the floods to wash away his house and destroy its inmates.

We are children when we marvel at the unscrupulousness of nature. Emerson often appealed to the nature of things. It is in the nature of things that they should be what we name unscrupulous; certainly Nature "is no saint," and it is well for us that she is not. If we identify Nature with what we call God, as we often do, then I am saying that it is well for us that the Eternal is "no saint." I suspect that if the drama of life and evolution which has been enacted upon the globe, and is still being enacted, had been modeled upon the principle of sainthood, you and I would not now be here. More's the pity, you may say, but there is no pity in nature.

II

Is nature then of the devil? If we choose to name it so—if we choose to revert to the conception of an earlier age—yes, Nature as we see her from our limited human point of view, is more or less of the devil—half-god and half-demon, we may say; divine in some of her manifestations and diabolical in others, divine when she favors us and diabolical when she is against us. But what we do not so

readily see is that in the long run the devil is on our side also; that he is the divine wearing a mask. The devil is the absence of something, he is a negative quantity that stimulates the positive and sets and keeps the currents going. Our breathing is the result of a perpetual tendency to a vacuum in our lungs; the growth of our bodies is the result of a co-operation and agreement between the integrating and disintegrating forces.

We control the devil and make him our friend when we control most of the forces of nature—the fire, the wind, the waters, electricity, magnetism, gravity, chemical affinity and so on. If our hold upon them slips, they destroy us. If we are not watchful in our laboratories, the same chemistry that builds up our bodies will blow our bodies to atoms. The tornado, the earthquake, the volcano, the thunderbolt, have all helped to make the earth what we behold it. The floods have helped, the avalanches have helped, frost and wind and snow, tropic heat and arctic cold have helped. These devils are the hod-carriers that serve the divine mason—the mixers and builders, the plowers and the planters, the levellers and the engineer. Hence, I say: "Good Devil, be thou my friend; you give me power, you sharpen my wits, you make a man of me."

This is the tangible, physical devil; the intangible, moral devil is not so easily dealt with. It is not so easy to turn the spirit of crime, intemperance, cruelty, war, superstition, greed and so on to our advantage. Yet there also is power going to waste, or misdirected. There is a light under the feet of these things also. Trade, out of which has come greed, has opened up and humanized the world; war has often grafted a superior stock upon an inferior.

"It was for Beauty that the world was made," Emerson quotes this verse from Ben Jonson and says that it is better than any single line of Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Only the poet is allowed to make such extravagant statements. We cannot in soberness and truth say that the world was made for any particular end. It is out of a certain harmony of the elements that we arose and our sense of beauty was developed, but the world exists for as many ends as we have power to conceive of. Order, harmony, rhythm, compensation, equilibrium, circles, spheres, are fundamental in nature. Music, which is beauty to the ear, hath power over inert matter. In the Mammoth Cave the very rocks will sing if you speak to them in the right key. How steel flings on a metal surface will dance and arrange themselves in symmetrical groups under the influence of musical chords! Harmony is at the heart of nature, but, in the music of creation, disharmony plays a part also. The world is not all beautiful unless seen as a whole—all its discords are harmonized in the curve of the sphere.

Emerson's own line "Beauty is its own excuse for being" is better and truer than the one he quotes from Ben Jonson.

When saying that in the music of creation disharmony plays a part also, I do not mean to imply that

this is not also true in human music. The dissonances are just as much a part of great music as are the harmonies—what would the operas of Wagner be without the tremendous dissonances? That is what makes Wagner one of the greatest in music; he sees things whole, just as Whitman does in his art—sees that “all are but parts of one stupendous whole,” and that the merely pretty in music, in poetry, in any art, as in nature, is only one little phase of it, only an arc of the great circle.

III

What trouble we get into when we identify God with nature, and what trouble we get into when we refuse to identify the two! In the first case we reach the unity that the mind craves, but it is a unity made up of those antagonisms which revolt us. In the second case it is a duality that leaves half of the world to the devil.

We select what we call the divine and stand confused and abashed before the residue. We must either change our notion about the power we call God and make it all-inclusive, embracing evil as well as good, or else we must change our notion about nature and see no evil in it. God and nature are one. If they are two, who or what is the second?

How can we fail to see that all the shaded part of the picture is necessary to the picture—that all high lights would not make a picture, but only a daub; and that all that we call good would not make a world in which men could live and develop? Life goes on under conditions more or less antagonistic—the antagonism gives the power—the friction develops electricity. The vices and crimes and follies and excesses of society are the riot and overflow of the virtues. The pride of the rich, the tyranny of power, the lust of gain, the riot of sensuality, are all a little too much of a good thing—a little too much heat, or light, or rain, or frost, or snow, or food, or drink. There can be no perversions till there is something good to pervert, no counterfeits till there is first the genuine article.

The currents of life get out of their banks and we have a plague of locusts, or moths, or forest worms, but the natural check surely comes. The military spirit of Germany, which springs from a laudable devotion to the state and to the good of all, got out of its banks and brought on this world war, but the flood will surely subside and will probably be so dyked that it can never get out again. It will find its outlet in the arts of peace.

IV

The so-called laws of nature were not designed and decreed as our human laws are. There is not a great law-giver. The laws of nature are a sequence of events and activities—this sequence or order has worked itself out through countless ages. Nothing in the universe was designed in the human sense; it was not first a thought in some one's mind, and then became an act or a contrivance. This concept does not express the mystery of creation: there is a constant becoming, there was no beginning, there can be no ending. There is perpetual change and revolution, perpetual transfer and promotion, but nothing that can be explained in terms of our human experience and achievement. The world and all it

holds was created as the flower is created in the spring, as the snow flake is created in the winter, as the cloud is created in the summer sky. Man was created as the chick is created in the egg. Man has had a long day of creation; he has been becoming man since the first dawn of life in the old paleozoic seas. His horse and his dog have been becoming what we behold them through the whole geologic ages. This view does not leave the Eternal out of the universe, it puts him in it so that he cannot be got out. It makes him immanent in it at all points, it makes nature transcend human reason and human speech. As long as we think of God as a kind of superman external to nature, we can deny him and cut him out, but when we identify ourselves and all things else with him, there is no escaping him. We ourselves are a phase or a fraction of him. When we select or screen out what we name the good, the fair, the divine, and call that God, what are we to do with the residue? Call it the devil? The devil, too, then is a part of the Eternal Good. I want no emasculated universe. I want the fibre and virility and pungency and power and heat and drive which all that we call bad gives it.

Our mission is to tame and elevate and direct the elements and forces without weakening them. Thence comes our power. A perfect world would not be one without sin or suffering or struggle or failure. There can be no perfect world. But there can be one more and more livable, more and more in harmony with those laws that promote our well-being. Approximations, approximations—that is our success, and never complete fulfilment! When we say that God is the All, we must have the courage of our convictions and not flinch at the consequences. He is all that we call bad, as well as all that we call good. What we call good is *our* good, and not absolute good. There is no absolute good any more than there is absolute heat, or cold, or height, or depth.

We work our way through the mazes and contradictions of things—contradictions from our point of view—as best we can, eliminating the bad and cleaving unto the good, but the total scheme of things, the reconciliations and compensations and final results, we can never grasp. We cannot abate our war upon evil, because we have our well-being on these terms, but the evil is indirectly the father of our good.

V

All our religious and ethical systems grow out of our egoism. We plant ourselves in the middle of the universe and say, it is all for us. We make our gods in our own image, we invent a heaven for the good and a hell for the wicked, and seek to keep down the brute within us by a system of rewards and punishments. We improve our minds and souls as we improve our fields; we make them more fair and fertile but we do not eliminate nature; with her own weapons we improve our relations to her—we promote *our* good, but we are still Nature's; the harvest we reap is still Nature's. Our improvements upon her are mere removal of obstructions from the rill that gushes perennially from her prolific earth. We improve her fruits, her flowers, her animals, that is, make them more serviceable to us, by means of the hold we have upon her methods. We add nothing, we utilize what she has placed within our reach. All

of which means that we are Nature's, and that our knowing it and thinking of it cannot make the slightest difference. Our fate is inevitable. There is no escape. Whose else could we be? We cannot get off the sphere; if we could, we should still be a part of the All. Our elaborate schemes to appropriate or propitiate the Eternal, to stand well with him, to gain heaven and avoid hell, are devices of cunning Nature to spur us on the road of development. (How easily one falls into the language of extreme anthropomorphism!) The beautiful myth of the Garden of Eden, and of the fall of man is full of meaning. Surely it was a good devil that put man in the way of knowing good from evil, and led to his expulsion from a state of innocent impotence.

Nature's dealings with man, and with the other forms of life is on the same plan as her dealings with the earth as a whole. This drainage system of the globe is by no means perfect; there are marshes and stagnant waters in every country, but how small comparatively the area they cover! The rains and snows give birth to pure springs in all lands which unite to form the creeks, which again unite to form the rivers, which flow into the lakes and seas, giving back to the great bodies of water what the sun and the winds took from them, and thus keeping the vital currents of the globe in ceaseless motion. The same may be said of the weather system of the globe—it is not perfect everywhere—too much rain here, too much sun there, too hot in some parts, too cold in others, but on the whole favoring life and development.

We think we could improve the weather. So we might for our special purposes at times—when it rains and we have hay down, or a crop to put in, or a picnic in view; but it is better on the whole that we adapt ourselves to the weather than that the weather be adapted to the special needs of each of us. The Lord would be pretty sure to get mixed up if he tried the latter plan.

A general and not a specific Providence is our salvation. Good and evil mixed make life, as cloud and sun in due proportions make the best climate.

VI

War is a scourge like fire, the whirlwind, the earthquake, when viewed in the light of a particular time and people, but good may come from it after the lapse of ages. It strengthens and consolidates and develops the heroic virtues. Yet what a legacy of suffering and death go with it! But to invoke war is like invoking the pestilence, the tornado, the earthquake. The guilt of the German military staff in bringing on this war is of the blackest dye. It may be a good to man, but is a terrible evil to men. We cannot afford to play Providence; we must not play with Jove's thunderbolts. War cannot come to any people unless somebody (or some body of men), wills it, and to will an aggressive war is a crime. No matter if the present war put a final end to war, the gods will not credit us with the good that flows from our act over and above our purpose and will.

All the good that comes from war comes from struggle, self-denial, heroism—and all courses of action that develop these traits are substitutes for war. The farm, the mining camp, engineering, exploration are substitutes. The best war material is recruited from these fields. The man who can guide

the plow-share can wield the sword, the man who can face the grizzly and the lion can face the cannon and the torpedo. War develops no new virtues; it helps rejuvenate the old—obedience, team-work, system, organization and so on are achievements of an industrial age. In history most wrongs are finally righted and the balance is fairly kept, but this is not by the will and purpose of the actors but by the remedial forces of nature and life.

The guilt falls the same upon the greed and lust of power, even if the gods finally reap a harvest that man's iniquities have sown. He maketh the wicked to praise him, but the wicked are to get no credit. Here is where our moral standards diverge from those of the natural universal. Our moral standards apply to us alone; they are special and limited. The gods know them not. The rain falls alike upon the just and unjust. The poet says: "I judge not as the judge judges, but as the sunlight falling around a helpless thing." This is the voice of the natural universal. When we judge as the judge judges, we condemn strife and war and all such uncharity, we execute or imprison criminals, we found asylums and hospitals and other charitable organizations; when we judge as Nature or the poet judges, we say to the fallen one:

Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you,
Not till the waters refuse to glisten for you and the
leaves to rustle for you, do my words refuse
to glisten and rustle for you.

The All brings mercy out of cruelty, love out of hatred, life out of death, but man's orbit is so small that he cannot harmonize these contradictions. The curve of the universal laws does not bring him round till generations have passed. To keep on traveling east till you approach your point of departure from the west you must have the round globe to travel on. An empire would not avail.

VII

Good and evil are strangely mixed in this world and probably in all other worlds. What is evil to one creature is often good to another. It is an evil to the vireo or to the warbler when the cowbird lays its egg in the nest of one of these birds, but it is a good to the cowbird. It relieves her of all maternal cares and it provides her young with a devoted nurse and step-mother, but the young warblers or vireos are likely to perish. All parasites live at the expense of some other form of life, and are to that extent evils to these forms. But Nature is just as much interested in one form as in the other; an ill wind to one blows good to another, and thus the balance is kept.

A world without evil would be an impossible world—as impossible as mechanical motion without friction or as sunlight without shadow. The two worlds, the organic and the inorganic, constantly interact. The former draws all its elements and its power from the latter, which is passive to it, and goes its way in the inexorable round of physical laws, irrespective of it. Viewed as a whole, the evils of life inhere in its elements and conditions. Air, water, fire, soil, give us our strength and our growth, they also destroy us if we fail to keep up our right relations to them. We cannot walk or lift a hand with-

out gravity, and yet, give gravity a chance—and it crushes us, the floods drown us, fire consumes us! Could we have life on any other terms, could God himself annul these conditions?

Hunger is or may become an evil destroying life, but does it not imply the opposite condition of good—food, an appetite, power of assimilation in the organism? Disease is an evil to the living body it attacks, but it does not attack a dead body and it often educates the body to resist disease. It is a war which may leave the victor more capable than he was before.

Robert Ingersoll conceived of an improvement in creation—"make health contagious instead of disease." But this is to trifle with words. In a certain sense health is contagious. But physical health, like peace of mind, is a condition, and must come from harmony within, while a contagious disease is conveyed by a living micro-organism, and is truly catching, and to change or reverse all this would be to destroy the conditions of life itself. To postulate a world in which two and two would make five, or in which a straight line is not the shortest distance between two points, is to take the road to the insane asylum. Evil is positive only in the sense that shadow or darkness is positive, or that cold is positive. It is a greater or lesser degree of negation.

In society and in the state we seek to curb or to correct or to eliminate Nature's errors, and in doing so often fall into other errors and cross purposes. Yet to fight what we call evil, and promote what we call good, is the supreme duty of all men. Physical evil the doctors and natural philosophers warn us against; moral evil, which is a much more intangible thing, our ethical teachers point out to us; mental evil, ignorance, superstition, false judgment and so on, the schools and colleges help us to avoid; religious evil, economic evil, political evil, all have their safeguards and guides.

Why could not a world have been made in which there was no evil? In asking such a question we

misapprehend the nature of the world; we are thinking of something made and a maker external to it, we are trying the universe by the standards of our human experience. The world was not made, man was not created in any sense paralleled by our human experience with tangible bodies. The world and all there is in it is the result of evolution or an endless process of creation, an everlasting becoming, in which the nature of things beyond which we can take no step plays the principal part. A world on any other terms would not be the world to which we are adjusted, and out of whose conflicting forces our lives came.

There will be times when the light will blind the eye, other times when the darkness will heal and restore it; when the heat will burn the hand, when the food will poison the stomach, when the friend will weary you, when home is a prison, when books are a bore. Our relation to things make them good or bad, our momentary and accidental relations may make the good things bad, but our permanent natural relations make the good good, the bad bad.

In a world without the gravity which so often crushes us, we could not walk or lift the hand; without the friction which so often impedes us, our train and vehicles would not move; without the water that could so easily drown us, the currents of our bodies would dry up; without the germs that so often make war upon us, we should soon cease to be. Both friendly and hostile are the powers that surround us—or, rather, is the power that surrounds us, for it is one and not two—friendly when we are in the relations to it demanded and provided for by our constitution, and unfriendly when we are in false relations to it. To know this true relation from the false is a part of the discipline of life.

I know this is not the end of the story; there are more questions to be asked. We want a solution of the last solution, but this can never come. Final questions return forever to themselves; they baffle us, constituted as our minds are; they are circles and not lines.

John Burroughs

WAKE

The stage eternal each day set for us
Lures me through casement eyes to view the sun
As he with golden fingers, out of night,
Uplifts the earth's dark curtains, one by one,
From scenes that lie before me still and strange
He strikes the gloom, and scatters it o'er top
Of hills in golden fume. From his low range
The slow light filters through the trees and
streams
And all the porticoes of morning throng
With birds that wait to carol forth their song.
These many tribed creatures, downy soft,

Trill forth unfathomed sweetness from each throat,
From some the epic, some the joy of life
Wells forth in pensive or in chirping note,
The mountains in their movements ever change
As their new heads and breasts come into view,
And their gaunt monster knees and feet show
through.
Between cloud-shrines the high priest mounts his
path
And sees the heart of man still seek to fit
His finite yearning to the infinite!

Martha B. Mosher

THE TOCSIN OF REVOLT

BY PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

WHEN a man finds himself at last slowly climbing the slopes that lead to the lonely peak of three-score-and-ten he is likely to discover that his views and his aspirations are not in accord with those held by men still living leisurely in the foothills of youth. He sees that things are no longer what they were half a century earlier and that they are not now tending in the direction to which they then pointed. If he is wise, he warns himself against the danger of becoming a mere praiser of past times; and if he is very wise he makes every effort to understand and to appreciate the present and not to dread the future. He may even wonder whether he is not suffering from a premature hardening of the arteries of sympathy.

He cannot but be aware that his case presents no novelty, since no generation can ever understand and appreciate the generation which preceded it or that which follows it. It may sympathize with the former a little better than with the latter, because we can know our parents more intimately than we can ever know our children after they have once attained to man's estate. Moreover, time has already chosen and consecrated the chief figures of the generation which preceded ours and the effulgence of these outstanding personalities casts into the shade the failures of their time, whereas in the generation which follows ours the leaders have not been elected and the standard bearers have not yet been able to manifest themselves fully and to separate themselves from the failures, the freaks and the fakes who are as frequent and as insistently visible in one epoch as in another.

The sexagenarian also perceives that the very young who are vociferous in indiscriminate laudation of their contemporaries are not at all anxious that he should understand them and appreciate their aspirations. They do not greatly care for his sympathy—or rather they care not at all. In the inelastic intolerance and in the self-sufficient complacency of youth they refuse to waste their attention on him. They have no use for him, as they would phrase it; they dismiss him as a back-number, than which there can be no object more despicable in their eyes. If they deemed it to be worth while they might even cry out, "Go up, thou baldhead!" and they would utter this insult without any fear of an ursine retort.

They are self-centered and impatient of control. They are inclined to boast themselves as the foes of tradition and as the enemies of convention. They claim a large freedom for themselves; and, like the Puritans of old, they are prone to deny a like freedom to others. Their opinions may be half-baked but their prejudices are case-hardened. They see no reason to suspect that there may be interstices in their omniscience. They are assured by their juvenile energy that they "know it all"; and they are not yet old enough to have found out that the man who "knows it all" does not know much—does not indeed know himself, which is the beginning of knowledge. In their callow immaturity they would only sniff contemptuously if they happened to hear

the oft-quoted saying of the Master of Trinity, that "we are none of us infallible—not even the youngest of us."

They may dispute among themselves incessantly and violently and bitterly; but they present a united front in opposition to their elders and betters, their pastors and masters. And their elders, if they have acquired a little of the wisdom which is the privilege of age, must recognize that this is natural enough, in fact, inevitable, since it is what the elders did themselves when they had the fleeting joy of being young and of feeling the consciousness of their own untested powers. It is only by action and by reaction that the world moves. Every generation is entitled to prove all things, even if it is also bound to hold fast to that which is good. Every generation transmits to its successor the heterogeneity of traditions and of conventions which it found useful and which it therefore esteems precious.

Some of these are as valuable as those who established them believe; but others will not withstand the acid test on the touchstone of time. Oncoming youth must be free to select the traditions which are truly precious, the conventions which need to be preserved; and it is free also to make traditions of its own and to set up conventions more in accord with its own conditions. Without conventions of some sort the work of the world cannot be done, as youth always finds out sooner or later, when it seeks to abolish those which it has taken over. There is veracity as well as piquancy in the statement of a forgotten biographer that his hero "renounced the errors of the Church of Rome and adopted those of the Church of England."

The perfervid Romanticists of France in 1830 devoted themselves to disestablishing the outworn conventions of the Classicist drama. They accomplished their purpose; but all unwittingly they were merely substituting the conventions of their own Romanticist theater, which the later Naturalists denounced as quite as invalid as those which the Romanticists had discarded and destroyed. Already are we beginning to perceive that the Naturalists had perforce to employ their own conventions which seem to us now as unacceptable as those of the Classicists and of the Romanticists.

It is recorded that in the fiercest moment of the fight of the Romanticists against the Classicists, a play by the elder Dumas was triumphantly successful at the Odéon; and in the exuberance of their delight a group of the more ardent spirits joined hands and danced around the bust of Racine in the lobby of the theater, crying, "It's all up with you, Racine!"—*Enfoncez, Racine!* And for the moment at least they seemed to be justified in their joy. But within a score of years the genius of Rachel illuminated the masterpieces of both Racine and Corneille; and they were as triumphantly successful in their turn as the play of Dumas had been at its first performance. Moreover when Racine again came into his own the play of Dumas was already forgotten. Perhaps there is a lesson here for the sanguine iconoclasts of to-day. It may be that some of the reputations they are now annihilating will reveal themselves as solidly rooted as that of Racine.

II

The conflict between youth and age, between conservatism and radicalism, is unending, because it is eternally necessary to the vitality of the several arts, which need to be reinvigorated generation after generation. Youth will always lack deference for age. Inexperience will always try to throw off the shackles whereby experience seeks to restrain its effervescence. In fact, the conflict between youth and age is only an ever recurring skirmish in the everlasting battle between the individual and society as a whole. Ever since man came down from his tree in the forest primeval, ever since he emerged from the cave which was his home and his castle, he has had to curb his own desires for the benefit of the community of which he has become a part. His family, his clan, his tribe, his city, his state, his nation call upon him continually for self-restraint, for the control of his passions, for self-sacrifice in view of a larger good. He must perforce part with his right to do absolutely as he pleases,—or there would be immediate anarchy. But he must not yield all of it or too much of it,—or there would be despotism, either autocratic or aristocratic.

It is upon the social bond that the solidity of civilization depends, and also the freedom of the individual by which alone is civilization advanced. The social bond must be neither unduly tightened nor unduly relaxed. Torquemada was the type which is likely to be evolved when the social organization assumes to itself a total control of the individual; and Cain was an early example of the type which rejects all restraint and asserts a man's right to live as he himself may will, regardless of the rights and of the lives of others. The consequences of excessive individualism were revealed in the outrages of the closing days of the Paris Commune; and the consequences of the excessive subordination of the subject to the state were displayed when Germans who may have been faithful husbands and devoted parents sent to destruction the wives and children on the *Lusitania*.

These are extreme manifestations of the two hostile principles which govern and always have governed and must always govern man, deciding what manner of life he shall lead and what kind of creature he shall be. Both principles are necessary; both must be kept active; and neither must be allowed to master the other. It is as true to-day as it was when Horace made the assertion, that safety lies in the middle of the road. The path to progress can be kept clear only when the opposing forces are in a state of unstable equilibrium, now swayed to one side by the onset of youth and now swung to the other by the sturdy resistance of age.

So it is that when the youngsters are vehemently asserting their own individual freedom and when the oldsters are insisting on the sacredness of the social bond, both sets of opponents are all unconsciously performing a useful function. So long as there results a drawn battle, all is well; and we can face the future with perennial confidence.

But at the present moment, and perhaps more especially in our own country, there are signs of danger. The pendulum is not at rest, and it seems to be swinging a little too far toward overt individualism. If this is the fact then it is the imme-

diate duty of the elders to point out the peril and to rally to the support of law and order. Possibly, indeed very probably, what we perceive may be only a temporary symptom, due to the excessive exuberance of youthful energy. The menace may pass away unfulfilled, as it has so often in the earlier centuries. The oncoming generation may awaken in time to a full recognition of the truth contained in George Eliot's assertion that "the right to rebellion is the right to seek a higher rule and not to wander in lawlessness." Yet indisputably there is to-day much that is disquieting. There is not a little evidence of a tendency on the part of the young to refuse allegiance to the social bond, to reject the heritage of the past, to renounce tradition, and to insist upon the insubordinate manifestation of the caprices and vagaries of the untamed and undisciplined individual. We can only trust that the evidence is not as significant as it seems; for that way madness lies.

Yet in life, in literature, in all the arts we cannot fail to perceive an unwonted restlessness, an unprecedented distaste for balance and harmony and proportion, accompanied by a desire to be different, by a seeking for novelty for its own sake, by a relish for eccentricity and freakishness, by a refusal to profit by what has been bequeathed to us by the past. In this new century we have been called upon to admire painting by men who have never learned how to paint, dancing by women who have never learned how to dance, verse by persons of both sexes who have never acquired the elements of versification. The tocsin of revolt resounds in ethics as wantonly as in aesthetics. In our recent poetry, in our recent fiction, in our recent drama there is an exaltation of the lawless and the illegal, the illicit and the illegitimate. The red flag has been unfurled over the heads of a mob of fiery youths, who are insistent in proclaiming their rights and who seem to be careless about fulfilling their duties. A host of young fellows are pushing forward, with their attention fixed only on themselves, selfish, egotistic and boastful. Apparently they are possessed by the belief that they can make a clean sweep of the past and that they can reach to the sky and touch the stars without standing on the shoulders of their predecessors and without profiting by the achievements of these predecessors.

III

Probably this restless movement will soon spend its force as those who are directing it grow older and wiser. Probably the most it can achieve will be only the destruction of inheritances no longer valuable. Yet it may be as well for us to remind ourselves that there has never been any solid advance in any of the arts by any generation except when that generation began where the immediately preceding generation left off. The future must build upon the past. Nothing is more hopelessly futile than the attempt to make a clean sweep and to start fresh. To believe that this can ever be done is to ignore or to be ignorant of history. Progress can be made, not by disregarding what has already been discovered and invented but only by knowing all these things, by absorbing them, by assimilating them, by combining them, if need be and by adding discoveries and new inventions.

There is a phrase in constant use among the

electrical engineers which is pertinent and illuminating. They are in the habit of speaking of "the present state of the art," asserting that certain improvements greatly to be wished for are not possible in the present state of the art. And it is with the present state of the art as a starting-point that they prepare for the desired advance. In other words, before attempting to go forward, they make sure that they have mastered the technic of their profession, and that they know all that has been done and know how it has been done, so that they can prepare themselves to do something which has never been done.

Not a few of those who are in the forefront of the modern movement are apparently full of contempt for the present state of the special art they propose to practise. They affect to despise technic, although every great artist has always delighted in technical accomplishment. We find in the work of many of these professed innovators an amazing slovenliness of craftsmanship, an appalling disdain for artistry for its own sake. If they were more familiar with the work of the men who have led the artistic revolutions of the past, they would know that these leaders always began by being abreast of the state of the art and by equipping themselves with all the varied and delicate tools devised by the craftsmen who had gone before.

Victor Hugo, for example, revolutionized French poetry. He was profoundly dissatisfied with the restrictions then imposed upon the lyric and the drama by the rigidity of the accepted rules. But he was successful in his onslaught on an enfeebled tradition and on a false convention only because he was a supreme master of technic, dextrous beyond all the men of his time, possessed of all the secrets of the art of verse. Ibsen, again, was a most potent force; he was responsible for a revival of intellectual interest in the drama; and he too was the most adroit of technicians, the most consummate of craftsmen, finding his profit in the work of the ingenious French playwrights of the middle of the nineteenth century. No doubt, he bettered what he had learned from these Frenchmen, but he had to learn it, first of all; he had to acquaint himself with the state of the art as it was when he began to compose his series of social dramas. So closely does he follow in the footsteps of the French that the "League of Youth" and the "Pillars of Society" and even the first two acts of "A Doll's House" might have been written by a Scandinavian Sardou.

To many Americans, especially to the untraveled, the Russian ballet brought a new revelation of beauty. It was hailed as an absolute novelty, whereas in fact it represented only the latest stage of a long development of the pantomimic dance, first elaborated by Noverre in Paris in the early eighteenth century and in the next hundred years carried from Paris to Milan and Naples, to Vienna and finally to Petrograd. The dancing of Pavlova and of Mordkin was freshly individual; but only by that individuality did it differ from the dancing of Vestris and Taglioni. The mood might be Russian, but the method was Franco-Italian. One of the graceless pretenders who posture to symphonies and interpret poems by gesture alone once curtly dismissed Pavlova's exquisite grace as "toe-dancing." This was a characteristic exhibition of egotistic ignorance. The gracile Russian can dance on her

toes, of course, because the ability to do that is an essential part of the necessary technic. But not because she can dance on her toes is it that Pavlova is a haunting vision of floating etheriality.

In music, that most modern of the moderns Debussy made himself intimate with all the intricacies of harmony, before he ventured upon his own disquieting innovations. In sculpture, that most modern of the moderns Rodin proved himself in his early bust of Puvis de Chavannes to be capable of a delicate refinement of modeling recalling that of the masters of the Italian Renaissance; and his later works, which may appear to the careless observer as uncouthly hewn, disclose to the careful expert "the unconscious skill of the modeling hand"—to use George Eliot's apt phrase. And finally, in stage-decoration, that most modern of the moderns Joseph Urban had long years of practice as an architect in making himself familiar with all the principles of that art and so prepared himself arduously for the task that he was later to undertake.

IV

Before they were ready to risk themselves in the quest for novelty for a purely personal expression, Hugo and Ibsen, Debussy, Rodin and Urban made sure that they were abreast of the state of the art. They had subjected themselves to discipline and submitted to training. Only because they did this in their youth were they able in their maturity to express themselves adequately and interestingly and to advance the state of the art. And this discipline and this training is just what a crowd of clever youngsters now affect to despise—possibly from sheer laziness but more probably from a sincere conviction that these things are no longer necessary and indeed no longer useful. They seem to believe honestly that the future masterpieces of literature and of art are to be evolved out of the inner consciousness by some sort of spontaneous generation. They have persuaded themselves that art is as easy as it looks and that a mastery of its processes is the gift of God, freely granted to those who are conscious of possessing the artistic temperament.

In fact, this belief is not infrequently expressed with unsuspected frankness. One of the most distinguished of American mural painters was recently advising an ambitious young fellow from the West, who listened to the counsel courteously and rejected it absolutely. "No" he said "the School of Rome is not for me, and these art schools of New York are not for me. I have ideas of my own; I consider my temperament my most valuable asset—and I'm not going to submit to its being interfered with by any rules!"

Is this attitude the result of impatience or of laziness or of exorbitant conceit? One acute observer of contemporary conditions has suggested that it is due to the leveling tendency of modern life "so that men strive frantically to raise themselves above the level by doing something strange, startling, exaggerated, whimsical. To study the laws and methods of literature or the arts, to saturate themselves with traditions bores them, so they resort to sensationalism, and try to palm it off for originality. . . . Of course, any of them could achieve a similar originality by coming naked up Fifth Avenue." Indeed there are recent poems and recent pictures which are instantly recognizable

as indecent exposures of the nudity of their producers' minds, with never a fig-leaf of culture.

It is not difficult to diagnose this green-sickness of the arts, but it is hard to prescribe any medicine. The tendency to anarchy, to uneducated individualism, may be evident in all arts and in all countries; but none the less is it certain to subside, because if it persisted too long the several arts would cease to be—and that is inconceivable, since man needs them all and has developed them in response to his needs. The malady must run its course; and in spite of the expectant treatment of the mature practitioners, the young patients will come out of the attack temporarily enfeebled. Perhaps the fever will soon be shaken off by the stronger and the sober, better able to resist the infection.

When Richard Wagner, who was once denounced as a dangerous innovator, was a youthful student, he did not like the drudgery of counterpoint. But his instructor Theodore Weinlig made him work hard at it for six months, dismissing him then with the remark "What you have learned is freedom!" And it was this laboriously acquired liberty within the law which enabled Wagner in the prelude to the "Master Singers" to work simultaneously in counterpoint five of his leading motives.

Once again is it helpful to quote from Mr. Dobson's translation of Gautier's "Ars Victrix":

Yes; when the ways oppose—
When the hard means rebel,
Fairer the work outgrows—
More potent for the spell.

O Poet, then, forbear
The loosely sandalled verse,
Choose rather than to wear
The buskin—strait and terse;

Leave to the tyro's hand
The limp and shapeless style;
See that thy form demand
The labor of the file.

Sooner or later the tocsin of revolt will cease its clangor. Sooner or later the young men of promise will furl the red flag. They will refuse fellowship with the fakers. They will tire of facile eccentricity and of lazy freakishness, of unprofitable sensationalism and of undisciplined individualism. They will again seek the aid of tradition and they will toil to master the secrets of technic. Then and then only will they discover the stern and abiding joy of difficulty resolutely grappled with and ultimately conquered.

Brander Matthews



Obverse

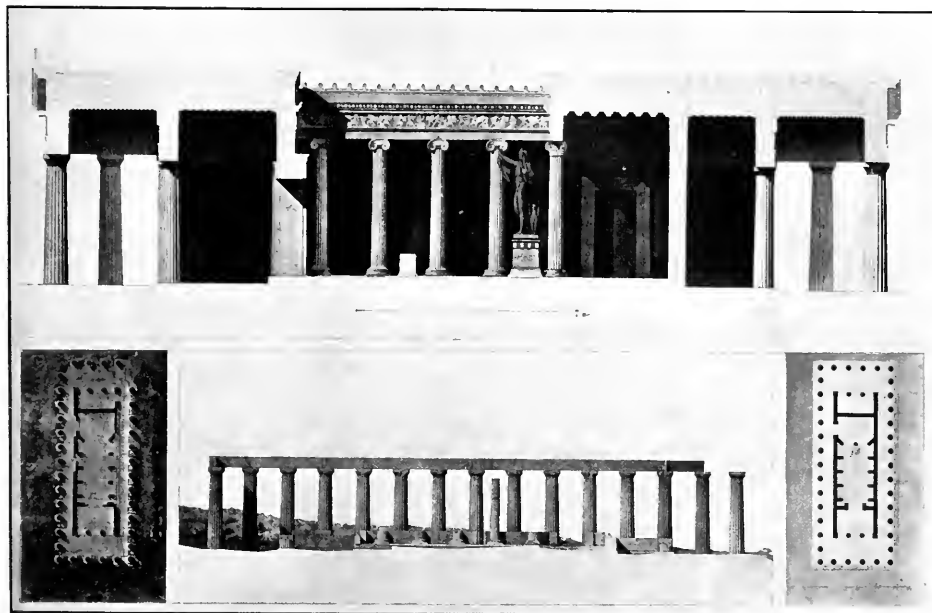
Representation: Victory. She wears the modern helmet upon which are bound the lilies of France, the oak of England and the pine of America. Modeled by Daniel C. French.



Reverse

The inspiration of France personified by Joan of Arc and the chivalry of England in the guise of a medieval knight, both in armor and grasping the hand of militant Columbia. Modeled by Miss Evelyn Longman.

MEDAL COMMEMORATING VISIT OF FRENCH AND BRITISH WAR COMMISSION



TEMPLE OF APOLLO EPIKOURIOS AT BASSAE IN ARCADIA

THE CLASSIC ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE

BY EGERTON SWARTWOUT, F.A.I.A.

PART II (Continued). THE DORIC ORDER

IN the preceding article an attempt has been made to show the probable derivation of the Classic temple from its wooden prototype, and the reasons which may have influenced the Greeks in its development; and now consideration may be given to the use of the Doric order in Classic times, the methods of construction employed, the refinements that were developed, and the possible adaptability of this order to the expressions of modern architecture. Any consideration of the Doric order must include a consideration of the temple of which this order is a part. In reality it is more than a part; it is the building itself. Without the inclosing range of columns in a peripteral temple, there would be, architecturally speaking, no temple at all; for the Greeks, living essentially out of doors, considered the interiors of their temples and houses as apparently of less importance than the exteriors, in direct contrast to the monumental work in Egypt and in Rome. In their temples the Greeks seemed to have been hampered to an excessive degree by their lack of constructive knowledge, the superimposed orders of the interior presenting an extreme contrast to the monumental simplicity of the exterior. It is true that, owing to the present ruinous condition of these temples it is impossible to make any restoration which could be considered authentic, and, therefore, any such criticism as mentioned above is, of necessity, based, not on what actually

existed in the Classic period, but on the restorations which have been made. It is also true that in some instances, as at Bassæ (Figure XIV), there is an indication of a more monumental effect than is elsewhere probable; in fact, this remarkable temple offers one of the most interesting, yet baffling, problems that have been presented to the architect or archeologist. No adequate explanation has ever

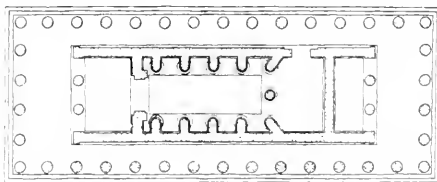


FIG. XIV. PLAN OF TEMPLE OF APOLLO EPIKOURIOS AT BASSAE

been given for the remarkable arrangement of the interior columns, although a suggestion has been made that the connection between these columns and the cella wall might have been intended as a buttress to support a vaulted stone ceiling, the objection to this hypothesis being that no remains of such a ceiling have yet been discovered. It is conceivable that some novel arrangement in wood,

the thrust of which was considerable, had been attempted in this temple, and that these buttresses were, therefore, necessary; and yet any such hypothesis does not give any reason for the splaying of these connecting walls in the case of the two end columns. There is evidence to show that this temple, which alone of all the temples of the Greeks was not oriented, was built on the site, and included a portion of the cella of a smaller temple of great antiquity, and that the explanation for the curiously placed door in the naos is that it coincided with the door of the original temple, which faced east. This however, does not explain the slanting buttresses or walls of the end columns, nor does the statement of Mr. Ferguson in his monograph on the lighting of temples, in which he refers to the obvious efforts made by the architect to bring the interior columns exactly on the axis of the exterior bays, so that the hypaethral openings suggested in the roof might be symmetrically placed with reference to the exterior. Granting that these columns were so placed, there is no need whatever for the slanting walls, nor for the extreme narrowness of the first bay of the naos.

In default of a better explanation, it has occurred to me that, as Bassæ was evidently a shrine of special sanctity, as was instanced by the preservation of the naos of the older temple and the probably archaic statue which it contained, there may have been some religious significance attached to the arrangement of the naos. The alcoves between the engaged columns may possibly have been altars to various gods, similar to the side altars and chapels in a great cathedral—and indeed such alcoves are indicated in the restoration of the Heraion at Olympia—and these shrines may have been covered with grille work or with curtains, so that to a person standing in the naos, the connecting walls would be unseen, and the columns would appear free standing. It may be that the smaller recesses at the entrance were for other more utilitarian purposes, a possible wooden staircase perhaps, and also that it was for some ritualistic reason desirable to leave open the two end alcoves nearest the statue, and that, therefore, the connecting walls were made to radiate so that to a person standing in that part of the naos to which the public were admitted, these end columns would also appear free standing. The above explanation is not offered as anything more than a mere suggestion, which possibly is not worthy of serious consideration. In any event, it is regrettable that this very interesting interior treatment was not carried to a greater degree of development. It would seem that perhaps the architect, Ictinos, either on account of certain ritualistic requirements, or because of the fact that this temple was in the provinces, had felt at liberty to abandon the hitherto rigidly adopted arrangement of the Doric temple, and introduced certain innovations which were capable of a much more monumental treatment than had ever before been seen in Greece. Unfortunately, this temple came at the very close of the golden period of architecture. Even in its own case there is not the indication of the same degree of care in construction or refinement of detail that is shown in the Parthenon, which shortly preceded it. From then on the decline was rapid, and we have only this incomplete fragment to show what might have been

the ultimate development of the Greek temple. The plan, then, of the temple and its interior arrangements are so simple and so typically a part of the peculiar requirements of the period, and, therefore, their critical consideration has so little to do with the purpose for which these articles are written, that there are only a few points which need be referred to. The question of the lighting of these temples has been, and still is, a mooted point, a point that probably will never be definitely settled, unless there can be discovered some contemporaneous writings or inscriptions which treat the matter more in detail than those of Vitruvius. Personally, I have always been extremely attracted by the theory advanced by Ferguson. It does not seem conceivable that the Greeks, after having devoted so much care and shown so much skill in the treatment of their temples, would either allow the major portion of the cella to be open to the elements from choice, or would confess themselves unequal to the simple task of providing an adequate roof or the requisite openings to admit light; for it is evident that there must have been some openings other than the doors. The theory has been advanced that a sufficient amount of light filtered in through the thin and semi-translucent marble tiles of the roof. This appears but a poor explanation at the best. The effect could not help but be extremely unpleasant, and if there was enough light transmitted through the tiles to be distinguishable, it would of necessity be cut up into unsightly forms by the shadows of the supporting beams and by the irregularities in the roof, and would bring the roof beams into a most startling and unpleasant contrast; nor is it conceivable that artificial light was used exclusively, nor that the interior was left in the semi-obscurity of a cave.

The generally accepted hypothesis of a large hypaethral opening in the roof (Figure XV), by which not only light but rain would be admitted directly into the cella, seems absolutely impossible of belief; that the chryselephantine statues of the divinities and the wonderful veils and votive offer-

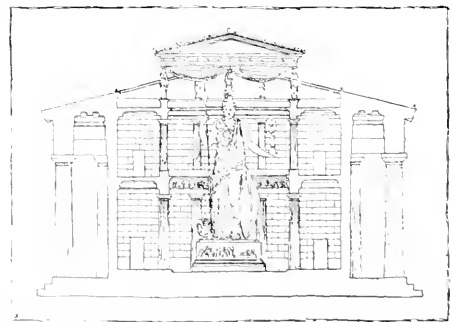


FIG. XV. SECTION OF PARTHENON SHOWING CONJECTURAL HYPAETHRAL OPENING. AFTER CASANOVIA

ings would all be left exposed to the elements after having been carefully enclosed in a stone temple, is an insult to the architectural ability and common sense of the Greeks. Then, too, the interruption of the ridge and the large hole in the roof would have been most unsightly, as the roofs of the low Greek temples are generally visible; so that if open-

ings were introduced in the roofs they must have been so small as to be imperceptible, the idea of dormers or an attic being architecturally impossible; and as there have been found a few curiously shaped tile which seem to have formed the edge of a small opening in the roof it is probable that the hypaethral openings suggested by Ferguson did exist. This system is certainly suggestive of the highest form of monumental lighting. An effect could be obtained which would tend to increase the apparent size of the naos, and would bring into prominence in a most striking manner the enormous chryselephantine statues with which these temples were adorned. Similarly, Mr. Ferguson's idea of the lighting of the temple of Jupiter Olympius (Figure XVI), which is the temple referred to by Vitruvius as having an opening to the sky, is one of the most magnificent schemes for lighting such an interior that can well be imagined. The admis-

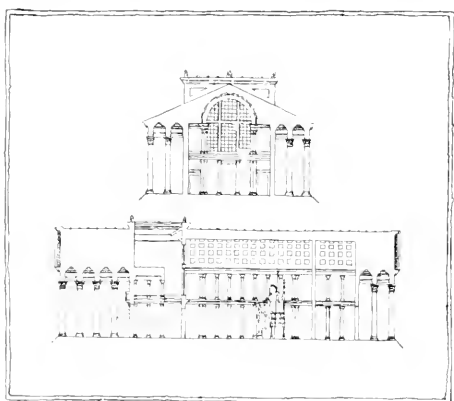


FIG. XVI—SECTION THROUGH TEMPLE OF JUPITER AT OLYMPIA SHOWING METHOD OF LIGHTING. AFTER FERGUSON

sion of light into the naos from a great window over the entrance, so that the light falls from an unseen source directly upon the statue or shrine, would unquestionably produce an effect equaled only by that in the hypostyle hall at Karnak.

One other point that is extremely interesting, and as far as I know, has not been before noticed, is the curious projection of the walls of the pronaos in the Parthenon and elsewhere. The effect, when viewed on plan (Figure XVII), is extremely peculiar, but has been generally accepted as a survival

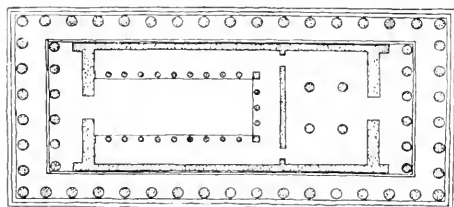


FIG. XVII PLAN OF PARTHENON

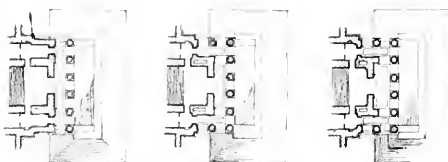


FIG. XVIII DEVELOPMENT OF PORTICO, MISSOURI STATE CAPITOL

of the primitive form of the temple in antis. The real reason for this projection was called to my notice in a rather interesting manner. In the development of the plan of a large monumental building, it was found necessary to project the hexastyle portico considerably further from the building than had been originally intended, in order to accommodate a monumental flight of steps which led to the main story above the portico level. (Figure XVIIIa.) In studying this effect from a small scale model in plastaline, it was found that this projection was rather unpleasant and clumsy, and as the staircase was only in width equal to the three central bays, it was found possible by the addition of two more columns on the wings to continue this portico back to the face of the building, leaving the vestibule for the stairs projecting under the portico in a manner similar to the cella of a Greek or Roman temple. (Figure XVIIIb.) The solution seemed on paper a happy one, but when tried on the model the effect was found to be not entirely satisfactory. The vestibule or cella wall ending in a square pilaster at each corner had a most unpleasant and box-like appearance, which was extremely noticeable. This effect was puzzling to me, because I felt the form itself was, by precedent, correct, and this led to a critical examination of the plans of various temples. I then noticed that in all cases where the pronaos was not treated with columns in antis the flank wall of the pronaos projected a considerable distance beyond the wall of the naos itself, and it occurred to me that this might have been done to get rid of the box-like feeling which was so objectionable in the little model. This idea was immediately applied to the model, the wall of the vestibule pushed back so as to leave a projection of between four and five feet, and it was found to answer the purpose exactly. (Figure XVIIIc.) The box-like appearance immediately disappeared, and the large door fell into its proper relations with the portico in front. I also found that the effect of shadows was greatly enhanced by this unusual arrangement, and that the pilaster which formed the original corner could be considerably reduced in width on the flank side of the vestibule wall; in other words, instead of a pilaster, it became an anta. This simple and practical experiment convinced me more than ever that in the development of their temples the Greeks must have made extensive use of models both at a small scale and doubtless at the size of execution. We know that they were familiar with the use of stucco, and undoubtedly the models were made in that material.

Egerton Swartwout

HOW TO MAKE AN ART EXHIBITION SOME FACTS IN ANSWER TO MR. MORRIS'S FANCIES

BY JOSEPH PENNELL, N.A.

THEORETICALLY Mr. Harrison Morris's article in the November number is excellent. In it he maintains that an exhibition of art should be made up from invited works and those submitted to a jury; but all properly organized art exhibitions are gotten together by exactly this method. Yet Mr. Morris says "there is no settled code." But, I answer, there is.

So he wants to introduce the "adventurer." Further he says "to make an art show that succeeds one must have a Showman." I agree with him entirely. And then he goes on to describe the "Showman" whom he creates; for his "equipment he must have taste, tact, knowledge of color and form, orderliness and a business head." If he has the last, the want of the rest can easily be supplied. Now from this I take it: Mr. Morris means his "Showman" should be a universal genius—and if he could only paint, among his other accomplishments—why, he would, maybe, be perfect! But I never knew of but two art "Showmen" who possessed even "business heads." They were a success because they had the brains to bother about their business which they knew, and not interfere with art which they knew they could never know. But somehow, when you come to think of it, the most successful showmen are artists.

No such Showman would pretend "to select the works . . . to hang them . . . to please the observer" as Mr. Morris suggests. And further he says the Showman shall watch over selection, watch over installation . . . "have a managing mind" and I would add, that mind should be furnished with an accurate clerical hand, account books and forms, and a sense of working the business end of the exhibition—the rarest qualification amongst business men—and Showmen.

And finally Mr. Morris would not exclude selection by a jury—but would the Showman permit it? Not if he got the power Mr. Morris thinks he should have—unless as a sop to the poor, but unfortunately necessary artist!

Now when Mr. Morris's Showman has "arranged the activities that lead up to the opening display" [I suppose he means when the Showman has properly boomed the show] it will be of no use—"it is a failure unless it gives enjoyment and gives it to many people." But is this altogether true? The people enjoy what they are told to (rather they pretend to). They hate art, except the "movies" and photographs of themselves and paintings they buy for a "rise on the market."

But much as they hate art, if the Showman can boom the show properly, they will crowd in and find their real feelings in the crowd; and a few may learn a little. And what a chance the Showman has, and how he takes advantage of it—or some do! No country has so many galleries, no galleries so much money, so many prizes, and all with a few exceptions devoted to the encouragement of American art and the exclusion of foreigners. And what do the artists do? Take the endless prizes and profit by the endless advantages that art exhibi-

tions offer to oil painters—the only form of art, of American art almost, as yet encouraged. And this is something to be thankful for.

Then Mr. Morris laments: "leading artists do not want to put their best things in a show." If the show is really the greatest art exhibition in the land they will fight to get in—even if there are no money prizes—even if there are no medals—even if there are few sales—even if they have to submit to a jury—and in the great international exhibitions all works are submitted to a jury; but invitations for certain pictures, desired from certain artists, are sent out by the jury and that settles all difficulties.

Mr. Morris is rather severe on juries whom he calls, or makes his Showman call with insistent fury "a fallible or half-baked person or group of persons through whom to make the choice of pictures or sculptures." This is rather hard on a jury of artists; yet here I have met schoolmarm as reporters on art—I never met a critic on a jury—ambassadors, bankers and architects, directors, judging paintings—or being told how to by a Showman and his crowd. This gives variety I know and amusing results—to all but the artists judged. Still I think, if the jury is composed of artists: artists would rather be judged by their peers than by Mr. Morris's Showman who by inviting works would constitute himself a jury; and I think Mr. Morris's description of a Showman applied to an artists' jury somewhat more appropriate. Yet he goes further and says "you can't have an ideally selected group of invited works with an ignorant, a conceited or a grafting instrument of choice."

I quite agree with him. But what of the Showman to whom all this most truly applies? Still Mr. Morris is on the search for the Showman, he says, who can perform "the nice and useful task of invitations" with "sympathy, tact, taste and temperament." So are all of us artists on the hunt for a Showman who possesses these qualities, but we have never found him outside the ranks of us artists, and we never will, because he would be a great artist himself—and not a little Showman, who, when left alone, is liable to wreck the whole. If Mr. Morris's ideal could be found "the public eager for entertainment would respond with admiration" and it is the business of the Showman to make them admire and pay for the privilege of doing so in public; but if they dare to give "healthy" (as they think) criticism they should be chucked out by the Showman. It is their business to admire. Do they dare to give "healthy criticism" to their parson? or their tailor? And yet, after a course of ten lectures on aesthetics they will give "healthy criticism" to men who have passed all their lives in the practice of their profession!

Again and again Mr. Morris returns to the jury which oppresses and depresses him; and he says "if the chosen power is genuine and able and impartially business-like it will want to miss no talent";

but even artistic juries, which should be composed of men—no women—of different views are fallible or “half-baked” Mr. Morris says; and if he thinks them so, why, there is an escape: the Exhibition without a Jury—which does afford entertainment to the public and even to artists! And then we artists are to “educate” the people. Did the early painters and sculptors “educate” the Assyrians, the Greeks, the Italians, their contemporaries? No, they showed them painted and sculptured works and the people knew—because they were all about them and were real to them. Now most art works must be explained by docents or dictionaries—and even then the educated public rightly prefers a ball game.

What the public should come to see in an exhibition is the best work the artist can show them, presented in the best manner; and that they must be made to accept, after the artists have selected and presented it; and it is the duty of the Showman to make them accept it.

Then Mr. Morris says that many exhibitions “rely on the entrance fees of their shows for support.” It is a far bigger matter than this. Why did Paris devote a large section of the Champs Elysées to picture shows? Why did Venice close her public garden to the public for six months every other year? Why did London give artists the most valuable site in Piccadilly? Because, though the artists and Showmen have made a good thing from gate-money and sales, these three great cities have made a fortune and a reputation out of art shows—and so made themselves Meccas for the people who do not go to be educated or elevated or uplifted, but go because it is the correct thing to see the Salon, the Royal Academy, the Venice Biennial—and also because there were cheap excursions to those cities during the exhibitions—quite business-like, of course—and . . . the great artist who has not been a great business man never lived!

And New York, the business center of the world to come, hasn't got a public exhibition gallery half as good as many a Western town; New York refused to allow the National Academy to change a useless office into a Palace of Art—and yet that city prates endlessly of art. . . .

It is education on practical business lines concerning subjects of this sort the people want when they get a gallery; but then the American business man is neither practical nor business-like—though he knows he is! When they have an exhibition the Showman will crop up—dozens of him.

Mr. Morris also believes that the artist appeals “to the approval of the press and the people.” No artist does. He loves notice and hates to be ignored; but whether that notice does good or harm is another question. An artist works to please himself, not the public or the press. Mr. Morris ends by saying he does “not understand why an artist should object to the dual system of exhibition by invitation and jury.” I never heard of a real artist who did. If the artist does object he can go to those shows which are absolutely in the hands of the jury—if he can find a society without members or others who are *hors concours* of the jury—or else he can hang himself in one of those machines

which have no jury and hang every one who pays for space to expose himself on.

There are only two difficulties in making an art show and these have to be faced: Who shall secure the works? and How shall the jury be composed?

Now the best way to prove the truth of what I write is to give facts and cite examples and I would take these facts from my own experience as a member of invitation and hanging committees and also of the jury at various international and national exhibitions in Europe and America held during the last twenty years.

The best-managed, the most artistic exhibitions ever held, the exhibitions which set up a standard all over Europe were those of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers given in London and other cities in 1898 and continued during the following four or five years. They were artistically successful because they were organized and carried out by the artist members according to a definite scientific scheme; and the scheme was a very simple one, and worked perfectly as long as we had a working President, viz.: James McNeil Whistler. Since then, as he mentioned, the Society has fallen into the clutches of the British and art has abandoned it.

The scheme was this: a Jury was elected composed of three painters, three sculptors, three engravers. These three classes of artists were selected by ballot from the Council of the Society by the votes of the Council. The members had no vote. The Jury had absolute control of the artistic management of all exhibitions given by the Society for the year following their election.

The Council asked each member of the Society for a list of artists to contribute to the forthcoming exhibition, and as the Society had members all over the artistic world, we were in touch with all artistic movements. The lists sent in were used as basis and guide, and supplemented by our own knowledge of contemporary work. Then the Jury chose three of its members: a sculptor, a painter and a graver, to visit the great exhibitions on the continent of Europe and select works for our show; and, two or three times, members of the Jury came over here. They also asked members in America to send suggestions. These visits were timed so as to see as many shows as possible: the European exhibitions in London, Paris, Venice and Berlin and other cities opening in the spring. And so the rounds of the shows and the studios of artists working in those cities were easily made. It was more difficult to get the work from all the artists later. The works marked for selection were chosen and recorded. But no layman did the choosing, only the recording—the Showman's work.

Afterward came the question of getting the works, for there is no circuit system in Europe as there is here; or rather there was none. Everything had to be selected for exhibition a year in advance and in competition with other societies—though the Selection Committee continued in office till the end of the following year's exhibition and managed its arrangement, and we had to fight the great galleries and powerful artistic bodies. But the artists usually promised what we wanted—if we were first in the field

—and we usually wanted a group of works by *one man*—another condition for making a good show. What they sent was another story; and we also had to pay transportation and insurance. Then during all the year we or the Showman under our direction, quietly boomed the coming exhibition, though we had neither money prizes nor medals as baits. When the time of the exhibition approached, invitations and circulars were sent out, as well as endless press notices, and the only difference between our forms and those issued here was a single sentence printed in red ink stating "the Council reserves the right to reject any work, whether invited or not, which they might think undesirable to hang." This was inserted after one memorable legal experience, and printed in three languages; we had a Showman who could write in four.

As the works invited and submitted came in, though they were distinguished by various colored labels, they were all piled together—sometimes invited works were kept apart, but usually not; then the whole Jury met, of which the Traveling Invitation Committee was, as I have said, a part. They resolved themselves into a Jury of Selection and everything passed before them. The invitations had been given out with an idea of the space to be filled, and not haphazard, and a record of the subjects and sizes of invited works had been kept by the Showman. Then the Jury passed on everything in the galleries and a few works were marked A—most B and still more X or "out." But even that was not final. The paintings were judged by the painters, the sculpture by the sculptors and the engravings [which included water-colors, pastels and drawings] by the engravers. Then the same three committees, each still managing its own group, became the hangers, and they, after seeing, inviting, selecting the works, knew them—knew what had been sent in, knew what was in, knew what had been thrown out. Then the hanging by the same committees commenced. It was not left to workmen to fit in the surroundings of the "centers," but each work was brought up, a pattern of the wall was made on the floor by the Jury in the best fashion of color and design, carefully spaced, carefully hung. The painters hung the paintings and sculptors placed the sculpture and the engravers the prints, for the best hangers in the world [and the best are here] will make a mess of anything left to them, though they have the best will in the world.

Then, out would go invited works and in would come submitted ones, and suddenly there would be a hitch, a stop—for nothing would fit in a certain spot, nothing would go with the color-scheme of the wall! Then a Juror would remember that some rejected work was just what was wanted, just what would tell, just what would fill that space. So back from the cellars it would come, and sometimes I have seen the rejected work, if not made into the corner-stone—at any rate into the center of a panel . . . and this is the only way an exhibition can be properly selected or invited, properly judged, properly hung: by artists for artists—and by one Jury of artists—and that the smallest possible.

Of course the manager or secretary or Showman always attended; but he had no voice in the selection or hanging; yet sometimes his knowledge and his papers were of the greatest use . . . and

this is the only way in which an art exhibition can be properly made. After all was hung the whole Council resolved itself into a Revision Committee. They frequently made suggestions, but these were seldom accepted by the Jury and only when the whole body thought them an improvement; and as the catalogue was usually already prepared and the numbers were usually on the works, it was almost impossible to make changes. Another point was: the names of the Jury were kept secret instead of being published, and the whole Society, instead of one or two members of the Jury, was blamed by the "chucked." And above all our policy or watchword was OUT! no matter who painted the work, whether it was invited or not. If at the last moment it would not fit into our scheme, out it went! Sometimes it got a new frame or the frame a coat of paint. Sometimes the work was changed.

It is only by such a method, only by the exclusion of the Showman-manager, the Secretary, the Director—only by a committee of artists doing all the work, that a good show can be gotten together, a show into which artists struggle and fight to get their work. And yet there were no money prizes, no medals—very few sales. But it was an art show—a show by artists for artists; and all the while the Showman was working the business, the publicity end of the show; and if there were proprietor, manager, directors and guarantors they attended to their part of the work and were not permitted to interfere with us.

Here, how different! Here there are prizes and medals and sales. There are half a dozen juries in different centers, each knowing nothing of what the other is doing or the space the works selected by them are to occupy. There is a Showman inviting works the Jury has never been told about. There is a big central Jury which knows nothing of what has been accepted by the local Juries and so passes or rejects what has alone come before it. And finally there is a separate and often different Hanging Committee, which has to hang everything passed by the Juries, a committee without power, overwhelmed with works that never should have been painted . . . what wonder then, after settling their own places and the other centers (O, we did that, too) they leave the rest to the hangers and retire to more serious occupations? What wonder is it then, that many American art shows look like auction rooms?

It is amazing how bad, by this although academic system, a really good show can be made to look, while artists who are given charge of a bad show, if they know how, can make it look really well! There is as much art in hanging as in painting and there is art in the Showman's department too. And then, the prizes awarded by another committee or the directors of the gallery! and now by the vote of the people! No money prizes ever should be awarded, ever were awarded during the last few years in Europe, in open competition.

Never shall I forget the First Venetian Exhibition—art critics on the Jury. I saw that scandal here this year; but the critics in Venice had an international reputation, those here were scarcely known locally.

Venice abandoned money prizes and adopted pro-

fessional juries of artists after that first attempt, reserving to itself a Council of Three—instead of Ten as their ancestors had—a final Revising Jury. And I well remember on one occasion, after hanging a room, that on coming back the next morning and finding its crowning glory gone, I asked why, and was told: because the Revising Jury said the work was not up to the standard of Venice! Which was perfectly true and I could but agree; and that work was selected by people who knew nothing of standards and thought anything good enough for the Dagoes! And then again in Rome a few years later: the Jury had to vote three or four money prizes—one to painters, one to sculptors, one to draftsmen, one to engravers—they were never voted for as *artists*. After three weeks of balloting we agreed that it was grossly unjust and unfair to say that one painter was financially but not artistically superior to all the world! and so the prizes were divided. Since then the giving of prizes has been abandoned in Europe. Here, prize-giving is growing and stifling art, for either the prizes must be awarded over and over to the same people, and they are in different exhibitions, or those artists who have won them already must die off or degenerate, or be barred from prize-taking, in order that in-

ferior painters can gain them; or else new artists must be invented—which seems to be an easy matter!

An exhibition which gets its reputation by buying it, is not artistic but shopkeeping; medals are the only things that should be awarded. And the money prizes should be devoted to the purchase of the works exhibited or deserving to be purchased, as in all other countries—and in some exhibitions here. If the Showman is a genius as a salesman, the artists will call him blessed.

Thus the artists find encouragement, help and support, not in being tagged onto a Showman or a Committee of Laymen. Until the art affairs of the whole country are managed by artists and not by Showmen or benevolent men and women, we will be far, in the graphic and plastic arts, from occupying that position which, ostrich-like, we believe to be ours. Art for artists, as well as art for art's sake is the only thing worth working for.

This is the way and the only way to get an art show by artists for artists—a show the public will crowd to see.

Joseph Pennell

THREE SONNETS TO BLANCHE

I

I do not love to see your beauty fire
The light of eager love in every eye,
Nor the unconscious ardor of desire
Mantle a cheek when you are passing by;
When in the loud world's giddy thoroughfare
Your holy loveliness is noised about—
Lips that my love has prayed to—the gold hair
Where I have whispered all my secrets out.

O then I would I had you in my arms,
Desolate, lonely, broken, and forlorn,
Stripped of your splendor, spoiled of all your charms,
So that my love might prove her haughty scorn—
So I might catch you to my heart, and prove
'Tis not your beauty only that I love!

III

'Tis not your darling loveliness alone
That draws me, the proud splendor of your face,
Beautiful as a conqueror's on his throne,
Or a swift runner's in an eager race;
Not that carved throat, that chalice of sweet sound,
Nor eyes that are the heavens of my prayer,
Pale, perfect brows from many a conquest crowned
Victorious, nor the halo of your hair.

These the dull crowd gape after, little they
Guess the still lovelier being hid from view,
The pilgrim in this prison-house of clay,
Which is yourself, the very soul of you—
Whose banner Love here flings to heaven unfurled,
And bares his shining sword to all the world!

II

I thought of you when in the pallid dawn
Glimmered day's loveliest and loneliest star,
Infinitely in the pale blue withdrawn,
Touching my heart with beauty from afar;
Where bending with her blossoms the white spray,
After the passing of a sudden shower,
Trembled all dewy in the wind of May—
I thought of your white loveliness in flower.

And once in the deep wonder of a dream
You came to me, and your clear face was bowed
Over my face, like light on a dark stream,
And your soft hair fell 'round me like a cloud;
And then I woke—but still when you were gone
Like music in my heart you lingered on.



THE LATE CARROLL BECKWITH

BY GEORGE T. BREWSTER

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ARCHITECTURE IN CALIFORNIA

BY THE LATE CARROLL BECKWITH

PART II.—ECHOES OF THE SAN DIEGO EXPOSITION

IN the old *adobe* structures of one story with their heavy tiled roofs, the overhang was suitable and picturesque. Each time a view is obtained from the car window of a fragment of the old Spanish-Moorish architectural construction, the eye of the tourist is rejoiced, as at Ventura in the Mission chapel and the glimpse of the ruins of San Juan Capistrano which was overthrown by an earthquake in 1812. Here, above the pitiful modern structures, the frame housings of man and his un-beautiful land implements, rises the impressive form of a lofty arch and crumbled wall dominating with dignity the whole aspect of the landscape.

This is the lesson which the builders of the San Diego Exposition have endeavored to impress on the people of California. They have shown that there is something vastly more beautiful and appropriate to the character of the country than the much favored "bungalow" or the transplantation of the Hudson River villa with its cupola. Happily the gradual disappearance of timber and the more general use of concrete will aid in the evolution of

architectural beauty in California. It is too much, of course, to expect that the use of ornament can be comparable to the examples imported from Mexico in the Exposition; and yet—why not? We have the architects and the sculptors, and we have the painters who can ornament our public buildings; that is demonstrated in many public structures today throughout the country. It only depends on Commissions composed of educated and cultured men, or men associated with women, as is the case in this advanced state.

I would not suggest servile imitation and reproduction of ornament that perhaps might be concluded from the foregoing, but the sympathetic adaptation of lines and masses which have in the past appeared suitable in similar surroundings. All good art is derived from a predecessor and the genius of the architect which pretends to originality and is not guided by type, precedent or natural evolution should be looked upon askance.

Perhaps the only question which comes to my mind as regards the beautiful cluster of buildings

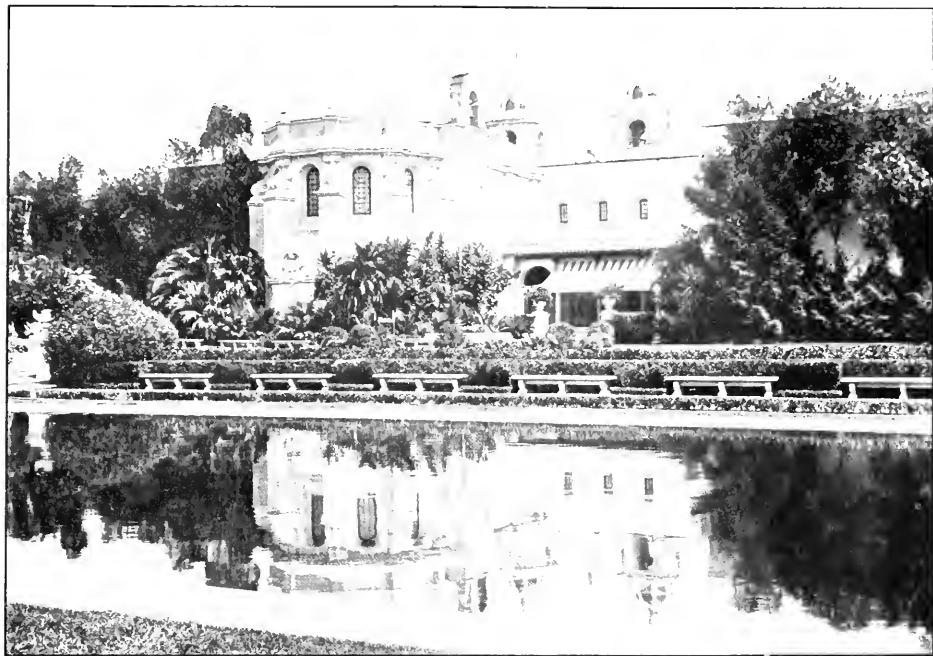


FIG. 2. THE JUNIPERO SERRA MONUMENT

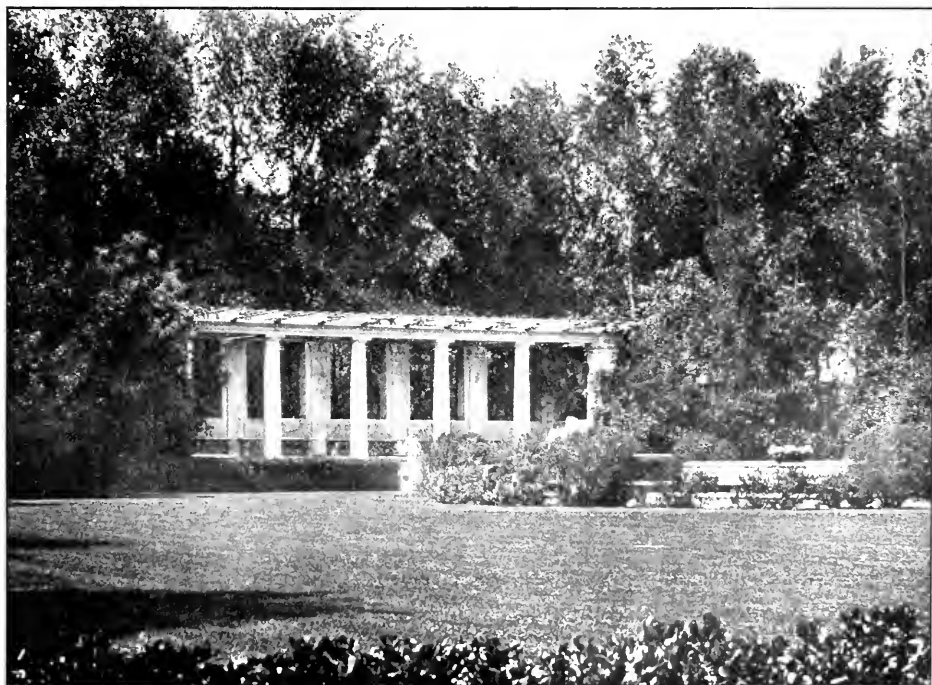


FIG. 3. PARTERRE, NEAR THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING



FIG. 1—PERSPECTIVE OF ONE OF THE COLONNADS

which compose the San Diego Exposition is in regard to color. A Fair is a *fête*, an event that is joyous, buoyant. Why then this somber gray color of concrete which mitigates the extreme elegance of line that prevails? Tintings of the background walls which form the appropriate setting for the elaborate ornaments surrounding windows, doors and cornices, would have added immeasurably to the beauty of effect in the dazzling sunlight.

Wherever draperies have been used, as on balconies (see the Foreign and Domestic Arts Building) or in canopies, they are intensely effective. Gilding and colored tiles could also be used effectively, if controlled and subordinated. This is illustrated at the top of the tower and occasionally in a dome. But I must apologize even for presenting this suggestion upon an *en semble* where form and drawing have such masterly handling, especially at a moment when these litter are cast into disrepute by the would-be Art of our Epoch.

Mexico has been drawn on largely in these rich clusters of ornament surrounding doors and windows, set in broad spaces of blank wall which show them with emphasis. I am remotely reminded of the Palace of the Doges in Venice, where the columns and arches of the first story are surmounted by the wall of gray and pink stone, where the emplacement of the windows with their clustered ornament is so effective.



FIG. 5—INDIAN ARTS BUILDING—GATE OF MONTEZUMA GARDEN

This architectural evolution should be pursued at the same time as the construction of good roads, if we would tempt the traveler to remain and spend his money in his own marvelous land. Committee-men who have the laying out and embellishment of our Western cities under their control would do well to bear this in mind.

The main portal of the building which was devoted to the French pavilion, is a striking and tasteful example of concentrated ornament, where the taste and artistry shown in the sculptured statues and busts left nothing to be desired. By continuing this natural development of architecture on the Pacific Coast an individual and local character will be perpetuated and developed, adding beauty and variety to our country, enhancing the delights of travel and giving a real motive for touring in our own land beyond that, now in vogue, of covering distances alone.

I am much indebted to the kind courtesy of Mr. A. R. Edmondson, a professional and artistic photographer of Santa Barbara, who very kindly came to San Diego while I was there and took the accompanying photographs.

In photograph No. 3 of this second article I desire to call the attention of the reader—who I hope also is interested in this development, which it is my belief has considerable association with the artistic and intellectual future of our country—to the formal and somewhat Italian arrangement of the pergola combined with the parterre and the

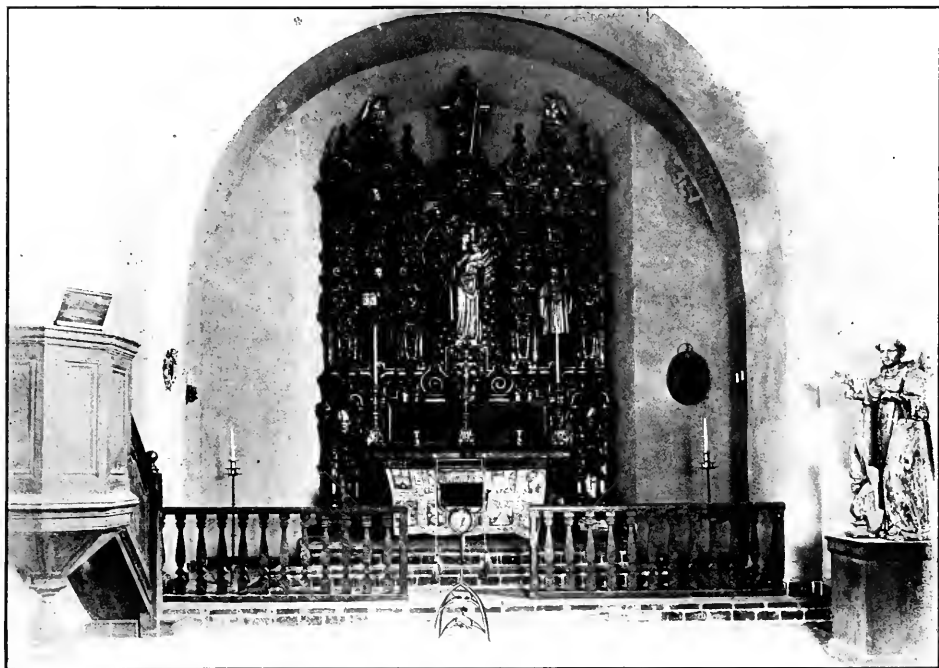


FIG. 6—ALTAR IN CHAPEL OF ST. FRANCIS

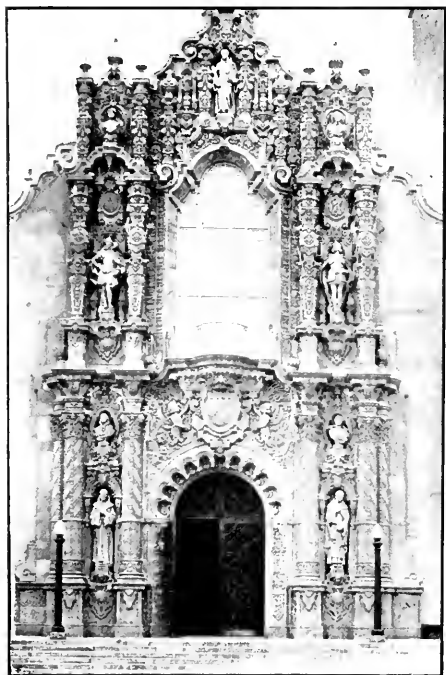


FIG. 7.—PORTAL OF THE FRENCH PAVILION IN SPANISH STYLE

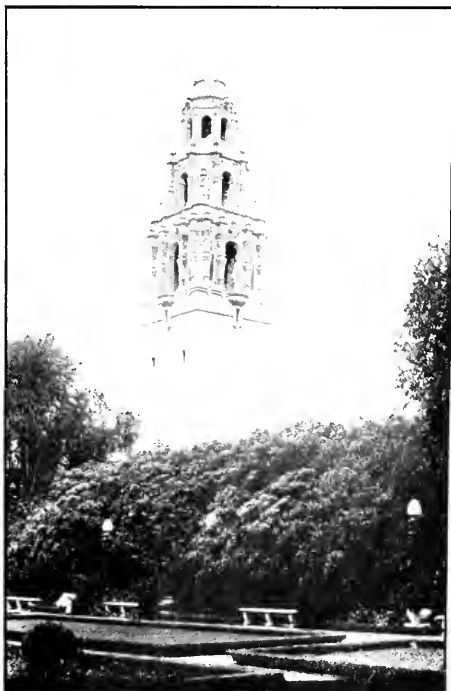


FIG. 8—THE TOWER, FROM THE MONTEZUMA GARDEN



FIG. 9—COMMERCE AND INDUSTRIAL BUILDING

statuary and fountain. This *ensemble* is distinctly late Italian and might almost be placed in a seventeenth century French garden. For a purist in landscape gardening, is this a happy introduction? I am prepared to admit that any theory can be carried to the extreme, but, I ask my reader, is this Renaissance view in strict harmony with the admittedly characteristic illustrations shown in Nos. 4, 5, or 7?

Plant and tree growth have been utilized in this exposition to a degree probably exceeding that of any of its predecessors. Owing to the extreme responsiveness of the soil and the high degree of intelligence and education which directed it, a perfection has been attained which reminds one of the gardens of Versailles. Given bodies of water so placed that the spectator enjoys the mirrored reflections of the architectural beauties, united with trim hedges appropriate in height, based by lawns and surmounted by foliage in well-selected trees, and you have an *ensemble* that belongs to the days of royal palaces. The absence of statuary and other sculpture is to be noted, but *que voulez-vous?*

San Francisco has taken a leading step in this regard by the creation of a Civic Center in its midst devoted to the concentration of its public and municipal structure, formally planned and

thoughtfully disposed so as to redound to the city's intelligence and culture. In the two buildings of the group already finished the influence of the *École des Beaux Arts* of our day is observable, with its merging of classicism and modern utility. The Public Library has great dignity and I cannot too greatly admire the dome of the City Hall, with its reminiscence of Mansard and the Hôtel des Invalides.

In no sense is it necessary to be a servile imitator of an example. Indeed I do not believe that a piece of architecture stamped with the genius of its creator *can* be absolutely reproduced; but the respectful adaptation of forms of recognized beauty and dignity in both proportion and grace of line I deem wise and to be encouraged. Efforts at originality, which generally result in abortions, belong usually to the immature in art, to the adolescent. The older an artist grows, the deeper is his respect for the great works which have stood the criticism of ages, and where the consensus of opinion has pronounced them masterpieces. Departures may be made—but with extreme discretion; not forgetting that the more conspicuously placed these experimental efforts at originality or modernity are, the more blatant will be their absurdities as time goes on.

Carroll Beckwith

ART AND CITIZENSHIP

BY IAN B. STOUGHTON HOLBORN

PART VI—CONCLUSION

IN the preceding articles the attempt has been to show that both in art and life we do not sufficiently try to reach fundamentals and grasp the principles and aims that determine the whole design, with the result that even our progress is spasmodic and narrow, a thing of parts and patches.

Much as town-planning has advanced recently, even such an example as Canberra, the Australian capital, illustrated and discussed in the previous article, reveals no attempt to solve such basic problems as the relations of industry or recreation to other activities in the design of life; while the ingenious German planning is too abstract—planning for planning's sake, abstracted from life as a whole. Letchworth and the garden-city movement in England come nearer to the real vitalities of life's design, but although broader in conception they are perhaps less deep, and a certain dilettante quality will be found about the English work. It is true that this has always been a characteristic of the genius of the English people; they lack the logic of the French and the painstaking application of the German. The very charm of the old English village, already considered, is enhanced by a certain amateurishness. The same is true of the British constitution or the spirit of English as opposed to Roman law. As contrasted with more rigid and mechanical conceptions of life, it is the secret of Britain's success, both in her own government and in that of other people.

But what is needed is greater thoroughness and depth besides versatility and breadth.

The range and depth of the enquiry is beyond the compass of any magazine article, but even in the single field of the lay-out of the arterial or traffic system of the city, the previous article gave some indication of the enormous amount of ground that must be covered in the consideration of principles previous to their application. Still fighting the two unfortunately not incompatible deficiencies in harmony and individuality, and bearing in mind that the latter is at this time the more serious, we may pass, then, for our last example to the case of the individual street.

With all the glamor and excitement of the modern city and the undoubted rush to the towns there is another phenomenon equally evident. As soon as a man develops a little beyond the lowest stage he becomes curiously dissatisfied with the city and the tendency is more and more to try and live on the outskirts. It is because the city, after all, is instinctively felt to fail; it becomes depressing and monotonous. And it should be noticed that this is true, not particularly of the slums, but of the better quarters. It is a remarkable fact that the children of the poor require a certain amount of education to appreciate the country.

Carrying the enquiry a little deeper, we find that the demand of life, of being, is not met. What happens is something like this: we crave more in our experience and environment from which to build up our being; but we are deprived of a certain kind of necessary food or material that is not

forthcoming. Every one must remember from childhood onward the charm and fascination in the walks of a new place. In this as in so many other cases our childhood's recollections are the most valuable, as eventually we become permanently *blasé*; in other words we are dying—the demand for life, for being, is fading away. But after a time this new place tended to lose its interest and we said: "I am tired of that old road; I do not want to go along that everlasting lane."

The enduring charm of a locality depends upon the inexhaustibility of its interests and this is not a question of mere numerical quantity but of content, and depends upon the distinctive individuality of the component elements.

The unhealthy desire for automobile riding that is one of the morbid symptoms of our day is not only a desire for speed and the mere confusion of means with end; it is also due to the lack of individuality and interest in our life and surroundings and is to some extent a genuine desire to enrich experience with a variety unattainable in our monotonously depressing cities. That it would be better to attain this variety of interest by the use of our own legs is undeniable; yet laziness or luxury is not the only cause of the abnormal condition.

This brings us back to our old contention that the modern city is not a fit place in which to live and therefore men migrate to suburban villadom and live, that is to say have their laundry washed, outside the city.

Now the characterless repetition in the details of our streets must be obvious to the meanest capacity and it arises from the same fundamental deficiencies in individuality and harmony; in other words we have not an idea in our own heads and we have not the sense to pull together with any one that has. In the determination of our general plan we have decided for the present on some modified form of spider-web system and our main division therefore will be into radiating and circumferential streets. These at once have a certain individual differentiation. The radiating streets must from the nature of the case be great traffic streets, but this will be the case to a much less extent with the others. At the same time it is highly desirable that some of the circumferential streets should form important rings of communication.

The most successful instance of this is probably the Ringstrasse of Vienna already noted, which by its overwhelming importance gains an individuality of character that makes it one of the most notable streets in the world. Compare this with Bradford in Yorkshire, one of the most pleasing and interesting plans in Britain. Here is an excellent radiating system, two well-defined centers and the possibility of a third; but although on the map the circumferential system is clear in embryo, this is certainly not grasped by the average inhabitant. Indeed, like Edinburgh, Bradford can be described as a city of magnificent lost opportunities. Its two centers are

quite effectively united by Market Street, but Forster Square, a really great inspiration of barely a generation ago, which had unrivaled possibilities in the position of the parish church on its cliff front, has been ruined by placing the post office immediately below, so as to dwarf and block the view; and what might easily have been made one of the most impressive squares in the world has thus become banal and commonplace. The complete planning of Bradford is one of the most delightful exercises in modern town-planning, but it remains to be seen whether there is enough citizenship to carry it out.

No city in the world has grasped this principle of individual differentiation and it would seem as though it were impossible to make human nature realize the difference between a main "artery" and a "capillary," so that every city that grows at all suffers from congestion in its main thoroughfares, although its minor streets may be more than adequate to their function. There is something so childishly ludicrous about it that in moments of depression it makes one despair of the race. In our newer cities and districts we often see wider streets, but, as has been said again and again, it is not a question of the absolute but of the relative. It is the art spirit that is needed, the sense of balance and proportion; it is not in the least a matter of fixed quantities. I wonder whether my readers have ever wandered through the arid and melancholy wilderness of the Marchmont district of Edinburgh, where no imagination ever bloomed and the spirit of citizenship never grew. If so, it would be interesting to know what they thought. Could they conceive of a CITIZEN laying out such a district, could they picture a parched soul gaining nourishment therein? But the streets are indeed wide enough; the rattle of a rare vehicle on the uncompromising stones suggests the uneasy flutterings of a lost soul in the empty spaces of the outer void, seeking vainly for the warmth and comfort of hell.

It is not that we need wider streets throughout, which is the way that somewhat limited intelligences seem to regard the problem, but that the main arteries require a width of which no city has dreamed. Sackville Street, Dublin, is a nobler conception; but we need wider streets than Sackville Street and many of them. There should be room on the main arteries of a great city for at least ten lines of traffic, five up and five down. In the case of the two main arteries there might be even more. But it may be argued that a very wide street indeed is not a pleasing feature. That however depends upon the way that it is treated. Again there are endless individual possibilities. I do not know the comparative widths of Sackville Street, Dublin, St. Giles, Oxford, or the main street of Stockton-on-Tees. St. Giles is the most successful, partly from the interest of its buildings, to which the recent additions are a pleasing gain, and partly from the arrangement of its trees. Stockton affords an example of the island building which is quite a pleasing feature, as those who are familiar with the churches in the Strand, London, know well. But let it be granted that Sackville Street is a little bare and that Stockton's street is more so; yet even without the use of trees, which are the most

obvious solution, there are others available. Consider this single suggestion: why not have twin streets, if so they may be called?

In old cities where the streets have proved inadequate to the increased traffic, we are quite familiar, as in Philadelphia, with the arrangement of the cars going one way on one route and the other way on another, and doubtless have been disconcerted by it. But the two routes might be planned as twin streets separated only by a very narrow line of buildings suitable for retail shops with an entrance on each street. Cross streets and arcades should occur at frequent intervals so as to make it easy to pass from the up to the down traffic.

The problem of up and down traffic however is nothing in comparison with that of cross traffic and it must be confessed that our method of dealing with this is primitive almost beyond belief. There is surely no more reason for simple level crossings in the case of busy city traffic than in the case of railways and in up-to-date countries the level railway crossing is nearly as extinct as the dodo. The problem is not altogether an easy one and probably in the most important lines of intersection an over and under solution is the best, with ramps a little before the actual crossing on the two levels. The small amount of cross traffic still remaining when turning at right angles across the road can be dispensed with by compelling such traffic to turn down the further quadrant on its own side, much as discussed in the simpler solution in the previous article.

Such systems are better adapted to a type of city where the main arteries are clearly defined than to the waffle-iron variety. Holborn Viaduct in London furnishes an imperfect example and Waterloo Place, in Edinburgh, a somewhat better one.

In connection with under and over traffic we might consider such a system as the "Rows" of Chester. The pedestrian by means of such a system might travel independently of the wheeled traffic and the problem of the pedestrian crossing wheeled traffic is almost as great as the problem of cross traffic on wheels. The "goods" entrances, etc., could be on the lower level, while the principal show-windows and the retail entrances were on the upper.

All these upper and under level schemes offer great scope for architectural features and ingenuity. Although the working out of the details is poor the entrance to the old town over the high Waverley Bridge at Edinburgh shows something of the fine effect that could be obtained where the bridge crossed a wide and impressive thoroughfare.

It will generally be found that an adequate dealing with such fundamental difficulties will offer greater architectural opportunities rather than less, from the nature of the very individuality given to each problem. But it is the actual character and individuality of our streets that is really the main issue. Give us streets that are worth having in themselves and the city will be one in which it is good to live, even although we may feel the need of further improvements. But it is here that our utter poverty of creative power, of imagination or aspiration beyond the most sordid commonplaces is most painfully in evidence.

Yet an analysis of the possible different types of road clearly distinguishable in main intention will be found upon examination easily to exceed fifty. A street with enclosed gardens produces an entirely

different effect from one with open ones, a street with a continuous arcade over the sidewalk and a second sidewalk above it, as at Chester, England, is utterly different in character from a street with open sidewalks. Shops are wholly different from dwellings and avenues of trees from purely architectural schemes. Yet how many types can the ordinary modern American city show? Perhaps half a dozen or so. There will be the straight street of the familiar type with shops on either side. There will be the street with separate dwellings and a strip of lawn in front. There will possibly be a boulevard and a handsome avenue type with private houses. It is not inconceivable that there are American cities that literally show no more varieties than these. As to the sins of European cities they can be discussed in a European magazine.

Only in a book of some length would it be possible to deal with all these varieties; but there is one group of types worth briefly considering which is almost non-existent in America.

Why then when we have visited such cities as Venice, Amsterdam, Stockholm or even Bruges have not the charm and advantages of water appealed to us? The canal as a means of transit for heavy goods is probably the most economical of all methods and a city canal service offers its own interesting possibilities. But on æsthetic grounds and for the possibilities of pleasure boating the argument is much stronger. The canals of Venice are not as savoury as we should demand for a modern city; but who has not revelled in the sheer joy of gliding up and down Venice in a gondola? Who has not been filled with delight in boating on the Cam and drinking in the charm of the Cambridge "Backs"? This is a joy that might be introduced into many modern cities provided that they can supply some features of beauty, by which to glide. It is perhaps a little unkind to class the Cam as a canal; but Oxford never did do justice to Cambridge and for our purposes it illustrates the type. But when we come to examine the water street we find that it presents a number of varieties. There is first, the true water street of Venice, where the architecture comes right down to the water's edge and there is no means of transit but the water. Secondly, a very different character is given to the street if there is a causeway for foot passengers along one side of the water; the view across as one is walking will be the same as in the first type, but the fact that one can walk at all brings it into a totally different category. Thirdly, we have the causeway on both sides and this again completely changes the character; although if not too wide we still get the effect of the vertical plunge of the architecture into the water. The causeway widened to a roadway for traffic as in so many Dutch instances again gives a totally different result, differentiated yet once more by a double roadway, while a line of trees along one side of the water, or still more if on both sides, so as to form an avenue over it, makes a further new type. Minor variations are caused by placing the footway next the buildings or next the water, by having a parapet at the water's edge or not, while again endless change is given by the types of bridge and their relation to foot or carriage-way. The old moats of Japan as in Kyoto or Nagoya with their frowning walls provide yet another type.

All these are of a more or less rigid and formal character; but others are possible that would be less suited to the heart of a city. Some fascinating examples exist in Scottish and English villages where a burn runs along the main street, irregular in its line and in its banks. The village of Clapham in Yorkshire furnishes a particularly fascinating example, well worthy of study. But our sense of citizenship is so poor that in practice, even when opportunity offers, the chance is missed. There was a case that came under my notice where some persons with a higher developed sense of citizenship than usual had decided to lay out a street in a residential working class suburb with bridges at frequent intervals over the stream and charming cottages in slightly irregular and most pleasing lines on either side. The trees were to be left untouched and beyond the quaint bridges and a slight straightening of the course of the stream in one or two places the water was to remain as before. But they were unable to have their plans "passed," which were contrary to the uncivilized by-laws, so common in the decadent form of barbarism in which we live. They were compelled to run the stream underground as a sewer, cover it with a paved street and place the houses in rigid absolutely straight lines! Yet another type of water street may be noted, although by no means exhausting the varieties of water-way. No visitor to the Channel Islands has failed to admire the water-lanes that form such a distinctive feature, deep-set and overshadowed by hedges on the high banks with half of the beautiful green tunnel devoted to the water and the other half to the footpath. What a charming means of approach this would form to a group of suburban villas, either modified for wheeled traffic, as indeed they sometimes are, or supplemented by other roads and merely serving the purpose of "cross-cuts" like the Lovers' Loan in Edinburgh.

Finally, before leaving the subject of water in streets, mention might be made of Cambridge, England, which furnishes not only an interesting example of an artificial stream carried for some distance by the roadsides, but also of a deep and continuously running gutter, both, if memory fails not, introduced by the immortal Hobson of "Hobson's Choice." The running gutter is not only an excellent sanitary feature, but has a distinctly pleasing effect of its own and the idea admits of very considerable æsthetic development.

On such lines then would be worked out in detailed application the principles considered in the previous sections, a task beyond the limits of any series of magazine articles. But the primary difficulty is in quickening the higher spirit and substituting a pursuit of the beautiful and spiritual for mere material and bodily aims. The difficulty has been brought home to the author by many questions addressed to him since this series began to be published and they may well conclude with yet another attempt to face the fundamental problem.

Although put in different forms the questions that he has received amount to a fear that if his gospel were followed, industrialism would suffer; in other words, there is at bottom a firm conviction that industrialism is a good thing in itself.

Undoubtedly we here reach the root of the matter and year in and year out it has been my main endeavor to show, that although we do not wish to dispense with industrialism and could not if we would, yet industrialism is not a good thing in itself, but is a good thing for something other than itself. It is a means and not an end and that is the whole point of the contention. The puritanical, pedantic, ascetic and idealistic extremists do not reach the whole truth any more than the materialist. But though we cannot do without the dollar, that is, as representing material wealth and progress, THE ETERNAL PROBLEM FOR MAN IS NOT WHAT WILL MAKE A DOLLAR BUT WHAT WILL A DOLLAR MAKE.

Nor in the last resort is there need to despair of humanity, if only we can make them think. That is the true struggle—not to make men choose the higher when they have thought about it, but to make them think about it at all. Yes, "to act is so easy and to think so hard." Once let a man or woman grasp the brutal fact that though the food and clothes necessary for a healthy bodily existence would represent a comparatively small part of the world's wealth, yet the final goal of more than fifty per cent. of our steamships, railways, factories and all that makes up modern industrialism is men's and women's stomachs and women's and men's backs. Nor is the materialistic and sensational disposition of the bulk of the remainder any more reassuring, although it would take longer to consider. Yes, sir, tell me the true goal of your industrialism and I will tell you whether it is worth preserving in itself! Stomachs and backs are valuable means; but it does not require argument to discover that life is something more, because we know it in our heart of hearts already, and, *entre nous*, if we put less into our stomachs, our backs being more presentable would require less covering, as among an abstemious people like the Greeks.

There is not much to prove after all; we know it when we think. But that is what we do not do and that is the first step on the road of progress. We must teach people to think and not merely to listen. In our newspapers and public lectures we must try to stimulate thought rather than pour in facts, reiterate shibboleths and platitudes and minister to existing prejudices.

And as in everything else we must begin with the children. Our children must be taught to think. The child depends on the teacher instead of learning to think for himself; the teacher depends on the code and his own code training and the code depends on prejudices modified by tradition or tradition modified by prejudice. No child should leave High School without some training in mental analysis, unimpassioned judgment and argument that is *logik* in a broad and human sense—the principles of reasoning.

No wonder our children have no character, no personality, no independence of view nor any power to appreciate and value it in others. One of the first steps toward progress is to break down that fatal tendency among children to desire to be like the others and to be distressed at any little peculiarity they or their family exhibit, while they laugh at something different from the rest that their ignorance makes unfamiliar. Doubtless the sheep-like quality has a certain value, but it can more

than take care of itself; and it is only by fighting this tendency that man has raised himself in the scale of being. Progress must begin by some one rising above the herd, it is the herd-like instinct that delays man's progress; such value as it has is negative, like the brake on the wheel.

Once we have encouraged the child to think—the child is quite ready and eager to think, only we suppress it—we shall find plenty of opportunities to direct his thought toward the higher. Practically every child has a natural love for beauty until it is crushed out of him by the banaisic spirit of his elders. Ninety-nine children out of a hundred exhibit a fondness for flowers, nor are they deluded by any utilitarian belief that the excellence of a rose consists in its possibilities for making soup or any other materialistic purpose.

The child is one the right road, though at the outset he knows no more than he does of ethical codes. But we turn his attention in the wrong direction. Parents actually allow their children to earn money, a thing which should never be allowed until the child is old enough to have learned the true end of life to which money is but a means. Even economically the practice is utterly vicious and is one of the causes of our wicked extravagance, as the earning is not related to the fundamental necessities of expenditure. The desire for money requires no teaching and fortunate is he who is not allowed to earn it until he has left college!

But this is negative: the positive thought of the child, stimulated by the flower, should be directed to some simple geometrical design where he must grasp the principles of its being. Thence he must proceed to more complex relations and higher forms and eventually to such things as flowers and the human figure and finally to life itself.

But the full understanding of this principle of design that makes both art and life is no easy thing; moreover, as we have seen it depends not so much upon rules that can be codified as upon a subtle sense of balance and proportion, whether expended upon a pin-tray or a cathedral, the apportionment of one's time or the disposition and development of a whole life's activities. Hence it follows—as Plato saw and so emphatically stated—that the teacher must be no average person, but the best man in the whole state. This perhaps must be our first actual reform. Absolutely the ablest, noblest and best men and women in the country must be secured for this service, which is the most fundamental of all! If we believe in a scale of varying remuneration amongst mankind, theirs should be the highest of all, although it will be found that they will be the first to refuse an amount out of just proportion to their fellows. If we believe in a varying scale of social honor, then their honor must be the highest; yet it will be found that they are not the class to seek honor beyond their desert.

There is no truer criterion of a nation's fundamental worth than the remuneration and esteem received by its teachers. A nation that pays its teachers a contemptible salary and treats them in life's arena with contemptuous indifference deserves—and logically and inevitably gets—as a direct consequence a contemptible civilization. May our chil-

dren succeed where we have failed, and may we escape the curse of being a stumbling-block in their way!

Is there a more inspiring sight than that of the *ephebos* of ancient Athens stepping forward to take his oath as he crossed the boundary from childhood to manhood? There he stands and swears that he will undertake with all the power that in him lies to leave his city greater and fairer than he found it; and none so well as the Athenians have realized that the fair city will never be attained apart from, not only individual development, but individual struggle. No, going with the crowd will never bring progress; and so he added in his oath those remarkable words to the effect that this would he

do whether he stood alone or whether others stood by his side!

That is the spirit we need in our children, the cowardice of the present age in its pitiful terror lest one should be laughed at or thought peculiar is an appalling condition for a being that has an unlimited range of possibility and an infinite soul.

If then, the war will make us develop our thought and individuality and the striving after the design in which that individuality performs its own unassignable part, then we too, reviving the old thought of Perikles, may in our day and without burning shame declare—such then is my life and such my city that these men whom we now celebrate, lest we should perish, have rightly died a soldier's death.

Ian B. Stoughton Holborn

THANKS

Life, to you my glad heart lifts
Thanks for these surpassing gifts:

Evenings in some listening wood
When the beating of my blood
Makes the silence doubly still;
Twilight, and some black-haired hill
Crowned a moment with the sun;

Birch-embroidered, cinnamon
Sanded brooks where cardinal-flowers
Flame unburnt through lonely hours;
Rivers flashing like a blade;
Daggered hawthorns overlaid
With their white suspended snow;

Water lilies to and fro
Drifting like rich galleons old
Freighted well with store of gold,
Anchored mid green mast-like reeds;
Winged and errant thistle-seeds;
Shaken carpets of ripe grain;
Cool white fingers of the rain;

Midnights by some lonely sea
Creeping up to talk with me;
The floating bubble of the moon;
Languor of a summer noon
When the climbing Sun's feet stop
On the sky's blue mountain-top
Till he gird himself and rest
Ere plunging downward to the West;

Frolic, scampering winds that play
With the kite-clouds or that sway
In the tree-tops or that run
Leaping, shouting, one by one
Over some steep cliff and skip
On the sea, and tease some ship—
Or wild panic winds that flee,
Trampling, screaming horribly
Through the shaken tent of Night;
Earth's snow-woven cloak of white
Round her shivering shoulders thrown. . . .

For these pictures you have shown,
For these bright and varied gifts
My heart a Te Deum lifts.

E. Merrill Root



OAKS IN CALIFORNIA

BY SOPHIE M. BRANNAN

SOME PAINTERS WHO HAPPEN TO BE WOMEN

BY LIDA ROSE MCCABE

WOMAN as an art producer has ceased to be curio, enigma or trifle. Upon intrinsic merit her achievement now stands or falls. In all that makes for exhibition, Jury award, Academician, museum purchase or public commission, hers is to-day the modern sexlessness—attributed to angels in painting and sculpture. Up to the Franco-Prussian War (1870) the world center of art debarred woman from its schools and ateliers as student or coworker. From the vantage of the present it is difficult to realize that some one who still paints, exhibits and sells to-day for *les soldats blessés* represents the force that leveled the Chinese wall and opened Paris ateliers to women. Her name is Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau, her birthplace is Essex, New Hampshire, her home Paris, her years four score!

Our Civil War was on the wane, the Franco-Prussian father of to-day's lurid upheaval imminent, when Elizabeth Gardner sailed from Boston to the Mecca of her dreams. Hers was the art training of the Young Ladies' Seminary, supplemented by study in Boston, which, like other American centers in which art struggled, slavishly copied what could be had of Old World models. Realizing that the foundation of good painting is correct drawing, Elizabeth Gardner ventured to Paris to acquire it. No school, no master would receive her. The few French or foreign women then known to the Salon or Latin quarter, like the few who had

preceded them down the ages, were the wives, sisters or daughters of artists. It was in the ateliers of their kindred they lived and worked. Undaunted, Elizabeth Gardner's Revolutionary blood rose. The great Paris drawing-school of the sixties was the Gobelins' Tapestry factory. No woman had ever crossed its threshold as a student or applied for admission to its classes!

"My hair was short, fever having clipped it before I quit America" said Mrs. Bouguereau, recounting those tentative days. "I applied to the police for permission to wear boy's clothes. It was readily granted, and in that guise I entered the Gobelins' school. My masculine attire which I always changed on reaching home, never caused me the slightest annoyance. The students were most courteous, and in the streets I was never inconvenienced."

Her courage, talent and industry captivated the professors, among whom was William Bouguereau. Emboldened by her success, the Julien Academy subsequently opened its doors to the women students who flocked to Paris in the wake of the American pathfinder. And for the first time in the history of France woman as an art student and producer was a recognized factor in its art life.

As early as 1866—three years after her arrival in Paris—Elizabeth Gardner had two pictures in the Salon. Later she was awarded a medal, the first American woman so honored. After the Universal Exposition (1900) in which the American

woman held her own with medals and honorable mentions as she had in the Paris Exposition (1889), came foreign invasion of the Luxembourg Gallery. Close upon its purchase of Whistler's "Mother" and Sargent's "Carmencita" the government bought for the Luxembourg's American Section "Closed Shutters" by Elizabeth Nourse.

The purchase of this picture from the brush of the erstwhile Cincinnati girl, who early shared with John S. Sargent the critical esteem of their joint master Carolus Duran, marks the second milestone in the foreign invasion of the American woman. "Closed Shutters" likewise emphasizes in this Twentieth Century how far she has traveled! For with due deference to its quality, there are few of our museums, private collections or current exhibitions without a picture by a native home-trained woman painter to equal if not surpass "Closed Shutters."

Between Elizabeth Gardner's admission to the Salon (1866) and Elizabeth Nourse's invasion of the Luxembourg (1910) comes the third *coup* (1896) — Cecilia Beaux's six portraits hung together on one panel in the Salon, Champs de Mars!

"A Young American lady" bewailed a French critic "has beaten all her rivals."

The significance of this feat lies in the essential Americanism of subjects and treatment. For, unlike many of her predecessors and contemporaries, Cecilia Beaux not only acquired the foundation of her art training in America but achieved through exhibits in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts repeated recognition, before seeking (1889-91) through observation and criticism what Paris masters had to offer.

As befits a democracy, America has never debarred, to the contrary, it has always welcomed women to its art schools, studios and exhibitions on an equal footing with men. Like Paris it recognizes no sex in its art awards. With increasing facility for study and exhibition at home, the woman

keeps pace with the masculine aspirant in to-day's growing reluctance to seek foreign masters as was once imperative. The change of heart, if not viewpoint, is assuredly making rapidly for what it was once good form to deride as a possibility — namely, a native American art.



ANDREW J. WEST, DEAN OF GRADUATE SCHOOL, PRINCETON
BY CECILIA BEAUX

Cecilia Beaux's accurate draughtsmanship was acquired in her Philadelphia home — drawing fossils on stone for the Geological Survey and American Scientific Society. In the studio of William Sartain she began to paint. In the upward stride, she discarded china painting, crayon portraits, teaching. Her first exhibited picture by reason of surety of drawing and delicacy of color won a Pennsylvania Fine Arts prize. Fortified by hard work and this substantial recognition, she sought Paris, where, unlike scores of compatriots since and before who have largely failed to arrive for lack of like preliminary training, hers was the vision to choose and assimilate to the ripening of her inherent gift. Since 1891 she has lived

and painted in Philadelphia and New York and at Gloucester Point, her summer home.

"Yes, I know when I have painted a good bit" admitted when questioned the painter "but I never feel quite sure of the finished picture as a whole. No, I can't see that the Armory Exhibit of 1913 has radically affected American painters" she continued. "It was like a sudden windstorm that raises no little

dust, noise and confusion for the moment; when the wind dies down you discover that much that was of no real value has blown away, leaving a cleaner, wholesomer atmosphere."

Cecilia Beaux's growing pre-eminence as painter of the highest types of American citizen is emphasized by her successive Academy and "one woman" exhibits [notably Knoedler Gallery (1917)]. In the portraits of Dr. David H. Greer of the Paris coup (1896); Richard Watson Gilder; John Paul Jones, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis; Miss Agnes Irwin, Dean of Radcliff; Dr. Andrew J. West, Dean of the Graduate School, Princeton; Robert de Forest, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; of Dorothy Whitney painted for the Allied

Bazar, we note her gift of expressing character with power and charm. She never startles by bizarre dress or setting. Her subjects command attention as they might in every-day life by the simplicity and directness with which they are painted. Notable example of her penchant for white in its varying values is the Metropolitan Museum purchase (1916)—"The Spirited Ernesta." One likes to think that it is the best in the sitters which Cecilia Beaux's portraits reveal. It is this insight, getting under the skin, as it were, of her subject, that leads minds that are given to comparisons to liken her art to the "first portrait-painter" since Reynolds and Gainsborough" — John Singleton Sargent.

Physically, professionally, this forceful woman and virile painter is at her zenith. To few in life has come richer compensation. Medals to outbreast Sousa, portraits in public museums and private collections, National Academician, Membre des Beaux Arts, L.L.D. and A.M. conferred by Universities of Pennsylvania and Yale! What more could mortal ask or men confer?

"If's poignant regret to me" the painter broke in upon the writer's mental query "not to have lived and painted all these years in Paris."

Wisfully the regret was voiced in the gloaming at her beautiful East Nineteenth Street studio, facing *quasi* Amsterdam houses—the studio in which she painted Dean West's monumental portrait. Recalling that portrait's essential Americanism, we selfishly thought, how good for American art that it

was not given the painter to respond to the Gallic call—her father was French—and to live and paint all these years in *cher Paris*!

Cecilia Beaux is to-day America's foremost woman portrait painter, or rather portrait painter who happens to be a woman. There are a number of other strong painters who happen to be women who may call for extended mention later on—Lydia and Rosina Emmet, also Clara T. McChesney, whose "Basket of Onions" is a masterpiece of still-life painting, fine in composition and charming in color; besides which she has produced a number of admirable figure pieces, portraits, etc.



"SENSIT DELL"
BY LILLIAN GENTLI

Figure rather than portrait, however, now leads serious, if not distinctive achievement. In the "one woman" show, in wake of the "one man" exhibition, to be supplemented by exhibitions in which she is "rose between two thorns," figure dominates portrait. In the traveling picture gallery, born of the traveling library, the woman figure painter is a growing asset. Museum directors now vie with picture dealers in selecting canvases and "booking" this Twentieth Century innovation. Did not "Girl with the Lantern," while making the circuit, captivate Corcoran Gallery to its purchase?

"Your picture," wrote its Director to the painter, Helen M. Turner, "gives pleasure to hundreds of visitors—

laymen and artists. We are pleased that it is to remain permanently in our gallery."

The Art Students' League is Helen Turner's Alma Mater.

By dint of brains and palette, this daughter of the Southland will tell you, she has reached the serious consideration of critic, artist and layman. Inherent color sense is something quite apart from chemical knowledge of color. Certainly this painter lays no claim to the latter; but feeling for color she has a plenty—harmonious, poetic. With a simplicity and directness inseparable from her own straightforward personality, she paints the figure in a well-spaced and balanced background, preferably in the open air. Hers is the distinction of never having studied abroad. Three European journeys with "eyes a-peel," however, vitalize and inform her work.

"Artist of very serious consideration" was the opinion of the late William Macbeth [veteran champion of home-bred talent] of Helen Turner's attainment. "Air of distinction and high quality are hers" said he "to put some of the brethren to their best pace if they are to be with her at the top of the ladder on which she has a firm hold." How the hold has been strengthened "Summer" reveals—a picture of tangible, subtle charm awarded the Julia A. Shaw prize at the National Academy of Design in 1915.

No field escapes the American painter who happens to be a woman. Recently, in the first decade of this century, it was hers to convert the heretofore tabooed nude into a tolerated, if not a popular feature of gallery exhibitions. With the rise of American mural painting and sculpture as an integral part of architecture, the nude—decoratively considered—"gingerly" invaded public galleries. But of the finished, life-size study of the nude, such as literally cover the walls of French and German galleries abroad, artist and public are still somewhat shy, as behooves a people no longer on the leash of Puritanic tradition. The "human form divine," the "temple of the Holy Ghost"—is provocative of sin when undraped—consequently, is not to be revealed, however, artistic the medium, to the glorious light of day! Guiltless of intent to shock, oblivious if not ignorant of this inherited prejudice, Lillian Genth literally made the nude respectable! The National Academy of Design (1908), allured by the chaste beauty of a nude figure this gifted young painter submitted, awarded it the Julia Shaw prize. Three years later to her second nude it gave the Hallgarten prize. "Adagio," property of the National Gallery (Washington, D. C.), which also owns her "Depth of the Woods," is variously acclaimed one of the three best nudes painted by an American.

Youth in all its poetic grace of form, color, mystery is her favorite subject, more or less symbolically interpreted. Age—since it is not pleasant to grow old, why paint it?—does not appeal to her. For avoidance in the nude of all save insouciant youth a recent critic takes Miss Genth to task, citing to her disparagement the ugly things of Degas and

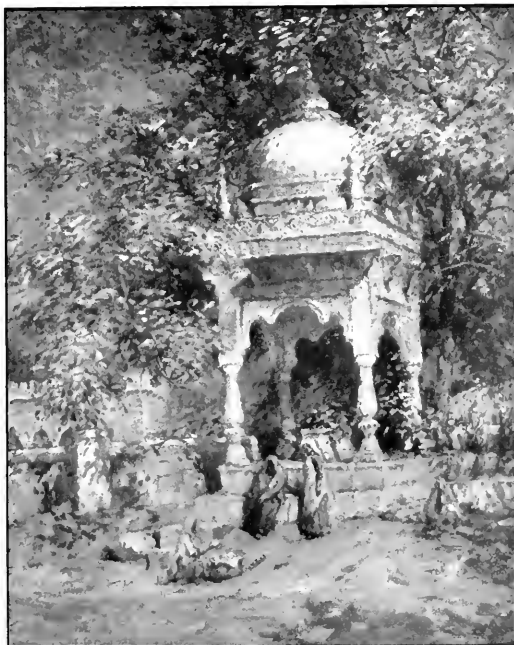
Daumier. To the gnarled, decrepit, malformed, the ugly in the "altogether," let us hope, this delightful painter will never succumb. Paradoxically, it is from the Quaker City there comes this bold innovation. Philadelphia art schools prepared her for Whistler's Paris atelier. There, beside men of masterful craftsmanship, she worked out her own individuality.

"They were wonderful, and it was good for me to be with them" admits Miss Genth "but they were utterly wanting in initiative and creative power, and curiously they have never been heard from."

"Nothing in life or art" said the painter, "surpasses the wonder and beauty of the human body!" We were in her Washington Square studio before a nude that Whistler had personally criticised.

"I paint the nude" she went on "in open air and sunshine, in heart or on edge of wood, because to me the body unclothed is an integral part of the landscape. Literally no less than symbolically it rightfully belongs to the virginal nature for which it was originally created."

In the birch wood of her Connecticut summer home Lillian Genth studies the living model, making endless sketches preparatory to the finished picture—which requires more and more time, she regretfully admits, as her knowledge of life, nature and—the nude grows.



"WAYSIDE TEMPLE," AGRA, INDIA
BY MRS. EMMA LAMPERT COOPER

In Helen Watson Phelps she has no mean competitor. To the delineation of the unclothed figure, this excellent painter of broad European culture brings a something quite apart from drawing, color, technique, a something that early arrested Albert Besnard, who, contrary to his way, invited her to his studio and criticised her work, which has had frequent prizes. Miss Phelps's best nude, perhaps, is owned by the George Hearn estate, having been bought originally for the Hearn Collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Mrs. Emma Lampert Cooper is one of our strongest women painters; her work has much charm of composition and color. As Miss Lampert she began her career at the Art Students' League, New York, at the Cooper Union, and with Agnes D. Abbott in water-colors. Then she went to Paris, studying

with Harry Thompson and in the Paris Art Schools. She made her first of many Salon Exhibitions in 1887 with a picture entitled "Hillside in Picardy," and in 1892 she there exhibited "The Bread Winner," which was awarded a medal at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago and exhibited in the Paris Exposition of 1900. In 1897 Miss Lampert married the well-known painter Colin Campbell Cooper, then of Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper have made many trips in 1913 and 1914 to Holland, France, Switzerland, Italy, and also to India and Burma. As a result of this last trip they each held exhibitions in New York of the unusual subjects they found in those countries. Their combined collections were exhibited in a number of western cities and attracted much attention.

Mrs. Cooper has been very active in the organizing and carrying on of various art societies and is a member of nearly all of them and President of the "Society of Painters." She is represented in the photographs and notes in the collection of "Representative Women" in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. A medal was awarded her at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893, a bronze medal at the Atlanta Exposition, 1895, two bronze medals for oil and water-color at the St. Louis Exposition, 1904, and she received the water-color prize at the Women's Art Club, New York, in 1907.

We give a reproduction of "A Wayside Temple" painted in India, a charming composition full of brilliant and fascinating color such as can only be found in India. With much talent as a painter and kindness as a woman Mrs. Cooper is very popular in all circles.

To grasp landscape *au naturel* and render it into form and color after the manner of master painters demands high gift. Nature, pictorially considered, is a Nineteenth Century contribution to art. Not a few women painters have and continue to paint effective landscape as a foil for figures or portraits after Eighteenth Century painters, but rare the success in landscape pure and simple, the serious study and interpretation of nature, as reflected in the Hudson River School, its disciples or collateral.

Stained glass mosaic and mural pictures are now

produced by our American women. For example, there is Mrs. Ella Condie Lamb, who is not only a strong portrait painter—as the one that we illustrate proves—but also a clever landscape painter in both oils and water-colors. Moreover, she has worked with her husband, Charles R. Lamb, in decorating a number of buildings with designs composed and painted by her or else carried out in mosaics. Among other notable works she has done, full of charm yet not devoid of strength, are the four mosaics in the great Lakewood Cemetery Chapel at Minneapolis: "Faith," "Hope," "Love," "Memory," which we hope to illustrate in a future issue to do justice to a modest woman of talent who is not so well known as she should be.



"GIRL WITH LANTERN" CONCORAN GALLERY
BY HELEN M. TURNER

"Any one" said Degas "can have talent at twenty-five. The thing is to have talent when you are fifty." Charlotte Buell Coman has painted and exhibited landscapes since the Centennial (1876), and in her eighty-sixth year she continues to paint and produce, so she declares, her best work! Cut off by total deafness from human companionship for more than fifty years, hers is intensive living with an understanding of nature.

"I know wood, mountain and stream" she smiles "and they know me."

Her intimacy with nature, her responsiveness to the call of its varied moods "Early Summer" in the National Gallery, "Clearing Off" in the Metropolitan Museum of Art reveal, "Well-Worn Paths" has

just been bought by the Brooklyn Institute.

Long, long the cry from Charlotte Buell Coman—pupil of James R. Brevoort, New York's one-time master instructor, Émile Vermer and Harry Thompson, Paris, to young, vibrant, colorful Sophie Brannan!

Consider "Oaks in California" from the brush of this gifted California girl. What breadth, balance, rhythm of composition! Warm, soft in color with sky to challenge the best of sky painters.

"I never studied color with any one" she tells me. "Nature as it thrives and wanes in the Golden West was my first teacher, and remains guide, philosopher and friend."

For five years this woman, one of the most distinctive of America's younger school of landscapists, has

lived and painted in New York, her subjects mainly from Catskill, Delaware and Dutchess Counties. In the National Academy of Design (1910) she won her spurs with two pictures on the line. This acclaim has been sustained in subsequent Spring and Winter Academy exhibitions to the number of eleven canvases. Varied arts went to her upbuilding; melody of the professionally trained violinist, form from clay modeling, rhythm in the making of verse.

"I compose a picture and paint it (mentally) to the minutest detail before putting brush to canvas" confides this joyous personality. "I work rapidly, often completing a picture at one sitting. I can concentrate and leave easel, tea, visit if need be, and return to work with trend of thought and purpose undisturbed. Then I have a severe critic in a most sympathetic mother."

Fourteen months' travel and study abroad convinced Sophie Brannan of what Paris long since recognized, namely, the world leader to-day, in landscape painting, is America.

Mural painting—oldest of the graphic arts—is America's latest born. Singularly free from foreign competition however are our artists of this generation in mural work. Singularly significant that in the vanguard of this untrammelled epochal movement we have a Violet Oakley. "Purely because of the superior excellence of her work" was architect James H. Huston's answer to critics who questioned his selection of a woman to paint the mural decorations of the Governor's reception room in the State Capitol of Pennsylvania.

The subject of the thirteen panels of this colossal decoration, unveiled 1906, is "The Founding of the State: of Liberty Spiritual." Upon the death of Edwin A. Abbey, who decorated the House of Representatives, the Capitol dome and corridor, Miss Oakley was commissioned to decorate the Senate Chamber and the Supreme Court room, work in which she is now absorbed and will be for years. Five of the nine panels of the frieze designed for the Senate Chamber were unveiled on Lincoln's birthday 1917. Miss Oakley on that occasion personally explained to the Governor and State officials the subject of the

cycle: "The Creation and Preservation of the Union." To the State she then presented the original designs painted by her on parchment with the text of each story exquisitely illuminated, the whole bound in leather and attached to a brass chain. When this unique volume includes the designs for the four yet uncompleted panels, it will be fastened to the Speaker's desk after the manner of a Bible in medieval cathedrals before the invention of printing. "Evolution of the Law" is the subject of the Supreme Court room. It will consist of a frieze of panels, with verbally illuminated script, interpreting as it were, the pictorial designs. Colossal task, the whole worthy the highest skill and devotion—to whose execution the painter will continue to

bring superior understanding, for hers is a message—as befits all great art—beyond design, line, pigment or chiaro-obscuro.

For solidly built is the attainment of this New York born girl, a student under Carroll Beckwith supplemented by occasional study in France and England. From book illustration, which won her many prizes, she was led into stained glass designing through the teaching and encouragement of Howard Pyle.

"He revealed to me" said Miss Oakley "the importance, the value of thought as the underlying principle of design. 'Have your thought right, the message you wish to convey clear in your mind, then line, spacing, the technical will follow in natural sequence.' Next to Howard Pyle, whom I knew well, I owe

much to George du Maurier. Unhappily I never met him, but with his drawings—especially his masterly illustrations of 'Trilby' and 'Peter Ibbetson' I am intimately acquainted. They are inspirational and cannot be too closely studied. Pyle and du Maurier, like the world's master mural painters, worked from within to without, and that is what I try to impress upon art students."

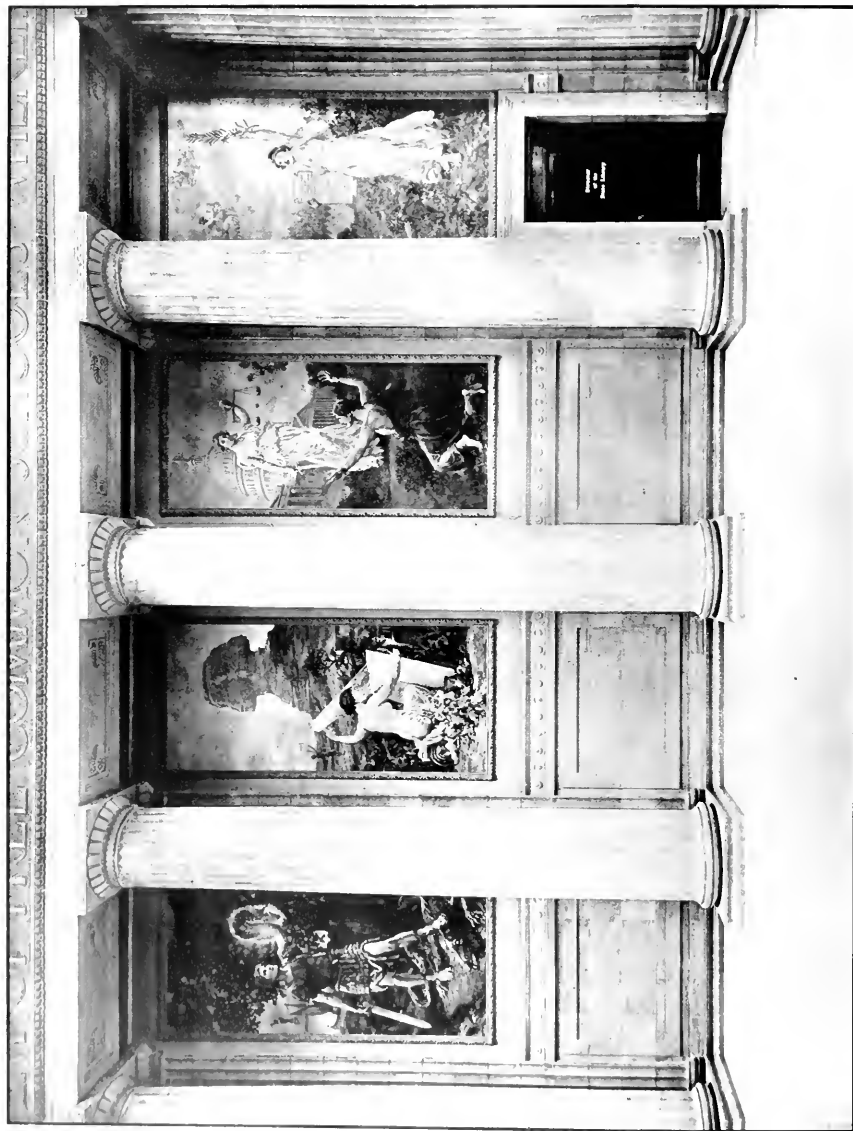
The ideal artist as has been said is the one with a message. Violet Oakley has a message. It permeates to a vitalizing degree every phase of her work. However incomprehensible the message may be to the "man in the street," comprehensible we believe it will assuredly be to subsequent generations.

Lida Rose McCabe



"THE CRYSTAL GAZER"

A PORTRAIT BY MRS. ELLA CONDIE LAMB



FOUR PANELS IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE STATE BUILDING OF EDUCATION AT ALBANY, N. Y.

BY WILL H. LOW, N.A.

(See page 495)

TOWN AND COUNTRY EMBELLISHMENT



DECORATION IN CORRIDOR OF THE STATE BUILDING OF EDUCATION AT ALBANY
BY WILL H. LOW, N.A.

DECORATIONS OF THE EDUCATION PALACE, ALBANY, N. Y.

ALONGSIDE the capitol of New York State at Albany lies a palace devoted to Education—a palace unless one should say a temple—for it is very large and Greek and has about it Ionic columns in great numbers and a long, flat roof such as we give to Greek temples when we presume to restore them in imagination. Well, this is the seat of the University of the State and here gather those men of awesome mien the Regents and hence come fulminations that echo in every public school of Novum Eboracum. Now this Greco-Roman yet most modern building at Albany has a Rotunda and this portion of the structure has been decorated in recent times with wall paintings and sculpture; it is these decorations by Will H. Low, N.A., the painter, and Charles Keck, the sculptor, that are reproduced in the present number of the magazine.

THE MURALS

It should be remembered that the panels by Mr. Low are twelve feet three inches from top to bottom and the lower border stands about eight and a half feet from the floor, so that to view them one raises the eyes a little. Abundance of light and the presence of marble in the interior affect the paintings but Mr. Low has had long training as mural

painter and as an illustrator. They are not in the rotunda alone but line the corridor by which one reaches the rotunda as one enters the building by the center portal. Here, facing one, high up, is a group of three panels each containing a figure, the larger middle one representing Education seated on a stone bench in a loose-flowing drapery of golden hue [learning costs] and with a resolved but not entirely contented expression, tossing wreaths of laurel to the expectant throng. The Education temple is at her back and suspended in air about her are significant dates enwreathed: thus 1633 represents the first permanent school that taught the children of the Dutch and Walloon settlers in Amsterdam of the New Netherlands, 1784 the creation of the Board of Regents by Governor George Clinton, 1812 the establishment of the public schools. On one side of Education sits Miss Mathematics on the greensward, a blithe damsel according to Dr. Low, who raises high the age-old counting-frame, the *abacus*, as if luring the luckless children into arithmetic by pretending she only means to give them fun with a queer toy. More to be feared is Literature, her twin sister on the other side, for she holds high a book inscribed with the hated symbols *alpha* and *omega*. These seated figures are backed and bordered with garlands of oak leaves.



FIVE PANELS IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE STATE BUILDING OF EDUCATION AT ALBANY, N. Y.

BY WILL H. LOW, N.A.

(See page 495)



CANDELABRA IN FRONT OF STATE BUILDING OF EDUCATION, ALBANY, N. Y.
MODELLED BY CHARLES KICK

(See page 199)

They almost smile, these engaging gossamer-clad school marms, as if they knew that, kick as they will, the youth of both sexes must come to time!

In the Rotunda the panels appear between the columns. Here's Architecture drawing a Corinthian column with a very wise air and Astronomy, a Minerva, giving a nude boy a peep through a telescope and Music, heavenly maid, discoursing melody on a harp. Here's Sculpture in the form of the Venus of Melos, but she's got her lost arms back and is finishing off a statuette of Victory; here Medicine (and this time it's a man, to be sure, it's Aiskulapios giving pills to a little girl ill in bed, and Painting (a woman again) looking deeply inspired as she brushes paint onto a canvas.

In another series we get Fortune with her wheel,

an ancient ivy-grown chariot and a distant automobile, Prometheus stealing the fire and railways and steamships behind, Ikaros, the fallen wax-winged, and an airplane in the sky. Theseus, the monster-killer, guided by Ariadne's clew and back of him telegraph poles and lines.

Another series of four panels by Will H. Low decorates the corridor that leads into the State Library; here we have Jason, the fleece-seeker, to represent the discoverer and adventure, Truth with the great Sphinx of Egypt, Justice appearing with sword and balance before the Liberator, and Patria with palm and tablets of the law. All these murals are the result of many years of work on the part of Mr. Low.

SOME OF THE SCULPTURE

BY CHARLES KECK

(See pages 497 and 498)

IN front of the Education building are candelabra by Charles Keck of which we show a portion photographed from the original plaster. A very realistic group of children is disposed about the base which is arranged to form a circular seat *dos à dos*, as if a lot of boys and girls had spied this as a convenient perch just before school hours and had occupied it while waiting for the bell to ring, meanwhile going over their lessons. A good deal of sweet naturalness in these varied heads. Mr. Keck is an experienced workman, a scholarship holder in Rome, who worked

with Augustus Saint-Gaudens and other sculptors and has monuments to his credit not only in North but in South America—the Washington in Buenos Ayres. The Rotunda of the Education building has the elaborate hanging chandelier here reproduced composed of masks and volutes, openwork and floral decorations together with four small draped figures standing in pensive easy attitudes. The object of all these paintings and sculptures is to accustom teachers and scholars to see things of beauty about them and thus arm them against the encroachments of the ugly in daily life.



DECORATIONS IN CORRIDOR OF STATE BUILDING OF EDUCATION, ALBANY, N. Y.

BY WILL H. LOW, N.Y.



"THE JOLEY TOPER"
BY PIETER CLAEZ OF HAVREMA
In the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam

(See page 100)

JUDITH LEYSTER, A FEMALE FRANS HALS

BY FRIEDA VAN EMDEN

WOMAN Suffrage in support of its cause has drawn attention to the achievement of women throughout the ages.

It is a curious fact that JUDITH LEYSTER of Haarlem has been overlooked, never having received the homage due her as the first woman painter in the Netherlands of real importance. Here is a woman highly honored during her lifetime but so completely forgotten after her death that it has even been hard to trace the history of her life.

Judith Leyster was the contemporary and fellow-citizen of Frans Hals and the Dutch painters of his time; she came under his influence most of all, in fact so much, that her style of work resembles his to the point of confusion. Though she is never mentioned officially as one of his pupils, undoubtedly she studied under him. The casual observer looking at one of her paintings will smile as one is wont to smile at the roguish types chosen by Frans Hals and never doubt but that he does see a Hals! Solemn experts used to pronounce them to be genuine works of Hals, thereby tripling their value. The Netherlands of her time, and even more so the later generations, were quick to note the striking and confusing resemblance. Every one of her pictures has been known as a Hals for a shorter or a longer period. To change her monogram to his was a comparatively easy matter. Some owners, convinced that they possessed a painting by the great Haarlem master, may have meant it for an honest rectification. More often it has been a cold-blooded cheat. Especially as Frans Hals's *genre* pieces began to win renewed favor, it is plain that greed did not hesitate to cunningly add some convenient lines to her easily changed signature. No greater praise can be given her work than the very fact that it could be passed off for his with such facility.

Undoubtedly it has his qualities: there is nothing labored about it; each figure seems as if done in one sitting and the likeness must have been splendid. Judith Leyster may not always have drawn with quite the masterly correctness of Hals, but like him she arranges her subject so cleverly that she avoids all suspicion of tiresome posing. Unwomanly, she does not dwell on detail—big lines, big effects, fresh coloring.

During the last half of the nineteenth century Judith Leyster, who was then but a myth, was rediscovered. One by one, through restoring and by

careful investigation, her signatures have come to light again. As late as 1893 a painting called "The Duet" was the cause of a lawsuit in England. It had been sold at a high figure as a Hals and was discovered to be a Leyster. Yet there was documentary evidence to show that the painting had been known as a Hals for over two hundred years.

One marvels at her work, especially if one thinks of the age in which Judith Leyster lived. Contemplating in her paintings the broad and easy sweep of the brush and the sure touch, we get a mental picture of a very independent young woman. This she must have been, for in staid Old-



"THE JEWELLER"
BY JUDITH LEYSTER

Holland of the early part of the seventeenth, when a woman could only be a spinster or some one's housewife, it must have been extraordinarily difficult for a young girl to follow a vocation. How we regret to know so little about Judith Leyster's life!

Not even the year of her birth is known. She must have been born shortly after 1600, and we know that she died in 1660. Her parents probably came originally from Zaandam. We presume that she had three sisters and two brothers, as she is mentioned with them in old papers as sharing in the estate of a great-grand-uncle. To Judith the good things of this earth, everything an artist could

wish for—fame and appreciation—must have come early in life. In a rhymed chronicle of the city of Haarlem as early as 1628 Samuel Ampzing praises her, and he voices the common awe when he exclaims: "Who ever heard of a woman painter?" Still, she must also have suffered, because for a woman to be "different" then was far more of a stigma than it is now. Another writer of the times, the historian of Haarlem, Schrevelius, gallantly calls her in a word-play on her name: *loodster* amongst the painters ("*leiden*" is the Dutch verb for "to guide," while "*ster*" is star). In her signature she uses a star as a rebus for the last syllable of her name, a not uncommon way in those days of expressing a signature by punning or "canting" figures.

Her big triumph came in 1633; she was admitted to the Saint Lucas Gild, the painters' guild of Haarlem. This important body must have taken the grave step of changing its constitution in order to admit a woman. For a woman, even a Judith Leyster, to gain admittance to the circle of Frans Hals and his followers was nothing short of a miracle, and proclaims that she was a painter of such talent that the men had to bow and admit it. In 1635 she is mentioned as being the teacher of one "Willem Wouters."

In 1636 and therefore not in her first youth, Judith married a painter named Jan Miense Molenaer. Though she is now officially the housewife of Molenaer yet she follows the custom of the times in using her old signature. From then on we only can find mention of her name twice. Once she transacts some business for her husband, signing her name to a deed. The second and last time her name appears is on the printed invitations to her funeral in 1660. This is all the positive knowledge we have of her. Her husband eclipsed her entirely. Following his life we may attempt to reconstruct the record of hers.

As she was a woman, the first question asked will probably be: "Was she good looking"? If she was, certainly she was not vain, for no self-portrait of her is known, whereas most artists of that period and Molenaer also indulged in several. If so be that, as Bode and Bredius presume, she is the young woman who frequently appears in her husband's works, notable in his "Dentist" and "Breakfast" she must have been a very agreeable and average Dutch type. Besides, to judge from the subjects of his works, the gay seigneur Jan Miense

Molenaer was not exactly the type of man to marry a plain-looking woman. He was a great favorite with the patrician families and though only a painter of the second rank, was honored with many orders for portraits of notables. In his many *genre* pictures so typical of the Dutch school he paints in rather small figures the lower classes and the peasantry in their every-day life. He is very humorous, but some of his subjects were even too crude for the taste of his contemporaries—and this is saying much!

Shortly after their marriage they moved to Amsterdam, where they both could not fail to feel Rembrandt's influence, for he was just then at the zenith of his popularity. In



"THE MUSICIAN" — RIEK COLLECTION, AMSTERDAM
BY JUDITH LEYSTER

some of Judith's lately discovered portraits of that period this is plainly visible, though she remains above all distinctly the pupil of Frans Hals. In 1648 they went back to Haarlem where they bought a place in the suburb of Heemstede, thereby realizing the dream of every Dutchman, namely, to spend the declining years of his life at a residence of his own in the country. The names given to such places as "Free from Care," "Never Expected," "Well Satisfied," etc., are typical of the existing bourgeois sentiment. At their place, called "Het Lam," Judith Leyster Molenaer passed away in 1660. She is buried in Heemstede, but her grave is not known to-day. The sending out by the

bereaved husband of the printed invitations, in one is requested to join the funeral cortège as a friend, is proof positive of their prosperity. She does not seem to have had any children.

A Dutch custom demands attention which we find existing in New York also down to 1740. Art dealers held big lotteries of paintings and other art objects, instead of sales, thus catering to the gambling spirit among a people of merchants. As we know that Molenaer worked for one of these lottery dealers, being commissioned to deliver paintings to the amount of several hundred guilders, we assume that his wife also occasionally disposed of her work in that manner, perhaps together with her husband. In all probability Judith Leyster was very productive, though no more than an odd dozen of her paintings is known to-day. After the changes to better-known names which her signature seems to have undergone, and on account of the probable collaboration with her husband, some of her works will undoubtedly always remain sailing under false flags. Although few of her paintings bear dates, it seems to be a fact that womanlike she did her best work before marriage.

As to her subjects, they are just as typical as those of Frans Hals: she seems to have done little portrait work on commission. She profited by Hals'

lucky find of the picturesqueness of his life-sized, happy-go-lucky drinkers, smokers and musicians. These free and easy subjects of Hals have contributed as much to his fame as his portraits and corporation pieces. Again, as is often the case with women, Judith Leyster is so intense that she is sometimes *plus royaliste que le roi*, more Frans Hals than Frans Hals, as for instance in her masterpiece "The Jolly Toper" [Amsterdam Ryksmuseum] of her early period (1629). The coloring is extremely lively but has faded; the face shows red blood and the composition is masterly.

Sometimes she seems to have repeated herself, using the same subject twice, not always with the same success. However, when at her best, Judith Leyster is to be classed with the great Dutch painters. For mercenary reasons later generations conveniently effaced nearly all traces of her existence. That her works helped swell the fame of no less a master than Frans Hals is her greatest distinction and the best proof of the virile nature of her work. In *genre* painting it puts her on a par with him.

Judith Leyster of Haarlem, housewife of Jan Miense Molenaer, is a remarkable figure in the world of art and one to which her sex can point not without pride.

Frieda van Emden

THE SWORD OF LA FAYETTE*

(Inscribed to Raymond Poincaré, President of the French Republic)

It was the time of our despair,
When lion-hearted Washington—
That man of patience and of prayer—
Looked sadly at each rising sun.
In all the freedom-breeding air,
Of hope and rescue there was none.
When lo!—as down from Heaven let,
There came the sword of La Fayette!

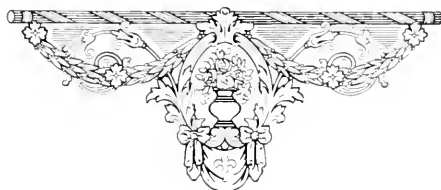
Our harbors—how they danced with light!
Our tireless bells—how they did ring!
Again we girded up to fight
Not England, but her Prussian king.
For here was succor, and the might
Of one great soul's imagining . . .
What wonder if our eyes be wet
To see the sword of La Fayette!

Upon the walls where Justice keeps
The swords she doth most gladly save,
Not one of all so deeply sleeps
Within the scabbard's honored grave
But, listening for her call, it leaps
To live again among the brave.
Thank Heaven our naked blade is set
Beside the sword of La Fayette!

Not his, not ours, the brutal strife,
The vulgar greed of soil or dross;
The feet that follow drum and fife
Shall tread to nobler gain or loss.
'T is for the holiness of life
The Spirit calls us to the Cross.
Forget us, God, if we forget
The sacred sword of La Fayette.

Robert Underwood Johnson

* Read at the celebration of "France Day," April 26, 1917, at the College of the City of New York.





"THANATOPSIS"

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN HEMMING FRY

(See page 505)

THANATOPSIS

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible form, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart:—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice:—

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

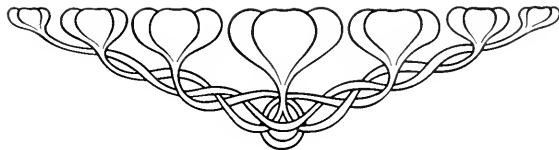
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks

That make the meadows green; and, poured round
all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of Ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

William Cullen Bryant



ANALYSIS OF WORKS OF ART

By Petronius Arbiter

OUR STANDARD:

The logical Standard of Art Measurement for a sure evaluation of works of art is based: on rare examples of the highest manifestations of the Six Elements of Art Power.

That is to say: The greatest work of art in the world is that one in which we see manifested:

First: A Subject which is Socially the most beneficent, of interest to the greatest number of people, and the noblest in Conception.

Second: In which the Expression: on the faces of the figures, in the details, and in the work as a whole—expresses profoundly that which the work is supposed to express.

Third: In which the Composition is the most sublime.

Fourth: In which the Drawing of all forms is the most true and effective in rendering Life, above all Ideal Life

Fifth: In which the Color is the most varied and rich.

Sixth: In which the surface Technique is the most vigorous, appropriate, and unoffensively individual; the whole work of such a Quality, and so coordinated, as to insure a result, in which a Subject is expressed with the greatest Completeness and Harmony; so as to stir the highest emotions of the largest number of cultured people for the longest period of time.

We consider a work of art great or trivial in ratio of the degree to which it measures up to this standard.

WHAT IS POETRY?

THE "Poetry Lovers of New York City" have offered a fifty dollar prize for the best definition of poetry. This is proof that the longing for such a definition is as strong as ever. The reason we have no accepted definition of Poetry and of Art is principally the objection of poets and artists to all definitions *per se*, because definitions would restrict, not their liberty in art, but their license.

This is exemplified by the act of the painter Edwin A. Abbey when he painted in one of the four lunettes in the dome of the Harrisburg Capitol this *ipse dixit*: "Art deals with things forever incapable of definition." It was a childish thing to do. For this is the gospel of anarchy. Because one may say with equal force that Crime cannot be defined and thus give to every degenerate the right to scoff at mankind and say: "I can do what I please!" Everything can be defined as soon as we have a clear vision of what it is, and what it is that distinguished the thing to be defined from other things.

Men never were so eager for definitions as they have been since 1860. From that year we may date the growth of Modernism in art, which means the progressive departure from liberty to license and from the rational to the insane. The Modernists having turned their backs on the rock-ribbed laws of art at the instigation of some blatant egotists, because these would not distinguish between petty rules and fundamental laws, and because others hated all laws, they attacked both laws and rules, until certain definitions became imperative. But the Modernists raised a banner bearing the high-sounding motto: Liberty in Art! and the Rationalists, being lovers of sane liberty, not seeing quickly that the "liberty" of the Modernists really spelt license, fell in with the cry and gave their sanction to that fallacious slogan. Now that they see the havoc they helped to create they are crying aloud for "standards." They see the need of returning to commonsense and to the observance of fundamental laws, even if the petty rules are changed every now and then. For the wise know that, while genius can always ignore petty rules,

genius is dominated by fundamental laws. The true pragmatist never stickles for a mere old rule—so long as a new rule will work and does not conflict with fundamental laws which even the pragmatists admits are adamant—*if we hope to create any more rational and great art.*

Hudson Maxim says: "Poetry is no haphazard art. It is neither lawless nor beyond law. On the contrary, it is the child of law, and conforms to law—there is no otherwise of poetry."

There is no need for a poet to know Aesthetics in order to create a great work of art. We doubt that Keats ever read any work on aesthetics and Raphael could not have known anything about the subject, because the word did not exist until Baumgarten gave it to the world in 1750. But he was the great profiler of the experience of the experimenting artists for three centuries before him, and finally gave open expression to laws of art which were a secret even to him, and which we have only discovered and analyzed since he passed away. But that from now on, a man wishing to create a great work of art will be helped in his work by knowing the fundamental laws discovered to underlie and known to govern, all great art, is certain. Therefore definitions become of the utmost importance. We have already given our definition of art and we now beg to offer the following definition of poetry:

POETRY IS AN EXALTED EMOTIONAL STATE OF THE SOUL, OCCASIONED BY THE IMPACT UPON IT OF THE FACTS AND THINGS OF LIFE AND NATURE;

A POEM IS AN EXPRESSION OF THOUGHT AND EMOTION, IN A WRITTEN LANGUAGE, OF A MORE OR LESS RHYTHMIC FORM; AND A POEM IS GREAT IN RATIO OF ITS POWER OF STIRRING THE HIGHEST EMOTIONS OF THE LARGEST NUMBER OF PEOPLE FOR THE LONGEST PERIOD OF TIME.

Objections to this definition will be made by all the routine thinkers. But let us analyze it: There are two points of view from which to look at man: the Materialistic and the Spiritualistic. The materialist sees the human organism as nothing but a mass of matter. To him, man has no Soul, no independent Ego. And what he calls mind is but the result of the mechanical operation of the physical body as a whole.

The spiritualist believes with Herbert Spencer that, back of all phenomena, is a Power that is beyond the physical perception of man. We believe in the existence of this power, call it Spirit, Nature, Cosmic Volition, or what you will. We believe this power transcends and governs matter. This power might be called the Ego of the Universe, what Schopenhauer called the "World-Will."

Be that as it may, we can at least follow Plato in his division of the human organization into a trinity of a Body, Mind and Soul, each distinct yet bound into one. We believe this Trinity to be dominated by our Ego or Will, distinct from the Trinity. We believe that every living thing is dominated by a power that we call its Ego, its "I," its "me," or what you wish to call that power in a man which judges, wills and decides. Even a tree, flower or a stone has its special kind of a governing ego. We will symbolize the processes by which a human personality works, as follows:

A human being may be compared to a pleasure yacht. The ribbed hull stands for our ribbed body, of which the boiler and fires stand for our digestive organs; the coal or fuel, for our food; the steam, for our blood; the engines and propellers, for our energy, which pushes us forward, and the steward and his crew feeding the owner and all aboard, all these stand for the body and physical faculties. The Engineer and his crew stand for the mind and our intellectual faculties, and the Captain and his officers stand for the soul and our spiritual faculties. But the owner of the yacht stands for our Ego, which judges and decides upon everything of importance that takes place on the yacht during a pleasure cruise. And on the yacht every one from the lowest sailor to the owner is bent on some kind of pleasure. At any rate we are always seeking pleasure—physical, intellectual and spiritual. Physical pleasure must not be despised—until it is preferred to both intellectual and spiritual pleasure, because the pursuit of physical pleasure alone means a crass Hedonism which always ends in degeneracy and destruction. For Civilization means: Departure from the animal towards the spiritual as far as possible, consistent with the preservation and the perfection of the race.

Our commonplace pleasures are called commonplace because they do not exalt us above a daily routine of mechanical and ever-recurring pleasures, the enjoyment of which we take as a matter of course, such as eating our breakfast, sniffing the air on a bright morning on our way to our office and making the commonplace observations and reflections about the buildings and people we meet day by day, the usualness of which makes the drab monotony which is often killing to many with the *Wander-lust* and love of adventure, either physical, intellectual or spiritual. It is the commonplace, monotonous usualness of any pleasure that prevents it from being called poetic. "Poetry gives to the commonplace a touch of magic and mystery" says Maxim.

We cannot call the pleasures of the body poetic when they are merely physical, because they are too commonplace. For a physical pleasure to become poetic it must have an element added that is unphysical, exalting, purely spiritual. Example:

catch a shad in the Hudson, light a fire on the rocks on the shore, roast and eat it there; it will satisfy your hunger and give your body real pleasure. Take that same shad to a fisherman's hut, let him bake it on a plank and serve it on a pine table, it will give you more pleasure. Take it to Sherry's, say, have it baked by an artist-chef, also on a plank, but served with such trimmings as shining glasses, Sèvres china, silver cutlery, Persian rugs, beautiful surroundings and dainty music, in company with a beautiful wife and child—and that same shad will give you infinitely more pleasure—these trimmings being the spiritual element which will really make the eating of the shad a poetic affair compared with the eating of it on the river bank sitting on a rock.

That is also true of love. A man may marry a woman but he cannot become enraptured over her unless she appears to him beautiful or spiritual enough to appeal to and exalt his soul. Without a spiritual appeal the marriage is merely a physical or intellectual one, but never emotional and poetic. As Leigh Hunt said of Poetry: "It is a passion for beauty, because its office is to *exalt* and refine by means of pleasure, and because beauty is nothing but the loveliest pleasure."

No spiritual exaltation—no poetry! No matter how much rhyming or melody in versification, there can be no spiritual exaltation in us without beauty that *appears* to us pure and spiritual.

Who determines what is beautiful? It is the soul, not the mind, not the body. Objectors may say it is decided by all three at once. Let us grant that for the sake of argument. But the soul has the controlling voice in deciding all matters of beauty. The pleasures of the body we call *satisfying*, those of the mind *interesting* and those of the soul *emotioning*. Moreover, the body feels, the mind reasons and the soul enthuses; and it is the emotions and enthusiasms of the soul which are the most important things in our life.

We repeat: throughout the universe there is an urge away from the earth—*ad astra*—up, up toward the stars. Why, we do not know. Much mystery and poetry in that. It is the most mysterious force in the universe. Only the highly sensitive sense the existence of that urge. These may be cultured or uncultured. And this power urges us continually to get away from the body, the merely physical, toward the spiritual or psychical, even when we go contrary to this urge and disobey the suggestions of our own soul. The result has been civilization.

Therefore, in response to this cosmic urge, whatever *exalts* us above the merely physical, gives the soul a lifting, pleasurable commotion or emotion we call poetic, and the emotion becomes more and more poetic in ratio of the degree to which it makes us forget our body, mind and material surroundings and exalts us into a more and more unusual and lofty state of consciousness. As Poe said: "A poem deserves its title only in as much as it excites by *elevating the soul!*" And Emerson said: "The true poem is the poet's mind. The finest poetry was first experience."

What experience? The experience of an exalted state of the soul. Bayle, writing in 1817, said that after centuries of artificiality it must be the office of the coming artist to express "*states of soul*." And Stedman said: "Through Poetry soul

addresses soul without hindrance, by the direct medium of speech." That is, speech is not poetry—but is the *medium* through which soul states are communicated to other souls. And in his "Science of Poetry" Hudson Maxim says: "Poetry is pregnancy of meaning in words, their pregnancy of the sound expressed; while verse is pregnancy of the words in sounds suited to stimulate and qualify the mind of the hearer for perception and to *introduce a mood* in harmony with the thought expressed." What does he mean by "a mood" except an exalted state of the soul?

This state of exalted poetic consciousness may be one of Mirth, or of Delight or of Awe, and may expand to a profounder state of hilarity, rapture or worship, in which we lose sight completely of the earth-earthly and feel we are mounting heavenward.

Now these states of exalted consciousness are occasioned in us by the impact upon the soul of the facts and things of life and nature. Example: Nothing is more dis-exalting, depressing and unpoetic than the sky on a gray, foggy day at sea. It begins to be exalting, hence, poetic to the soul, when the sun comes out and flat cirrus clouds appear. But it becomes truly poetic when, at sunset, wonderfully colored, sublimely composed clouds turn the sky into an awe-inspiring, worship-compelling oratorio of forms, lines and colors, as if God were at work creating a divine color-symphony in the sky for the delectation of an expectant universe. Then the soul is exalted away from material things and we feel lifted to a wish to unite ourselves with the Creator and we feel ennobled and urged to hope, even to believe, that there is an after-life—even if we are agnostics; and, by and by, we long for immortality in some other sphere which, somehow, we then begin to suspect must exist beyond that wondrous curtain of cloud, light and color. This will happen even to the most uncultured sailor who swabs the deck at four o'clock in the morning. It is this exalted state of emotion that we call poetic—or poetry.

Now, to arouse such poetic exaltation is not the exclusive province of rhythmically organized lines of words, arranged in *verses* and usually called a *poem*. Such an exalted state of the soul may be occasioned by a picture or a statue or a cathedral, by a page of Emerson or a psalm of David; by an exquisite young girl or by a symphony of Beethoven, just as much as by Shakespeare's "Hamlet" or Homer's "Iliad." And when Emerson and Miss Fuller went together to see Fannie Elsler dance, and the Philosopher whispered to the Sibyl: "Margaret, this is poetry!" he hinted at the conception that poetry is something else than a poem in a *written* language.

But the best evidence that poetry is not *in* facts and things themselves, but is a state of the soul—*occasioned* by the impact upon it of the facts and things of life and nature—is this: there are women who exalt some men into a poetic state of the soul, to worship, while they repel other men. There are verses by Emerson which to many are exquisitely poetic and to others just "punk." To some great composing artists Raphael's "Transfiguration" is sublimely poetic, to some other "technique" artists it is "artistic rubbish."

That sweetness is *in* sugar is proven by the fact that all men taste that sweetness nearly alike. If poetry were *in* the women, the Emerson verses and in the "Transfiguration" aforesaid—all men would be affected nearly alike, as they are by sugar. Moreover things which, at twenty, exalted us to tears of ecstasy will nauseate us to disgust at fifty. Therefore the poetry that one man feels is *in himself*—his state of soul—and not *in the object* which exalts him or rouses him to a state in which he will call the object poetic. Of course there are some things which exalt men universally more than others. These we are apt to specifically call poetic, even though they are not so in themselves and though it is *we* who become poetized (as steel becomes magnetized) by the impact upon us of outside forces.

This argument could be much more elaborated. And we grant that the division of ourselves into a body, mind and soul—dominated by our Ego—is only symbolic, and that our judgments are often formed by the simultaneous operation of all our faculties, because, while demarcated, they yet merge into one personality. But it is certain that we never call anything poetic until the soul is aroused into a state of more or less exalted enthusiasm. And so we repeat our definition: Poetry is an exalted emotional state of the soul, occasioned by the impact upon it of the facts and things of life and nature.

The main question now is: Will the artists ever get together and adopt such a definition of poetry as will be best calculated, in its silent and subtle influence, to react upon our poets, and upon our people also, in a way to stimulate the poets to a creation on a lofty plane and the people to a cordial appreciation of such poets and their poems in all the arts?

Unfortunately the poetic world of art has been invaded by Modernism, following the invasion of the plastic art by that disintegrating cult. The result is we have cubistic, futuristic and vorticeistic versification veylect "poetry," most of it absolutely devoid of melody and ending in mere cacophony. Most of the fabricators of this stuff are in the camp of the *vers libristes* or free verse makers. They are nothing more than what they call themselves—makers of free *verses*. The word "free" here smacks of the *license* which is at the foundation of all Modernistic and degenerate art, both artistic and moral license. Most American *vers libristes* do not know that this stream of Modernism was tainted at the very source. They are merely deluded in supposing that the word "modernism" in some way means something modern and new and therefore inevitably admirable. They do not know that modernism in poetry is as ancient as the debased period of Roman civilization. Moreover they seem not to know that *versification*, whether with rhyme or no rhyme, cannot be called poetic—unless the versification has a quality to lift and exalt the soul above the commonplace and the merely physical or material. They forget what Sir Philip Sydney said three hundred and fifty years ago: "It is not riming and versing that maketh a Poet, no more than a long gowne maketh an advocate." There are some exceptions of course. But many of the *vers libristes* are more concerned with

the technical side of versifying, with doing clever "stunts" or in the arrangement of words into new kinds of rhyme, than they are with the spiritual quality and content of the words and lines or their exalting power. These seem to regard those elements as worthy only of the duffer. Their work does not emotion mankind, either through laughter or tears, through delight or rapture, through anger at the wrong or through worship of the good. It merely titillates the mind of a few *blasé* dilettanti who regard what is merely intellectually *interesting* as the *chic* thing, above all because the spiritual stimulation or exaltation of the soul has, by the abnormal Modernists, been dubbed *bourgeois* or "middle-class" and not "aristocratic" or "smart," which, in the last analysis, means what the vicious Pompadour meant when she said: "Do as you please; after us the deluge!"

Every Rationalist is opposed to Modernism and knows that, in the long run, mere craftsmanship, whether in paint or poetry, is of secondary importance in any work of art to the expression, the stirring, and exalting of our emotions—by profoundly expressed ideas, and that only a combination of splendid craftsmanship and ennobling thought and emotion can make a work of art great and greatly worth while. How is this ennobling element to be injected into craftsmanship? By means of an ennobling style.

This brings us to the question: "What is style in poetry?" In no dictionary is there any definition of style in art, singular as that may appear. So we offer our own definition:

STYLE IN ART IS A MATTER OF FUNDAMENTAL COMPOSITION, OF THE ARRANGEMENT OF LINES, FORMS AND COLORS; OF DEPTHS, SOUNDS AND MOVEMENTS—INDICATING A DEPARTURE FROM NATURE AND THE COMMONPLACE.

MANNER IN ART IS A MATTER OF SURFACE TECHNICAL EXECUTION—INDICATING A DEPARTURE FROM NATURE AND THE COMMONPLACE.

That is to say: a photograph has no style, because it is a mechanical representation of nature. An exact copy of anything is devoid of style for the same reason. But when, in the representation of any scene or object in nature, we take from or add to the scene or object, we give it an element of style, because as Bacon said: "Art is man *added* to nature." [By art he meant style.] So that every departure we make from nature, in the composition of any representation of anything, adds style to it—takes it away, debases it below or exalts it above the commonplace. If the addition is full of ennobling Melody and Beauty, it is good style; if the addition is a bewildering or debasing Ugliness, it is bad style.

Manner in art, is a personal way of executing the *surface* representation of anything or the small personal element which we add to an old established style. Example: We have the Gothic style. But we also have French Gothic, English Gothic, German, Italian and Spanish Gothic. In each case the Gothic style is executed in the French, English or Spanish *manner* of executing the style by the addition of some local or temperamental or personal element. Also we have the Ionic style of column, but we have fifty or more varieties of the Ionic,

all of the same style but made personal in *manner* by a departure, more or less great, from the perfected Erechtheion Ionic column. Before the Erechtheion, the style was undeveloped, afterwards it was overdeveloped, until the Romans combined the Corinthian with the Ionic and then we had not a new *Manner* of Ionic but a new *Style*—the Composite—such as was used in the Arch of Titus in Rome.

Here is an example of transforming a prose phrase into a poem by changing the lines into rhythmic melodious rhyming lines, be rearranging, composing them, by stylizing them, by a departure from commonplace unimpassioned speech. It is from "The Science of Poetry" by Hiram Maxim:

"The shades of night were fast falling, as a youth bore a banner through the ice and snow of an Alpine Village with the strange word 'Excelsior' upon it."

Here we have no poetry or anything emotion-stirring to a marked degree.

Now here is Longfellow's *arrangement* of these same words:

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village pass'd
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device—
"Excelsior!"

This arrangement gives it style, takes the language out of the commonplace and give it a lifting quality, which is felt more strongly when we read the entire poem of which the above verse is but the beginning. To pursue the demonstration of the exalting power of style in art would take us too far.

Good style demands that, in our departure from nature, we depart not too far. Because, if we keep on and on in our departing from nature and the conventional, beyond a certain rational point, we will inevitably arrive at a point where we produce works that are incomprehensible and (finally) insane and debasing. The thing to know is, at what point in our work we must stop in our departure from nature, for the purpose of adding style to our work in order to invest it with the utmost exalting power. That point is reached when the style, the form, becomes so *artificial* as to attract more attention to *itself* than to the expression of the *thought* which the work is supposed to express. When we go beyond that danger-point we fall into artificiality, degeneracy and debasement; and then the work becomes socially disintegrating because no longer True nor Good nor Beautiful.

We will show the debasing power of any over-stylization in any art. Here is a commonplace phrase: "I have for a long time been asking myself whether it is better to keep on living midst the evils and miseries of life or end all by suicide." This phrase is absolutely devoid of Style, because it is plain, commonplace, *natural* speech, such as any one would use who was not under any *emotional* impulse or who was not bent on stirring our emotions through art. It has no style because it has no obvious special arrangement or form, made for the *sake* of the arrangement of the form, no departure from natural speech.

Now here is another phrase expressing the same ideas as the one above: "To be alive a long time, midst the troubles and worries of this life, or to die quickly, that is the question I have been asking myself for lo! these many days." This phrase has a *small* amount of style or stylization, because in it is a slight departure from nature or from commonplace speech. But here the mind is already attracted away from the thought to the style.

Here are some lines from Shakespeare containing almost the same ideas expressed in the phrases above:

To be or not to be, that is the question;
Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them?

These lines have true and fine style. Note first the elimination in these lines of the unnecessary words and details of the preceding phrases. Note their deliberate composition into lines more or less short, the attention to form. Note the rhythm. Note the exalting tone which results from this difference of arrangement and form, in addition to the choice of more rare words and secondary ideas. It is this which adds the lifting element which we call poetic and which makes us call the soliloquy "poetry." Above all, note that the mind has been, by the style, taken away still farther from the thought, but not to the danger-point, where style drowns thought. The result is not yet "artistic," "aesthetic," artificial enough to make the lines ineffective—as an emotioning or poetizing power; there is here an equilibration between the attracting power of the thought and of the alluring power of the style; and this it is which gives the entire soliloquy its enduring, exalting and emotioning power and so makes it immortal.

Now take the same ideas and handle them thus:

To be
Or not
To be!
That
Is the
Question of the hour for me
You bet!
And yet
Why ponder
Yonder
O'er life's illusions?
Nix—not for me!

Here we have the introduction of Style to the point of exaggeration and bombast. We offer this with apologies to the late Wm. J. Lampton, a clever exponent in our daily papers of a certain exaggerated, bright and amusing style. In the lines there is still some sense. But note that here the equilibration between the attracting power of the thought and the alluring power of the soul has been destroyed; besides, the lines, though taking us away from the commonplace, take us sideways to some café, as it were, not upwards towards a cathedral; they are no longer exalting to sublimity, they are no longer "poetry." They have been artistified, aestheticized, stylized into artificiality and debased into merely amusing doggerel.

Now we will arrange the same ideas in this style:

To be not!!!
Not to be? be? be?
Hee, ho! Zip! Hee! hee!
What's got? Bing! Sol!

Miseries! flub-dub! Burden!
Fardels? Nit! Iseries!
Poison? Yow! Stab!!! phizeries!!!
Life? Zut! bla-a-a Curtain.

Here we have "Æsthetic Emotion," so-called. This should please the devotees of the Matisse, Van Gogh and Cézanne school of "Significant Form," because here we have no longer any semblance of natural speech but a distortion, a "deformation of the form" in speech worthy of a yapping maniac.

We do not wish even by implication to classify any sane *vers libristes* with "G. S." or with any who kiss her skirt-rims. But we offer this as an explanation of the debasing force of the pursuit of overstylization and its inevitable landing of the pursuer in a state of insanity, and also as a warning of the disintegrating power of the stupid philosophy of certain Modernists, namely: that "aesthetic emotion," "significant form" and "deformation of the form"—obtained only by an overstylization—into the inane and the insane—should be the aim of an artist.

The social danger at the basis of this destructive aesthetic philosophy engendered by the bunco art dealers, bunco critics and bunco artists, and the commercial publishers of art journals in Europe for lucre and nothing else, is gradually dawning upon the public of the world and when its nefarious and *néfaste raison d'être* is once fully grasped, Modernism in art will be swept into the street!

Nevertheless we find the fiend of the Art for Art's sake technique in the world of poetry as in the other arts. For example: In "French Portraits" quoted in *The Poetry Journal* of August 1917 Vance Thompson says: "In my appreciation of Mallarmé I have said that verse, like music, is an art which the *technically* ignorant person cannot understand. The *aesthetic* satisfaction one derives from an art is in exact proportion to one's knowledge of that art's technique." The last statement is untrue and worthy of Gautier, whose art for art's sake *Emaux et Camées* are little poems and as empty of emotion-stirring power as dead sea-shells. They may give some dilettanti "aesthetic satisfaction" but to do nothing but that is the aim only of trivial, driving art. Great poems not only give us "aesthetic satisfaction" (a new-fangled expression) but also emotional joy and exaltation, and to enjoy great poems one needs know nothing about the "technique" of poem-building. Mallarmé, a French writer, was a driving devotee of the dogma that poetry needs "obscurity" who said: "The charm of poetry lies in our having to guess its meaning—in poetry there should always be a puzzle." This in face of the fact that Herbert Spencer has conclusively shown that clarity—to insure quickness of comprehension by the reader—is the *sine qua non* of all good style in any art above all in poetry! Most of Mallarmé's poems are incomprehensible drivel. In fact in France the cult of "puzzling obscurity" in versification was so

great that for decades, since 1850, we had all sorts of "schools" of poetry such as the Parnassians, Symbolists, Decadents, Magi, etc.

The character of the work of all of the disciples of these schools, which were all Modernistic, was fitly characterized by René Doumic in *Les Jeunes*: "It is the weariness of life, contempt for the present epoch, regret for another age seen through the illusion of art, a taste for paradox, a desire to be singular, a sentimental aspiration for simplicity, an infantine adoration of the marvelous, a sickly tendency towards revery, a shattered condition of nerves, and, above all, the exasperated demand of sensuality."

That charlatanistic, ultra-artificial hater of nature and semi-lunatic Beaudelaire, whose weird talent is mistaken for genius, seems to have been the father of *vers libre*. Here is one of his "little poems" written, perhaps, about 1850:

THE STRANGER

Whom dost thou love best? say, enigmatical man—thy father, thy mother, thy brother, or thy sister?
 "I have neither father, nor mother, nor sister, nor brother."
 Thy friends?
 "You there use an expression the meaning of which till now remains unknown to me."
 Thy country?
 "I ignore in what latitude it is situated."
 Beauty?
 "I would gladly love her, goddess and immortal."
 Gold?
 "I hate it as you hate God."
 Then what do you love, extraordinary stranger?
 "I love the clouds . . . the clouds that pass . . . there . . . the marvelous clouds!"

Why should Americans imitate such trash, which is nothing but an attempt at technical stunting in versification or word juggling, utterly empty and devoid of all emotion-stirring and spiritually stimulating qualities, a silly, sodden, sorry trade?

That a prose phrase full of fine thought may be exalting without rime—the usual form in which poetry is expressed—is proven in this phrase by Robert G. Ingersoll:

"Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. . . . But in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

But a prose phrase begins to be a Poem the moment rhythm and melody are introduced, and it becomes more and more a poem as we introduce more and more rhythm, *melody* and rime—melody being the essence of all beauty of line, color, sound and movement. When therefore a prose phrase is composed into lines of a certain shortness, with a certain melody or rhythm, we have no longer poetic prose, we have a poem; but in blank verse. Some of the grandest poems in the language are in blank verse as we shall see. But a prose phrase becomes still more a poem when in addition to rhythm and melody we add rime or versification. But mere

melodious versification will not lift a poem into the realm of exalting poetry. Example:

STREETLESS DAY

[The Stock Exchange is to be closed on Mondays for fuel conservation.]

The broker stays within his cot
 With baby's blocks to build.
 How can he keep the Coppers hot
 When even Steel is chilled?
 'Twould make a red imp shiver
 To deal in Hudson River,
 For while he gapes
 The ticker tapes
 With zero marks are filled!
 It's tough upon a trading cove
 Who wants the pot to boil
 To find that he is long on Stove
 But has gone short on Oil!
 When B. R. T. in plenty
 Is down to less than 20
 Why furnish heat
 Upon the Street
 That drops one day of toil?
 To stand beneath a frozen clock
 Where boys, half frozen, lo!l
 Requires that you absorb the stock
 Of U. S. Alcohol!
 Close your Exchange's portals
 Or else, O shivering mortals,
 If you'd get thawed
 On Wall and Broad
 Buy Brothers Burns, by gol!

JOHN O'KEEFE

From the *New York World*, January 25, 1918.

O'Keefe has written some exalting poems. But this poem is not poetic because it fails, and was not intended, to lift the soul above the Stock Exchange and the commonplace. It lacks dignity and, as Maxim said: "Poetry-making is always an act of creation, of dignification."

We shall not go farther into the analysis of poetry. Let the reader hold fast to this one test of the poetic quality of a poem: Any poem which is not clear as crystal, free from obscurity, so as to be easily read; any poem which is devoid of rhythm or melody and which does not lift the soul to a loftier plane than the earth-earthly, may be anything you please, but it is not poetic, and cannot be classified as poetry, however it may be versified and made to jingle.

On page 505 we reprint Bryant's "Thanatopsis." We ask those readers who have not yet done so to read it slowly and thoughtfully, for it is generally regarded as the grandest poem written by an American; some think it vies with Keats's "Ode to a Grecian Urn" and Gray's "Elegy" and Burns's "Cot-tar's Saturday Night" as one of the finest short poems in the English language. We will not attempt to analyze it; this has been done by others. We wish only to say that, to us, it is among all poems the most consoling to the mind and exalting to the soul. It meets every requirement of our standard—a fine subject nobly conceived, sublimely composed and profoundly expressed. It is a perennial source of spiritual calm and fortitude to our people, an honor to the nation and has immortalized the poet.

"THE DOCTOR" ONCE MORE

IN the January issue we published a reproduction of "The Doctor" by Luke Fildes, a work of art, reproductions of which in every form are found in more homes of rich and poor than are most of the masterpieces of the world. It represents a doctor of noble appearance seated scanning intensely the face of a sick child who lies before him on a chair in a peasant's cottage. The light of a lamp streams upon both, while the father, standing in the background by the side of the mother, seated at a table and prostrate with fear, tries to arouse in her hopes for her sick child. We said this is a great work of art—because it stirs the finest emotions of all normal people.

Devotees of degenerate modernism in art raise objections. W. H. de B. N. in the February *International Studio* said of this picture: "First and foremost, its significance is *literary*—in other words, it is an anecdote expressed in terms of paint instead of words." Since Mr. N. was guilty of writing a "Foreword" for the catalogue of the Modernistic Exhibition of 1916 he is true to form when he uses this word "literary" as a term of reproach for a work of art—merely because it tells a story.

The use of the word "literary" to belittle a great work of art became long ago a nauseating camouflage used by the advertisers of the creators and sellers of the extreme modernistic art trash, a movement begun by the Post-Impressionists and accentuated by the Cubistic, Futuristic and Vorticistic fabricators of incomprehensible art. According to these a work of art in verse, on canvas or in stone, in which an *idea* is expressed—anything beyond merely clever but empty riming, painting or carving, or in which a story is told, or a drama unfolded which appeals to the heart of mankind and lifts the soul to laughter, rapture or tears—is "literary," is "bourgeois," middle-class, not "chic" nor "smart." That is, it is not delectable to the dilettanti and the longfinger-nailed, neurotic Mandarins of art, who, from their lofty "Ivory Towers" look down upon all moral art with a contemptuous sneer, while they keep pontifically on, spurning on their fellow mortals who labor and sweat that they may even live!

According to these gentry the greatest works of the greatest artists of the past were great only for the past. But to-day—ho! ho! they are *passés*, "out-of-date," "not art at all" because they are now "literary"—and this only because a few moral misfits or cackling literary chicks have had the cynical impertinence to say so, to the gradual degradation of art all along the line in all countries. The works of these art Bohemians, denizens of the absinthe and kaffee dives of Europe, are pur-

chased less and less, even by the bewildered amateurs of art, because the latter are beginning to see that they are sans drawing, sans composition, sans ideas, sans everything that makes art truly great!

The following pictures are nothing but "anecdotes in paint instead of words": "Creation" by Michelangelo, "Transfiguration" by Raphael, "Assumption" by Titian, "The Surrender of Breda" by Velasquez, "Night Watch" by Rembrandt, "Descent from the Cross" by Rubens, "Raft of the Medusa" by Géricault, "Barque of Dante" by Delacroix, "St. Denis" by Puvion de Chavannes, etc.; all the greatest works of the ages are nothing but anecdotes or stories told in paint!

Mr. N. says further: "Secondly, it (the picture) offends through its excessive sentimentality" [this is stupid, because he might as well call "Macbeth" sentimental because it is *dramatic*] "and thirdly, it lacks greatness through overelaboration, so many details *interfering with the center of interest* and leaving nothing to the imagination." This third objection is at least a sane difference of opinion. But it is absolutely wrong. Because the doctor in the picture is so overwhelmingly the center of interest that, let the eyes and mind wander over the picture ever so much, they will be forced to return and study the faces of the doctor and the child—because upon them the entire light of the lamp is concentrated, while the rest is in shadow in the background. We admit that, if the father and mother had been left out of the background, we would still have an effective work, but it would be less *dramatic*, hence less emotion-stirring, which is the aim of all truly great art.

But there is the rub! The senseless protagonists of the weird modernistic, æsthetic theory preach: art should mean only *technique* and *craftsmanship*; in a picture, or rather in a "painting," there should be only a clever ping-pong of paint, most often over a badly designed canvas. This is the gospel of the Bolsheviki in art, to stem which is the patriotic duty of every good citizen who is anxious about the enduring quality of American civilization. To do the contrary may be, temporarily, good business, but it is bad morals and the cutting off of one's nose to spite one's face, as the myopic Modernists may discover, but perhaps too late. Does Mr. N. see no warning in the anarchism of Russia? And is he so lacking in perspicacity that he cannot see that anarchism in art breeds Bolshevism in life? Can he not see that in supporting the corrupt Modernistic movement in art, he and the *International Studio* are working against the best interests of both England and America?



MISCELLANY

ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

For its thirty-third annual the officers of the Architectural League provided a surprise in the complete alteration of the galleries of the Fine Arts Society. The architects in the league fairly ran away with the show and turned each gallery into something never before seen—columns, naves, side aisles, ceilings—all was changed from the old. One walked in amazement through a series of interiors so cleverly disposed that the feeling of greater space and ordered magnificence grew as one strolled on. To this was added the sound of organ notes which proceeded from what appeared to be nothing more than a grand piano that gave forth unwonted sounds as if there must be large pipes somewhere about in order to produce such full diapason. This fairy architecture was accompanied by mysterious music. And in other respects a welcome change was made, for the various plans and photographs and objects of industrial art for which the league is noted were organized and adapted to the general plan instead of being ranged in the old fashion on the several walls. It was plain that long and intensive planning alone could have resulted in such an impressive exhibit.

Among the many we may pick out a "Madonna Enthroned," painted by Bancel La Farge for the Church of the Blessed Sacrament at Providence, the heroic statue of Ezra Cornell by H. A. McNeil, French's memorial to La Fayette in Brooklyn, "The Sorceress," design for textile by Arthur Crisp, and the overconsole mural painting by Mortimer Lichtenauer. The exhibits do not lack gayety for there are delightfully absurd designs in *batik* and decorations for small theaters full of comical daring in which the Orient, that long-sufferer, has to supply ideas. Many are the stately buildings both public and private which find representation, nor is landscape architecture missing, nor mosaic, nor stained glass, bronze-work and hammered iron. The big illustrated catalogue which is always the feature of the Architectural League shows is produced this year with all its wonted magnificence.

POSTER COMPETITION NATIONWIDE

War Saving Stamps are to make a wide sweep if the plans of a poster competition open to all the school children are carried out. The designs as sent in should be 24 x 32 inches and 12 x 16 inches (uprights) and 9 x 16 inches (broad). Colors may be used not to exceed four and no more than two signs in lettering should be employed. "The designs should emphasize and illustrate various ideas which should tend to promote the war-savings campaign. Ideas visualizing thrift, saving of pennies, sacrificing luxuries, earning money for the Government, etc., should be used." There are three classes to whom this competition is open: Students in art schools, students in high schools and pupils of the

seventh, eighth and ninth grades. In New York State the competition is announced from the State Department of Education at Albany by Royal Bailey Farnum of the Industrial Art Section, who will supply any particulars needed. The school poster movement is meant to interest school children personally in the war needs and do a good deal to aid the big war loan. It has the endorsement of Mr. Frank Vanderlip.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER EXHIBIT TOGETHER

The exhibition of fifty pictures by Wells M. Sawyer and Helen Alten Sawyer at the Babcock Galleries is most interesting as showing the influence of heredity in the evolution of an artist.

The subjects chosen by these artists are all from the charming "Sleepy Hollow" country and Westchester County.

The interesting thing about this exhibition is that, no matter how good a painter the father is, the daughter is a better one. Her color sense is finer and some of her "values" are surprisingly true. So that her work is full of light to an unusual degree. Let her but keep her broad values true and pay a little more attention to the drawing of details and a little less to "slap-dashing" and she will make a mark for herself.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

Francisco de Zurbarán. By José Cascales y Muñoz. From the Spanish by Nellie Seelye Evans. Beyond his name and the pictures by him which for the most part are in Spain the world has known little about the painter Zurbarán, and what was stated included many stories that are doubtful. Señor José Cascales y Muñoz has done much to clear up the record of Zurbarán's life in Seville and Madrid and it is noteworthy that he begins his book with a chapter on "legends." Though with all his research and the aid of previous French and Spanish writers on this artist there remain some obscure passages in the career of the distinguished fellow-painter with Velasquez and Murillo.

It was the even tenor of Zurbarán's existence that made him less talked about, he did not have the court life of Velasquez, nor the furious temper of the elder Herrera nor the popular qualities of Murillo. Mrs. Seelye Evans has translated the book which appears, privately printed, under the copyright of Frederic F. Sherman, in a large quarto with many half-tone illustrations. Among them are: the portrait of Zurbarán in the museum of Brunswick, Germany, and paintings at the Hispanic Museum and in private hands in New York. Some sixty illustrations give a fair idea of the work of this grave and religious and intensely Spanish artist.

ANECDOTES IN ANIMALIST ART

PAINTINGS AND STATUETTES BY NELSON N. BICKFORD

ARTISTS there are whose leaning inclines now toward sculpture, now to painting, men who are one day assailed by an itching to model clay and the other drawn to the facile but deceptive painter's brush. Such is Nelson N. Bickford, a painter and sculptor who so far has made no great name in art but whose work deserves to be known because of its original and sturdy air, a simplicity that sometimes borders on crudeness, a directness that might be envied by successful artists far more adroit and graceful in facture. After trying both branches for many years he seems definitely to have abandoned painting for sculpture. Some of his paintings, however, are here reproduced and one cannot fail to note that most of them have a certain suggestion of sculpture.

At one time, like most artists, he made portraits, but eventually drew more and more toward the painting and sculpture of animals. The wild beasts of the small Zoo in Central Park got to know him. A lover and painter of tame cats, the big felines of that branch of wild life absorbed his interest and the constancy of his devotion to them ended in a certain friendship if one may call it that—established between some of them and their persistent admirer. Note book in hand, he would jot down their attitudes, movements, expressions—peaceful or irritated or furious and propinquity, together perhaps with some unknown transmission of sympathy that may flow between animals and men of a certain type, produced an effect akin if not equivalent to affection. Mr. Bickford tells some curious stories of his relations with wild beast that first came to distinguish and then

to know him through his assiduous visits to the Zoo. Among his closest friends was "Manila," a lioness who cherished hatred in her heart for a black leopard in the cage across the lion house, but this Bickford did not know. He had sketched the leopard several times, once while snarling and spitting. As he talked a good deal to Miss Manila he got in the way of showing her his sketches. One morning

he had slipped inside the bar that keeps the public away from the cages and was having a pleasant chat (somewhat of a monologue) with his feline friend, when he began turning over the pages of his sketch book and showing Manila each sketch as it came. When he reached the page with the rude pencil sketch of the snarling leopard Manila growled and struck at the sketch book like lightning, her deadly paw passing so close to Bickford's face as

to fan it hard. Getting under the bar as soon as he could, he called the caretakers and told them of Manila's act. Now it is very widely accepted that animals do not understand and do not see pictures and paintings as we do; they are supposed to see—let us say in this case—the page and the book, but not a sketch made on a page. Bickford then, to make sure, showed the sketch of the hated leopard once more to the jealous Manila, in the presence of the keepers. Just as often as, in turning the leaves and showing her the sketches, he reached the leopard, just so often would Manila show her teeth, growl and lunge at the sketch with her swift paw. Needless to say that Bickford is not among the skeptics who deny "art-sight" to animals.

Bickford spent several years in Paris shortly after the Civil War and in the



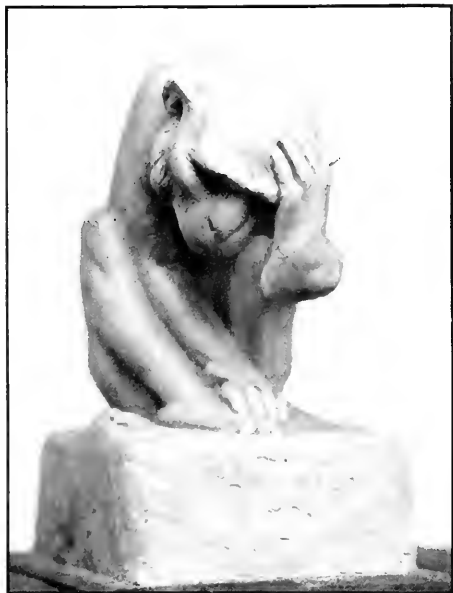
"THE APPROACHING STORM"

BY NELSON N. BICKFORD



"A TRAGEDY OF THE JUNGLE"

BY NELSON N. BICKFORD



"THE THINKER"

famed Académie Julien he came under the influence of Boulanger, Bouguereau and Jules Lefebvre, but he has never shown their imprint. At present he has a position at the Metropolitan Museum in New York as one of the assistant curators.

Among the accompanying illustrations observe how in the picture "Approaching Storm" the bull is so modeled as to give one a feeling of the crea-

ture's mass and weight, beside the effect of anger that is shown in pawing hoof and lowering horn. This for the painting. The "Lion Roaring," a statuette, catches the wild beast in a characteristic attitude observed at the Zoo. The Monkey, perhaps with a sly dig at Auguste Rodin's famous figure called "The Thinker," exemplifies the four-handed nature of its race by pressing its forehead with its *hind* foot! This is a bronze nine inches high; it was sold in 1916 at the exhibition of the Philadelphia Academy. Here is a tragedy of the jungle. A tigress and a huge python have come to grips, both of them have succumbed in the duel and the



"LEOPARD ASLEEP"

forlorn cub tries to suck milk from its mother's teat. It is such figures and groups as these—compare the utter relaxation and natural pose of "Sleeping Leopard"—that give Mr. Bickford a high place in the estimation of many lovers of art. He has an original vein all his own, and fearlessly he "tells a story" in sculpture or paint without heeding the cries of the enemies of anecdote.



"THE ROARING LION"

BY NELSON N. BICKFORD



OBVERSE

MODELED BY DANIEL C. FRENCH



REVERSE

MODELED BY AUGUSTUS LUKEMAN

MEDAL STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE THE COMPLETION OF THE CATSKILL AQUEDUCT

DESIGNED BY DANIEL C. FRENCH

A PRIZE-WINNING WAR POSTER

We print a reproduction of a War Poster called "Fill the Breach" by McClelland Barclay. It has won a \$250 prize and is doubly interesting to THE ART WORLD because Mr. Barclay wrote: "Having won the contest described in the enclosed newspaper clipping, I wish to tell you that my success was made possible through your article in THE ART WORLD. The composition is built upon the 'reasons' laid down in the composition of Raphael's 'Transfiguration.' I read and enjoy THE ART WORLD regularly, as well as profiting by it." We analyzed the "Transfiguration" in our October 1916 number, giving the reasons why many regard it as the greatest composition ever made by a painter.

Mr. Barclay is a great lover of the sea and a talented marine painter and will surely be heard from in the future.

A CORRECTION

On page 383 of our February issue the paragraph which related to Ruben's portrait of Jacqueline de Castro, wife of Jean Charles de Cords, was erroneously ascribed to Goya's "Dona Isabel."

CARROLL BECKWITH SALE

At the American Art Galleries, Madison Square South, on the evenings of March 20 and 21, at 8:15 o'clock, will be sold at public sale the remaining works of the talented artist Carroll Beckwith.

PRIZE-WINNING WAR POSTER
BY MCCLELLAND BARCLAY

ARTS, CRAFTS AND THE HOME

COLOR IN BEDROOMS

BY VIRGINIA ROBBE



CRETONNE OF BIRDS AND FOLIAGE
IN GRAY, MULBERRY, OLD BLUE,
BLACK AND GREEN

THAT almost forgotten novelist, E. P. Roe, once likened the heart of a haughty heroine to "one of those invulnerable pin-cushions found in country spare rooms." Immediately the room as well as the heroine flashed before the reader.

Lean as well as spare were those New England guest rooms with a winter temperature that rivaled the frozen North. The air-tight stove, base follower of the open-fire, moderated, but hardly thawed the cheerless atmosphere. Color schemes were gloomy, running to dark brown, wine color and indigo. Windows were curtained, shaded, blinded and lambrequined, and it was a courageous sunbeam that penetrated the room in winter, and a thrice venturesome breeze that dared enter in summer.

Everything matched as to color, and everything "paired" as to vases, mantel ornaments and pictures. The steel engraving of "Hope," was accompanied by "Despair," "Old Age" attended "Youth," and "Night" elbowed "Day." If "Love" hung on the south wall, "Duty" appeared on the north, while "The Christian Martyr."



DETAIL OF PRINTED LINEN, GRAY,
MAUVE AND PINK, USED IN ONE
OF THE BEDROOMS IN THE
JAMES H. OTTLEY HOUSE

OWNER'S
ROOM IN THE
JAMES H.
OTTLEY
HOUSE ON
LONG ISLAND



HOWARD
MAJOR,
ARCHITECT
AND
DECORATOR



GUEST ROOM IN THE HOWARD MAXWELL HOUSE, GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND
HOWARD MAJOR, ARCHITECT AND DECORATOR

Photograph by Tibbs

framed in black, held the place of honor opposite the bed just where the guest might note it first on waking and last as he sank to rest.

We have passed many milestones in house furnishings since E. P. Roe wrote "Barriers Burned Away," and in no part of our houses have we made more rapid strides than in our bedrooms. Whether for guest or family use they are no longer the chambers of horrors which the seventies and eighties of the nineteenth century produced.

In the first place, the walls are usually pictureless, save for a few well-chosen, well-framed and well-placed examples. Mantels are uncluttered, and every piece of furniture fills a definite and useful purpose. That each article is also decorative proves that both use and beauty are served. Most of all in its color schemes does the modern bedroom differ from the old: schemes full of repose to suit a room set apart for sleeping; schemes sufficiently stimulating to inspire cheerful rising; schemes adapted to individual taste yet avoiding the eccentric; schemes chosen with a careful regard to the points of the compass; schemes for youth, for the "middle ages," for every day hard wear, and for the stranger within the household gates. Be they in city apartment, country house, or all-the-year-around home certain points will be found in common.

Architects were the first to point the way to better things when they rebelled against the practice of turning bedrooms into sitting-rooms. Much space was wasted they contended in planning living-room and drawing-rooms left vacant a large part of the day. The reaction brought about the vogue of the bedroom, not large enough for three or four pieces of furniture. In the present adjustment, which is perhaps not the "final analysis," there is

space but not waste, and a beauty of architectural setting making furnishing a delight.

If the walls are paneled, they charm by their fine proportions, repose and accuracy of detail, as in the guest room of Louis XVI character in the home of Mr. Howard Maxwell, and in the very unusual bed-chamber in the residence of Mr. Smith, Oyster Bay. If papered there is often the same feeling for repose and balance, attained in an entirely different way, as in the owner's room of the James H. Ottley house, Glen Cove, Long Island. Two of the interiors are the work of Howard Major, architect and decorator, and set forth that happy mating of color and lines found in Mr. Major's drawing-rooms, living-rooms and libraries. The Smith house is designed by Messrs. Hoppin and Koen and affords a beautiful and consistent background.

The scheme of the papered room is warm gray, pink and mauve, combining in a most effective way with old mahogany furniture. The wall-paper in graduated stripes of gray makes a good foil for the printed linen used for curtains and bed-hangings. The pattern of the latter may be seen at close range in the detailed illustration which depicts one of those interesting and naive arrangements of fruit and flowers so cleverly reproduced by modern makers of chintz and cretonne.

The importance of the decorative fabric can hardly be too strongly emphasized, for upon its use the color charm of a certain type of room often depends. Particularly with quiet walls does the gay linen or cotton give a needed tone of life and pattern.

Possibly the treatment of the room will follow different lines and the decorative interest be supplied by the walls. Curtains may then be plain in tone or, if figured, of such a character as to



WHERE JAPANESE PRINTS AND OLD CHINESE PAINTINGS FORM THE WALL DECORATIONS

AN UNUSUAL, AND IN THIS INSTANCE, INTERESTING TREATMENT. RESIDENCE OF O. G. SMITH, ESQ., OYSTER BAY, L. I. HOPPIN AND KOEN, ARCHITECTS

increase the value of the background. Landscape papers used in panels with sufficient plain space to give balance and contrast afford a consistent setting for colonial mahogany. Decorative panels used as overdoors and overmantels suit certain schemes of furnishing, notably Louis XVI, while the old block-printed papers now successfully revived, solve in many bedrooms the wall problem. With mahogany of colonial feeling and with many types of painted furniture, these quaint patterns seem to belong by eternal fitness. Reproduced by the old hand process they have a naive directness well-suited to the modern bedroom. Some are in shades of gray and some in livelier key; some are early Victorian and some late Colonial; some are pseudo Gothic and some plain, mid-nineteenth century, but all suggest schemes of furnishing quite out of the ordinary.

The originals of many of these designs were imported for halls and parlors and their use in bed-

rooms should be confined to those motifs which by color, subject and scale make them particularly suitable for the purpose.

Very restful are the papers in shades of warm gray and highly decorative the more colorful themes. The latter would be interesting in guest rooms where greater latitude in the way of treatment is often desirable.

Guests come and go and naturally there are fewer permanent fittings. Moreover, the average visitor appreciates something entirely different from the four walls left at home. Give to your guest the Chinese-Chippendale design or the birds of Paradise in the tropical tree, or the Dutch vases filled with roses and tulips, and for the family pay especial heed to individual likes and dislikes, yet keeping in mind the wedding gown of the wife of the vicar of Wakefield, which was chosen precisely as the vicar selected his bride—for excellent wearing qualities.





THE A. L. KRAMER HOUSE, GEORGIAN IN TYPE; NORTH FRONT

Peabody, Wilson and Brown, Architects

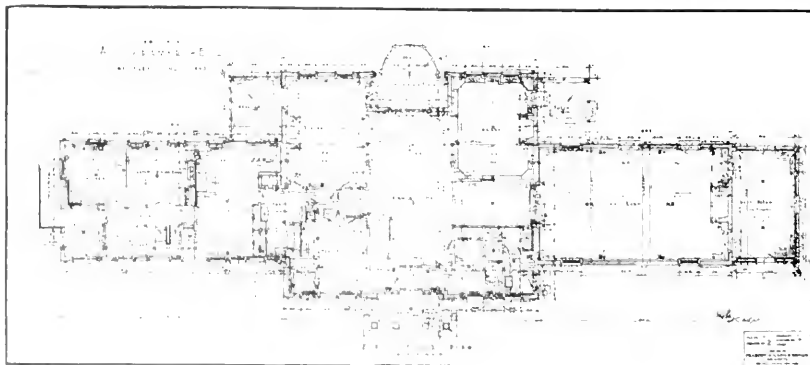
THE A. L. KRAMER HOUSE AT WESTBURY, L. I.

BY LIONEL MOSES

PROBABLY no section of the country is richer in fine houses than that within a radius of a dozen or so miles from Westbury Station, L. I. Nor is any part of the Island more beautiful in character than that part. Here there is rolling country and splendid woodland, long stretches of open farmland, hills and dales and wide views with glimpses of the Sound with the Connecticut shore in the distant haze.

Time was, within our memory, when the old farms could have been bought for under a hundred dollars an acre and some of them were so purchased

and built upon; but with the first few purchases the price rose until now ten times this amount must be paid for land with any pretense to beauty. First among the settlers in the district was E. D. Morgan, who obtained "Wheatley Hill." From this hill the surrounding country has taken its name and the Wheatley Hills now comprise all the rolling country in the vicinity and as far west as East Williston, several miles away. Just under Wheatley Hill is the house built for the late Robert D. Winthrop, now occupied by his brother and within view are the Whitney, Duryea and Mackay estates and





THE GARDEN, THOUGH NEW, IS INTERESTING

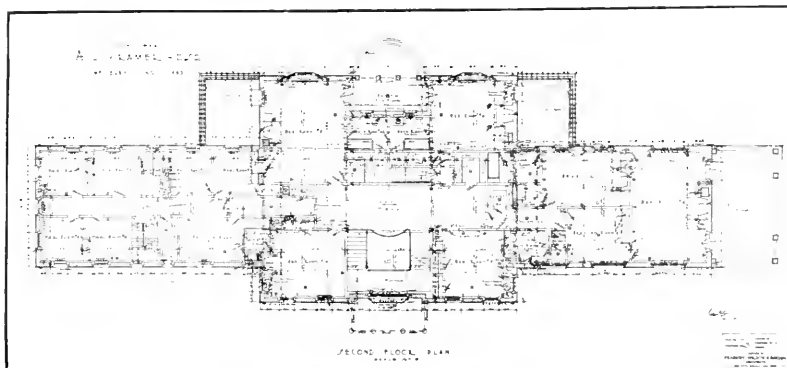
many others noted for their beauty and extent. The student of contemporary architecture could spend a very profitable week motoring in this part of the country studying the art which here comprises nearly all the styles from Elizabethan to the most modern of Colonial. Here also may yet be found that type of pre-Revolutionary house known to many as the Long Island farmhouse type which is as distinct as the Southern Colonial or the Dutch Colonial which it somewhat resembles. But the day of the Long Island farmhouse has passed for the mode of living here is changing—has changed. In the place of the farms whose products were once seen snugly packed on vehicles resembling prairie wagons which, late in the evening, wound their way along the road to the city where the produce was sold early next day—in place of these producing

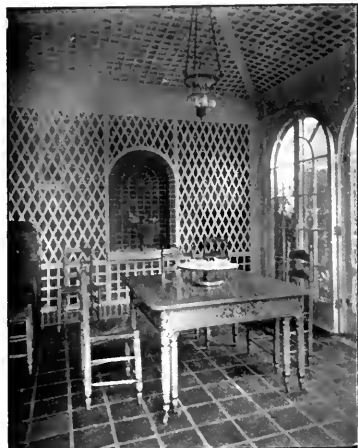
farms are the fancy farms of new owners whose cattle are prize cattle; whose produce cost at such rates as only the multi-millionaire can afford to pay; and these new farms are surrounded by landscape gardens and crowned by mansions, every appointment of which is studied art and comfort.

One of the newest of these splendid houses is that built for Mr. A. L. Kramer and designed by Messrs. Peabody, Wilson and Brown of New York City. The work of this firm is all high grade but no house they have designed is any better than the one here shown.

The house is distinguished and even though new has a domestic quality which age will improve.

One drives up to a dignified two-story porch and through a small vestibule enters a wide hall which runs entirely through the house. In this hall is the





THE ENCLOSED BREAKFAST-ROOM
WITH LATTICED WALLS



THE A. L. KRAMER HOUSE: SOUTH FRONT

staircase with a landing the full width of the hall. To the west is an 18 x 25-foot dining-room with a very large fireplace and at the southerly end two ample windows. Corresponding, on the west of the hall, is the library. Out of each of these rooms one may step onto a porch, the dining-room porch being an enclosed breakfast-room prettily furnished, the walls being latticed.

Not the least feature of the Kramer house is the very complete service arrangements which comprise, seemingly, all that could be necessary to convenient housekeeping. This includes a refrigerating-room 7 x 10, a large laundry and a kitchen large enough for a small hotel. The lesser conveniences are a

built-in silver safe, a dumb-waiter and ample closet room. And in another part of the ground floor is the flower-room with an outside entrance.

But the great feature of this floor is the living-room 25 x 40 with a six-foot wide fireplace at the end. This room is low in proportion to its size and paneled from floor to ceiling in dark wood. The living-room gives out onto an enclosed porch of ample size with three exposures. A feature of the ground floor is the bedroom and bathroom with access from the main hall.

The second floor contains five master's bedrooms with five baths and in conjunction with the owner's bedroom are the dressing-room and boudoir. The

owner's bedroom is 17 x 25 feet with a large open fireplace and windows on three sides, those on the west side leading out to an open roof over the porch below. The second story contains also six servants' rooms. Features of the second story are the splendid hall and the loggia between two of the bedrooms on the south.

The Kramer house is Georgian, the entrance porch recalling in its proportions the general aspect of "Homewood" in Maryland, which has been the inspiration of so many of our architects. The rich red of the brickwork contrasts well with the vari-colored slate roof and the white trim sets off the coloring of the masonry. The white blinds also add to the interest. All in all, Messrs. Peabody, Wilson and Brown have produced a work of art of which they should feel proud.



THE LIVING ROOM

THE FRENCH DECORATIVE STYLES

IV. EMPIRE

BY WATER A. DYER

*Author of "The Lure of the Antique," "Early American Craftsmen,"
"Creators of Decorative Styles," etc.*

Photographs by Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE period of the French Empire was the last of the great historic decorative periods. The styles of the period were, unlike most others, not the result of a gradual development but of a rather abrupt change.

After Louis XVI came the Revolution, and for a time the arts in France languished. Indeed, the Revolution may be said to have destroyed art. The aristocracy, the patrons of art, were ruined, and there was a general dislocation of the art industries.

The Revolution began in 1792, the Directory was established in 1794, the Consulate under Napoleon in 1799, and the Empire in 1802. The decorative period of the Empire is usually given as extending from 1799 to 1814.

For the first few years chaos reigned in the French art world. During the Directory there was an attempt at reconstruction. An art commission was appointed, of which Riesener and David Rontgen were members. A treatment of the Classic came into vogue, sometimes rather dainty, based on the Roman and Pompeian, but it was an artificial style, not that of a period of natural transition. As a rule bad taste reigned and art tradition was largely annihilated.

Then came Napoleon to dominate the art world as he dominated everything else in France. He proceeded to refit the royal palaces in accordance with his own ideas, and the people followed his lead in decorative matters. The style of the Directory was an attempted return to the antique, but Napoleon diverted the trend of taste into somewhat different channels, though he also found his inspiration in Rome.

Under Napoleon the French artists and designers were given a new chance, so long as they conformed to the Emperor's ideas and sought to interpret his desires. The result was a period of noteworthy if somewhat restricted production. David and Riesener, who had worked under Louis XVI, were the leaders at first. They were followed by the architect-decorators Charles Percier and Pierre Fontaine and others. A book of designs published by Percier and Fontaine in 1812 offers a good record of the Empire style. Their work at least combined modern comfort and Greek beauty.

The furniture of the period expressed not a court,

not an epoch of French life; it expressed the overwhelming personality of Napoleon Bonaparte. It was a period of heroics, of ceremony, of novelty. Napoleon aped the grandeur of the Cæsars, and the design details of the period were suggested by the idea of imperialism and conquest.

The decorative styles, which were based largely on the imperial Roman, became cold, formal, heavy, with very little of the light or fanciful about them. They were not lavishly magnificent like the styles of Louis XIV, yet, though somewhat stiff and constrained, they were not without a certain dignity and grandeur and were never effete or luxurious.

Empire furniture was characterized by good cabinet work, finely executed metal mounts, beautiful

mahogany, and rich upholstery. Construction was for the most part simple, but it was a heavy, formal simplicity, not the graceful simplicity of Louis XVI.

Mahogany was the wood most used by the cabinet-makers, both solid and veneered, enriched with appliqué. Marquetry was discarded and there was only a moderate amount of carved wood, but much plain surface embellished with finely modeled brass, bronze, gilt and ormolu mounts. The framework of Empire chairs was generally mahogany, or painted, enameled, bronzed and gilded woods. For the most part the mahogany was finished natural, with but little gilding. The popular upholstery stuffs included loud brocades and silks or velvets in plain, strong colors, frequently rich green or ruby red, figured or sprinkled with formal Classic motifs. Tapestries, so popular during the preceding periods, were but little used.

The decorative details of the Empire style were significant and symbolic, reflecting the glory of the Emperor. There was nothing approaching rococo, and the dainty forms of the Louis XVI period were wholly abandoned. The Classic anthemion came back in Roman form, together with the wreath of bay, the torch, the Roman eagle, the Roman fasces, the Phrygian cap of liberty, the Athenian bee, the laurel branch, the Greek fret and honeysuckle, the winged Victory, other winged figures, including cherubs, the helmeted heads of warriors, trophies and weapons, the letter N in a victor's wreath, and,



A TYPICAL DROP-FRONT MAHOGANY DESK OF THE EMPIRE PERIOD, SHOWING THE ROUND PILLARS, VERTICAL FORM AND ORMOLU MOUNTS



"FAUTEUIL GONDOLE." BUILT OF MAHOGANY WITH BROCADE UPHOLSTERY AND RICH IN METAL MOUNTS

TYPICAL EMPIRE CONSOLE TABLE OF MAHOGANY WITH ORMOLU DECORATIONS



"FAUTEUIL GONDOLE." NOTE THE COMFORTABLE CONCAVE BACK, THE CURVED REAR LEGS, THE SWAN-NECK ARMS

after the Egyptian campaign, the Sphinx. These details are to be found especially in the metal mounts, which well repay special study. Among the constructive features of Empire furniture are to be found the fluted column upholding a torch, the plain round supporting column and various forms of the lion's foot.

The chairs of the period ranged from fairly simple side chairs to elaborate throne-like affairs. In general, they may be divided into two types. The larger chairs were massive, pretentious and lavishly enriched with metal mounts and structural carving. Sometimes a sweeping horn of plenty curves down into the arm, or the arms are terminated with the heads of rams, lions, etc. Sometimes strange gryphons form the front supports, the heads supporting the arms of the chair and the bodies drawn out into the single shaft of the leg with a lion's foot resting on the floor. Flaming torches and gryphons appear where there is no logical need for them.

There were also armchairs fashioned on the model of the ancient curule seat, heavier than those of the Italian Renaissance, often with swans' necks for arms, supported by cupids. The typical Empire armchair, with its wide, concave back, was at least comfortable.

Often these forms verged upon the grotesque, but there was, happily, a simpler type of Empire chair that was full of dignity and not without grace. These chairs, severely simple in form, had square frames and straight, round legs, the back legs often curving slightly outward. They were made of plain mahogany or of some other wood enameled white. Little carving was used on them, but they were usually ornamented with well-modeled ormolu mounts and were elegantly upholstered.

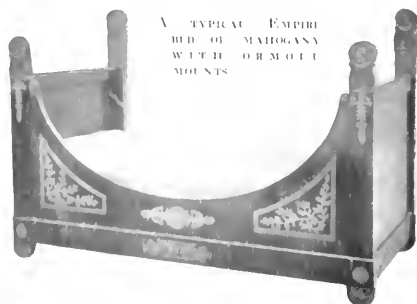
Among the tables, the medium sized round one were commonest, though

there were also square ones, while the consoles and pier tables were usually stiffly rectangular. A common form of table had short claw feet upon which rested a low shelf; this supported straight, round, vertical pillars which in turn supported the top. Sometimes such tables were supported by carved gryphons resting on a shaped base, while some of the heavier ones were supported by sphinxes. Often the round tables had a central column with a broad base resting on three lion's feet, a form which served as a model for many of our American "Colonial" tables; or a three-cornered plinth on three carved feet supported three round columns.

Most of the tables were of mahogany, either solid or veneered, though there were also enameled tables. The table tops were often of marble, usually white or nearly black. Metal mounts were much in evidence and metal feet and pillar caps. A common feature of secretaries and tables was a round column of mahogany with an ornamental cap of bronze in the form of a sphinx's head, and a bronze foot at the base. Often the caps were modeled in the anthemion form.

Often the supports of consoles, cabinets, bookcases, etc., showed little style in the rear, being sometimes merely flat boards, but the front legs were usually more elegant, often tapering, crowned with the female bust, and with feet of ormolu. Mirrors were often set into the under parts of consoles, beneath the top and against the walls. Gryphons and sphinxes sometimes took the place of the round columns as the front supports of console tables.

In the form of the bed a great change took place. The overdraped forms of the preceding periods gave place to plain but stately couches or to heavy, box-like affairs, with head and foot-boards of the same height, either straight or rolling, and with no posts or canopy.



A TYPICAL EMPIRE BED OF MAHOGANY WITH ORMOLU MOUNTS

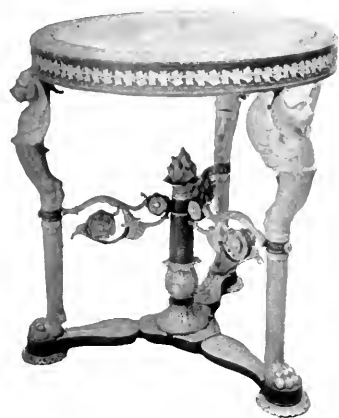
Interior decoration followed the same general scheme as furniture design. The walls were largely plain, strongly colored panels, rather Pompeiian in type, sometimes relieved by the gold N in a wreath or one of the other Napoleonic symbols. Hangings were often rich velvets. Candelabra and sconces were frequently winged figures, stiff in modeling but good in material and finish.

Such are the salient features of the style which was predominant in France during the first decade of the last century. Americans were pro-French in those days, and after the Sheraton influence had passed we began borrowing more freely from France than from England. The styles of the French Empire, therefore, have a peculiar interest for us because, though we wrought many changes in the process of adaptation, they formed the basis of American decorative styles during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Mahogany was plentiful here, the cabinet-making trade was flourishing, and we turned out a

large quantity of so-called American-Empire furniture, constructed largely with posts and columns, often carved in coarse pineapple and acanthus-leaf designs, but in general following the Empire spirit. And not all of it was bad.

A few years ago one occasionally heard of a drawing-room, music-room, dining-room, or hall, or other formal apartment, being furnished and decorated in the Empire style, and when it was well done the result was not without beauty and distinction. Americans, however, have apparently found the style too cold for their liking, especially for use in the home, and it seems to have fallen into general disfavor. Manufacturers inform me that they are making practically no reproductions or adaptations of Empire furniture; there is no call for them. It seemed to me, however, that this style should receive as much attention as the styles of more popular periods in order to round out

logically the subject of the French decorative styles.



THREE-LEGGED ROUND TABLE WITH MOSAIC TOP, GRYPHON SUPPORTS AND THE FLAMING TORCH IN THE CENTER

MY FERN DISH

BY ELIZABETH WRIGHT

The deep soft glow of copper in the curve
 Of my fern dish, which Vulcan might have made
 With loving hands, gleams with the light and
 shade,
 And thousand colors that in summer serve
 To make a woodland path a joy divine
 Almost. And in my treasure on the table there
 In delicate tracery of maiden-hair
 There waves a Spenser forest faerie fine.

My treasure! mine! The wonder of it fills
 Me with humility; and yet I know
 It is mine only when its beauty thrills
 The seeing soul of me. When life runs low,
 And slightest efforts are great weary hills,
 Oh, can I make it mine? feel glow for glow?

Elizabeth Wright





WOODLAND SET DESIGNED BY MAXFIELD PARRISH FOR THE LITTLE COMMUNITY THEATER OF PLAINFIELD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

WHY NOT A LITTLE COMMUNITY THEATER FOR YOUR TOWN?

BY CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

Author of "The Trend of the Theater," "Costumes and Scenery," etc., etc.

AT the present writing some fifty Little Community Theaters are flourishing in different cities and villages of the United States because both villages and cities are beginning to realize that the art of the theater can be used as a great community force working for culture and solidarity. By *community* theater one means a theater where the audience, players, scenic and costume designers (and even at times the playwrights) are drawn from the people themselves.

Whole communities are discovering that a Little Theater, if properly managed, can support itself while giving joy to the city or village in which it is situated. In civic value it equals the pageant; in art value its enthusiasts believe that it surpasses the pageant, because pageants are sporadic while Little Theaters are permanent. Pageants are by their nature expensive; Little Theaters are inexpensive. *They put art into the hands of the people at moderate cost.* Indeed a Little Theater's insignificant cost of maintenance makes one prophesy that during these dark and troubled times of war the Little Theater will be the theater of the day. It will hold its place art, ideally and above all, civically, for its civic importance cannot be overestimated. To cite a few examples, Galeburg, Illinois, has a Little Theater owned by the community, a theater that has been remodeled from a gloomy to one of the most charming playhouses of the Middle West, where the best and most poetic of modern drama is offered at a moderate cost. The people of Duluth, Minnesota,

own their own little Community Theater—in this case remodeled from a church. Here they give plays by Galsworthy, Synge and Sir James Barrie at movie theater rates! Both Granville Barker and Lady Gregory have spoken in high praise of this little theater. Uncle Sam is backing the Little Theater of Fargo, North Dakota, because the government sees in this experiment of a "Little Theater for Farmers" a new and potent influence in country life. Creative work is the foe of monotony.

Richmond Hill, Long Island; Montclair and Newark, New Jersey; Rochester, Buffalo and Bridgeport have Little Community Theaters. So have Baltimore, Detroit, Chicago, Washington and New Orleans; Provincetown and Northampton, Mass.; Erie and Brookfield, Pa.; Kansas City, Kansas—the list is too long to be given here. Cleveland, Ohio, is having a Little Community Theater made over from a church. This theater will be used as a community center to develop community art.

Therefore the question arises: "Why not a Little Community Theater for *your* town?"

"How," cry the citizens, "shall we go about having one?"

And the answer is: First, by calling together all the artists and potential artists of your community. Secondly, by meeting all your problems and difficulties and contingencies in advance so that your Little Community Theater will begin its existence on a paying basis.

You must decide whether you will have a Little Theater like that in St. Louis, Mo., where the

players give all their time to the work and receive a small salary; or whether you will have a Little Theatre like that in Detroit, Michigan, where all the players give their services without recompense and where only the director receives a salary. You must then decide the matter of a building in which to house your theater; its accessibility and practicality.

For Little Theaters that pay no salaries to their players \$2,000 a season seems to be the usual sum for maintenance, if strict economy is practiced. This sum, if the theater is properly managed, is put back into the theater fund and whatever is made, over and above this is paid out for any extra expenses the theater may incur.

To reduce the theater budget to \$2,000 a season, some one in the Little Theater group *must* have a knowledge of pigments; of how to build scenery from compo board as well as canvas; of how to use the draped stage, or, as it is technically called, the stage hung with curtains. Either the director or the theater artist must also know how to use and re-use certain scenic effects in combinations that will not be detected by the audience. This is where the ingenuity of the community is aroused. A knowledge of the use of inexpensive materials is also necessary, if the theater is to be managed for this sum, for the inexpensiveness of the costumes



SCENE FROM DUNNAN'S "GLITTERING GATE" AS PLAYED BY THE ARTS AND CRAFTS, DETROIT

depends upon how great or how beautiful an effect can be secured through sateen, cotton poplin, mercerized cotton, cheese cloth and crêpon. Here is where a knowledge of dyes is also invaluable. And last, but not least, if expense is to be kept down, there must be some one experienced in painting scenes with lights. This, if certain scenes

have to be used again, will greatly lessen their monotony for the audience. An outdoor scene painted with amber light can be made to appear quite differently when given a moonlit effect with blue and white lights. Such knowledge forms the stock-in-economy of every Little Theater in this country.

The reader of this article will have gathered from what has already been said that each Little Theater works out its expense account differently, its budget being modified by the price of seats, the number of seats, and the number of performances per week or per month, as well as the policy of the particular theater, and whether or not it is addicted to the subscription system. All these things have a bearing on the budget.

Little Theaters are adverse to giving out an *itemized* list of their running expenses. The reason for this becomes apparent when one considers that the salaries of players and director will be made



THE VAGABOND PLAYERS OF THE VAGABOND THEATER, BALTIMORE, MD.

public, and they are sure to be moderate. Very often an extremely efficient director will be willing to take a small salary—a mere living wage—for the pleasure of working out his ideas under Little Theater conditions. But he does not care to have this wage made public. Artists who design scenery and costumes, actuated by a love for the thing done, may take in return a mere pittance. But it might jeopardize their prices for other work were the exact amount of this pittance known.

The Workshop Theater of Chicago has been able to equip its tiny playhouse, pay for rent, light, scenery, costumes and printing, for \$2,000 a year—not a season, a full year. Other Little Theaters are run for \$2,000 a season; but the Chicago Workshop Theater achieved the distinction of *running a whole year for \$2,000*; producing thirty-one one-act plays.

The Prairie Players of Galesburg, Ill., renovated a building, installed seats, a stage, a box office and lighting system: paid for their scenery, lighting, printing, cleaning and heating on a capital of \$1,050 for one season's expenditure. But then, rents and living are lower by two-thirds in Galesburg than in Chicago or New York. Even so, this was a remarkable financial achievement only made possible because the whole town worked for the theater cheerfully lending everything the theater wanted to borrow. It was also possible because not one piece of canvas or one single costume was allowed to go to waste. Everything was painted and repainted, and dyed and redyed in order to achieve this result. The most rigid economy was exercised.

The wonder of running a Little Theater for \$2,000 is apparent when one considers that this \$2,000 budget can be stretched to cover rent, costumes, scenery, lighting, printing, stage carpentry work and cleaning. It is interesting to note that this is the exact sum yearly on which H. J. Grein ran his Independent Theater in London, England, the theater which first introduced G. Bernard Shaw to the English intellectuals. \$2,000 a season is, of course, a more liberal budget and means less pinching and scraping, less wear and tear on the artists' nerve.

Prices vary so in different parts of the country, and each Little Theater has such individual problems to meet that any scale suggested for their maintenance must of necessity be approximate.

Rent is not the same in Chicago, Ill., and in New Orleans, La., in Bridgeport and Baltimore. And rent is one of the chief problems connected with the Little Theater. Then, too, a Little Theater's policy has an immense deal to do with its upkeep. If the players are professional, or semi-professional and have weekly salaries, a totally different budget must be arranged for them from what is arranged for a Little Theater where the players are amateurs without salaries. Then, whether or not there is a professional director who is paid a salary is another great consideration. If the theater building is used all the time by the company playing and rehearsing in it, it naturally has a bearing on the general expense. If the theater is such that it can be let for concerts and lectures, it will help materially with the rent. The seating capacity also is a consideration for it regulates the theater tax. Every state in the Union has different laws regarding theater taxation. Theaters are taxed according

to seating capacity and as to whether or not tickets are sold at the door. A Little Theater tax may run from \$300 to \$500 per year in a large city, according to the State of the Union in which the theater is situated. Then, too, a theater fireman has to be retained on salary if the seating capacity runs above a certain point.

Many Little Theaters in cities avoid paying the theater tax and the fireman's sal-

ary by doing away with the box office and depending entirely on subscription. This puts the theater on a club basis. All these things have to be taken into account in an estimate of theater cost.

In New York the Washington Square Players have the usual theater expenses save in salaries, and scenic and costume effects. It is with these that they make their point of difference. Their players are willing to take small salaries for the sake of what they are trying to do. By designing their own costumes and scenery the Washington Square Players cut out the middleman; and are on occasion able to re-use their material.

The Provincetown Players avoid the theater tax by doing away with the box office and organizing as a club is organized. They, too, design their own costumes and scenery. No set costs more than \$13.50. And many of them very much less than that. They use three sets each evening. Now and again a set is repainted and does duty twice over.



INTERIOR OF ARTS AND CRAFTS THEATER, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



HOME OF MR. RIDLEY F. TAYLOR, LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA
A HOUSE MADE ENTIRELY OF MONOLITHIC RE-ENFORCED CONCRETE

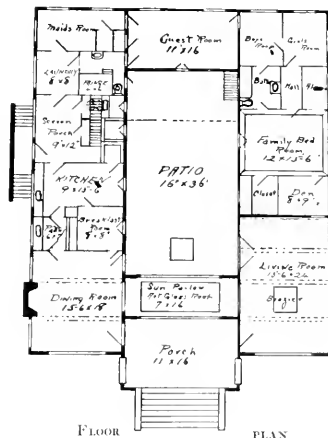
A HOME OF SUBSTANTIAL AND ARTISTIC FEATURES

BY ALBERT MARPLE

HERE is a home of the better type that is strictly "at home" in the city, in the suburbs or in the country. In the construction of this residence the artistic and substantial qualities of concrete are conclusively demonstrated. It is located at Long Beach, California, and was planned and constructed by the owner, Ridley F. Taylor, at a cost of a little less than \$25,000. This home is made entirely of monolithic re-enforced concrete, this meaning that the entire home is practically one solid piece of this material. In addition to the fourteen rooms, which are conveniently grouped about an open-air patio, there are two porches and a sun parlor. In addition to the dwelling itself the surrounding features are made of concrete, even to the chicken houses. The durable features upon this place go to show what may be done with this lasting material.

This dwelling is a one-story structure built on what is known as "Spanish" lines. It takes up a ground space of 50 x 63 feet, being located upon a lot 118 x 186 feet in size. The parking at the front has a width of 24 feet and at the side of 18 feet.

The patio is one of the main features of this home. It is 16 x 36 feet in size, and the floor and the walls are of concrete, while the roof consists of a netting of copper wire, laced by means of copper wire to galvanized iron rafters, this being No. 6 electrically welded and having a 6-inch mesh. The use of this copper wire prevents rust marks on the concrete. Inside this court are a fountain, flower boxes, hanging baskets, etc., all made of cement. The boxes stand two feet high, having a top measurement of 12 x 36 inches. At night this patio is lighted by eight globe lights, one of which is located above one of the flower boxes. By the potted palms, ferns and flowers of various kinds this patio is converted into a veritable garden. One important fact about this home is that each of the principal rooms is connected by French doors with the patio. Every day the sun shines, its rays enter all of the rooms



during some part of the day, while some of the rooms get the sunlight from two directions—both morning and afternoon.

This home faces northeast, but to make the description easier we will call it an east front. The living-room, size 15'6" x 24 feet, we find on the northeast corner. This is an unusual room, but withal it is comfortable and pleasing. The walls and ceiling have been left in their plain, unfinished state. The woodwork used for the forms was especially selected for grain and as a result the grain was plainly transferred to the concrete, in which condition it has been left, it being of a drab color. Across the ceiling, running north and south, are three concrete beams, while at either end is a half-beam. The floor consists of red terra cotta tile, six inches square, inlaid in black cement, while around the edge is a 9-inch border of brown cement. By

actual count there are a thousand tile in this floor. By day this room is lighted by a 10-foot plate-glass window at the front, while at the north side there are two 2x4 lights and on the south side is a pair of 6-foot French doors. The electrical fixtures consist of two 2-light chandeliers and seven bracket lamps, these as well as the other hardware of this room being in hammered copper. The finish and furniture are of oak. A novel feature of the living-room is the brazier or fireplace, which is located a little to the front of the center of the room and which is open on all sides. The basin and hood of this feature are of hammered copper, while the spark shield is a netting of copper wire. The basin is six inches deep and four inches from the floor and its sides serve as footrests. The "neck" of the hood is twelve inches in diameter, while the bottom is four feet square. One of the attractive points about this brazier is that after the fire has started nicely the hood may be raised for as much as three feet so that it does not in any way obstruct the view of those gathered around the four sides of the fire.

The den, 8 x 9 feet, is located directly behind the living-room. There is a 12-inch painted base around this room, while it has papered walls with scenic border and tinted ceiling.

The family bedroom is located just behind the den. It is 12 x 15 6 feet in size, having 12-inch cove ceiling, this being for the purpose of supporting a 5 x 5, 18-inch deep cupola or skylight. At the sides of this cupola are four chipped glass sash. The walls are covered with light gray linen-finish paper with ribbon border, while the ceiling is tinted a light gray. On the north side are three casement windows, and double French doors, opening onto the patio.

Only an archway divides the family bedroom from the sewing alcove, which is papered in a tint similar to the bedroom.

A pass hall leads between the sewing alcove and the bathroom from the family bedroom to the kitchen, bedroom, and bathroom. The bathroom is located in the rear of the house, and is a small room, but is well equipped with the latest fixtures.



THE DINING-ROOM

In the maid's room the Oregon pine veneered doors are in natural finish, while the casings and sash are white. Immediately in front of the maid's room are the laundry and plunge. The laundry is 8 x 8 feet and is equipped with stationary wash-tubs, electrical appliances, etc. The plunge room is 6 x 8 feet and is equipped with lavatory and toilet. The plunge proper occupies one-half of this room and is three feet below the remaining portion. It is guarded by an iron railing, and contains a shower.

The screen-porch, 9 x 12 feet, is located immediately in front of the two last-described rooms. It has built-in closets and drawers, toilets and lavatory and is finished in brown and tan paint. From the porch the stairs lead to the roof and French doors open onto the patio. The kitchen is 9 x 15 6 and is a cabinet affair. It has blue wainscoting to a height of five feet, above which it is enameled white. Here we find a 4 x 4 cooling closet with cement shelves, cold water tank, with connection to the patio, etc. Below the 2 3 x 6 window is a cement sinkboard 2 x 9 feet. The pass pantry, where we find sink and drainboard, cupboards, shelves, drawers, two 2 x 2 casement windows, etc., runs between the kitchen and the dining-room.

The dining-room is one of the most home-like apartments in the entire dwelling. It is 16, 6 x 18 feet in size and is papered to a height of five feet in a dark brown leather effect, matching the oak woodwork and furniture. Above this paper, on the various sections of the wall, are hand-painted California scenes. Two concrete beams run north and south across the tinted ceiling. The electric fixtures consist of a 4-light chandelier and four single-light beam fixtures. This room has a 10-foot plate glass

hammered copper hardware and fixtures, while the doors are slash-grain pine veneered in natural finish, the sash and casing being finished in white.

Passing south from these rooms, we enter the guest bedroom, which is 11 x 16 feet in size. It is finished in mahogany, and double French doors lead out to the patio.



THE OUT-DOOR PATIO

window at the front, a bevel glass door to the front porch, an arch to the sun parlor and French doors to the patio, while on the south there are two casement windows 4 x 4 feet. The metal work is entirely in hammered copper. Here we find built-in buffet with drawers for silver and cupboards for glass- and china ware.

On the south side is a 6-foot fireplace with cement shelf, facing a hearth. Behind the dining-room is the breakfast-room, which has doors to kitchen, dining-room and patio. This is 8 x 8 feet and the walls are covered with Oriental paper with much handwork decoration. Here we find Oregon pine woodwork in natural finish, and black hammered copper fixtures.

The sun parlor lies directly in front of the patio and is connected with the living and dining-rooms by means of arches, above which are box lights of brown art glass. This sun parlor has a 10-foot plate-glass window on either side, one looking onto the porch, the other upon the patio, permitting a view from the street to the patio and *vice versa*. The floor has a panel of 6 x 6-inch tiling, while the roof consists of art glass work. The field of this glass is light blue upon which a pergola of brown has been placed. Interlaced among the beams of this pergola is a rose vine bearing pink and dark red roses. This roof is protected by a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch mesh screen placed above it. In the corner of this sun-parlor are concrete flower shelves. The front porch is 11 x 16 feet and lies half within and half without the wall line of the home. On the sides of the extension are oblong archways, while in the center of the floor is a panel of tiling, which panel effect is continued along the center of the approach between the porch and the front sidewalk. The home has a cement-like basement 11 x 16 feet, with cement shelves, etc., while a well-equipped dark room opens off the patio near the rear of same.

The doors of this home are known to the trade as "slab doors," being flush with the wall. All dust-catching picture moulding, base, stool, and casing have been eliminated, an effort being made to do away with woodwork, thereby trimming down the work of the house-keeper. All windows have 6-inch transoms, and where two or three windows are grouped single-light transoms extend across all of



THE LIVING-ROOM

them. The arrangement of the windows is original with the owner. The casement windows swing outward, the screens being hung outside and protected against the weather. The hanging of the curtains to the sash outside the screen makes it possible to use one long blind across the several windows. Excepting where other-

wise stated, the floors are of concrete, the ceilings being nine feet high. The patio permits an agreeable accessibility from one part of the home to another. The burning of a single light in the patio at night permits safe walking through any of the rooms.

The first step in building this home was to erect the forms up to the floor level. During the laying of the concrete in these the horizontal steel reinforcing rods were installed. The vertical rods were inserted just as soon as there was sufficient concrete in the forms to hold them in position. When this concrete was sufficiently settled the floor slab was poured. After this had properly set the wall forms were built and the concrete and steel of the walls were placed. The pouring of the fire walls and the roof slab was accomplished when the walls had become perfectly hard. The concrete brackets for the awnings over the windows were made ten or twelve days before the walls were run and were set into the walls so as to insure a good bond. After the removing of the forms the 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slabs under the red mission tile of the awnings were placed. The outside walls are six inches thick, re-enforced by $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch twisted steel rods, two feet on centers. The beams are re-enforced by Kahn bars, while the roof and floor slabs are three inches in thickness and are re-enforced by electrically welded fabric, having No. 3 and No. 8 wires, the No. 3 wires running longitudinally. The interior partitions are of Class A construction, being of wire, lath and plaster.

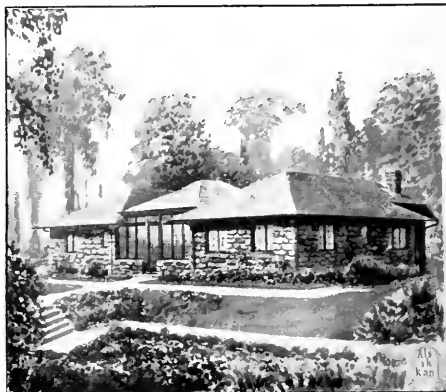
Many features outside the home have also been made of concrete. At the sides concrete pergolas serve to "shut in" the rear yard. These are entirely of concrete, the columns being 12 inches in diameter at the base and 10 inches at the top. The main beams are 6 x 8 inches, while the crossbeams are 4 x 6 inches. Other concrete features are the garage, rear fence, chicken and duck houses, brooder and incubator houses, driveway and stand for clothes drier.



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CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NUMBER 195, HAVING A CENTRAL GLASSED-IN LIVING PLACE

MOST of our modern architects have felt comparatively free from the traditions of an older civilization, and thus have allowed their fancies freer rein. Under their ingenious hands the bungalow plan has proved delightfully elastic, capable of many variations to meet individual and local needs. A wide range has been achieved in structural materials, interior arrangement and exterior design. The possibilities for originality seem endless when one is dealing with the bungalow style, especially in the provision for open or sheltered outdoor retreats—those friendly "architectural hyphens" that link garden and house into a pleasant whole.

In planning Craftsman bungalows, an effort has been made to take advantage, as far as possible, of this chance for unique arrangements, without sacrificing the comfort and practicality of the plans. Indeed, a credit is by laying out the rooms with very precise lines, and contriving, and not each detail to give way to the utmost convenience and comfort. The results are more unusual and more practical than to be forthcoming.

In this bungalow, No. 195, the main entrance

been to provide a central, glassed-in living place that would be sufficiently protected for use all the year round, and would have windows all along one side which could be thrown open during warm weather. Around this, the living-rooms, kitchen and servants' quarters and the family sleeping-rooms were to be grouped in such a fashion that each section would be separated from the others. This arrangement has so many attractive points that a little study of the floor plan and two perspective views is likely to repay the prospective home-builder to whom this type of dwelling appeals.

The bungalow, shown here is of stone with slate or shingle roof. The plan of the interior results in a somewhat irregular contour for the outer walls, a point especially desirable in a building that covers so large an area.

If another bedroom were needed, the space now devoted to the library might be utilized for that purpose and arranged to open out of the hall. In this case, the chimneypiece and bookcases now indicated in the library might be built instead in the left-hand wall of the living-room.

The placing of the sleeping and service



A CRAFTSMAN
BOATHOUSE.
NUMBER 193



IT WILL
COMFORTABLY
SHELTER A
WEEK-END
PARTY

quarters on opposite sides of the house, each shut away from the rest of the rooms, is one of the most satisfactory features of the plan.

We are presenting this month the plans and perspective view of a Craftsman boathouse. While we have shown this building—No. 193—beside a lake in a mountainous and wooded country, it would also be suitable in design for either seashore or river-bank. In the present case the shingled covering and the long slope of the roof are particularly in keeping with the woods and hills among which it is set.

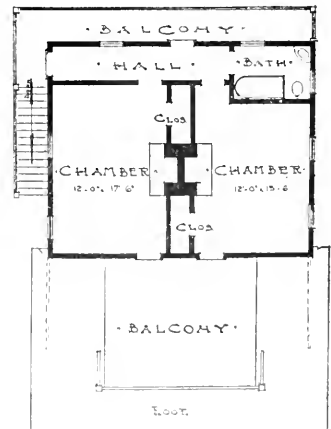
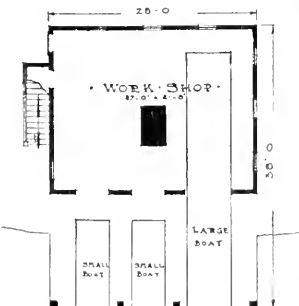
This little building is really more than a boathouse, as a glance at its plans will disclose and will readily shelter a week-end party very comfortably. For in addition to the accommodation downstairs, sleeping-quarters are provided above, so that the place will serve as a summer camp if desired. Or, if built in connection with a larger house, the bedrooms will be handy for week-ends when an overflow of guests occurs.

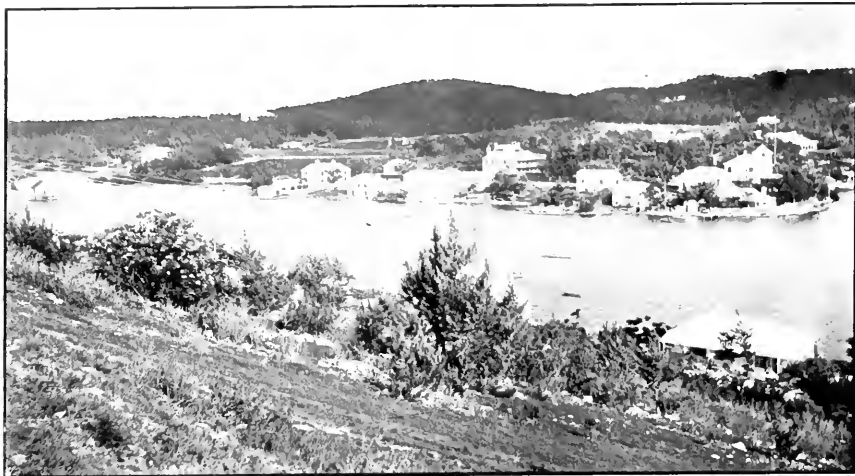
On the lower floor, behind the two slips for the canoes or small rowboats, there is a good-sized workshop with seven windows, and into this workshop runs the large slip—big enough for a couple of rowboats or a motor-boat.

Overhead, reached by the outside stairway, are the two bedrooms, each with an open

fireplace and a closet. These rooms communicate with the rear hall, bathroom and small balcony that runs along the back of the building, and at the front is a larger balcony which can be used for sleeping purposes. This larger balcony is about sixteen feet square and is so sheltered by the structure of the roof, which is cut away in the center, that an ample awning would give the entire space complete protection from wind and weather. Here a number of camp cots could be placed and guests who enjoy sleeping in the open would welcome such an opportunity.

FLOOR
PLANS





THE COOL WHITE BERMUDAN HOMES WHICH ARE EMBEDDED IN THE GREEN MASS OF THE PAGET SHORE

TO LIVE IN BERMUDA

BY JOSEPH LAWREN

AS the orthodox Hebrew turns with heartfelt prayer to reiterate his daily desire, "Oh, Lord, to live in Jerusalem!", as the Mohammedan turns his eyes towards the east and hopes for the day when Mecca shall lie beneath his eyes, so the American artist, be he painter in oils or painter with words, turns towards that farflung little isle of Bermuda and expresses the yearning of his desire, "Oh, Lord, to live in Bermuda!"

The Bermudas, the Somers' Islands of the old maps, although six hundred and twenty-five miles from its nearest American landpoint—Cape Hatteras—and about seven hundred miles southeast of New York City is, despite its isolation, easy of approach to those in search for the beauties of nature and architecture; the salubrities of climate and of temperament, and the celebrities of man and The Superman.

Bermuda is a tiny archipelago of over a hundred islets and rocks—a coral chain strung along the narrow band of iridescent, blue untroubled waters of the Atlantic—a peaceful haven from the tumultuous heart of the ocean water beyond. Despite

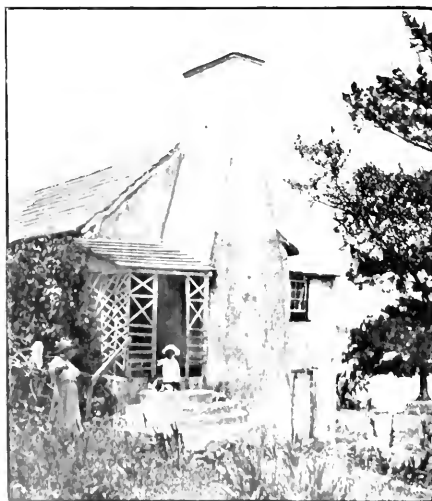
total area of less than thirty square miles, Bermuda contains within its assigned limits a wealth of

natural beauty as is to be found in an equal area anywhere on the American continent. That depends, of course, upon your conception of beauty. Surely there are few better fitted to speak on the aesthetics of nature than is William Dean Howells—inveterate traveler along the highways of European travel and byways of American scenic wonders. With the firm assurance of fifty years of travel he writes: "There is more beauty to the square foot in Bermuda than anywhere else in the world."

What strikes all artists, as it did Howells, is not

so much the calm, serene mood and beauty of nature in Bermuda, but the simple, chaste indigenous Bermudian architecture—a dwelling-house type with which no American or English architecture can compare in unaffected simplicity; a design of unfretted grace beyond the reach of art.

These native bungalows, and "villas" of two stories, sprinkle the green of the islands like classic Grecian marble sanctuaries—veritable big toy houses of sparkling crystal sugar in the sun. The penetrating whiteness and purity of these beautiful dwellings go "clean to your very marrow," writes the enthusiastic Howells. To walk through the Bermudas, or



A BIT OF NATIVE ARCHITECTURE

to bicycle along its splendid roads or, best of all, to sail its pellucid blue waters is to give the eye a callaesthetic course, and the soul a bath of purity and gratification. The artistic white coral homes with their snow-white roofs give one the satisfying feeling that rich and poor alike live in small marble palaces—the prince and the pauper, like the millennium lion and lamb, live together, if not under the same roof at least under similar roof-trees. This seeming lack of poverty gives to the artist in Bermuda a soul-satisfaction which lends to his work a greater geniality of spirit.

Howells gave articulation to the hope of many artists and literati when he wrote "if Bermuda cannot be left altogether to the Bermudians, who so fully merit it, then we ought to colonize it only from our best society, our literary men and women, our artists, our actors, our professors, scientists, and ministers, our skilled mechanics and day laborers." That this hope may soon come to full fruition may well be judged from the increasingly larger num-



A BERMDAN HOME IN ITS SETTING OF GREEN

bers of American artists and writers who make Bermuda their permanent home.

To live in Bermuda one does not require a large income. From the modest bungalow—a veritable miniature white palace—of three bed chambers, living-room, kitchen and bathroom planted proudly upon its acre of sod—rented for one hundred and twenty dollars for the season to the pretentious "villa" in fashionable Paget—a veritable palace of many chambers, drawing and sitting-rooms, library, bathrooms, electricity, lighted boathouse and steam launch—for two thousand dollars for the season from November to May, one's purse can be easily adjusted to one's desires. The houses are fully furnished and one need

come to Bermuda minus even the proverbial toothbrush. Although there are but two store-towns—Hamilton and St. George—on the island one can obtain, at prices not higher than at home, all one needs to turn one's temporary stay into a heartfelt prayer "To live in Bermuda."

WHEN TULIPS ARE IN BLOOM

BY ALICE RATHBONE

WHEREAS, down through the years, it has been thought facetious to announce, from time to time, "The Dutch have taken Holland!" the far more interesting fact—to the garden-lover, at all events—that the Dutch have taken tulips, is seldom dwelt upon.

They have, indeed, taken tulips in such prodigious quantities as to affect the imagination, already stirred by the famous tulip craze, and have thus established very close association between tulip bulbs and Holland, quite aside from the commercial point of view.

Tulip visions naturally include the peculiar features of their overseas surroundings; a mirage of flower fields, canals, windmills and quaint costumes being discernible to the imaginative eye, when tulips are blooming in

the garden. Possibly these visions come more clearly to one who counts a Dutch ancestor or two, on his genealogical tree, for, even though the mania for tulip speculation left those ancestors nothing whatever of material possessions to bequeath, a valuable tulip-taste inheritance may, happily, have descended unto us, in a very good state of preservation.

In such case it is pleasant to fancy that one's present joy in tulip-time might be traced to the spirit of some Dutch ancestor with a liking for her garden, in which tulips delighted her, as they now delight us, each springtime of our day and generation.

Hers was, probably, the small, simple, livable sort of garden that old Dutch artists give glimpses of, and we seem to see this grandmother, several greats removed, clad in fur-



TULIPS AND ARABIS

trimmed garments like those worn by De Hooch's and Vermeer's pictured women, as she steps along her tulip-edged brick walks, so neatly swept and weeded.

But one ventures to think that except its old-world setting of espaliered walls and colorful brick walls, the carefully planned small garden of to-day surpasses the beauty of the little Dutch garden of long ago, particularly in spring when the charm of hardy edgings, so obligingly flowering with tulips, is fully evident.

Quite unknown to the ancestress were most of the very effective edging plants with which, together with her pet tulips, we can now furnish our spring gardens for an astonishingly early display. For nature, if provided with suitable material to work with, shows intense interest in getting the pageant of spring flowers started in good season, even before the full leafing of the trees has been attended to.

From actual snowdrifts to the snowy drifts of arabis, through which the tulip cottage maid peeps out, is but a waiting of a very few weeks, and then, for a few weeks more, life is distinctly colored with the joy of tulips set among white, yellow, pink or mauve edgings—a yearly recurring miracle of beauty.

But miracle though it may seem, the gardener will meet no superhuman difficulties in working out his share of it, nor need any thought of excessive cost deter him from undertaking this pretty spring garden enterprise. Perennial edgings of arabis, aubrietia, alyssum saxatile and iberis are easily



THE CHARM OF HARDY EDGINGS OBLIGINGLY FLOWERING WITH TULIPS

hardy. This is a favorite with Mrs. Francis King, from whose recent book, "The Well-Considered Garden," I quote concerning it:

"No other tulip has the wonderful and unique color of this. If you possess a room with walls in delicate creamy tones, furnished with a little old mahogany, and are happy enough, on some May morning to place there two or three bowls full of this tulip, you will understand my enthusiasm. The color may be described as one of the warm yet faded rose-pinks of old tapestry or other antique stuff; a color to make an artist's heart leap up."

Since the taste for tulips grows by the beauty that it feeds upon, one investment after another is likely to be made in the bulbs which, through increase yield, after a time, a dividend of fair proportions.

(Continued on page viii)



A TULIP COTTAGE MAID PEEPS OUT



TULIP, WHITE SWAN

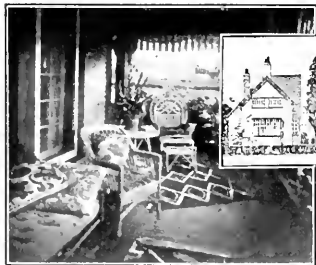
grown in quantity from seed, thus leaving tulips as the chief item in the outlay. Lovely tulips, however, are within anyone's reach. Indeed, you will scarcely find on the lists more inexpensive tulips than Chrysolora with fragrance—rare in a tulip; Cottage Maid so daintily attired in pink and white; and White Swan, its graceful stem upholding the finely formed flower with a pearly sheen over its whiteness, like that over Belleek china. These three varieties are favorites of long standing that still hold their own as altogether desirable tulips.

If there come a reckless moment when the spirit of the tulip-crazed ancestor suggests more lavish expenditure, then may one well invest in that lovely old-rose tulip variously known as Le Beve, Hobbema, or Sarah Bern-

hardt. This is a favorite with Mrs. Francis King, from whose recent book, "The Well-Considered Garden," I quote concerning it:

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THE HOME WITHOUT AND WITHIN

HOW TO PLANT AND RAISE VINES

BY HUGH FINDLAY

IT is quite the ordinary experience to read about gardens richly in bloom where luxuriant vines clamber in great profusion over pergolas, porches, rocks and stone fences, but it is doubtful if one among the many who pass under a vine-covered pergola ever gives a thought to the time required and the labor involved in growing vines.

To the uninitiated a great showering vine gives the impression of just having happened—of beauty so profuse and wild and free as to have but shortly before come to life. Long stems bearing leaf and flower,

or outside of the garden may be beautiful or they may be intolerable eyesores. In either instance it is well to call in the vines to add to beauty already established or to change the ugly crudities of false architecture, staring porticos, poorly shaped pergolas or outhouses. Even an old rubbish heap may be veiled by a screen of rich green foliage starred with tender sprays of bloom and thus be forgotten.

First, then, if you have decided to enhance the beauty of your garden with growing vines it must always be remembered that vines should be arranged

BITTERSWEET
OR WAXWORT
WILL GROW IN
ALMOST ANY
SOIL. ALWAYS
A SOURCE OF
PLEASURE



PRODUCES A
SMALL FLOWER
IN MAY OR
JUNE AND
BRIGHT ORANGE
BERRIES IN
THE FALL

gently sway or swing gayly in every breeze as if the source of life were of no consequence whatever.

Gardeners, professional and amateur, however, look with due respect upon a luxuriant mass of flowering vines, knowing well how much time has been consumed and what care has been taken to make the initial planting successful.

The objects in the garden

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in wild regularity according to their natural definite habit and their adaptability to the object of support. Remember also that the vine once planted becomes permanent and therefore that great care should be exercised in the preparation of the home for this plant.

It is a common mistake to scrape away from three to four inches of surface soil and plant the vine close to a

This quaint and artistic lamp is but one from my versatile collection of hundreds.



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brick or stone wall. Usually the soil in such places has been filled in and is the poor soil from the excavated cellar. Dig a large hole three feet square and four feet deep close to the wall. Place next to the wall one-half foot of straw manure and hold it in position by stakes and boards. Then fill in the hole with the best type of soil suited to the growth of your chosen vine. This first and important preparation prevents the wall from absorbing the moisture from the soil and gradually decaying also furnishes some food for the plant. After the vine has grown for from five to six years, the root system having filled the prepared hole, the plant then becomes strong enough to send its roots into the poorer soil in search of food and moisture.

It may be necessary to water these vines during a period of drouth since the vine should be planted close to the wall, but this may not be necessary if it is planted close to some object of support like a trellis, where the rain may reach the soil close to the plant.

Boston Ivy, *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, has no flower, but



CLEMATIS PANICULATA (JAPANESE VIRGIN'S BOWER)
A SHED OF FLOWERS LIKE THOUSANDS OF FRAGRANT FAIRY WINGS

furnishes a deep green foliage during the summer which changes to a coppery red in the autumn. The *Ampelopsis Lowii* gives an air of delicacy, since its foliage is smaller and deeper cut. Both of these vines require a rich soil of two parts decayed sod, one part rich loam and one part decayed manure. Into this sprinkle a little fine bone meal. Plant these vines early in the spring, in March or April. Both of these vines are especially suited to covering white plaster, red brick, or gray stone walls with beautiful dense foliage. The Virginia Creeper, *Ampelopsis quinquefolia*, requires the same treatment as the two previous vines, except that it is best suited for covering walls about gardens, porches and outhouses.

The Japanese Virgin's Bower, *Clematis paniculata*, covers its luxuriant green foliage with star-like flowers from September to the middle of October. The soil requirements are three parts decayed sod and garden loam, one-half part coarse sand, one-half part decayed manure mixed with a sprinkling of lime. The vines should be planted after all danger of frost is out of the soil. This vine is best suited for covering archways, porches and summer-houses.

The Purple Clematis, *Clematis Jackmanii*, produces a violet purple flower in July and August. It requires the same culture as the Virgin's Bower, but is better suited for trellises, arbors, verandas and for covering rocks.

The Trumpet Vine, *Bignonia grandiflora*, produces a reddish-orange flower in July and August. It requires a rich deep soil and should be planted in the spring. It is best suited for pergolas, porches and trellises. It is not altogether satisfactory close to a wall on account of the destructive work done to the foundation by the root system. It is also a shelter for the English sparrow.

The Halls' Honeysuckle, *Lonicera Halliana*, and Bittersweet (waxwort), *Celastrus scandens*, require a light garden loam mixed with one-half part decayed manure



AMPELOPSIS VEITCHII (BOSTON IVY)
AN ATTRACTIVE VINE AGAINST WHITE PLASTER

with a little sand sprinkled in. The honeysuckle blooms until frost while the old-fashioned bittersweet produces a small flower in May or June, and bright reddish-orange berries in the fall. Both of these vines are suited to summer-houses, porches, arbors, trellises, archways and for covering rocks. They may be planted in March, April or May. Water them freely for the first year.

The Wistaria, the tenderest vine of all, especially for the North, may be grown with some degree of success if planted in three parts rich garden loam, one part sand with a little manure and bone meal mixed in. The Wistaria Chinensis and the Alba are both fairly hardy. The first produces a pale blue flower in July and August, while the Alba produces a white flower.

The plants do best if planted late in the spring, watered freely during the summer, and also partly shaded from the direct rays of the sun.

In the fall of the year practically all of these vines are benefited by placing a heavy coating of manure

(Continued on page viii)

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The Art World and Craftsman Readers' Service

2 West 45th Street New York

HOW TO PLANT AND RAISE VINES

(Continued from page vii)

over the surface of the soil, from three to five feet, and starting at the crown of the vine. In the spring, dig this manure in as a food. It also acts as a sponge to hold the moisture.

All vines should be pruned early in the spring, before the sap flows.

WHEN TULIPS ARE IN BLOOM

(Continued from page 536)

Fortunate is the garden that is abundantly stocked with tulips, enough for both out and indoor effects.

How well they take their part in room decoration, and what pleasure to arrange them!

Miss Gertrude Jekyll advises the use of bold Byblemens "in jars of blue and white china, or pewter of rather upright form."

Last spring the peony-like Murillo—that excellent double tulip, opening white and gradually suffusing itself with pink—was massed in a silver bowl, and seemed happy in the arrangement, as did White Swan in a bisque jug, and the grotesque Parrots in a Chinese jar.

Our joyous tulips, full of splendid color, are so often characterized as bold, proud and flaunting that sentiment has come to seem quite foreign to their nature, yet now and then we find it, through association.

It abounds in a little close-grown group of tulips sent by a mother from her picturesque home in Denmark, to her son in the new world—our Danish-American neighbor. The single, plain red tulips fill his garden every spring with the sentiment of home.

And in my own garden, no tulip joy has equaled the recent discovery of a long-lost variety among some mixed bulbs. They cannot be called beautiful, these nameless semi-double, red-and-yellow tulips that are to be carefully gathered into a precious group. Old-fashioned enough they look to claim descent from tulips in the garden of the Dutch ancestor, but they once grew near an old box edging in the home garden of my youth, and their charm lies in their wonderful fragrance, peculiarly refreshing, that brings back memories of other springtimes long gone by, when tulips were in bloom.

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GETTING SETTLED

BY KATHERINE POPE

Author of "The House of a Happy Poor Woman"

IN settling a place I believe a large part of the perplexity and delay may be laid at the door of overelaboration, rug-makers, wall-paper folk, upholsterers, tapestry-designer, bestowers of cushions, all seeming victims of the craze for the complex, the "decorative." The distraught housewife in viewing the sum of unrestful, discordant "decorations" that burden the average household, wonders if ever she can bring about an atmosphere of repose and unity.

In a recent personal moving and settling, wearied by undue exertion, by the unaccustomed survey of our impedimenta en masse, I was tempted to sink down in the sea of senseless stuff and surrender unconditionally, ready to confess that repose and harmony were not to be obtained. But after a brief period of relaxation I found myself in a better mood for planning, thought grew clearer, there came some flashes of inspiration; in the course of time a plan for each room grew definite, desk and chair and bookcase introducing nearest of kin and assembling themselves in the right grouping. Finally all that flotsam and jetsam became good salvage.

Most of us, even in these days of widespread luxury, must in our house-beautifying take what materials we have at hand, approach ideals, apply principles by means of what we already possess. And while this often seems a handicap, there is involved gain as well as loss; associations counting for much for old sake's sake, and the old sometimes counting for very considerable in giving individuality to a home.

But the setting up of old wreckage in a new place cannot be done in a day; to get good results one has to experiment, shift and draw largely on one's stock of patience. In the personal household change referred to, Hilda and I drag a rug approximately the right size and coloring into the new dining-room to find that the elaboration of the rug is very quarrelsome with the elaboration of the wall, that though the soft browns go together admirably, the complicated designs go not at all—that we shall have to be extravagant and get a new floor-covering for the dining-room. But we are able to put the discarded rug into a bedroom whose walls are of one tone, and fortunately here

the walls are plain and of a creamy-chocolate color. We turn next to our "best" room, lay down our best rugs, Persian gifts of a rather vivid though rich coloring. Our new home having been "decorated" ere we moved in, the "best" room is of that shade of green held dear by the average decorator, but held very cheap by the beauty-loving home-maker. As Hilda and I place the rugs, the afternoon sun streams in through the wide west windows and jeers at our conjoining of durable reds and verdant green. Cheap, impossible it is; I sink down hopelessly on the colorful rugs and gaze gloomily at the colorful walls. But with me hope rises, as a rule, after a little rest, and following a brief closing of my eyes and an attempt at the closing out of consciousness for a moment, I arise somewhat refreshed and start forth in search of a fairly intelligent workman. I find the right kind of man, I help in mixing his colors, and I obtain walls of a creamy-chocolate like those in the bedroom where the mixey brown rug is reposing.

A little joy enters my tired soul as I look upon the soft brown walls and the oiled woodwork of dull red; note that our bright rugs are toned down by the soft hues of wall, mantel, bookshelves and casings, that the effect now is rich instead of glaring. I go out to the wreckage piled there in the kitchen and rescue various pieces of dark-colored furniture, then experiment until I find those that prove, as Hilda says, "becoming to the room."

In the bedroom with creamy-brown walls I choose for the bed-covering and for the wide closet doorway an art crash gray in tone but relieved by threads of brown and having a pleasing border of green leaves with brown blossoms and buds. The single bed of dull brass stands with the crash curtain for a panel background and sets out far enough to allow of easy access to the shallow closet; the rocker by the French window leading onto a small but very precious balcony, is cushioned in the gray-brown crash with green-and-brown border. In this room we set up the old-fashioned dresser of ash trimmed with walnut, place here the old family portraits (it is Grandmother's room) in their quaint oval frames, the framed sampler, a brass candlestick and waxen candle.



TIMES change—and interior finish has changed with time.

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The possession of some gray-blue wash rugs, direct in the settling of the largest bedroom. The walls here are a lovely gray, the ceiling is a soft yellow, and I long to carry out a gray and yellow harmony, recently having come upon just the bedroom set for such a room, dove-gray wood and yellow cane-work. But I cannot sacrifice the old just to get new, so have to compromise, have to engage in more adjusting. Knowing it not the best, but having to make the best of the matter, I take the rugs as keynote (instead of walls and ceiling) and endeavor to have their hue assert itself. A long skirt box is neatly covered with an art denim of a beautiful pale gray-blue, a rocking-chair is cushioned with the same, a gray-fringed cover is made for the reading-table that stands beside the bed, and some old creamy Madras curtains with gray-blue figures are brought forth and found admirable here. A writing-desk, a bureau, a washstand and some chairs are picked out from the huddle in the kitchen and anchored safely in this spot; and there is another room that "will do," is at least quiet and reposeful.

A bed-sitting-room, my own retreat, has to be furnished with the remaining odds and ends, and it requires much wrinkling of brows to arrive at what of Wagnerian harmony results. The big rolltop desk I positively cannot surrender, and the piano-size and weight bookcase. Also my long oval mirror I cannot get along without, and of course my high chiffonier. A job-lot, of a truth; only three of the many pieces that have to go into the room are of the same wood and finish. It takes patient experiment, I assure you, much trial and change, to arrive at an acceptable result.

The room has been "decorated" a cold (and cheap) light blue. The rug I have to use is a Wilton (they never wear out) wherein predominates a good assertive Delft blue, and which shows on close inspection a considerable amount of cheerful red; in addition there is much elaboration of design. Unquestionably nothing else here dare be "decorative." Fortunately the walls are plain. But of all my numerous couch covers there are none undecorated. A gray hand-woven silken spread makes unrest when brought into strong relief with that rug. A quiet-mannered brown broad cover declares itself immediately as not belonging, as used just because it happens to be on hand. An excellent green one loses its ex-

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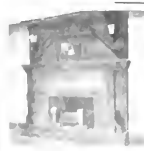
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cellence in this environment and is quickly retired. A new cover being a necessity, the Delft blue of the rug is decided on as the color, and exactly the right shade is found in a superior quality of art denim. The texture is good, the coloring is perfect; and when the new covering is spread on the couch, the hoped-for effect is more than realized. This success inspires me to an attempt at bringing the diverse articles of furniture into some friendly association. Essentials are seen to first, the big desk is put into the best light in the room, the bookcase is placed along the same wall convenient for the worker, a Vienna bent-wood chair is anchored at the desk; and happily these three articles are of the same family of wood and of the same finish. But now remain the chiffonier of brown oak, the antique black-framed mirror, the little toilet table of curly birch and the white and gilt low chair belonging thereto!

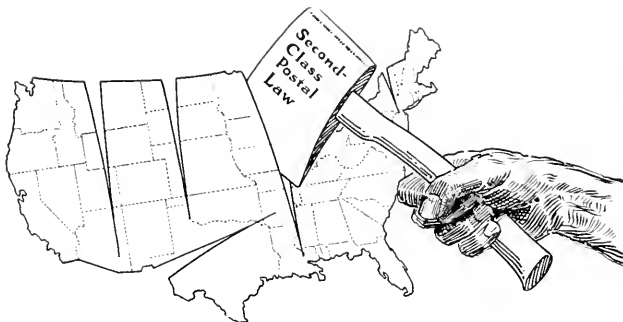
The final solution of the vexed problem? The browner oak is pushed into a dark corner where shadows will make excuse for it; the blackness of the antique mirror is given some relation to something by the introduction on the walls here and there of black-framed pictures; likewise the white and gilt chair is given some relationship to something by the introduction on the walls of a flower study here, a gilt-framed landscape and gilt-framed portrait there; likewise the toilet table is given some relation to something by an array of Delft blue and white toilet articles, and on the chiffonier is set a cracker jar of Delft blue and white. The couch pillows are covered with blue and white Japanese crêpe, and the same crêpe is used for the cushions of an oaken Morris chair gotten out of the wreckage. To read about, it must all sound bizarre; and maybe it is, but it is also charming.

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America Must Be United

IN this time of unprecedented national peril and world peril, America must be strong with the strength of unity—one nation. America must be bound together, as it is to-day, not so much by the machinery of Government, as by Ideas, held in common by all and fully exchanged, so that all the people throughout the country may understand and sympathize with one another. This is what has brought this great nation together and holds it together. This result has been accomplished primarily by the Press—particularly the weekly and monthly periodicals and business papers. These periodicals have not local or sectional bias; they go to all parts of America, and serve all parts alike; their great service is in helping to bring all sections close together into one great nation, through a common understanding.



America must not be Split into a half-dozen Sections

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